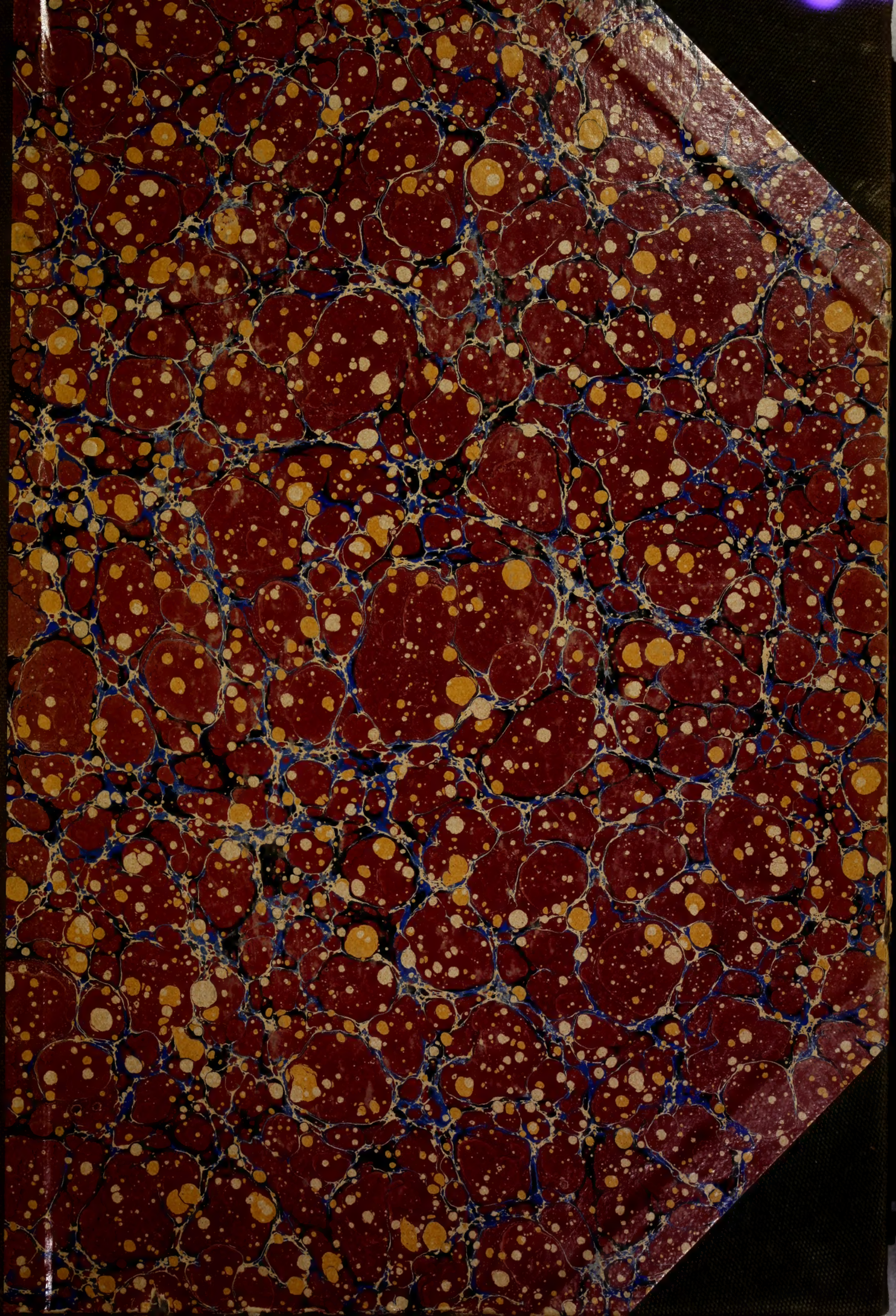

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, July 1, 1911 | No. 984

LOBBY AND GARDEN ROOM OF THE CASA DEL REY, THE SPLENDID NEW HOTEL AT SANTA CRUZ.

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TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Uncrowned Masses

The coronation of King George with its glittering pageants and gorgeous ceremonies afforded those superior persons, the correspondents of American newspapers, fine material for sneers and sarcasms. They had a good deal to say about the silliness of royal mummery, the absurdity of the doctrine of the divine right of kings, the hollowness of the principle of hereditary monarchies. A sharp spur to the cynicism of the sophisticated democrats of American journalism was the bewildering spectacle in London town, provoking them to sprightly comments and side remarks to tickle the groundlings in this land of the free and home of the brave. All of which served to remind us that the anniversary of the birth of the republic is approaching and to move us to reflection. How are we to celebrate the occasion of the abandonment of that very crown which the other day was placed on the brow of George V? Does the recollection of that occasion excite as much enthusiasm as in former years? And if not why not? These are questions which may well be pondered. It is rather important that we should keep national enthusiasm alive. When it is not alive neither is patriotism. It was to national enthusiasm that the ceremonies in London appealed, and from all accounts there was hearty response. From the enthusiasm of the people it must be inferred that they are very well satisfied with their system of government. What a conservative people are the English! How sceptical of novelties, how patient of error, how deeply conscious of the supremacy of the law! The defects of their government they are not slow to recognize, but they do not regard them as necessarily inseparable from the system. They like the principle of hereditary monarchy, yet are not blinded by the gaudy glitter of a crown. They well understand that the crown is nothing more than the symbol of sovereign power, that the coronation of a king is the symbol of national unity. There is no misunderstanding in England about the kingly power. It is well understood that the legal fiction that the king can do no wrong is the expression of the fact that his ministers are the persons to whom praise or blame is to be assigned. The doctrine of the divine right of temporal kings no longer obtains anywhere but in Russia and the United States of America. In this country it is implied in the arguments of the statesmen of the school of New Nationalism by which they urge us to substitute an unbridled democracy for institutions that were designed to safeguard the nation against the folly of the masses. The masses are the uncrowned king of this republic. Can they do no wrong? Are they infallible? Our Progressive statesmen would have us believe so, and it must be on the theory that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Apparently this ancient fiction is an article of policital creed in our enlightened country, else why should we be advised to take more power, to have nothing but a simulacrum of representative government? Perhaps less attention would be paid to the vaporings of our new school of politics if we had the same enthusiasm for the institutions of the old government that was exhibited in London last week. Our latent enthusiasm appears to be very much in need of a stimulant, but where is it to come from? There was a time when we used to enthuse on the Fourth of July, but that was when we were not sticklers for safe and sane methods of celebration, and when our passions and affections were at the mercy of spellbinders who were neither Socialists nor Suffragists. Nowadays the Declaration of Independence is read at a few Fourth of July celebrations, but Washington's Farewell Address with its warnings against "the spirit of innovation however specious the pretext," and alterations of the Constitution "which will impair the energy of the system" has become not only neglected but tabu. "It is the business of a sensible government," says Goldsmith, "to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle, a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace." But what is a poor government to do under which there are no ranks except in fraternal societies, each citizen being a king hedged by divinity and conscious always that he's infallible when he's with the majority?

The Sage of Princeton

Having found on investigation that what he preached to the students of Princeton for twenty years about the initiative and referendum was "all bosh," the Hon. Woodrow Wilson has deemed it advisable to look narrowly into some of the other catholicons prescribed by the Cleons of the hour. And as a result he has found them all worthy of commendation. He has expressed himself in favor of "direct primaries, a short ballot and, wherever necessary, the initiative, the referendum and the recall." "Wherever necessary" is a safe and conservative proviso characteristic of the cautiousness of a statesman of the Wilson calibre. It is never advisable for a statesman to burn his bridges in a country where the people rule, where nothing is more devoutly to be wished than the approval of public opinion. He ought always to be mindful of the possible exigencies of potential occasions. Aware as we are of this paramount principle of democratic statesmanship we hesitate to subject Governor Wilson to interrogation as to how it may be determined when the initiative, the referendum and the recall are necessary. It is not unlikely that though he has been uttering bosh again he is fully conscious of the fact. It is no more hazardous to talk bosh to the people than to preach it to a lot of undergraduates. A statesman insensible of the full extent of the gullibility of the people, or inclined to give them credit for more sense than they have, would not presume to advise them that whilst they are qualified to govern themselves through the medium of the initiative, referendum and recall it is nevertheless essential to their welfare to have a short ballot. That's like telling a man that though he is wise enough to manage his own affairs he hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains.

The Hired Orator of Fresno

If the laborer is worthy of his hire why not Chester Hudibras Rowell, petty satrap of Fresno? A serious question this, propounded in the hope that it may give certain carping critics pause. For be it known even so pure and patriotic a citizen as Mr. Rowell has become an object of unpleasant criticism. He is involved in what should be described in the case of a man of his high and mighty station, as an imbroglio. The facts briefly stated are these: Mr. Rowell in response to the call of the principal of the Berkeley High School went to the seat of learning, and delivered a commencement address. A little later a bill was presented for this address in the sum of fifty dollars, and thereupon Mr. Rowell became the subject of discussion in newspapers across the bay. Indignant editors questioned the propriety of a man's charging for a service such as Mr. Rowell had rendered. Commencement addresses it was suggested are not in the same category with butter and cheese; men are honored by being called upon for words of advice to graduates; the delivery of a commencement address is a public service which every good citizen should be proud to perform, et cetera. One editor questioned even the size of the bill, declaring that Rowell's talk was a twenty-five cent address made up of shoddy platitudes most of which the graduates had become familiar with in their copy-book days. In the midst of the discussion Mr. Rowell raised his voice to protest that he had presented no bill. He vaguely remembered that the principal had said something about remuneration, and he presumed that this school functionary had put in the bill. Then came a lull in the hullabaloo. It was supposed that Mr. Rowell would request the withdrawal of the bill, which of course he had never any intention of doing; especially not after he became the subject of criticism. Mr. Rowell is not the man to quit under fire. Besides if he had withdrawn the bill he might thus have impugned the conduct of the good friend who presented it. The distinguished reformer pursued the course of wisdom; that is he permitted the bill to be pushed to audit, and presumably he will

take the money. Discussing this phase of the matter the Oakland Tribune says: "The honestest of honest men will now receive the reward to which his virtue, his talents and his nerve so richly entitle him. Reform as a profession is not without its emoluments as the incident shows." In these remarks there is a slight touch of sarcasm which is hardly justifiable. Mr. Rowell as everybody knows is one of the satraps of an Administration which has for its slogan these ringing words, "A man must eat." The Administration is true to this slogan as the books of the Secretary of State will show; for there has been eating even at the expense of the State, and the repasts have been expensive. Now as to the question whether Mr. Rowell is worthy of his hire. The character of his Berkeley address is of little consequence. Even a presence may be of value. Had so inherently edifying a person as the Fresno reformer merely graced the occasion the phenomenon was worth the price. That he spoke in platitudes is what might have been expected if the principal had promised him only a measly fifty. Not for so small a sum are the pearls of Mr. Rowell's wisdom to be thrown to carnal swine. These being our views of the whole matter we hope that criticism will cease. We hope so because it would fill us with regret if Mr. Rowell were to abandon the school platform. We should regret it as sincerely as we bemoan the passing of every good joke, the loss of anything infinitely appealing to the sense of the ridiculous. We feel that if any criticism is to be made of the Berkeley incident the subject of it should be the principal of the high school who hired the speaker. There may be warrant for censure in his case, since it is said to be desirable to keep the schools out of politics. One may be justified in viewing with suspicion the school principal who goes about cultivating the friendship of political bosses. Nowadays, with the direct primary in operation, every newspaper proprietor partakes in some degree of the nature of a political boss. The direct primary was designed to strengthen the tyranny and increase the importance of the press. Now Mr. Rowell is more of a boss than the average newspaper proprietor. He is one of the engineers of the political machine that now runs the government of the State. For that reason it may not be advisable to utilize him as a professional commencement orator, for our school men are the very busiest politicians in the State.

The Quintessence of Wagner

It has been observed that a familiarity with bad men lessens our abhorrence of them. Likewise a familiarity with great men lessens our admiration of them. On close acquaintance we find that bad men are not spotted all over with iniquity. The worst men have their redeeming qualities which may be found if we but search for them. And so also great men have their defects, which, on close inspection seem to outweigh their excellences. Landor summed the matter up in these words: "Great men lose somewhat by being near us; ordinary men gain much." Those of us who have met genius face to face, or who have had means of intimate study, such as is afforded by letters, know that even monumental greatness comes within the rule. Genius is exclusive, self-willed, peculiar. It excels in one thing by being blind to all others. For this reason genius like some works of art should be viewed at a distance. Why dissipate our illusions? These reflections were inspired by the autobiography of Richard Wagner which made its appearance the other day. It brings the story of Wagner's life down to 1864, but as it was dictated in 1873, and as Wagner lived ten years after that, it may be wondered whether Frau Cosima has given the whole of the manuscript to the world and whether she deemed it expedient to abbreviate the references to Minna. There is enough however to confirm that impression of Wagner's character which his most unfriendly critics have sought to produce. From his own portrait of himself we see that Wagner was a pretty ugly character. And the effect of the picture is emphasized by Wagner's obvious inability to perceive its repellant features. Here we have the quintessence of Wagner extracted by himself, and we find that he was above all things an unmoral egoist, wayward in his financial dealings with his friends, unscrupulous in his tenderest relations with women, and absolutely unconscious of his own depravity. His autobiography shows that he was filled with a passionate desire for self-justification; we find him so ungenerous as to try to justify his conduct toward Minna, at this late day, a generation after her death, when there is not a friend left to utter a word in her defense. But fortunately he does little more than fill the reader with profound pity for the woman, who, on his own showing, was a charming and unusually sensible girl; who was extremely kind to him in the days of his youth; who married him only at his most earnest and repeated request, giving up her career as an actress and her means of support, to endure unspeakable privations during his long struggle for existence. Of course she was not his intellectual equal. She did not appreciate his wonderful art, and therefore she did not fan the flame of his egotism as other women did who sat at his feet to worship. At the same time the great Wagner did not appreciate those traits of character that raised his wife above himself in the moral scale. He says he hungered for sympathy, but from his autobiography it is evident that he had an appetite for other things. He devoured a great deal of his friends' food and borrowed a great deal of their money, and when they wearied of his persistency in those things he was amazed. When one of his friends on whom he thought he was "conferring an honor" declined the distinction of having Wagner as a permanent guest the great genius was shocked. But the world was cold in those days, and the composer of divine music and beautiful dramas had to eat, and as he preferred to follow his star than go to work, he consulted a lady friend on one occasion as to the advisability of "obtaining a divorce in order to contract a rich marriage." It is to such blissful unconsciousness that the world is indebted for a most remarkable specimen of self-revelation. A great bore was Wagner as well as a great genius; unpleasant to meet but delightful to hear; a man at once of the most exquisite and of the dullest sensibility. The divine spark dwells in queer places.

Perspective Impressions

The formula of popular rule by direct primary: the Municipal conferees propose and the people dispose.

What about this gigantic trust of magazine trust-busters that Uncle Sam is after? Can it be that our greatest moral censors are no better than our steel magnates, our oil barons and our sugar lords? Are we a nation of Pharisees? Are all our Saints and Sinners tarred with the same brush?

Preacher Baker of Sacramento has eliminated "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" from the ten commandments. He did this after reciting "Casey at the Bat" to his congregation. Now will some preacher read "Three Weeks" to the worshipers and excise "Thou shalt not commit adultery" from the Decalogue?

The story that Theodore Roosevelt had inside information on the Lorimer scandal for a whole year is incredible. Fancy Teddy keeping his mouth shut about anything for a whole year!

President Wheeler has had himself interviewed on reciprocity. He says it's a great thing and that President Taft has made a great hit with the whole country. Which indicates that the bloom is on the boom and Prexy on the band wagon. As the country, so goes Big Ben of Berkeley, a true lover of the truth for his own sake.

Now for the referendum on the Fair site. A little later perhaps we shall apply the recall to the directors. Let's have a real progressive world's fair.

"Character factory" is another name for moral sweat shop.

In Pastor Russell's scheme of salvation the bad die and the good are condemned to live again.

That blear-eyed moralist the Bulletin argues that as the Cunningham claims have been disallowed Pinchot and Glavis have been vindicated and should be reinstated. Glavis was found guilty of suppressing testimony in the interest of Pinchot, and Pinchot was fired for wanton insubordination, having been guilty of conduct apparently designed to embarrass President Taft. Neither of them appeared to be actuated half so much by zeal for the public good as by that most contemptible of all passions, the passion of revenge.

Varied Types

XXVIII—GERTRUDE ATHERTON

By Edward F. O'Day

To talk with Gertrude Atherton at any time is to receive a powerful intellectual stimulation, but to talk with her when she is fresh from communion with her European friends is to share the newest impressions fixed in a lively brain by the men and women who are shaping the course of civilization. To chat with Mrs. Atherton on such on occasion is to open one's mind to sparkling streams of literature, art and politics which are flowing straight from the fountain-head. It is to share for a time the achievements, the purposes, the thoughts and the intimate doings of the great. For Mrs. Atherton has a reserved seat in the grand theater of European activities. She watches the play with its mixture of tragedy, comedy and farce at close range. The actors lean across the footlights to speak to her, some of them to explain obscurities in the action, others to impart their private opinions of the piece and of its author. And she is admitted behind the scenes, so that she knows fustian for its cotton value and can distinguish rouge and powder from the healthy bloom of nature.

This is particularly the case when Mrs. Atherton goes to London. In London's microcosm of fashion as in its various circles of art and music and politics and literature she has an assured position. She is insatiable of impressions, as every great novelist must be, and more readily than most of those who belong to the craft she is granted opportunities of studying facts in the making. Naturally, when she returns to this farthest flung outpost of civilization she carries with her a thousand items that would never reach us by post or cable.

What conception have we of the tremendous suffrage agitation which is convulsing England? We hear of it only when a suffragette chains herself to a railing or slaps a police sergeant. We get some little glimmer of its significance when a Silvia Pankhurst steps off the Overland Limited for a lecture or two. It remains for Mrs. Atherton to impress upon us the deadly seriousness of those English women. She can do this with facility because she is mightily impressed herself. She believes in them; more than that, she believes that they will accomplish their object.

"Their campaign," she says, "is as concentrated, persistent, intense and fanatical (using the term as it has been applied throughout history to the initiators of all great reforms), as the most epoch-making of the religious upheavals which sent their martyrs to the stake.

"These women will shoot and kill, if necessary. They burn with a sort of holy fire and if they were hanged they would go to their deaths like martyrs.

"They are a large concentrated body of women, brought up on politics, oppressed and humiliated by laws made by and for men, and driven to revolt, not through vanity, nor ennui, not only from a desire to raise the standard of health, comfort and happiness of their entire sex, but from a now full grown self-respect—that more poised and noble complement of the masculine Ego which, not unnaturally, has achieved the proportions of a malignant tumor.

"For, mark you, these women are the daughters of men, a fact which men curiously overlook. Ever since the wife ceased to spend her days with the women of her household, weaving, making tapestry, or whatever may have been their poor resource between feeding and reproduction, and has discussed the affairs of the world with her husband at breakfast and dinner, or even listened to him hold forth, the brains of her offspring, female as well as male, have become more and more mentalized. And, as in this era of small families, the days do not grow any shorter, and all women are not endowed with artistic genius, it would be surprising indeed if the strong-brained women of England had not turned their thoughts to the awakening and advancement of their sex. Surprising too if in the process they had not developed several of the most statesman-like brains in Great Britain today.

"The New York newspapermen quoted me as saying that Mrs. Pankhurst had the greatest brain in the world. What I should have said, had I spoken about her, was that she possessed a statesman's brain. She has gotten rid of sex,

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

for the time being of course—woman never loses that. She is impersonal; her body is toughened and hardened, capable of great resistance. If she were made prime minister she would fill the position as well as any man."

Mrs. Atherton has studied at first hand, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and their lieutenants, Mrs. Haverfield, Mrs. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, and Mrs. John Hall. She takes them very seriously indeed. This is the more impressive because she does not take all the suffragettes seriously. There is Lady Cicely Hamilton for instance. Mrs. Atherton went to hear her debate the great question with Gilbert Chesterton. It was a notable occasion. Everybody who was anybody was there, including the Bernard Shaws. Lady Cicely was nervous and her most ardent sympathizers were mortified by the spectacle she made of herself. She ranted about the necessity of woman rising superior to feminine charm, and Chesterton with much urbanity confessed that woman might rise above it but that man could not.

"Chesterton is a great thick man with a fat head covered with curls and he speaks in a squeaky voice," says Mrs. Atherton. "Cicely is a slab-sided sunken-in creature who screeches. For all the world they looked like a eunuch and a sterile nymphomaniac."

The mention of Chesterton carried us to the less troublous field of literature.

"There are no great writers among the new men," says Mrs. Atherton.

"Literature is going through a phase of splendid cleverness. There is so little of the old-fashioned quality of genius in England that when men of highly specialized cleverness come up they are deified. The biggest of these is Arnold Bennett. There is also John Galsworthy. As to H. G. Wells, his latest book 'The New Machiavelli,' reads like the work of a confused mind. The hero is forty-two at the beginning of the story and twenty-nine at the end. When describing his wedding he refers to the 'fifteen years of my married life,' and in the next chapter gives the details of the election of 1906. Wells must write in a hurry and probably never corrects. He changes his mind and forgets that he has changed. Chesterton's cleverness is beginning to tire people. As for Shaw, people say that his latest plays are inferior to his earlier work. But what does it matter? Shaw never cared for anything but Socialism. He is the most humane, the sweetest, the loveliest, the most kindly of men. He is living for humanity and writes as he does to attract attention and so make his position more powerful for his great work, which is Socialism.

"And yet Shaw doesn't want too much Socialism. Some time ago his wife discharged her maid. She was determined to do her own work. But after a little while Shaw made her take the maid back again. He said he was tired of buttoning her up the back.

"One book which is all the rage in London is the 'Winter Queen' of my friend Marie Hay, Baroness Hindenberg. It is read everywhere. It is one of the literary sensations. But then London is big enough to have five or six literary sensations. In America we can only cultivate one idea at a time.

"The older men like Kipling and George Moore seem to be doing nothing. Perhaps they have made too much money, eat too much and have become lazy. Otherwise how can one account for their inactivity? They are still comparatively young and if you keep yourself well by obeying the laws of nature why shouldn't you go on writing till you are eighty? But of course one can't work with a lot of undigested food on the stomach.

"Poetry? What with politics and suffrage, it seems to be a drug on the market. You never hear of anybody writing poetry except Hardy who is still working on 'The Dynasts' but I never heard of anybody reading it."

As to her own work? Mrs. Atherton's play "Julia France" will be put in rehearsal by Mrs. Fiske (who is delighted with it) at the end of October and will be produced in Chicago in December. If successful it will be given in New York in the following spring. It deals with the woman's movement.

"In a fatal moment," says Mrs. Atherton, "I told my publisher that the theme was too big for a mere play, that it embraced the whole

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woman's movement and could only be treated properly in a novel. 'You must write it,' he said."

So Mrs. Atherton is here to write the novel. Having written the play here she felt that she could only do justice to the novel in the same environment. And she is not to be drawn from novel-writing by the lure of the theater.

"The novel," she says, "is the aristocrat of fiction. It is yours alone. You may write at the North Pole if you please. When you have corrected your proofs there's an end of it. But with a play, it is different. You must accept suggestion after suggestion, you must write and rewrite. And yet, after all the suggested changes, you own idea remains. And with a play as with a short story there are so many things to think of—with a play, your manager and his public, with the short story, the magazine and its public. And then, so many plays would be utterly worthless if they were not well acted. But even a poor novel must stand on its own feet. You must be born to novel writing. You can teach yourself to write a play or a short story. When I started on my play my publisher said, 'Another novelist lost,' but I shall always prefer novel writing. It's a bigger thing. I can't imagine my wanting to write another play."

Certainly there is every reason why Mrs. Atherton should feel that way. Her novels have brought her international renown. They have been translated into French, German, Italian and Norwegian. "A Daughter of the Vine" is the current feuilleton of Figaro in Paris. "Tower of Ivory" is still selling steadily on both sides of the Atlantic. Her other books are being continually republished.

It is a proud eminence which this Californian has achieved. And she has achieved it despite the obstacles which lay in her path. "The West doesn't count" says Pierpont Morgan contemptuously and that was the prevalent feeling when Gertrude Atherton began writing. She had no friends in the literary cliques. The log-rolling and puffery of the editors and the critics were not for her, but for the heralded women of fashion who turned to novel-writing and bought favor with dinners and lavish entertainments.

"But I've buried them all," says Mrs. Atherton with a gay and smiling triumph that would gall certain women who shall be nameless here.

Of course I asked her why she hadn't stayed in London for the coronation. She threw up her hands in horror of the crowds and the heat.

"And yet, in the abstract, it was worth seeing," she acknowledged. "It was a great pageant and it will revive loyalty for a time. All England is disaffected. It has been seething with discontent for years. The coronation will make people forget for a time. But of course it will be the last."

I looked my amazement.

"I don't suppose there will ever be another coronation," Mrs. Atherton explained. "You have no idea how strong Socialism is. See, I have brought the whole Fabian library home with me."

Mrs. Atherton indicated a formidable collection. I hope she will not take the tracts too seriously. If she does we may have to echo the words of her publisher, "Another novelist lost."

Holiday-Making

The Difference Between Staying in California Where There is Infinite Delight and Going Abroad Where There is Horror Piled on Horror

By Robert McTavish

There was a time when I was unable to make out what people wanted with holidays at all, in the ordinary, detailed hard-working sense of the word. The whole essence of holiday-making lies in its irresponsibility, in its absolute freedom from ordered definition of any kind. But that I know is not the popular view of the matter; to most people the charm of a holiday seems to be in direct proportion to the discomfort and exhaustion it inflicts upon them. Even so some holidays are more exhaustively exhausting than others, while there is only one which can be considered ideal by persons of a certain temperament—that which consists of stopping at home, doing nothing and spending most of the time in bed. Then there are certain persons who can never take delight except in going to foreign parts "for to see." Many of them have never seen their own State. There is my friend Spratt, for example. He has an amiable wife and two fair daughters with whom he went to London to see the Coronation. Last year he made a tour of Germany to give the girls a chance to practice their German. Spratt doesn't speak a word of any language but his own. He never reads a book that hasn't columns headed with "Cr." and "Dr."; pictures bore him to distraction; music enrages him to desperation. His ideal routine of life when not traveling is to catch the 8:43 to town, after a comfortable breakfast, return to Suburbanville by the 5:17 to potter about his garden for awhile, to eat a comfortable dinner, to snooze in a chair and to retire to bed early, secure in the knowledge that he is every day becoming healthier, wealthier, and wiser—about commercial matters. What is he doing at this moment? I can see him in a horribly stuffy railway carriage somewhere moving across the vast plains that lead out from Berlin to Dresden. He caught the train amid trailing clouds of baggage, racked with the most painful anxiety because of the delay caused by the impossibility of closing Mrs. Spratt's hand-basket at the last moment and the subsequent inevitable discussion as to what must be taken and what may be left behind. They caught it by the skin of their teeth, with their minds filled with fears of the loss of their baggage, consigned after registration, to a porter whose countenance bore, to Mrs. Spratt's mind, a certain conviction of dishonesty. Arrived at Hamburg Spratt will find himself in a hotel which, judged by the American standard is one hundred years behind the times. And thus it goes with Spratt and thus it will go with him till he returns home. Now Spratt has never been in the Yosemite. Spratt has never seen Lake Tahoe. Spratt has never even been to Bear Valley up in Marin County. Holiday-making at home is something he doesn't know anything about. He has been to Del Monte. Spratt first heard about that delightful resort somewhere in the wilds of Europe, where it was being discussed by an enthusiastic Britisher.

Now California has more beautiful places in which to spend a holiday or a vacation than any other State in all this big country, and one can visit most of them in comfortable trains or by automobiles. Moreover it is astonishing the service one can get in our hotels even in the most remote sections. Take a run down to the Peninsula or the Vendome and you will find hotels conducted under the most scrupulous management. And where can one spend a vacation more enjoyably than at Santa Cruz. Some day Santa Cruz will be the Atlantic City of the west. There was a time when it was lacking in good hotel accommodations but that is no longer the case. The beautiful Casa del Rey has brought Santa Cruz down to date. There is one thing about Santa Cruz that makes it unique. Within a space of ten minutes you can get a change of climate in Santa Cruz any time you feel like having it. All along Pacific avenue you have the air of the sea. From the northern end of the avenue you can walk into mountain climate in ten minutes. It is but a short distance from the Casa del Rey, where you can step from your luxurious room into the booming surf, to Pine Lodge in the heart of the mountains. You can catch salmon in the bay of Monterey in the forenoon and mountain trout up near Pine Lodge in the afternoon.

In the matter of springs California is unrivaled on our Continent. The whole State is dotted with springs and you can get water with medicinal properties equal to the best that is to be found anywhere in Europe. There are places such as Paraiso Hot Springs, Paso Robles, Aetna, Napa and Gilroy which rank with the most famous springs in the world for the curative properties of the varied waters that there abound. Each of these places has its separate and distinct charms, its unique features. If a man wants rest he can find it at any of these springs, or he can have his passion for out-door life gratified. Every year I make a practice of visiting two or three California resorts, and I have come to envy some of the proprietors because they don't have to go anywhere else. I have envied the care-takers of the beautiful homes on Lake Tahoe, who stay there all winter, I have longed to be snowbound in the Yosemite, I have envied even the bell-hops at Coronado. And every little while I think of my friend Spratt sitting in a stuffy railway carriage, or getting half baked in a train en route to Berlin. Sitting in the open air up at Napa Soda Springs the other night, looking up at the stars and taking refreshing draughts that were blown up out of the silent orchards in the valley I thought of Spratt when merciful night comes to him, being conducted to his chamber, only to find in it a bed constructed upon entirely novel principles, and nothing in prospect but a nightmare. I pictured him the next morning sharing passively in polyglottic recriminations over the iniquitous bill presented by the wolf in greasy dress-clothes, who pretends to be a harmless head waiter. I felt sorry for Spratt. For I have experienced the horrors of Europe, as all have experienced them who have gone thither in search of change and relaxation, and who, like the fox have lied magnificently when they have sufficiently recovered their normal health and intellect to prevaricate artistically about the enjoyment and the benefit to health they have received.

BROOKS KUMYSS

FOOD---BEVERAGE---TONIC

For Stomach, Bowel, Kidney and Liver Ailments

336 SUTTER STREET

The Portrait of the Doge

By Paul Bourget (From the French)

"You will be pretty comfortable," I said to Roger de Montfort, as we came in sight of the magnificent villa erected by Joseph W. Bronson, of Philadelphia, upon that high cliff at Newport from which the grandest marine landscape in the world may be seen. "Poor old Joe," as he was still called, had not spent one hour in that palace of brick and stone, fashioned in the French style of the first half of the seventeenth century. This copper king, who began life by selling newspapers in the streets of his native city and had left a fortune of ten millions of dollars to his widow and an only daughter, had died some years ago, in his city office, from heart disease, killed by the cares of business before he had attained his fifty-ninth year. The indefatigable maker of millions had foreseen, when he brought over the Parisian architect to construct that gigantic bibelot of architecture, that he was preparing a summer residence for a son-in-law descended from the aristocracy of Louis the Thirteenth.

The young man of thirty-two years to whom I spoke so familiarly really belonged to the race of that Marquis de Montfort, grand marshal of the wardrobe and field marshal in 1637, who has left to us some curious and interesting memoirs of life at court and camp in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. The present marquis was not an unworthy representative of that illustrious ancestor, for he possessed a keen and intelligent mind, though lacking, it is true, a proper measure of pride and culture. But the enormous fortune which had belonged to the family from time immemorial had been almost entirely dissipated by his grandfather under the Monarchy of July. His father had continued the dissipation under the Second Empire, and the present marquis had followed their example under the Third Republic. The three of them had maintained a life of idleness and luxury; which is the reason why Roger had followed the beautiful and wealthy Jessie Bronson from Cannes to Paris and from Paris to New York and Newport. He had brought me to Newport to introduce me to her.

When I jocosely remarked to him: "You will be pretty comfortable," he replied in the same tone:

"Yes, it will not be too great a change from Montfort, which is of the same date and style; but"—with a shrug of his shoulders—"when I speak of the same style, you must remember that the copy of an ancient building, however exact it may be, is more or less a parody. It appears so easy to reproduce a facade, a roof or a staircase! Ah! if you could have seen Montfort! But we will buy it and restore it, if—"

He did not finish the sentence, but smiled a peculiar smile as he always did when he spoke of his probable marriage with the heiress of Joe Bronson's millions.

Knowing the hour of his arrival, Miss Bronson was awaiting him in the garden. As soon as Montfort introduced me, she talked to me as familiarly as to an old friend, and questioned me, according to the custom of her country, concerning the impressions the New World had made upon me, a degenerate son of an ancient civilization.

"You must have found New York very ugly," she said. "When Grand Duke Paul came over last year on Richard Martin's yacht, he would not stay in New York a day. So he came to Newport and liked it very much. To understand America you must remember that we have a great deal of liberty—too much liberty. Of course, in New York, as in all our cities, the men lead an active business life—nothing but business. That is why the streets are so ugly. Here we lead a social life—nothing but society. Oh, I know there are many crudities even here; but you will not find it wearisome. It is true we have no limit, even in our amusements. Lord Ronald Strabane—do you know him? He is a son of the Duke of Gairlock. He always said that the season at Newport, compared to the season in London, was like Niagara compared to a Scotch waterfall."

As she spoke her face wore a smile indicative of that defensive irony which I had already noticed in Roger's smile whenever he spoke about her. Yet I noticed, in their respective tones of raillery, a certain difference. Although the young American had a decided touch of international snobbishness shown by her many references to the European nobility, she had also a sincere pride in her own country. If anyone else had echoed the criticisms she permitted herself to make of her native land, her beautiful eyes would quickly have flashed with indignation. Montfort, on the contrary, in spite of his Parisian blase, was rather ashamed of his efforts to contract this wealthy alliance, and his ironical tone seemed to savor of an apology for his mercenary act. He now replied to Miss Bronson with a complaisance that I knew to be only half sincere.

"But you malign New York," he said. "Do you not recall my impression of it on the day after my arrival, when you and your mother drove me to Central Park? I said then that in twenty-five years it will be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Even now those great private mansions are superior to the ugly buildings of our Boulevard Haussman. They constitute the first rough sketch of a new era in architecture. Am I not right?"

II.

I never knew whether or not I was deceived in my estimate of Miss Bronson's character. Was she, like so many girls in her country, at once sentimental and positive, romantic and practical? Although yearning to be called "The Marquise de Montfort," it is possible that she had a sincere attachment for the bearer of the coveted title. As to him, I obtained almost immediately, and in an unexpected manner, the proof that he was playing the part of a fortune-hunter; and, strange as the expression may appear, he acted from a sense of duty. Young Parisians of his class are sometimes roues from principle, cynics from a point of honor, and always on the watch to destroy, in a moment of compassion, the foundation of their own duplicity. Certainly he had no suspicion, any more than I, of the sudden change about to occur in his affairs. When we entered the hall of the villa he said to me, in a low voice, and with childish malice:

"To think that in two or three centuries my portrait, as an ancestor, will appear on one of those panels! What artist would you recommend?" Then, in a louder voice, he added, as the heiress returned from an adjoining room: "Miss Jessie, we were wondering where you had that beautifully decorated ceiling made."

"How—made?" replied the girl, with a slight display of genuine indignation. "Why, it is a genuine work of art, dating back to the fifteenth century. We bought it in an old chateau in Touraine, and had it brought here, beam by beam, and put together again. Mama must have gone out. I cannot find her. However, I will show you some of our art treasures. They are not all so rare as this ceiling, but they are all genuine. Do you understand that, Monsieur de Montfort? You who have so little faith in the artistic judgment of the American barbarians."

"Barbarians who ravish everything that is beautiful in Europe," said Roger. "Ah! You have a perfect museum here. It is marvelous!"

I echoed his exclamation. Certainly, many of the curiosities hanging on the walls of that house should have been in the Louvre.

One painting attracted our attention and Miss Bronson asked: "Is it that portrait of the doge which you are examining so closely, Monsieur de Montfort? That is a Palma, dated and signed. Does it not interest you?"

"Very much," said Roger, who had been standing motionless for several minutes before the canvas of the Venetian master. "It is the portrait of a Navagero, if I read the inscription correctly?"

"Exactly," responded Miss Bronson; "and I bet you can never guess what we had to pay—but, no! you would lose. I will tell you the story. It was two years and a half ago, toward the end of last winter. Mama and I had left Rome to spend a few weeks in the north of Italy at a time when tourists and purchasers were not so plentiful. At Venice we were recommended to see an old priest, a certain Abbe Lagumina, who said mass in a pretty little chapel in which there was a portrait of the Virgin by Bellini—a veritable masterpiece. Mama offered him twenty thousand dollars for it; and I can yet hear him crying: 'If it were mine, cara signora, I would give it to you for nothing; but it belongs to God.' Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: 'But if your ladyship wishes a beautiful painting, I can take you to a place—only you must not tell anyone that you were there.' We promised him to observe silence on that point. Then he said: 'I will see you at your hotel tomorrow. I will then know if they have anything to sell.'"

"Oh!" I said, laughing, "I know quite well whom they mean in Italy when they say they. You will be introduced into a family said to be most illustrious, and you will find on the third floor a dirty apartment inhabited by a gang of usurers who offer you some indifferent pictures at exorbitant prices."

"Yes, that is the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred," replied Miss Bronson, "but this was the hundredth. Do you know Venice? Well, imagine that abbe coming one evening about six o'clock, in a gondola, to the door of our hotel, and saying to us, in the tone and manner of a conspirator, that we could purchase a masterpiece if we would promise on our word of honor never to seek to discover the name of the seller or the palace to which he would conduct us. After making the promise, we entered the gondola, and the abbe gave his orders to the gondolier without mentioning any name. On the way, our guide said: 'It will be necessary to pay the money at once; if they did not require the money tomorrow, they would not sell.' After an intricate detour of the canals, we disembarked before a palace located on a narrow, unfrequented canal. We were introduced into one of those halls which had formerly echoed with the mirth of royal feasts, but was

(Continued on Page 26.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A New Danger for Niagara

Friends of Niagara Falls are being asked whether or not, in centering their fire upon proposed diversions of water at the falls, they are not overlooking developments of equal or greater importance further up the Lakes. The Illinois Legislature is in special session for the purpose of creating a commission to issue bonds for and expend $20,000,000 in deepening the Desplaines and Illinois rivers to correspond with the Chicago Drainage Canal; and if this plan should go through as proposed, it is said to threaten Niagara Falls much more seriously than any other diversion of water yet contemplated by New York or Canada. The scheme now before the Chicago Legislature contemplates a development of the largest power area in the world. Its promoters have departed from the old plan of connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River by means of a ship canal—utilizing the drainage mentioned for that purpose—and propose instead a waterway over the same course with such a volume of current as to supply power along the banks on both sides perhaps as far as Peoria, Ill. It has been estimated that this scheme, if carried out to the fullest extent, would lower the water of the Great Lakes from six and one-half to eight and one-half inches. Every inch of depth means fifty tons of carrying capacity on the Great Lakes, and it said that should the Lakes be lowered as indicated, more than half the shipping would be disastrously affected. The keels of the vessels go as near the bottom now as they can without touching, and to drop them from six to eight inches obviously would ground them. This applies, of course, only to the harbors, where it has been estimated that it would cost the United States $10,000,000 and Canada perhaps half as much to restore a navigable depth to harbors that would be adversely affected should the Chicago-Mississippi power scheme go through. What the effect upon Niagara Falls and the Welland and other canals would be can hardly be estimated, but it is apparent that it would be serious.

The Keystone of World Peace

At the present time alliance with Great Britain is sought by the most powerful of her neighbors. It has long been the desire of Germany to be on a footing of the closest friendship and most perfect understanding with her. By some very discerning British students of foreign policy the view is taken that such intimacy would do more than anything else to guarantee the balance of power in Europe, and secure peace throughout the world. The friendship between Britain and France, to which the name entente has been given, could easily be crystallized into articles of alliance. Russia and France are allies, and between Russia and England there is an entente similar to that between France and Britain. The Anglo-Russian Treaty, embracing interests in the Middle East, brought these two Powers into harmonious relations in respect to other matters, as the settlement of Britain's colonial differences with France brought the two latter nations into general concord. Japan is already the ally of Britain; the time is at hand when the United States will value Britain's friendship as much as any of the great Powers of Europe does. Britain is becoming the keystone of the world's peace. What has given her her great dispomatic influence is, in the opinion of patriotic Englishmen, her prudence towards neighbors at variance with each other, her firmness and wisdom in such international councils as that at Algeciras, her detachment from other nations' quarrels, and her command of the sea.

To the Unknown Dead

A committee was formed in Belgium to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, which occurred June 18, and one permanent memorial has already been decided upon. This is to collect all the bones, which are still found in large numbers on and around the battlefield, and place them in a great tomb, and above this tomb to erect an appropriate monument in honor of the unidentified dead soldiers. This is an unusual and perhaps unique method of perpetuating among future generations the memory of a great battle. The London Telegraph says of this method that "it has been reserved for one of the minor nations to conceive a form of celebration humane and chivalrous enough to make a new impression upon the world's imagination." The habit between nations is, as every one knows, to perpetuate the memory of your own side on the battlefield, and, in case your own side lost on that particular battlefield, to say as little about it as possible, and to be content if the winning side is equally reticent. The Germans, for example, are just finishing a very simple but most impressive monument in the near neighborhood of Leipzig, to perpetuate the memory of the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte at Leipzig by the German people, with some Russian help, on October 18, 1813—a battle in which old Bluecher came in on the flank very much as he did later at Waterloo—but it has not occurred to any one that we have ever heard of to suggest that the memory of the 50,000 Frenchmen who lost their lives in that dreadful and disastrous rout should also be carried forward by this sately monument.

That San Diego Fair

A row has broken out between the municipal authorities of San Diego and the San Diego exposition management that threatens to wreck the whole show. That things should have progressed to the point that the exposition itself is threatened may be gathered from this in the "Union:" "San Diego cannot afford to abandon the exposition. Were it the deliberate purpose to give the city a setback from which it would not recover for years, the object could not be more effectively attained than by refusing now to go forward with the plans for 1915. For San Diego has committed itself before the entire county to the exposition project." The southern paper refers to the situation as deplorable, and reads the people responsible for it a lecture, but is evidently somewhat doubtful of the result, for it concludes by observing that "the present deadlock over the exposition is already giving this city a slight taste of what may be expected should the project be abandoned."

Paganism in Russia

According to official statistics published by the Russian Government, large numbers of the peasantry in the provinces of Perm, Uja and Viatka have fallen into a state of paganism, worshiping the ancient gods, Flor and Lavra. There are now 20,000 idolators in Viatka, 4,000 in Perm and 11,000 in Uja. Local officials say that the worship of Flor and Lavra had never totally disappeared from these districts, but assumed alarming proportions after the bad harvests of the past three years. The pagan priests who still lingered in remote districts carried on active propaganda among the peasantry, telling them that Flor and Lavra sent bad harvests as a sign of anger. The consequence was that many thousands of peasants ceased to attend the churches, took to sacrificing cattle to Lavra and Flor instead and attended services in forest groves consecrated to these gods. The police are trying to put a stop to the movement but without avail, as the large forests shelter the idolators. The Government has sent out Dr. Kuzniecow of the Moscow Archaeological Institute to study the movement. The orthodox priests complain that many of their churches are standing quite empty, while in some cases the peasants force them to hang in their churches the hides of cattle which have been sacrificed to Flor and Lavra.

The Scarcity of Platinum

The present scarcity of platinum is causing European manufacturers to look for the possibility of an extension of the supply from the western United States. Hitherto it has been mainly derived as a byproduct in small quantities from the working of gold placers, chiefly in Oregon and this State, and also from the copper regions in Wyoming, but it is hoped that closer search, stimulated by the high price, may result in the finding of platinum in other similar deposits. Platinum is now quoted at the record price of about $43.84 an ounce. Five years ago it was worth only $18.85. This abnormal rise has been caused by increased demand coupled with the diminishing ore reserves and the increased cost of mining the placers which provide the main supply in the Russian Ural mountain districts. Russian official statistics place the output from the Ural mines in 1910 at 175,700 ounces, but it is known that considerable quantities are secretly mined and disposed of. The scarcity of the white metal is also reviving interest here in the sources of supply in Colombia, South America, which was the world's largest producer before the Russian placer mines were opened out.

Embezzled Church Funds

Ferdinand Edmond Duez, the liquidator of the property of the religious congregations of France which was seized under the law of associations, has been found guilty of embezzlement. He has been sentenced to twelve years imprisonment at hard labor. Duez must also make restitution to an amount which is to be fixed later. During the trial Duez admitted that he had embezzled $1,000,000 of the money he had collected. He was accused of stealing 6,000,000 francs, or about $1,200,000. He denied that he had salted any of this money away. He said he lost about $435,000 of it on the bourse and $60,000 in commercial ventures. He paid over $50,000 hush money to newspapers, according to his statement; spent $200,000 on household expenses and lavished $100,000 on women. A large amount of the property liquidated by Duez belonged to the Christian Brothers.

California's choicest natural champagne is ASTI SPECIAL, SEC, produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony.

Correspondence

Conservative Tommyrot

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Your correspondent, "A Bachelor" who feels that the female sex should be conserved, means of course that he feels they should be conserved in the way most desirable to men of his kind. It is his desire that women should continue to "reign over the passions of men" and to make "playthings" of them. Yet he talks about mental capacity and all that sort of thing. He is typical of male anti-suffragists. From his own confession it is easy to perceive that he wishes to conserve women as "playthings" for men. He fears that if women become interested in the serious things of life they will lose something, as strawberries lose their flavor when cultivated. It is men of this kind that prate about the companionship of woman. Of course they don't mean companionship at all. If they meant companionship they would be able to enjoy the society of women with whom they could discuss every matter that is of interest to men of intelligence. They don't want women for companions. They want women to minister to their creature comforts and animal passions. They want no digression. What selfish creatures they are! Conservation indeed! All tommyrot.

Yours truly,

—A Mother.

Literary and Etymological

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: In last Monday's Examiner I read with interest the line, "Westward the star of Bethlehem takes its way" and with amusement a statement that these are Kingsley's "oft-quoted" words. I cannot but think that the reporter who embellished the dry schedule of the Sunday School Convention with this poetical gem was the victim of literary tanglefoot. Charles Kingsley did not write the line. As far as I know, nobody ever wrote it until the Examiner Sunday School reporter fashioned it. It is true that Kingsley wrote a novel called "Westward Ho!" and that title may have lodgment in the Examiner man's brain. It was Bishop Berkeley who wrote the line which was misquoted. Here are the verses:

Westward the course of empire takes it way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

As Prexy Wheeler told the Hibernian banqueters last St. Patrick's Day, our university town was named after the Irish prelate who wrote that stanza, so we ought to exhibit a little more familiarity with his work than is displayed by the reportorial misquoter. This should be particularly the case as the lines are to be found in Berkeley's celebrated "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America," and Bishop Berkeley (whose name, as Dr. Aked will tell you, is pronounced Barclay), considered that prospect good. Whether he would revise his opinion if he were allowed to revisit the glimpses of the moon I cannot say. Turning from the Examiner to the Call, I find "the Candid Friend" of that journal telling how Chaplain Baker of the recent Legislature "has published, at the expense of the State treasury, a handsome and inspiring bibelot." The Candid Friend is a purist who studied the more humane letters in the academic halls of Trinity College, Dublin; therefore do I hesitate to correct his English. But by reference to the Standard Dictionary it will be found that a "bibelot" is "a small and curious article of virtu or object of art, as for the cabinet or shelf." I cannot admit that a political chaplain's book of prayers squeezes within that narrow meaning. I'll wager that even State Printer Billy Shannon does not consider it an object of art and certainly the author intended it for the closet, not for the cabinet or shelf. An article of virtu it is not and by the same token, not even of virtue.

Sincerely yours,

—The Amateur Purist.

The Spectator

A Widow's Pluck

One of the most interesting examples of feminine pluck brought to my attention in a long time is that of Mrs. Douglas S. Cone, widow of Douglas Cone of Red Bluff and owner of the great Cone Ranch of Tehama County. Mrs. Cone stood face to face with the loss of her great property and at the eleventh hour, against tremendous odds, raised $380,000 and delivered it in twenty dollar gold pieces to the bank which was about to foreclose. Unable to obtain money from the banks with which she had business dealings Mrs. Cone came to San Francisco and for eight days haunted the financial district, endeavoring to borrow the fortune which she needed to save her ranch. Everything was against her. She was a woman—and our financiers are not impressed as a rule with a woman's business capabilities. And times are hard just now; money is very scarce. But Mrs. Cone raised the $380,000. Where she got it is a secret about which there is a great deal of curiosity in financial circles.

A Valuable Property

The Cone Ranch is one of the largest estates in California. It contains 32,000 acres of range land and includes a horse ranch of 4,000 acres of irrigable land. The Cone estate also owns 55 per cent of the stock of the Cone and Ward Company, with 44,000 acres of land near Tehama and a large summer range in Lassen County. In addition to these real estate holdings the Cone estate has $400,000 worth of personal property in stocks and securities and a large amount of livestock. On the home ranch there is a 124-acre pear orchard that yields annually about $30,000. Among the most valuable assets are the water rights which include the entire Antelope creek water shed. There are five miles of ditches on the home ranch. For eight years this valuable property has been burdened with debt. The ranch has not been judiciously managed and the unpaid interest has been accumulating. When Douglas Cone died some time ago many thought that his widow would have to relinquish the property. But Mrs. Cone had no intention of losing her million-and-a-half estate. The mortgage which amounted to $380,000 was held by the Herbert Kraft Company bank of Red Bluff and there has been great bitterness between Mrs. Cone and these bankers. The time for the payment of the mortgage expired on Tuesday, June 27.

Would Buy But Not Lend

Eight days before the mortgage expired Mrs. Cone started out to raise $380,000. She found that the banks of northern California would entertain a proposition to buy the ranch but would not advance money to pay off the incumbrance. The same situation was met in this city when Mrs. Cone applied to some of our banks. I have been told that several financiers offered to take the ranch off her hands; also that Colonel Gasson of San Diego made a proposition to her. But Mrs. Cone declined to sell. Her relatives who are wealthy are said to have withheld assistance. Finally, with the aid of E. F. May of this city she negotiated the loan. It was truly an eleventh-hour relief. There is a story that the Red Bluff bankers refused to accept a certified check, but as to the truth of this I am not sure. However that may be, Mrs. Cone shipped $380,000 in twenty dollar gold pieces from this city on last Friday night and on the next morning it was delivered under armed guards at the Bank of Tehama in Red Bluff. The coin weighed about 1500 pounds. Its transportation cost Mrs. Cone about $500. A new mortgage will be negotiated and with May as manager Mrs. Cone will set about to sell the livestock, free the land from all minor incumbrances and then subdivide and dispose of the tracts to settlers. Mrs. Cone will probably retain the old house and part of the land for a country home. A plucky woman! Would that I could give in detail the story of her eight day hunt for $380,000. The recital would teem with dramatic interest.

A Posthumous Twain Letter

It is generally believed that anything of value that Mark Twain ever wrote is to be found in the authorized edition of his works. This edition comprises even the least important of his contributions to journalism, but it does not include a very interesting letter which the great humorist wrote in reply to an invitation from the New York Society of California Pioneers to attend a banquet which was given on the evening of the thirteenth of October, 1869. The letter was found between the leaves of an old book, not long ago, by a member of the firm of Dewitt & Snelling, the Oakland book dealers, and they have printed it in pamphlet form. The letter is in characteristic vein and is descriptive of the writer's experience in 1863 just before he came to this city to work as a reporter. Expressing regret at his inability to attend the banquet he says that he felt he had the "sublime general right" to shake hands with the pioneers "on

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the score of kinship in California ups and downs in search of fortune." He relates that in Esmeralda he fared "sumptuously on bread when flour was $200 a barrel and had beans for dinner every Sunday when none but bloated aristocrats could afford such grandeur." He adds: "I finished by feeding batteries at $15 a week and wishing I was a battery myself and had somebody to feed me. My claims in Esmeralda are there yet. I suppose I could be persuaded to sell." From Esmeralda he went to Humboldt. "I owned a vast mining property there," he says. "I would not have sold out for less than $400,000 at that time. But I will now. Finally I walked home—200 miles—partly for exercise and partly because stage fare was expensive." His experience in Virginia City is thus described: "I took up extensions on the main lead—extensions that reached to British America in one direction and to the Isthmus of Panama in the other—and I verily believe I would have been a rich man if I had ever found those infernal extensions. But I didn't. I ran tunnels till I tapped the Arctic Ocean and I sunk shafts till I broke through the roof of perdition; but those extensions turned up missing every time. I am willing to sell all that property and throw in the improvements."

His Vast Properties

It appears from the letter that Mark Twain was once the victim of a "salting" swindle; also that he paid assessments on Hale & Norcross till he was frozen out. He continues: "I own millions and millions of affluent silver leads in Nevada—in fact the entire undercrust of that country nearly, and if Congress would move that State off my property so that I could get at it, I would be wealthy yet. But no, there she squats, and here am I. Failing health persuades me to sell. If you know of any one desiring a permanent investment, I can furnish one that will have the virtue of being eternal." He concludes: "But you perceive that although I am not a Pioneer, I have had a sufficiently variegated time of it to enable me to talk like a native and feel like a forty-niner. Therefore I cordially welcome you to your old remembered homes and your long deserted firesides, and close this screed with the sincere hope that your visit here will be a happy one, and not embittered by the sorrowful surprises that absence and lapse of years are wont to prepare for wanderers; surprises which come in the form of old friends missed from their places; silence where familiar voices should be; change and decay everywhere; strangers at the hearthstone; sorrow where gladness was; tears for laughter; the melancholy pomp of death where the grace of life has been! With all good wishes for the returned Prodigals, and regrets that I cannot partake of a small piece of the fatted calf (rare and no gravy), I am cordially yours, Mark Twain."

Burns on Trial

In Los Angeles, according to report from that city, a great change has occurred in public sentiment with reference to the men who are believed to have instigated the Times' atrocity. At first it was generally believed that the authorities would have no difficulty in proving their guilt. Now as to that there is much scepticism, and the reason appears to be that Detective William J. Burns, the hero of magazinedom, is the man behind the prosecution. Burns is so resourceful and so little inclined to put restraint on his prodigious zeal that as a rule he overplays his hand. And the result is that he usually finds himself on trial as well as the person or persons he is engaged in prosecuting. Burns will find himself on trial in Los Angeles, and the outcome of the case may be a verdict against him. There has been much talk in Los Angeles about the kidnaping of the suspects, and it has been remarked that the so-called kidnaping of Fremont Older some years ago occasioned much virtuous indignation in the manly breast of William J. Burns. The Older case has been compared with the McNamara case, and it has been found that the outrage against justice in the case of the dynamiters was much greater than in the case of the patriotic editor. Older was arrested on a warrant issued in Los Angeles for the crime of character assassination. There was no irregularity in the issuance of the warrant or in the arrest. Older's only grievance was that the deputy sheriff had not vouchsafed him the right of appearing before the nearest magistrate. In those days the nearest magistrate would have done anything that Older demanded. Burns and Older raised an awful howl about that kidnaping, and they had indictments issued at once against the black-hearted conspirators. The wonder is that they didn't have the League of Justice lynch somebody, for they were terribly indignant. Now consider what Burns did to the McNamara brothers, who were taken not from one county to another in the State where they resided, but from that State half way across the continent, manacled and by virtue of authority obtained by false representations.

The Pursuit of Mrs. McManigal

The other day Mrs. McManigal, wife of the dynamiter who is said to have confessed, was subjected by Burns' detectives to something that must have been akin to the "third degree," for she fainted while under the ordeal. And then we read in the despatches, "Burns' men readily admit that they are making every attempt to win Mrs. McManigal to the side of the prosecution, and that they are so determined to keep their eyes upon her that they have taken an apartment next door to those she occupies so that they are able to make note of her every movement." Now it will be remembered that shortly after the arrest of the dynamiters Burns denied that anybody had made a confession, saying that he didn't need a confession, that he had a complete case against all the men under arrest, from which there was no escape. From recent developments it is to be inferred that the case is far from complete. Even with McManigal on the side of the prosecution it appears to be very important that his wife should be there also.

The Sunday School Convention

Opinions naturally differ concerning the Sunday school teachers who have been in town for the last ten days. There are those who regard them as a great moral force and those whose irreligious prejudices are a bar to taking them seriously. Then again there are those who respect their zeal for the uplift of the masses but who cannot help regarding their methods as vulgar. And of course there are those who look upon them as so many weary bodies to provide beds for and so many hungry mouths to feed. For these last the convention has not been a howling success. The delegates seem to be poorly endowed with this world's goods; their wealth is laid up where thieves cannot break in and steal. They are not appareled like Solomon in all his glory; far from it, the clothes of the women exhibit an heroic superiority to the ever-changing rules of fashion while the garments of the men are for decent covering not for ornament. Hotel accomodations they have usually found in the least expensive places about town, many of them going to private families or modest lodging houses. Their meals they have sought in the cafeterias and the coffee-and-doughnut emporia, having no desire to show themselves off in the brilliant light of our big restaurants. As for the saloons—well it is perhaps in shocking bad taste to mention the grogshops in connection with the Sunday school teachers. I can only repeat what was told me by the manager of one of our best hotels where the big guns of the convention made their headquarters: "They have economically avoided the dining room and religiously avoided the bar." Yes, it is part of their religion to avoid bars, for bars house one of the most demoniacal demons in their demonology.

What Has Been Gained

That the Sunday school teachers refrained from spending great sums of money here is not surprising and should not be made the basis of criticism. When the Eagles come they will spend enough to make up for all deficiencies. The Sunday school teachers are mostly poor people from the States of the middle west, people who had to scrape and scrimp for a long time to pay for this visit to the Pacific Coast. Those who have comfortable incomes are, I think, exceptional; and even these are averse from lavish expenditures. This has one good effect. The Sunday school teachers will not be in a position to go home and talk about the wickedness of this city. Of the "Paris of America" they have learned nothing. How could they? The joints of the tenderloin, the abodes of the turkey trot and the Texas tommy on the Barbary Coast and the resorts along the ocean beach are not in their line. They are not joyriders, they are not slummers, they are not even "sociologists" which is the fashionable name for those who sometimes hurt the sensibilities of the staid. What they may think they know about our naughty night life they must have gained by hearsay and of course they are too just to use that against us. When they speak of us it seems to me that it will be incumbent to speak in terms of praise. And our virtuous newspapers will come in for much of the praise. The papers have done themselves proud. They have been models of sanctimony. They have given the convention nearly as much space as the coronation. Take it

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all in all, the city will probably be highly lauded by the delegates. And only the wise will understand how much cant has been let loose for the edification of the innocents abroad.

What Have They Done?

I have experienced difficulty in determining just what the convention accomplished. It is hard to get the meat out of the cocoanut. These teachers are a wordy lot and their words are not always as pregnant with meaning as they might be. No doubt they have settled many problems of pressing importance. No doubt the world will be better during the next twelvemonth for their pious deliberations, just as this city, to take the judgment of the newspapers (the calm, disinterested, sincere and unsophisticated judgment of course), will be the better for that Bible parade. And yet there are perplexing circumstances for the outsider to study. On one day the Bible was exalted and on another an itinerant preacher who outdoes Dr. Munyon in the vulgarity of his advertising methods tore the Bible to pieces. He did this, singularly enough, to the tune of violent denunciation of the "higher criticism." What's the use of a drummer spending a night of piety in his hotel room with a Gideon Bible in his hand if he can't believe what he reads there? Alas, the path of religion is full of stumbling blocks. One day's deliberations were summarized in an epigram, "Money is the cutting edge of the Gospel," an epigram which, the papers say, was repeated and elaborated by all the speakers of that day. And yet the Gideonite may read in his Bible that "the love of money is the root of all evil" and cannot but be disturbed to remember that, if money is the cutting edge of the sword of the Gospel, "all that take the sword shall perish with the sword." However, these are matters which the outsider is incompetent to handle. One should approach this convention with the cocksureness of the papers, a cocksureness which was beautifully illustrated by the Examiner's statement about the Sunday services in the Greek Theater.

A Ripsnorting Comparison

"There never was," says the Examiner, "another such day in the history of the Christian church—and that is said by a reliable Californian who knows all about the history of the church." I have searched the Examiner for the name of this "reliable Californian" but have found it not. Perhaps he is as modest as he is reliable, but of course his modesty is personal and does not extend to his judgment of the Sunday school convention. In his judgment, apparently, the Sunday in the Greek Theater was a greater day than the Friday of the Crucifixion, the Sunday of the Resurrection, the day of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles, a greater day than that epochal one when Saul the persecutor became Paul the apostle of the Gentiles. And these, it must be admitted by all Christians, were great days for the church. "Strike a mental line," continues the Examiner, "from the Colosseum to the Hearst Greek Theater—from Vespasian to Benjamin Ide Wheeler—from Peter to Professor E. O. Excell." 'Tis a good deal to ask of any man, but we have endeavored to strike that line. We have tried to make one end of the line impinge on the Roman amphitheatre and on Vespasian and on Peter while with the other end of the line we have endeavored to skewer the Hearst Greek Theater (let us not forget the Hearst part of it) and Prexy Wheeler and Professor Excell who, it seems, is a professor of music. But what next? Shall we compare or contrast? If we set the Greek Theater against the Colosseum and Prexy Wheeler against Vespasian, must we also set Professor Excell against Peter? But what's the use?

Jordan Heard From

With Prexy Wheeler dragged thus to the limelight it would be too much to expect Prexy Jordan of our other seat of learning to hug the shadow. This illuminant of countless candle power was hauled forth from behind the bushel by Miss Elizabeth Kilpatrick of Mississippi who quotes him as saying of the Sunday school boys, "If Christ was not crucified for these boys, I would walk up Calvary gladly for them." Here we have David Starr at his very best. We know now just how to value him. On his own admission he is another Christ, a Savior who would gladly have died for the sins of the world if he had not been anticipated by the Nazarene. But for a trifling difference in the divine plan Christianity might have been Jordanity and Jordan might have been the founder of a religion that has lasted nearly two thousand years. How pleasant that would have been for Jordan, how soothing to his vanity! To his megalocephalous egomania suffering would be as nothing compared to immortal fame. And of course to Jordan Christ is merely a Galilean who will be remembered while there is history.

The Stranger—Are you quite sure that that was a marriage license you gave me last month?

The Official—Of course! What's the matter?

The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.

The Celebration of Hammond

John Hays Hammond, our special envoy to the coronation ceremonies, had the time of his life in London. This is no secret. The truth was told from day to day in the Examiner by a special correspondent who had nothing to do but record the ecstasies of the great mine expert and celebrate his social triumphs. Eagerly I waited for my Examiner before dawn every morning, in a state of breathless expectancy, for I knew Hammond would loom large in the despatches. I knew there would be a lot of gush about our modest millionaire. I knew it because long before he started for London to give us ideal representation Mr. Hearst began booming him in stentorian tones, as through a megaphone resonantly. It was evident to me that Hearst owed a debt of gratitude to Hammond which he was resolved to pay in the kind of stuff that Hammond most appreciates. He gave him two editorials affirming him to be one of the finest specimens of American manhood that ever blossomed. And then he gushed over him in the Cosmopolitan. Besides he printed news about him every day, the kind of news that you can print about this sterling American by the yard without the slightest danger of nauseating him.

By the Side of a Princess

Each day while the coronation festivities lasted there was a special despatch about Hammond bearing indisputable proof of the fact that our own John was on terms of intimacy with the nobility and making a thundering splurge. No important detail essential to the picture was ever omitted. We were told, for instance, that at his first reception "Lord Decies apologized for the absence of Lady Decies, saying she was unable to attend on account of illness." How nice of his lordship! And how unfortunate was Lady Decies. But never mind, there were some pretty big bugs on hand to give eclat to the occasion. There were Princess Louise and her husband who were guests of honor. And the correspondent tells us, "Their friendship with the King and Queen caused them to be recognized by their majesties who bowed ostentatiously to the balcony where Hammond and the princess stood." Far be it from me to suggest that the King and Queen were bowing to balconies all along the line of march after the manner of our prominent cits. in hacks. Certain it is at all events that they didn't bow ostentatiously to everybody. If the truth were known, perhaps, they bowed ostentatiously to the princess because John Hays was at her side.

In the Midst of Things

The morning after their majesties made that ostentatious bow John Hays was quoted in the Hearst papers. To the correspondent he said, speaking of the big show, "The scene to me beggared description." So completely had it bewildered Mr. Hammond that he was conscious of but one thing, which, of course, was the most important of all things to him. "The one thing that struck me," said he, "was the recep-

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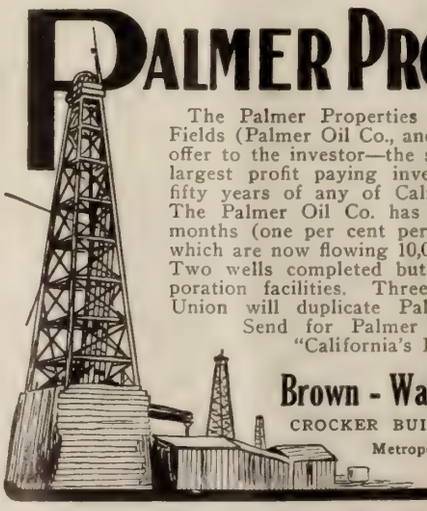

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tion accorded to the special envoy of the United States." But modestly he disclaimed the thought that the warmth of the reception was engendered by feeling for him personally. With characteristic generosity he attributed the enthusiasm of the Britishers to their friendship for this country. Doubtless he had the same idea about the attention that was paid to him generally. He related among other matters of equally prodigious importance that when he arrived at the Abbey he was met by a representative of the Foreign Office, "who assured me," said our distinguished envoy, "that I had the finest position in the Abbey." And he added, "He was right. I don't think any one was better placed. I was not more than twenty-five feet away from his majesty's coronation throne." Thus we learn that the great John Hays was far from being an also-ran. Positive assurance of this we receive from the correspondent who was at his heels all the time. "In the Abbey," says the correspondent, "when Hammond was about to leave Princess Louise and the Duchess of Argyle, an old friend, made a point of bowing to him." How the correspondent knew that the lady made a point of bowing to the grand young millionaire we are only able to conjecture.

On the Royal Yacht

To the very end Envoy Hammond figured prominently in all the festivities. He had the time of his life. He attended the naval review at Spithead on the royal yacht, and of that spectacle he said: "It was the greatest fleet of warships I ever saw." So much for the historical event; a little more from Mr. Hammond about himself: "I attribute my cordial reception by their majesties to the fact that the United States proposed the arbitration treaty more than to anything else. The King and Queen were very companionable to all of us." Close to the throne was John Hays.

George III sniffed.

"Let 'em go!" he cried; "we'll get more money by having 'em come over to our coronations."

Calmly he watched America withdraw.

Munyon vs. Abbott

Professor Munyon is in town as you probably know if you read the Call every day. What faculty Professor Munyon belongs to I do not know, but I conjecture that he represents the great Cure-All University whose specialty is the renovation of the human body by means of pills, powders and pastes. This is probably as good an institution of learning as any other, and Professor Munyon is probably as good an authority in his line as any of the pundits of the institutions that profess to renovate character and compound expedients for the cure of all the ills of the body politic. And therefore I commend Professor Munyon to the Commonwealth Club which, but the other day, gave all its ears to a Professor Abbott, that he might purge himself in their presence of a lot of decomposed matter which must have been a long time rankling in his system. Professor Munyon, as I read of him in the Call, where he disports himself at several cents a line, is far more edifying, far more lucid, far more rational, far less puerile when discussing tapeworms, than Professor Abbott was when discussing principles of government before the Commonwealth Club. It is evident that Professor Munyon knows a tapeworm from a rattlesnake, but Professor Abbott, it is obvious to anybody but an average commonwealther, isn't able to differentiate a foregone conclusion from an elementary absurdity. Professor Munyon solemnly tells you what everybody knows about tapeworms. Professor Abbott with ponderous gravity substitutes for argument bald assertion without suspecting that it's the logic of ignorance. "The tapeworm," says Professor Munyon, "robs one of vitality." If he had said "mentality" I'd know what the matter was with Abbott.

Lawrence is Coming

Andrew M. Lawrence, the Chicago publisher, is on his way to San Francisco, and will arrive next week. Mr. Lawrence is one of the many Californians who have "made good" on the other side of the Rockies. He has come to the front in Chicago, where he was recently honored by the Democracy of Illinois at a banquet, the occasion being the celebration of the services rendered by him in the campaign that ended with the election of Carter Harrison. I hear that he is very likely to be elected Democratic national committeeman from Illinois to succeed Roger Sullivan who is said to have had knowledge of the Lorimer "slush fund." Lawrence, by the way, rendered signal service for San Francisco in Washington during the contest with New Orleans for the World's Fair. Nobody knows the ropes in Washington better than Lawrence, for he had had much experience in that city as a newspaper correspondent. Besides he has a vast acquaintance among the national figures in politics. He was our master strategist at the seat of war, pulling wires most effectively and rounding up statesmen from everywhere some of whom had been counted on for New Orleans. San Francisco owes a debt of gratitude to A. M. Lawrence.

"When Dustin Stax went into Wall Street he didn't have a dollar he could call has own."

"Yes. But in those days he was more particular about whose dollar he called his own."

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All the latest shapes, and all the newest colorings for Fall, are in this collection, in most magnificent variety. Prices range as follows and are about what the stores ordinarily pay:

Paradise Feathers from.....$8.75 to $60.00
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$2.50 Quality "GOTHAM" Athletic Underwear, now $1.35

If you're going away over the Fourth, take a few suits of "GOTHAM" Underwear with you. They will add materially to your comfort.

Billie and the Maid

Billie Burke had a Japanese maid. She hasn't the Japanese maid now. But how long she had the Japanese maid is a matter of the most profound obscurity to me. Certain it is that the Japanese maid was not much in evidence in San Francisco although it was in this city, of course, that Billie hired her. Those of Billie's friends to whom I have spoken on the subject profess ignorance of the Japanese maid. But Billie must have had her just the same. She went to the pains of sending information about the Japanese maid to the sprightly Mlle Manhattan of the New York Telegraph to whom I am indebted for my information. Delightfully enough, the Japanese maid's name was So-san, a genuine Mikadoesque sort of name for a Japanese maid. So-san was picturesque in chrysanthemums and wistaria which is another delightful thing about her. But it seems that the maid disappeared very suddenly and Billie's morning coffee was brought by a strange servant. On the tray was this from So-san: "I cannot wrote you of all my worship at you. But I go for I am a Sin but I cannot explain of my naughty." This is most delightful of all. Japanese have been writing in this vein ever since Wallace Irwin created Hashimura Togo, the Japanese school boy. It seems to be a strange instance of Oscar Wilde's theory that fiction influences life. With So-san, I learn, went Miss Billie's best string of Japanese jade beads. Naughty So-san! But I would like to know how long she served Billie. Just long enough, I suspect, to let Billie's press agent manufacture a story about her.

Land Values in Sacramento

Some time ago I had a few words to say about the wonderful increase in Sacramento realty values. A striking instance of the rise in land prices has just come to my notice. George W. Peltier, the Sacramento banker, has sold a piece of property on L street between Ninth and Tenth for $30,000 which is at the rate of $750 a front foot. Four years ago he bought this property for $9,000. This is a record price but Sacramento is breaking a lot of records these days. The town is not passing through a boom condition, either, but seems to be going straight ahead. Northern California is coming into its own.

Publisher—Let's see: On page 20 you say of your heroine, who lives in Pittsburg, that "she clutched the air convulsively."

Author—Yes. What of it?

Publisher—Oh nothing, only I suppose the next thing she did was to go and wash her hands.

Frank Johnson's Death

A great number of friends on both sides of the bay have been plunged into mourning by the shocking death of Frank S. Johnson. He was a man of exceptional qualities of mind and heart and was endowed with a charm of personality that won all on whom it was exerted. Frank Spaulding Johnson was born in Sacramento in 1854, his father, Frank Johnson, being at the time the representative of the Sacramento and San Francisco Steam Navigation Company, the old well known Charles Minturn line. Mr. Johnson, Sr., was a Massachusetts man of notable and intellectual ancestry, a descendant of the Colonial Governors, Dudley and Bradstreet, who had as their descendants Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, the Danas and the Channings. Mrs. Johnson, the mother of Frank S. Johnson, was also of distinguished pedigree. She was Caroline Morrill of Maine, descendant of the Sullivan family of Massachusetts, makers of American history and leaders of the Revolution. Among them were Governor Sullivan of Massachusetts and Major John Sullivan of Washington's staff, called his favorite general. In Mr. Johnson's character was the push, the go, the enthusiasm of these old leaders, and their broad outlook upon things. Frank Spaulding Johnson's boyhood was passed in Oakland. He left school at the early age of fourteen years, taking a position as office boy with Platt & Newton. This firm afterward was merged into that of William T. Coleman & Co. He gave years of faithful service to the firm, his exceptional business ability giving him eventually a partnership. Though handicapped by the lack of a thorough education, Mr. Johnson's marked intellectuality gave him a broad culture which was gained entirely through his extensive reading. Mr. Johnson's love for and devotion to his family was exceptional. He is survived by his widow, two sons, a step-son, Maurice Dore, his mother and a sister, the widow of Admiral Henry Glass.

Hearst Politics in New York

William R. Hearst is very busy doing politics in New York, where he is still trying to manipulate the Independence League in an attack on Tammany. While Hearst is a good Democrat elsewhere he is still a Doodle Dee in the Empire State. Ever since Hearst's speech at Albany the lines of battle have been forming. There are three Supreme Court Justices to be elected in New York next fall and Hearst is concentrating his attack on the Tammany candidates. With the aid of the Republican organization his Independence League has beaten Tammany candidates for the Supreme Bench at past elections and he thinks the trick can be turned again. But the Republicans are rather

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coy about accepting Hearst's advances this year. They are beginning to wonder whether they are not assisting in the aggrandisement of Hearst at the expense of their own organization. So they may not accept his offers of coalition.

The Fair Site

It is too bad that so much rancor has been injected into the controversy over the Fair site. But it's the old story which our little parish has been familiar with for many years. Under the pretext of the public weal some of our leading citizens are always to be found giving vent to the morbid humors of pride, envy, hatred and malice. The parochial spirit is eternally making a difference of opinion the ground of mortal offense. The Fair directors are able to settle this site question among themselves, and it ought to be settled by them as soon as possible. Nothing is to be gained by trying to browbeat them. It is absurd to question or impugn motives. The men who are the least disinterested in a matter, who are the least influenced by selfish interests, are not the men who become the most intolerant and the most abusive. If we are not to have confidence in the men who have been devoting their time to the Fair project then where are we to find men in whom we may have confidence?

Recent Resort Arrivals.

In the arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Miss Jessie A. Sherwood, Miss Isabel H. Sherwood, Miss Josephine McKeegan, Miss Emily G. Norris, Miss M. Meagher, Mrs. A. A. C. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Butler, W. H. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. Knickerbocker, Miss Alice Knickerbocker, Mrs. E. C. Peck, Mrs. D. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Empey, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yonge, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, J. G. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hoxie, J. Farrell, Thos. J. Geary and family, Joe Steiger, Mrs. F. B. Haight, Miss Marjorie B. Haight, Miss Elinor L. Haight, H. H. Haight, Mrs. Samuel Taslett, Miss L. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Gagan, Mrs. Julia Green, Miss Margaret Molloy, David S. Bachman, Alex. Macpherson, Chas. D. Bates, Mrs. Roscoe Havens, Miss M. Sully, Miss Margaret Clark, Mrs. P. G. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Keefe, Harold Keefe, Miss Etta O'Brien, Jos. M. O'Brien, A. R. Fredericks, O. G. Lang, Miss Lawley, Judge and Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mrs. S. J. de la Montanya, L. Allen, Thomas Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Pollard and child, H. J. Pollard, R. Mudge, Henry Korn, Arthur Joel, Edgar Lewis, Julian Oestreicher, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Francis, Miss Dollarhide, Herbert Whitton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blanehard, Mr. and Mrs. De Vencenzi, Mrs. W. H. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Renstrom, Mrs. M. Buck, Sam Bogard, F. G. Dibble and Oscar O. Osen.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mrs. Henrietta B. Sutro, Marietta S. Higgins, W. J., Hardy, G. S. Singley, C. E. DeCamp, Loring Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Griffith, C. L. Phinner, Elva A. Wright, James H. Fannin, A. C. Preslye, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs. Wallace Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Igoe, Dorothy Meininger, Miss Edith Lapham, Miss Lupita Borel, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Scalmanini, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wascerwitz, Philip F. Wascerwitz, George F. Wascerwitz, W. Jenks Wascerwitz, W. C. Wynkoop, Miss Towle, Berkeley, Mrs. Wallace Briggs, Piedmont, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Hoag and child, Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Lyon, Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pierce, Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Todd, Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clark, Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Harris, Oakland, John Adams, Oakland, Mae E. Reed, Oakland, Grace Shaw, Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin, Pleasanton,

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SOME DATES

July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan's Latest

[illegible] most beautiful bindings, the arbitress of Blingum is now going in for music. She is cultivating her [illegible] fulness, a matron who acquires new enthusiasms as she takes on years. She is indeed all that [illegible] be at thirty and possesses besides gifts not within the reach of that immature age. In fact, so strong is the joy of living within her that she must relieve her exuberant spirits by singing and

[illegible] Berkeley whose engagement to Mr. John Jerome Alex- [illegible]

to the end that she may appear to the best advantage in her vocal as in all her other efforts she is studying under Criticos of Paris. Criticos is a singing teacher whose pupils are drawn exclusively from the world of fashion. He divides his time between Paris, London and Italy and wherever he goes society smiles on him. A [illegible] Criticos, for he has told Mrs. Carolan that her soprano voice equals if it is not superior to Melba's. And Mrs. Carolan is bent on scaling to heights of song never reached by the Australian triller. Whether Mrs. Carolan is more fortunate in having Criticos for a master than Criticos is in having Mrs. Carolan for a pupil it would be difficult to say. At any rate, Criticos has a young daughter in whom Mrs. Carolan takes the liveliest interest. As an infant prodigy this daughter sang for Puccini who applauded wholeheartedly. Mrs Carolan, I hear, is willing to act as patroness of this girl and make a prima donna of her.

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The Keeney-Walker Marriage

Talbot Walker's gift to his bride, the handsome Mary Keeney, was a diamond corsage ornament remarkable for its size and design. It was a long pin of large stones fashioned with elaborate workmanship into a conventionalized butterfly design and extended across the front of the bodice of the wedding gown, the only jewel worn. The lace on the bridal costume was worth a small fortune. There were many yards of rare old point yellowed with age that had belonged to the bride's grandmother, the late Mrs. Orville C. Pratt. A wide panel embellished the court train and flounces decorated the skirt. The bodice was entirely covered with the lace, making one of the richest wedding costumes worn in this year of society marriages. Little Edna Taylor who was one of the flower girls was as dainty as a flower herself. She is the daughter of the Will Taylors. Her aunt Florence Hopkins was one of the bridesmaids. Miss Edna's companion was another pretty child, little Sophia Brownell, whose mother, Mrs. Earle Brownell, was Sophia Pierce, a cousin of the groom. The young couple are on their way to London to meet Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker, and they are going to visit Miss Lillian Goss at her home near Bristol. Miss Goss is the fair English cousin of Mrs. Henry T. Scott who has just returned to the other side. Miss Jennie Crocker's gift to the bride, by the way, was sent from New York before she sailed. It is a small jeweled clock of blue enamel with diamond-studded hands. There were a great many jewels in the collection of presents, Mrs. Walker, the mother of the groom, having had some of her mother's, the late Mrs. Talbot's jewelry re- [illegible]

Mrs. Miller Graham Triumphs

I read with interest that Mrs. Miller Graham had as her guest at the Shakespearean ball in London Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York. They occupied a box with a number of other notables who were also guests of Mrs. Graham but the presence of Mrs. Alexander it was that marked a social triumph for the fair Santa Barbaran. Mrs. Graham knows many English titles and was admired of the late King Edward. But these distinctions would avail her naught in New York where she has never penetrated the inner circles of the elect. Mrs. Alexander who was our own Hattie Crocker is of the most exclusive circle in the city of her adoption, one that is far more difficult of entree than the Newport set and could introduce Mrs Graham to a sphere few westerners attain. She is known as being a leader who draws social lines strictly and her indorsement is clearly a triumph for the Californienne whose next step will be to storm the social citadel of New York.

Mrs. Mann Was Angered

The Indoor Yacht Club which does not confine itself to indoor sports and which never goes a-yachting, cruised by way of the Southern Pacific to Santa Cruz last Saturday and spent two hilarious days at Fred Swanton's beautiful new Casa del Rey. On Saturday night there was a grand ball in the Casino and the Indoor Yachtsmen were much in evidence. They were not only seen but heard. Particularly noisy was one member of the club who volunteered to lead the grand march and executed a number of figures

MISS ALICE BURKE

The charming daughter of Mr. Richard Burke who will be married at the end of August, at Grove, County Tipperary, Ireland, to Captain Arthur Newlands of the British Royal Field Artillery. Miss Burke's brother married Miss Genevieve Walker of this city. Mr. Richard Burke who has been making a visit in San Francisco will return to Ireland for the wedding.

which Ned Greenway never dreamed of. While the ball was in full swing he established himself in a box and entertained his fellow clubmen with a rapid-fire of facetious remarks. He pretended to salute such well known persons as Mrs. Eleanor Martin, the late lamented Carrie Nation, Cleopatra, Mary Anderson and others, welcoming them with elaborate speeches. In the midst of his pleasantries Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann entered an adjoining box. The genial Seth smiled broadly when he was hailed as

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Napoleon. At the sight of stunning Mrs. Seth Mann who was attired in a smart evening gown of her favorite black, the jester pretended to faint with rapture, but quickly recovering himself he announced: "Well, as I live! The divine Sarah! The great Bernhardt! Welcome, Sarah, to Santa Cruz!" The look which Mrs. Mann leveled at him should have frozen him to the floor, but it didn't. So Mrs. Mann summoned the floor manager. "Kindly remove this ridiculous and impertinent person" she ordered. And the jester of the Indoor Yacht Club was removed so expeditiously that, as he phrased it, "I almost did a Steve Brodie down the stairs."

Mollie Merle's Wedding

Not for a long time have I seen a prettier church wedding than that of beautiful Miss Mollie Merle and Will Regan of Boise, which was solemnized on Wednesday morning at old St. Mary's. The bride who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold V. Merle is one of our most attractive younger girls and her beauty was set off to the greatest advantage by the bridal costume. A more charming group of attendants it would be hard to find anywhere. Miss Kitty Oliver, the maid of honor, and Miss Nora Oliver, Miss Alice McDonald, Miss Olga Jungblatt and Miss Alice Springer of Boise, the bridesmaids, made as fetching a picture of blooming young womanhood as the most fastidious student of feminine charm could desire to see. In the groom's party were John Regan of Boise, Martin Merle, Charles Laumeister, Paul Fay and Robert Powers. Only the bridal party and relatives of the two young people attended the wedding breakfast but during the afternoon the Merle home in Broderick street was thronged by friends who showered their felicitations. Mr. and Mrs. Regan will make their home in Boise where a beautiful house, the gift of the groom's father awaits them. The music of the nuptial mass was exceptionally good, Nathan Landsberger's violin solos being perfectly attuned to the happiness and the solemnity of the occasion.

Maude Fay's Success

Word has just reached me that Miss Maude Fay of this city has achieved a new success by singing in the Wagner festival at Leipsic. The opening performance of the festival was "The Flying Dutchman" in which Miss Fay sang Senia. It is said that she is rapidly becoming one of the leading lyric sopranos and that her acting has greatly improved. Miss Fay, by the way, was exposed to a great deal of embarrassment by the false announcement of her engagement to a member of the royal family of Bavaria. As a successful singer at the Royal Opera House of Munich Miss Fay was singled out for special honors of the sort which a royal patron of the opera bestows upon a prima donna when she is socially acceptable. But at one of the entertainments in Munich during which Miss Fay was given marks of the princely consideration an American woman ignorant of courtly etiquette was present and misinterpreted these attentions. She rushed back to Paris and created the story of the engagement out of whole cloth. It had grown to amazing proportions before it reached the cable office. As the prince was compelled to issue an official denial it may be imagined that Miss Fay's position was not a pleasant one.

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The Sharon Plans

The opening of Mrs. Fred Sharon's new swimming pool at Menlo Park as reported by the bavardes piqued my curiosity. A long list of those present was printed with a description of the pool surrounded by growing palms and marble settees. But how it was opened was not disclosed. Did the guests each take a dip or was it some local Annette Kellerman who opened it with sensational amphibian stunts? Will not some bavarde enlighten me on the chief circumstance of the occasion? Some weeks ago I announced that the Sharons had signified their intention of remaining permanently in California. To this I am privileged to add that they plan to establish a "county set" on the peninsula where British customs will be observed. A tract of land is being stocked for a game preserve and hunting to hounds is included in the plan.

Lady Hesketh's Grief

Speaking of the Sharons, it was noticeable that none of the lists of Americans at the coronation contained the name of Lady Hesketh, formerly Flora Sharon. I am not surprised at this. Recent letters from England report that she has been prostrated ever since the mysterious disappearance of her son Fermor and is now a mere shadow of her former self. The most painstaking efforts of Scotland Yard detectives have failed to solve the mystery of the young man's absence. Of course this was a terrible blow to his mother. Her vivacity has deserted her, her wit has been silenced by grief and her dainty beauty has been impaired. But her gentleness and generosity have certainly suffered no change on account of her great sorrow. Before this terrible event Lady Hesketh delighted in following the hounds. But now she lives in seclusion.

John Cushing May Wed

The fact that John Cushing was one of the party that accompanied Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and the Misses Foster to Cleveland for the wedding of Margaret Calhoun and Paul Foster has set gossips to whispering again that announcement of the young man's betrothal to one of the groom's sisters may not long be delayed. It would be a match pleasing to both families who have for many years been neighbors in San Rafael. Young Cushing is the son of the late Sydney Cushing who in a fit of temporary mental aberration shot himself in the grounds of his residence two or three years ago. The inexplicable deed was a great shock to the family. Mrs. Cushing returned from Europe two weeks ago, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson. Her daughter is Mrs. James Jenkin of San Rafael who is an intimate friend of John Cushing's reputed betrothed.

Mrs. Inkersley, Author

Mrs. Arthur Inkersley who, previous to her marriage to the local newspaperman, was Mrs. Frances Fearn, the widow of the American minister at Bucharest, is about to publish a book of memoirs dealing with life at the Rumanian, Servian and Grecian courts. This book will be distinguished by a preface contributed by "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Rumania who is one of Mrs. Inkersley's closet friends. The preface will be called "Sovereigns" and it is confidently expected to make something of a sensation in royal circles, for it is a panegyric of the republican form of government. Hereditary monarchy, according to "Carmen Sylva," is a cruel thing. "It is cruel to keep one man on the throne for forty or fifty or even sixty years, until God alone can release him," she writes, probably with Queen Victoria in mind. She also writes, "The illusion of power has no attractions for us, and the drudgery of daily routine is so great that the craving for rest and silence threatens at times to overpower all else." There speaks a weary soul. Altogether the preface will be most interesting, as exhibiting an unusual viewpoint for a queen. Mrs. Inkersley has had the valuable assistance of her husband in fitting her book for the press.

Miss Froelich Home

Miss Maren Froelich the artist is home from Europe where, I am told, she received flattering praise for her work. She has spent several years in Paris where she had a studio and exhibited in a salon of American artists. Before she went to Europe Miss Froelich made a local reputation with a series of ballet girls that were bright bits of life and color. She was at one time an instructor in the San Francisco Art Institute. Miss Froelich went to Europe with her friend Mrs. Billy Stafford and they traveled extensively before the artist settled down to work in Paris.

A Stubbs Girl Weds

Mrs. Arthur McGill who was married in Chicago last week is the daughter of J. C. Stubbs and well known in local society. She is the sister of Mrs. Morton Gibbons, wife of Dr. Gibbons of San Francisco. Mrs. McGill cared less for society than any of the Stubbs girls who were all well liked and gave most of her time to charity work. She taught a free kindergarten in the Mission and adopted a little girl who was one of her pupils left orphaned. The child was taken into the Stubbs household and accompanied the family to Chicago.

The Hanfords Are Here

R. G. Hanford and his handsome wife arrived from the metropolis a few days ago and are preparing to occupy their new residence built on the Fair lot. Mrs. Hanford, I am told, has ambitions to shine in New York society so they will spend but a few months of each year in San Francisco. The house is unpretentious and betokens no desire to splurge in local society. Mrs. Hanford's sister who married Lieutenant Crissey lives at Fort Miley and is active in social doings of the army set.

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Eleonor Disappoints

Five of the fairest flowers of Boston's most exclusive set rode a race the other day. They rode astride and in riding breeches. That of course is not unusual for young women nowadays. The unusual thing about this race was that Miss Eleonor Sears, a favorite alike in the Back Bay and Burlingame, was one of the contestants and finished last. Now this was a distinct shock. We had been led to believe that Eleonor Sears was the niftiest sportswoman that Boston had to offer. Out here all our girls were afraid of her. They were hypnotized by her supposed pre-eminence in all sports from walking to boxing. Is Eleonor deteriorating? Or was she only a fifth-rater all along? The next time she comes to California I shall not be surprised if Templeton Crocker outswims her or Walter Hobart beats her in a footrace.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Eugene Lent has taken a cottage at the Crag Farm for the summer weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., well known society people of Los Angeles, stopped at the St. Francis on their honeymoon trip to Canada.

J. A. McPherson is settled down at the Victoria for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. MacGowan and daughter, of Paris, are touring the western coast and seem especially delighted with California attractions. They are at Del Monte.

An enthusiastic visitor from abroad is A. Biereni de Haam who is glad to express his favorable opinion of our climate as well as of the Del Monte golf links.

Father Brockhage, Father F. M. Haney and Father J. W. Sullivan motored down from Menlo Park to enjoy a few days' visit with Father P. L. Ryan of San Francisco who is spending two weeks at Del Monte.

The past week's arrivals at Castle Crag Farm include: W. R. Sherwood, Mrs. Horace W. Orear, Miss Hazel Orear, Master Horace W. Orear, Master Harold W. Orear, Mrs. Joseph Keirulff, Edgar N. Kierulff, David Leslie Brown, M. P. Hansen, Mrs. C. H. Waller, Mrs. W. A. Handcock, Evelyn Waller, Teddy Waller, Elsie Handcock, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Mitchell, Miss Berenice, Miss Gertrude, Miss Marion Mitchell, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, Will O'Brien and maid, Mrs. F. S. Moody and maid, Corbet L. Moody, Joseph C. Moody and Frederick S. Moody of San Francisco, Mrs. F. A. Starke, Helen Starke, Anna Starke, Frank Stark, Berkeley, Fred W. Bool, Belvidere.

Mrs. C. J. Okell and Mrs. Louis James of Alameda who are staying at Del Monte for three weeks, enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Robert Swayne of San Francisco who motored down.

The Buick touring car representative, Mr. Charles S. Howard and family, of San Francisco, spent a few days at Del Monte and went over all the drives which are unexcelled.

One of the far eastern visitors is Mrs. J. P. Wilcox of Peking who is spending three months at Del Monte with her mother, Mrs. Henry Wells, of Washington, D. C. They have been touring the State for some months.

Mrs. J. M. Davis, wife of the general superintendent of the Southern Pacific Company has a charming party of guests at Del Monte for a week, including Miss Lillian Whitney and Mrs. William Redding. They stopped off at Santa Cruz for a fishing expedition which was enthusiastically lead by Mr. William Redding.

R. E. Hyde and Mrs. Hyde and their two children are settled in apartments at the Victoria where they will remain during the summer. Mr. Hyde is a banker of Visalia.

Following the Sunday School Convention, the National Educational Society, the Grand Aerie of Eagles, the Jewish Chautauqua, the American Humane Association and the American Institute of Mining Engineers have designated the St. Francis as their headquarters.

HARMLESS FIREWORKS
The youngsters will be pleased with Firecracker Boxes filled with delicious candies. At any of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Pronouncing French at the Alcazar

The most widely differing tastes in French pronunciation are satisfied at the Alcazar this week by the players who are presenting "Madame Sans-Gene." Those who like French pronounced like English receive particular pleasure; those who prefer to have it pronounced in a style intermediate between French and English are likewise served; and those who harbor a prejudice in favor of having French pronounced in the French manner are afforded a modicum of satisfaction. Evidently there is no standard of French pronunciation at the Alcazar. The players pronounce the French words any way they please. Some of them even pronounce the same word differently at different times, thereby exhibiting versatility in a matter hitherto given over to hidebound exactitude. Many of the French names fall upon the ear strangely and one indulges in a pretty game of guessing to what particular personage the unfamiliar syllables apply. The great French police minister is both Fookay and Fooshay; the gallant marshal who took Danzig and won a dukedom is variously designated Lafavor, Lafave, Lafabe and Lafaber. The Duke of Rovigo is sometimes Savary and sometimes Savoury. The Duc d'Enghien is usually the Duke of Onghine. The Tuileries is the Tooleries, the Tweeyeries, the Twileries and so on. Whenever a duc is mentioned he is always a duke, but a duchesse is never by any chance a duchess. She becomes a doo-shess, a doo-chess, a dush-ess and sometimes a duck-ess. Even Napoleon doesn't seem to be sure of his French, but ranges through various pronunciations with imperial impartiality. But after all, this is a small matter in a stock production of a delightful play like "Madame Sans-Gene." It is only because we demand so much from Alcazar stock that it is dwelt upon here. In an ordinary stock company nothing better would be expected; but the Alcazar has set a high standard for itself which we like to see the company maintain. Florence Roberts gives a delightful impersonation of the washerwoman who becomes a duchess and presents the unpaid laundry bill to the Emperor. As her bluff, profane and true-hearted husband E. L. Bennison is all that might be expected from so good an actor. Theodore Roberts makes Fouche a man of strong personality, which of course was what the old rascal was. Thurlow Bergen is an appealing figure as the Count de Neipperg. The rest of the players acquit themselves very well.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mrs. Fiske in a New Comedy

It is doubtful if any dramatic announcement of the present season has been received with greater interest than that of the coming engagement of Mrs. Fiske which is scheduled for the Columbia beginning next Monday night, July 3. The engagement has been unavoidably limited to one week. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The play is "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" which was one of the end of the season surprises in New York where it enjoyed ten weeks of distinct popularity. It proved to be one of those practically unheralded attractions of which very little is expected by the knowing ones, but which springs into instant favor. The name of the author, Harry James Smith, meant nothing and the only curiosity was that which was excited by the name and by the fact that Mrs. Fiske was offering a new play, an event which is always significant. It is a story of social snobbery and of a fight for social recognition on the part of an ambitious young woman who had been born in Indiana. It is an unusual role for Mrs. Fiske and one which appeals to the comic sense of an audience. Mrs. Fiske's supporting company has been selected with all the care exemplified by Harrison Grey Fiske in choosing actors and actresses for her support in former productions.

"Old Heidelberg" at the Alcazar

Thurlow Bergen will be the most conspicuous figure of the tri-star combination at the Alcazar next Monday evening, for he will have the role of Prince Karl in "Old Heidelberg," with Florence Roberts as Kathie, the maid of the inn, and Theodore Roberts as Doctor Juttner. In the big cast will be all the members of the regular stock company and many specially-engaged people, among the latter being a double quartet of popular local singers. The pictorial side of the production promises to be both artistic and elaborate. There are two good reasons for "Old Heidelberg's" revival at this time. One of them is a demand that has been incessant since the play was last presented in the Alcazar four years ago, and the other is Mr. Bergen's excellence in the principal character. He was given the part after its originator, the late Richard Mansfield, relinquished it, and while on tour of the Eastern circuits he received great praise from the critics. Rehearsals have shown that he will portray the princeling delightfully, especially in his scenes with Kathie and his old tutor. There will be an extra matinee on Tuesday.

SCENE FROM "THE PHOTO SHOP"
To be presented this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Good Acts at the Orpheum

The most recent of Jesse Lasky's productions, "The Photo Shop" will be seen at the Orpheum next week with Mamie Fleming, Chas. J. Stine and Eugene Redding as the stars of a large and capable musical comedy company. The lyrics and music are by Otto Huerbach and Karl Hoschna who wrote the lyrics and music for "Madam Sherry," "The Three Twins," "Bright Eyes" and "Doctor de Luxe." Among the new hits in the show are "It's a Very Busy Day," "I Want You in My Picture," "It's Enough to Get the Girl" and "The Belle of Manhattan Isle." From a large number of original and clever character songs Gene Green will select some of the best for his "A Study in Songs," which will be a feature of the coming bill. The songs are sung to catchy melodious tunes and are all in a happy vein. The humor is brought out forcefully by Mr. Greene who has an original and pleasing way of singing character songs. One of the most successful playlets of the late Victor H. Smalley will be presented by the Bergere players. The denouement of this play entitled "Room 44" is exceptionally clever and it is rich in the element of suspense. Valerie Bergere has in this act proved herself quite successful both as a producer and as a player. The Marcel and Boris Trio of equilibrists will make their first appearance here next week. Next week will be the last of Rousby's Scenic Review; Melville Ellis; Lydell and Butterworth and Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in their great comedy hit "In and Out."

Chauncey Olcott Coming

"Macushla" (Pulse of My Heart) in which Mr. Chauncey Olcott is appearing this season and which comes to the Columbia following Mrs. Fiske's engagement, is a romantic drama with the scenes laid in the South of Ireland in the early nineteenth century. With a plot far different from any heretofore associated with a Chauncey Olcott play, the new offering commands attention from beginning to end. Mr. Olcott has a role in which comedy predominates, although he still plays the heroic, lovable young Irish gentleman of tradition and the songs he introduces fit so deftly into the story of the play that they are even more successful than his vocal offerings of previous seasons. There are a few touches of melodramatic interest and the scenic investiture is elaborate and beautiful.

Too Soon to Die

"Sauve qui peut!" cried the heroine, for she, at least, had been educated abroad.

When the words were translated for the villain, he lost no time in laughing sardonically.

"It is true," he rejoined, "that the waves run mountain high, and the ship is leaking at every seam. Likewise the captain is bellowing hoarsely through his trumpet from the bridge, ordering the boats cleared away. But these circumstances, while suggestive, are really not decisive as against the exigencies of plot and serial rights. Madame, allow me!"

And with that he reached her his hand, and with knightly grace conducted her to the door of her stateroom.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Securities have been dull without any particular drift. The crop scare had a tendency to lessen the bullish operations and to cause some selling of issues in the affected area, but the volume of trading was small and on a slight decline the usual resistance was met. The market on the whole has presented the usual June situation of waiting on crop and business outturns. The autumn trade of the country is largely based on the agricultural yields, and by July the stock market commences to anticipate the fall activity. There is sufficient in the general conditions to anticipate a fairly good volume of business and a resultant anticipation in values. We regard the market as a purchase for moderate profits, at least in the rise which usually develops after the holidays.

Wheat—Rapid deterioration of the small grains in South Dakota the past ten days excited the market and turned the price upward to a sharp advance early in the week. The absence of submoisture through the country west of the Mississippi, with its eastern boundary running southward from central Minnesota and its northern boundary slightly over the boundary of North Dakota, has caused serious damage to wheat, not only in South Dakota and southwestern Minnesota, but in Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. Little attention has been paid to the situation north of Kansas and only within the past ten days has the damage northward developed. Conditions in the rest of the northwestern wheat region are good and promise an average yield. The subsoil moisture is not great, but with cool weather and light rains it will be ample to carry the crop to maturity. The great danger in the spring is hot dry winds or high temperatures. The latter, with the luxuriant vegetation, would develop black rust, hence the crop has another month to run before it can be regarded as made. The market has discounted present damage but in view of the unexpected character of the news, the trade fearing another scare will not be inclined to very bearish operations until the assurance for a good crop in the spring wheat is reached.

Corn—Corn acreage will be increased 5 per cent and the initial growth is good, except in the extreme southwest where there is little likelihood of anything in the way of corn production. The trade fears that the moisture deficiency over the country will show in the corn growth later on. Until the plant gets further advanced it is difficult to judge of the promise. The crop is largely a rain proposition from now on. Primary receipts have been very liberal this month, and the trade has been ready to take the receipts to hold for higher values which have developed the past week.

Cotton—Except in the southwest the outlook for cotton is good. The Gulf and Atlantic states have been favored with needed rain. The growth during the first half of the month has been excellent. Texas and Oklahoma have been the center of interest on account of the drouth, and there has been very little relief as yet. Conditions in these states are slightly better than last year. The demand for old cotton has been steady; spinners have not been scrambling for supplies. The general cotton trade is better than for some months, and the consumer looks for improvement which will equal any increase in the crop. The willingness of the trade to take cotton at present prices and to make contracts for late delivery of goods on the present basis is the chief element in holding prices. The theory that the state of the spinning trade will absorb a large crop at the present price level is quite general. What that attitude will be if a big crop appears in sight later in the summer is another matter, but until the pressure of the new crop comes to the market, which will not be until September, the buying side on the breaks looks best.

Merode Myth Exposed

In the recent chronique scandaleuse of royalty there is probably no more widely known story than that which linked the name of the late King Leopold of the Belgians with Cleo de Merode, the Parisian ballet dancer. For years the monarch was punningly nicknamed Cleopold on account of his supposed association with Cleo, yet according to Xavier Paoli, the well-known Continental detective, whose special work was connected with various royalties, the adventure with which Leopold II was credited for ten years in connection with Cleo de Merode must be relegated to the domain of pure fiction. "I dare say," writes Paoli in The Contemporary Review for June, "that it assisted in advancing the young and attractive dancer quite as much as it annoyed the king. What gave rise to this absolutely gratuitous conviction on the part of public opinion was nothing more or less than a gossiping remark let fall behind the scenes at the opera by some one who pretended he had met the king and the ballet dancer looking for a sequestered spot in the forest of Sarthe. The scandal was hardy and tough. It ran for ten years without stopping to take breath. At the end of that period which was long enough to turn any lie into truth, Leopold II one night at the opera asked a leading official to present Mlle. de Merode to him, saying that he had never met the lady, although he 'had often heard of her.' 'Allow me,' said Leopold to Cleo, 'to express all my regrets if the good fortune which people attribute to me has offended you at all. Alas! we no longer live in the days when a king's favor was not looked upon as compromising. Besides, I am only a little king.'"

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Public Records

Public Records are open for inspection to each and every citizen, and will show conclusively, if you will but take the pains to examine them, just what P. H. McCarthy has accomplished for the people of San Francisco since he entered upon the office of Mayor.

All political contests resolve themselves to a struggle between the "outs" and the "ins." Since the days of the Revolution it has been the stock in trade of the "outs" to cry out "graft," and "incompetence," etc., so that a false public sentiment may be manufactured, upon the strength of which the "outs" hope to coast into office after the elimination of the "ins." In the time of Washington and Lincoln the same game was tried, a Federal grand jury once having been induced by an embittered press to pursue Washington and charges of the most abhorent character having been heaped upon Lincoln in an effort to get him out of office. So there is absolutely nothing new in the policy of defamation and attack which the "outs" in San Francisco are conducting against the "ins."

What the bona-fide, staunch and law-abiding citizens of San Francisco are really interested in, is to secure and retain for themselves an honest, efficient, progressive, clean and upright municipal administration.

Setting aside for the moment the avalanche of embittered, savage and extravagant charges brought against the "ins" by the "outs" in San Francisco, it is probably the duty of every man, woman and child in this great city to examine the PUBLIC RECORDS and from them ascertain what, indeed, the P. H. McCarthy administration has accomplished for the tax-payers and the community in general. Upon that, and that alone, can Mr. P. H. McCarthy, as Mayor, be fairly judged. These records are open to every person. They do not misrepresent the facts.

Here, briefly, are a very few of the things which you will find Mayor McCarthy has done for the community in which he resides:

He has maintained industrial peace although it has been the constant aim and endeavor of the "outs" to forment trouble of every description and throw labor into a conflict with capital.

In the face of false and malicious reports circulated by the "outs" as to what he intended to do with the tenderloin section and despite the persistent charge that he wished to establish a reign of lawlessness, etc., Mayor McCarthy has—

Closed scores of gambling hells that were left on his hands when he took office.

Blotted out of existence the so-called "downtown tenderloin" as soon as it became evident that this section was to be a logical shopping district.

Put the "street-walker" out of existence.

Hammered the police department until the record of crimes committed is today lower than in any other city of like size and character in the world, and until cases of pocket-picking, bunko, robbery, etc., are almost unheard of; fewer cases of the kind reported than ever before in the history of San Francisco.

Has successfully tried to make the city attractive, in a clean and wholesome way, to tourists and visitors, and as a result has attracted tens of thousands of strangers to our gates since taking office.

Has contended so far as the courts would let him to stop all politics in the school, fire and police departments, and although the daily press of San Francisco is unwilling to acknowledge this fact and for purposes of its own puts another version upon the situation, the FACTS are easily obtainable and any citizen who will take the trouble to find out for himself, will get the TRUTH as above stated.

Has arranged to have rebates made by the gas companies, restoring to consumers a vast sum of money hitherto paid out by them.

Has pressed the Hetchy-Hetchy water supply matter until the city is now in a position to proceed with the great project.

Has banished aliens and non-residents from all public works and given employment to our own resident citizens.

Has restored the wage provided by Charter for city employes, thereby insuring better feeling and content, giving a just and lawful compensation, and obtaining better service for the municipality.

Has completed thirty-one school houses scattered through twelve assembly districts and costing over $4,000,000.

Gave the city forty miles of indestructible sewers costing $2,253,000; with the same sum to be spent in the same work next year.

Guided the expenditure of nearly a half million dollars in much needed street improvements and payments.

Insisted on action in the Geary Street Railroad matter with the result that within the next few months a Modern Electric Car Service Will Be Operating on Geary Street for the city, work having already been commenced.

Gave the city a more up-to-date and efficient fire department, with four new fire houses built and two more building. Purchased new and more modern fire-fighting appliances, besides increasing the force of fire-fighters. Displayed splendid economy in all this work.

Saved the city and the property owners thousands of dollars through making the Department of Electricity more than ever efficient.

Gave the city a fire and police signal service pronounced by experts to be second to none in the country.

Saved the city thousands of dollars in the Construction and Repair Shop by having made here electrical apparatus formerly bought of Eastern manufacturers and incidentally giving work to local mechanics in the manufacture of these articles.

Rushed work on the now nearly completed $2,000,000 City and County Hospital, which, when ready for occupancy, will be the equal of any in America.

He has given the city improved parks; two new playgrounds, the finest in the State, with a third in course of construction which will be the greatest west of Chicago.

Appointed an absolutely competent Civil Service Commission, the excellent work of which has won no end of praise from outsiders.

Gave the city the first unit of an underground construction system with 23,000 feet of conduit cable laid.

Provided for the community a temporary City Hall which, when completed, will house all departments of the municipal government, thereby effecting a vast annual saving to the tax-payer upon whom had been saddled a number of long-winded and exhorbitant leases; and for the convenience of the public in finding all departments under one roof. All of these leases have been cancelled, to take effect when the temporary hall is in readiness for occupancy this Fall, cutting the expense to the city of sheltering its departments, about in twain.

Repaired the streets as they have never been repaired before and sprinkled them to the fullest extent possible considering the city's present equipment and the money available for the work.

In all of the foregoing public work, the tax-payers, as the records will show, have received one hundred cents worth of value, for every dollar paid out.

Before you accept the denunciations of the prejudiced newspapers or yield to the arguments of the small circle of bankers now conducting and financing the fight against Mayor McCarthy, look into the **FACTS AND THE TRUTH.**

It is American, and it is square business to judge your fellow man upon the **facts as they exist.** It is unAmerican and it is not fair play, to do otherwise.

Earl Marshall Malaprop

There have been coronations which have afforded fully as much amusement as instruction to the king's lieges. George III's, for instance, was attended by so many contretemps that the king rebuked the Earl of Effingham, somewhat celebrated in his era for suspected kinship with Mrs. Malaprop. To the royal rebuke the earl replied, expressing his regret, and adding these remarkable words: "I will take care that your majesty shall find nothing to criticise in the next coronation." The king stabbed him with a look and passed on. The Earl Marshal was the butt of all the jokers in Great Britain; but he might have pleaded the Irish patriot's defense of Irish bulls, that they are unappreciated epigrams.

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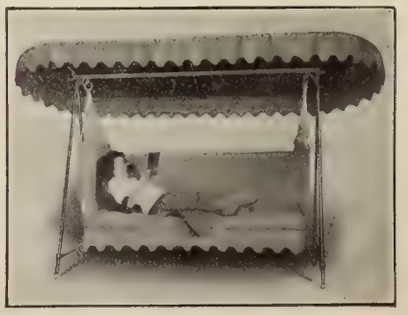

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The Portrait of the Doge

(Continued from Page 8.)

now in a ruinous condition. There we were met by a personage as fantastic as our priestly guide —a crippled giant with two squint eyes. He carried a copper lamp with three burners like those of ancient Pompeii. 'Ah!' he groaned, 'if the count would listen to me, he would not sell it. No, he would not sell it! Ah! I see I have forgotten the keys,' he added, when we reached the landing on the first floor. Then he entered another room, but, in his agitation, forgot to close the door. We remained upon the landing, and could not help overhearing a strange conversation. Evidently, the partly opened door led to the rooms occupied by the family. They spoke in the Venetian dialect, of which I understood sufficient to follow the meaning. 'There is yet time, my lord count,' said the voice of the giant, who, with the despair of an old servant, was seeking to prevent a sale which shocked his feelings. 'Father, do not listen to him,' said another voice—that of a young lady. 'If we do not give Bettina the money, she will not deliver our costumes. She will not give us any more credit, and it is absolutely necessary that Tea and I should go to this ball. What excuse can we make to the Countess Steno?' 'Then you wish me to sell the portrait?' said a third voice, that of the count. 'Sell the portrait to pay for a ball dress!' groaned the giant. 'Ah! Donna Laura, that will bring you misfortune.' 'Today or tomorrow!' replied Donna Laura. 'We owe everybody; and, if we do not appear at this ball, people will say it is because we had no money to pay for our dresses. Other creditors will hear of it and come down on us. We can sell the picture at a sacrifice, as we did the last.' 'Do not listen to Donna Laura,' urged the giant; 'she wishes the dress because she thinks someone will be there. She knows who I mean. But he will never marry her.' During the progress of this conversation the good Abbe Lagumina made vain efforts to prevent the three speakers conducting their argument in such loud tones. But at least two of the speakers were too much interested in the issue to notice the sharp, short coughs by which the abbe sought to warn them of our presence. Finally, however, they closed the door, and we heard no more. I shall never forget the scene upon the stairway of that ruined palace. The giant's copper lamp, placed upon the floor, shed a fantastic light about us, and we could hear the dull, monotonous swish of the waters of the canal lapping the wall beneath the window. The cries of the gondoliers were the only signs of life about us, until the giant reappeared, carrying the keys. He offered no excuse for his long absence, but at once opened a door and led us into an abandoned picture gallery, wherein we saw only a vast array of frames with green cloth taking the place of the absent pictures, until we were conducted to this masterpiece. That is how a noble family descended from the Doges of Venice sold one of their illustrous ancestors in order to pay for two ball dresses. Don't you find the story very amusing?"

"I—I find it very sad," replied Roger, after a momentary silence. He spoke these words in such a strange, lugubrious tone that we both turned and looked at him in surprise. He noticed our action, and then quickly added: "It would have been sufficient for me to know why those poor people wished to sell this portrait; then I should not have had the courage to buy it."

"What would you have done?" I asked. The story related by the American girl had thrown Roger into a state of extreme agitation, which was as evident to me as it was unintelligible. I thought it advisable to change the conversation, so I said: "Everything has been for the best. Miss Bronson has her picture, which is admirable and well cared for. Donna Laura and her sister Tea doubtless obtained their ball dresses and enjoyed themselves like the simpletons I presume they are. The creditors received their money. Come! Do not quarrel with the inevitable. Masterpieces of art must travel and carry their message of beauty to distant lands. That was Ruskin's idea —was it not, Miss Bronson?"

"Yes," she replied, with a forced laugh; "but it seems that Monsieur de Montfort is not a disciple of Ruskin. He appears to be sorry that he heard the story."

"Not in the least," said Roger abruptly. "To you, the affair was a lucky stroke of business. That is a very natural consideration in your country; but remember that I do not belong to your country nor to a race of mercantile people —that is all!"

III.

"Certainly, you were not very polite to Miss Bronson," I said to Montfort, fifteen minutes later, as we were leaving Cliff Lodge. After his rude and unwarranted remark, the conversation had lacked cordiality. On my part, I had a natural curiosity to learn what motive had caused Montfort to make such a curt reply to the young lady, so I said to him: "Miss Bronson said nothing to hurt your feelings?"

"No, she did not hurt my feelings," he replied. "I was nervous for a moment—that was all. Let us not speak of it."

So the conversation was changed, but I observed that his ill-feeling or irritation increased momentarily, and it ended by his quitting me with an abruptness that, in another person, would have given me offense. With him, I was not offended. I considered that he had received a blow, the nature of which I did not understand. However, that same evening, as I was dressing for dinner, I received a solution of the enigma. Roger entered my room, in traveling costume.

"I have come to say good-bye," were his first words. "I shall dine on the train."

"Are you going away?" I asked. "Have you received any bad news?"

"No," he replied, "but I wish to catch the steamer for Europe tomorrow morning."

"You return to Europe!" I exclaimed. "Surely, you are not serious. And Miss Bronson?"

"Oh, she will find some French or English nobleman willing to marry her and become lord of the luxurious Cliff Lodge. I am now going to Europe to learn if my life's happiness has been irretrievably ruined through the most foolish and villainous of slanders."

The Parisian cynic who had accompanied me to Cliff Lodge that day had disappeared as he spoke. And I liked him better so, although I could not discover the connection between the young lady's story and Montfort's trouble. My long experience should have taught me that in respect to unexpected events and incredible encounters real life surpasses the events of fiction. After a few

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adroit questions on my part, Montfort voluntarily told me the following story:

"The history of the sale of that picture, as told by Miss Bronson, interested you— it shocked me. It solved for me a mystery which has long been a burden and a torment to my soul. You are surprised to hear me talk in this tone. You have known me only as a man of pleasure, and, no doubt, you consider me incapable of any deep or lasting sentiment. That is only natural, and I do not blame you for holding that opinion. If it were for the incident of today, would I not, without scruple, have entered into a marriage for money solely? I admit that I should have done so; because I failed to marry the only woman I ever loved, and the sale of that picture was the indirect cause of that failure. I will explain.

"Two and a half years ago, when Miss Bronson was in Venice, I was there also At that time, I did not know her; but I was a frequent visitor at the Palazzo Navegero which she described, and every word she uttered awakened a bitter memory in my heart The crippled giant, who served as Kaleb to those ruined patricians, has, with his copper lamp, often conducted me to the little salon which opens on the first floor landing. And that voice of the young girl whom Miss Bronson did not see—ah! how I loved its tender thrill and melodious accent as she spoke the soft dialect of the lagoon! It is a sweet but painful memory!"

He ceased speaking, and I observed that his eyes were wet with tears. I pressed his hand, and this touch of sympathy caused him to open his heart to me without reserve. He continued:

"I hope you will not smile at my story. After hearing it you can judge for yourself if I am not right, if it is not my duty to go away—to go at once and ask forgiveness from one whom I have cruelly injured by an unjust suspicion. Donna Laura Navegero—for you will understand that it is of her I speak—was then twenty-two years of age. She had some Lombard blood in her veins, and, with her brown hair, rosy cheeks, black eyes and oval features, she had a delicious face, such as one sees in those old frescoes at Milan. She lost her mother when still quite young. Her only relatives were her father and her sister, Tea, who was one year older than Laura. Of the father I will say nothing, except that he inherited a meagre fortune, which he squandered in stock speculations. The sister was as homely as Laura was pretty. Between her father and her sister Laura lived without direction or surveillance, and it was inevitable that, being pretty and coquettish—with that coquetry of the twentieth year which is no more than a childish desire to please—she furnished food for gossip. I see that distinctly today, and I saw it even then; but when a man is in love he is not guided by reason, he is governed by emotion. That excuses, or at least explains, my conduct in believing so readily the evil that was said of her."

"Alas!" I said, interrupting him, "it is the eternal misunderstanding. In love, as in religion, those who are wise profess implicit faith. If they are deceived it is as if they were not, since they are ignorant of it; and they incur no risk of causing injury to a faithful heart by doubting it."

"Ah, you are quite right!" he exclaimed. "Why did I not think so before the occurence of that little drama in which this portrait of the doge plays so prominent a part? I must first explain to you the relations which existed between me and Laura at the time the picture was sold. Although I may have seen Mlle. Navegero twice or even three times a day at her own house, on the promenade or in society, I had never told her of my love. Yet we were both well aware that we entertained for each other a tender feeling which required no expression in words. But from time to time certain disparaging remarks concerning her were made in my hearing or came to my knowledge. Finally, by force of repetition, these remarks caused doubt and suspicion to enter my mind. How can I express to you the strange anxiety I experienced on her account, which, resulting sometimes in a conviction of her complete innocence and sometimes in a certainty of her guilt, finally caused me one evening to make a resolution that I would ask her hand in marriage? But on the following day I resolved to quit Venice forever, without seeing her again."

"And she?" I asked, as he paused in his recital. "Had she any knowledge of your doubts and suspicions?"

"Alas," he replied, "her perspicacity greatly increased my anxiety and indecision! She appeared to read my mind like an open book. If I were sad and yet assumed an air of gayety she quickly divined the deception and questioned me until I invented some explanation, but which never really satisfied her. One day, in one of my melancholy moments, she asked me, in a tone of deep earnestness and anxiety, 'Do you wish me to tell you what is wrong with you? Someone has told you wicked stories about me.' As she said this she looked at me so intently that I was forced to lower my eyes. 'Yes,' I replied, after an embarrassing pause. I resolved to equivocate no longer, but to tell her the truth, which course I deemed the better for both of us. She understood my intention as I was about to speak. 'I don't wish to know anything about those slanders,' she said proudly and firmly. 'Look at me and tell me if you believe that I have ever in my life done any act that I should not have done!'"

"But what had been said about her?" I asked Roger. "And who said it?"

"Who? Nearly every one in our circle of society in Venice Laura had many acquaintances who envied her youth and beauty and the social success which those qualities insured What did

For SHERIFF

Commended by the Grand Jury and the General Public

Thos. F. FINN

(INCUMBENT)

Extracts—Grand Jury Report Sheriff's Office

"Each day's transactions are posted promptly and all accounts and entries are kept right up to date."

"All of the attaches of the office are well informed as to all the details and management of this office."

"The expert accountant of the Grand Jury reports that all accounts in the Sheriff's office are in first-class condition, and a complete history given of each case."

"We have made special inquiries among attorneys and business men as to their experience and dealings with the Sheriff's office and we have been informed that there has never been such efficiency and promptness in handling the affairs of this office as is shown by those now in charge. From our own observations and investigations we have found that the general management of the Sheriff's office has been greatly improved upon, and at present it is conducted in a practical and businesslike manner."

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$200,000,000

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Improving roadbed, electric block signal protection, double tracking. New power and equipment

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Leave San Francisco, 10:20 A. M.
Arrive in Chicago . . 9:10 A. M.

Connecting with all morning trains for New York and other Eastern cities

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Third and Townsend Streets Depot
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they say? Well, really, I am ashamed to repeat it But I must confess that I believed it at the time. It was a base slander. It arose from her taste in dress and love for elegant costumes. Her gowns were as handsome and as stylish as those of the rich Austrian and Russian ladies who set the fashions in Venice. It was well known that the Navegero family was ruined; consequently, it was rumored that Laura paid her bills through her lovers."

"And you believed it!' I exclaimed. "And you loved her! I understand it all. My God—the poor child!"

"But how could I know?" Roger cried, in a tone of supplication. "Why did the proud father conceal the fact that he was selling his pictures, one by one, to passing strangers? He was ashamed of his commerce. In sparing himself that humiliation, he never suspected that he was casting a cloud of suspicion over his daughter. Well, I will bring my story down to the evening of the ball given by the Countess Steno, for which occasion Laura had ordered a magnificent costume copied from Titian's painting of Queen Cornaro. Ah! how beautiful she was! So beautiful that her entrance evoked a murmur of admiration. And you can imagine my grief to see her, smiling, envied and admired, crossing the ballroom on the arm of a man whose name had been mentioned as a contributor to her toilets—a certain Marquis Vanini. He was older than she by at least twenty years, was married, and had enormous wealth; but he did not attempt to conceal his admiration for Laura. I can hear even now, and shall always hear, the voice of a Venetian whispering to a group of his friends: 'Vanini does things well. It appears that they owe everybody and that Bettini, the costumer, was afraid to trust them. She would not deliver the costumes until she received her money.' In the light of that remark, which agreed precisely with many others I had heard as to the probability of Laura being able to appear at the ball, a horrible anguish rent my heart. I was overwhelmed by a dreadful suspicion; one of those one has an instinctive feeling that he must conceal in order that he may not do some irreparable injury to the object of his suspicions. So I retired to a corner of the balcony, whence I could see at my right the dark lagoon and the silhouettes of numerous gondolas; at my left, the ballroom, brilliant with lights. The dancers were whirling around to the music of an intoxicating Hungarian waltz under a ceiling decorated in a free and voluptuous manner by a pupil of Veronese. Suddenly it seemed as if the secret character of Laura Navegero lay fully revealed before me. Was not she the descendant of one of those patrician families in which there has been transmitted, as a secular heritage, an immoderate love of luxury and pleasure? While I was immersed in these bitter reflections, she was engaged in a dance, apparently happy, but, as I now suspect, awaiting my advances, having dressed herself to please me. That 'someone,' of whom the old servant spoke with a familiarity so characteristically Italian, was myself; and the first words she uttered, when I had emerged from my retreat and advanced to greet her, had no other meaning. Her success on that evening, the feverish excitement of the ball, the pleasure of feeling that she was beautiful, had illumined her sombre eyes and made her face radiant with ineffable joy, like a phosphorescence of happiness. It all vanished at my approach. Once more she read in my face that mental irritation of which she readily divined the cause. In fact, I did not try to conceal it. 'What is the matter?' she asked, in a low voice, as soon as we had gained a place where we could converse without being overheard. 'Do you not like my appearance?' She expected a friendly reply, but I said: 'What does it matter, provided the Marquis Vanini is pleased?' 'The Marquis Vanini!' she exclaimed. 'What do you mean?' 'You know very well. Adieu!' I replied. 'Do not go!' she urged. 'You owe me an explanation. Someone has told you some lie about me and Marquis Vanini.' She paused a moment, and then abruptly said: 'And you believed it?' I replied: 'I believe that a young girl who wishes to avoid suspicion should not flirt with any man as you do with him, nor come to a ball in a dress which she is not able to pay for, as you have this evening. Such luxury costs very dear.' After I had uttered those shocking words, I saw her flush, turn pale again, then laugh convulsively; and, as the Marquis Vanini chanced to pass us at that moment, she gave me a terrible look and called to him in a loud voice: 'My dear marquis, do you wish to have this waltz with me?' and in a moment she was whirling away in the arms of that man, with an air of triumphant defiance."

"I left the ball at once and quit Venice the following day. I have never seen her since, but I have not forgotten her. Do you understand now why Miss Bronson's story so affected me, and what it suddeny revealed to me? Are you astonished now that I wish to go—where I wish to go?"

"To Venice?" I asked.

"To Venice."

"But you know nothing about the poor girl. She may be married."

"I can, at least, ask her pardon."

"But the other," I said. "Have you no feeling for her?"

"For Miss Bronson? Until today I thought

Back East Excursions

Santa Fe

Good for return until Oct. 31, 1911

SAMPLE FARES

New York	$108.50
Chicago	72.50
Kansas City	60.00
St. Louis	70.00
†Denver	55.00

SALE DATES

June 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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FISK TRADE MARK

she pleased me sufficiently to make the marriage endurable. Now, on the contrary, she gives me the horrors."

IV.

Thus it was the heiress of the copper king carried her immense fortune into the family of an English duke, who would be greatly astonished to learn that he owed his opportunity to the sentimental caprice of a little French marquis, who was at one time a great favorite in the contest for the heiress and her colossal dowry. From my French friend I have not heard since he told me his story some three years ago; but I have received information, indirectly, that when he arrived in Venice he found that the beautiful Laura Navegero was rich enough to repurchase all the portraits of the doges that her father had sold to American millionaires. She was married to the Marquis Vanini, who had become a widower—which proves that women frequently come to resemble that which we have thought them to be in certain moments in which they have placed their hearts in our hands. To suspect a young soul is an unpardonable crime, since it will venture much to justify the suspicion, when it despairs of eradicating it.

Two Good Recipes

Sardine Omelette:—Place a good-sized piece of butter in a chafing dish or frying pan. When it becomes hot, add four well-beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, and a little salt. When about the proper consistency, place small pieces of the fish on the omelette, roll and serve on a hot platter.

Sardine Croquettes:—Take one can of Booth's Sardines, one tablespoonful of melted butter, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful lemon juice, 1-2 cup bread crumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Mince the fish fine and work in the yolks of the eggs, together with the lemon juice, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Make into little rolls, dip in beaten eggs, roll in corn meal and fry in hot fat or olive oil. Serve dry and hot.

"I notice that you have given up the fight for a cleaner city. You used to be one of the leaders in the opposition to the smoke nuisance."

"Yes. I've come to the conclusion that smoke cannot be abolished. It's useless to keep harping on the question."

"By the way, what business are you in now?"

"Oh, I've quit working for a salary. An uncle of mine left me a valuable interest in one of our biggest machine shops."

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

"Show me a union town and I'll show you industrial stagnation."

Citizens' Alliance Offices
Merchants Exchange Building
Free Employment Bureau
700 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Some Historical Bulls

The ex-Irish attorney general's delightfully mixed metaphor at Bootle about the milch cow which distilled golden sovereigns is another proof that one should not use a metaphor unless one really means it, says an English paper. The House of Commons produces a rich crop of these weeds of oratory. When Mr. Bryce, our ambassador at Washington, was Irish Secretary he amused the House by describing the Irish Local Government Board as "a malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat." It was an Irish member who after showing that the Irish Land League was losing public support and had to practice economy went on to say: "But sir, the well is running dry, and they think that by putting the pruning knife they can bring more grist to the mill." Another Irish Unionist described a concession to the Nationalists as "the first stitch in the dismemberment of the empire."

Mr. Field, who has something of a reputation for this sort of thing, once said: "The right honorable gentleman shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hear it," and on another occasion, speaking of a bill relating to the shipping of cattle across the Irish sea, he begged his fellow members "not to look at the subject from a live-stock point of view.

But even the most practiced speakers sin in this way at times. The present Prime Minister, usually counted among the most lucid and logical of debaters, once affirmed that "retribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling or it will tread on somebody's toes," and the leader of the Unionist party once spoke of "an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors."

Even Mr. Gladstone replying to an opponent in the House who shook his head at some statement attributed to him: "No, no; it will not do for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."

Lord Curzon, another extremely lucid speaker, was once betrayed into saying "Though we are not yet out of the wood, yet we have a good ship," and Sir W. Hart Dyke, in complimenting Mr. Lowther, said that he "had caught a big fish in his net—and went to the top of the tree for it." Lord Middleton, then Mr. Broderick, informed the House of Commons, when it was settling down to discuss the affairs of the army, that "among the many jarring notes heard in this House this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis."

Ella—I see that a man in Reno is suing his wife for divorce because she made bad coffee.

Bellaa—Did he get it?

Ella—No; the judge decided that he had poor grounds.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

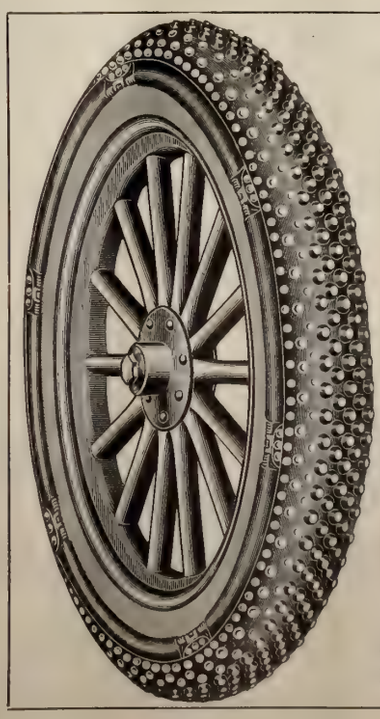
HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1911. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 7-1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, The German Bank (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1911. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager. 7-1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets; San Jose Branch, southeast corner Santa Clara and Lightston Streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for all added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from July 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before July 10th, will earn interest from July 1st. L. SCATENA, President; A. PEDRINI, Cashier. 7-1-2



Woodworth Treads

The Protector that Does Not Chafe or Hurt the Tire

There are many imitations; most of them will injure a tire more than they will save it.

The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

They are **puncture-proof, non-skidding** and will save double their cost by prolonging the life of the tires.

They fit all makes of pneumatic tires. Anyone can apply them. Full directions with every tread.

Get Woodworth Treads, forget tire troubles, and have your Anti-skids always on the tires.

Send for circulars giving full description and prices.

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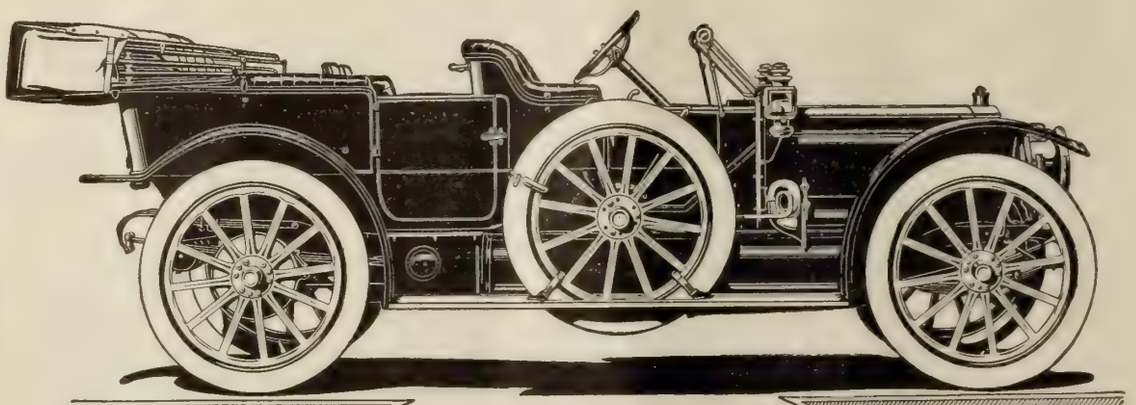
Rambler

Motor Cars



Rambler
Sixty-five

Forty-inch
Wheels

GO direct to the Rambler exhibit upon entering the show. There you will see the only American car equipped with the Spare Wheel, now recognized the world over as the only satisfactory solution of the tire problem. Foreign cars are abandoning the demountable rim for the detachable wheel. The Rambler has had this advantage for three years. Come to the Rambler exhibit and we will show you how the pleasure of your outing can never be converted into drudgery by tire trouble. When you learn how quickly and easily the Spare Wheel can be changed; consider how you may avoid tiresome pumping in the hot sun or cold rain and how agreeable it is to remain well groomed, free from dirt and good tempered while touring, you will prefer the Rambler to any other car, even if this were its only exclusive advantage.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
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121 Valencia St., San Francisco, California.

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285 GEARY STREET

Telephone and we will bring a Rambler to your door for your inspection. Talk with a Rambler owner if there is one at our exhibit when you call.

The old tiresome way

The modern Rambler way

Auto Notes

Following the announcements of 1912 cars by a number of motor car manufacturers, the question of yearly models has caused a lively discussion in which makers, dealers and owners have displayed a keen interest. In outlining the attitude of the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit, Vice-President S. D. Waldon announces that the present plan of producing new models annually will be continued. "The public is the real judge in this matter and it is accustomed to classify automobiles by their season rather than by technical changes in construction," said Mr. Waldon. "The buyer of the latest model does not designate his new car as the one with such and such a feature but as a 1912 car. Automobiles are manufactured most successfully in quantity and it follows that their development must be accomplished by changes corresponding to the production of different factory lots. When the changes are made annually the factory operates to the best advantage by being able to produce an entire season's output that is identical in construction and design. This policy also meets the public's demand for new styles each year."

Spring road improvements have made Santa Cruz County one of the most popular touring grounds this season in Northern California. Motor car activities in this section are reflected by the large number of automobile deliveries made to Santa Cruz purchasers. Among the most recent of these deliveries are two five passenger Haynes cars which went to Fred Jensen and J. F. O'Neil, both of Santa Cruz city.

Accompanied by Col. D. M. Duffey and his son Archie, who acts as chauffeur, Governor Johnson recently made a trip from Sacramento to Los Angeles in his Locomobile.

Loaded with a full five tons, its rated capacity, a Pierce-Arrow 5-ton truck, worm driven, recently made a trip between New York and Boston in 20 hours flat. The run was made by way of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Worcester. The odometer showed that the distance covered was 242 miles which would make the average speed maintained 12.1 miles an hour. In all 51.5 gallons of gasoline and 6 pints of lubricating oil were used which would make the truck's record 4.7 miles to the gallon of gasoline and 40 miles to the pint of oil.

Mr. C. B. Hanner of Fresno is most enthusiastic over the splendid record he has made with his Dorris car and Diamond tires. Although he has toured over the hardest roads in the State, crossing the Pacheco Pass twelve times beside other trips to Pine Ridge and Squaw Valley, his four Diamond tires have delivered a mileage of 6,000, 7,500, 10,600 and 12,800 miles.

Capt. F. W. Cole has just purchased a Model "Y," six cylinder, seven passenger Stevens-Duryea car for his own personal use. The Bank of California show their satisfaction with the Stevens-Duryea car by the purchase of a six cylinder Stevens-Duryea touring car from the Pacific Motor Car Company. This will be used constantly by the Bank.

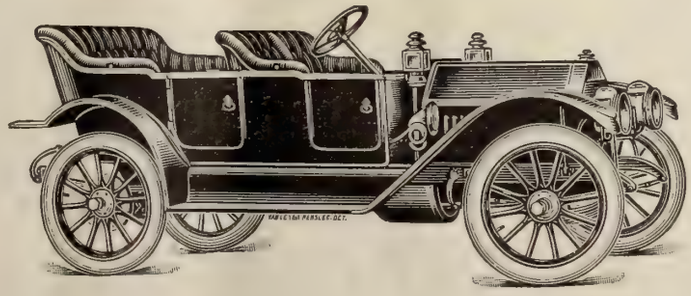
The new Model M Cartercar touring car which made its first appearance in San Francisco recently continues to attract a lot of attention in local motoring circles This new model is the initial machine of the 1912 line and is of dimensions decidedly larger than those of former Cartercars.

Most of the Americans in London to witness the coronation this month took their cars with them and are spending a good bit of the time motoring about the points of interest, according to Keith L. Goods, manager of the Diamond tire forces in Europe who has just returned to his headquarters at 5 Rue Denis-Poisson, Paris, after a trip to the English capital. Mr. Goode says indications point to more American motorists in Europe this summer than ever before. After the coronation the majority of Americans shipped their cars to France and will spend some time on the continent. These tourists, of course, seek American-made tires for renewals while the European demand for tires of American manufacture is growing greater every day.

"If all the horse-drawn apparatus in Detroit were replaced by gasoline motor vehicles, the saving on the pay roll alone would amount to $150,000 in a year," said Fire Commissioner W. V. Moore, in a recent interview. "And the horse cannot be compared to the motor in efficiency. I do not believe another piece of horse-drawn apparatus will ever be added to the equipment of the Detroit department. We have a lot of expensive apparatus that we cannot very well discard but some of it can be exchanged so that motors can be installed for driving it. This is true with particular reference to the ladder trucks. The Packard motor squad wagons fill an entirely new field, supplementing the fighting force of the engine companies and often getting to a fire so quickly that a hand extinguisher averts serious loss."

Another firm of automobile manufacturers that finds it present manufacturing facilities too small for its selling capacity is the Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis, manufacturers of the well known Cole 30 automobile. At the first annual banquet of Cole 30 owners held at Indianapolis the day before the International Sweepstakes race, J. J. Cole announced that plans were under way for the construction of one of the largest up-to-date automobile manufacturing plants in the country. He stated that the present business had outgrown the capacity of the Cole plant which now includes four separate buildings in the Hoosier capital city.

BUICK



MODEL "21"

New Fore-door Body, $1700 F. O. B. San Francisco

A car of great power and speed as well as efficiency, durability and beauty and at a LOW PRICE

HOWARD AUTOMOBILE CO.

523 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELVOY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
502 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of E. J. BENEDICT, sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT J. BENEDICT, also sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT JUDSON BENEDICT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of E. J. Benedict, sometimes known, called and written as Egbert J. Benedict, also sometimes known, called and written as Egbert Judson Benedict, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Emily W. Benedict, at the law office of Seth Mann and Aitken & Aitken, 559-565 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., deceased.

EMILY W. BENEDICT,
Executrix of the Estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

SETH MANN and AITKEN & AITKEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
559-565 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets,
San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HARTNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Philip M. Des Marais, Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Messrs. Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ellen Hartnett, deceased.

PHILIP M. DES MARAIS,
Executor of the Last Will of Ellen Hartnett, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executor,
Rooms 504-507 Grant Bldg., San Francisco. 6-10-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FREDERICK STEELE, Deceased—No. 11,657; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Steele, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Martin Stevens, Room 309 Mills Building, Northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Frederick Steele, deceased.

ROSE McCOOEY,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frederick Steele, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1911.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Administratrix,
Room 309 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES F. LYONS, Deceased—No. 11,631.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Lyons, Administrator of the estate of James F. Lyons, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James F. Lyons, deceased.

PATRICK LYONS,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Lyons, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., S. F. 6-10-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Wet Straws In a Dungeon

Jean Richepin (From the French)

He passed his first ten years of prison life in pure idleness. It took him that length of time to become settled, to grow accustomed to the habits of his new home. But one morning he awoke to a keen realization of the ignominy of the sluggard's existence he was leading. With twenty years of enforced idleness staring him in the face, it behooved him to create some dignified occupation, not one exactly suited to a man at large, since prisoner he was, but one possible for a human being in his position.

One whole year he consecrated to reflection, carefully weighing the different ideas that long hours of meditation brought, feverishly attempting to find an object for his existence. Train a spider? That was Capier Pellisson's old trick, and he was an acknowledged plagiarist. To count the irregularities on his prison wall was futile and not a diversion calculated to bring forth any appreciable results. It was necessary to find some one thing profitable and at the same time unusual, an invention not only to pass the time but from which he could draw comfort and all the interest worthy of a vindication.

Another year passed in this research—and success finally crowned such an infinity of patience. The prisoner lived in one of those veritable dungeons into which the sun rarely penetrated save for one-half hour each day, and then in a thin stream of light, so slight, so delicate it resembled a phosphorescent hair. The bed on which the poor devil nightly laid his aching limbs was actually made of wet straw.

"I have it," he cried enthusiastically. "I will worry my jailers, I will cheat justice. I shall dry my straws."

He thereupon set out to count the bits of straw of which his bed was composed. He found the sum meagre—only one thousand three hundred and seven scraps. His next step was to discover how long it would take to dry each individual piece. It needed three-quarters of an hour. The aggregate sum of hours entailed in this odd process would therefore be nine hundred and eighty hours and fifteen minutes (providing always the sun appeared at the expected time). These hours translated into days would mean nineteen hundred and sixty-one days. Admitting that the sun shone for a half hour only once every three days, as an average, the total length of time necessary for the culmination of his occupation would be sixteen years, one month, one week and six days—exactly six months before the time of his freedom. He therefore set about his task, and at each appearance of the sun the prisoner took a wisp of straw and placed it within the light of its rays, in the meantime carrying on his body all the straws he had previously dried.

Ten years passed in this fashion. The unfortunate man now slept on but a quarter of his wet truss.

Fifteen years had gone by. There remained but one one hundred and thirty-six wisps of straw still to be dried.

Only four hundred days and the prisoner could once again stand upright—proud of his work—the conqueror of society, and cry in the Satanic voice of the revolutionist, "You who condemned me to the wet straws of my dungeon—know that I sleep on dry ones!"

Alas! a cruel fate was lying in wait for him.

One night while the prisoner was dreaming of his future happiness, in the ecstasy of his emotion and the frenzy of his mad gestures he overturned his water jug, and the entire contents fell upon his chest. The whole collection of straws was drenched. What was to be done? Recommence the labors of Sisyphus? Pass the rest of his time in coaxing the sun to dry the straw? And his discouragement! You happy ones of this earth, each and every one of you who would renounce a pleasure which would take you twenty-five years to obtain—dare you throw the first stone? And what if he had only one year and a half to wait, do you make no accounting for his hurt pride, the frustrated hopes? This man who had worked for fifteen monotonous years in the end to sleep on a bed of dry straw, must he now content himself with leaving his dungeon with a few wet wisps of straw in his hair? Never! One has the dignity of his convictions or one has not.

For eight long days and eight long nights the prisoner struggled with his despair—struggled to obtain some foothold amidst the destruction which had inundated him. Finally he lost his grip and admitted defeat. He had lost the battle.

One evening, broken, desperate, he fell on his knees and sobbed aloud his prayer:

"O God, pardon my lack of courage. You alone know what I have suffered for thirty years; how each day my limbs have grown more and more emaciated, my eyes dimmer, my blood thinner, and how my teeth have disappeared one by one. I have withstood cold, hunger and solitude. I have had one thing to sustain me—I had an object in life. Now all desire has left me; my goal has vanished. I am dishonored. Forgive me for deserting my post, abandoning the battle—for being a coward. I can no longer fight."

Suddenly he shook with a spasm of indignation. "No," he cried, "a thousand times no. It shall not be said I died for nothing. I am not conquered—I shall not desert—I am no coward. I shall never again sleep on the wet straw of this dungeon. Society shall not triumph over me."

The prisoner died that night, vanquished like Brutus—mighty as Cato.

His death was a heroic one, caused by indigestion.

He had eaten all the straw.

Names for Automobiles

Harry Smith, the Lozier agent at Seattle, believes that the naming of automobiles will become an established custom in the near future. "It has grown customary among motorists to refer to their cars as 'boats'" says Smith. "And with good reason, for the automobile has come to be to the landsman of means, just what the boat is to the sea-faring man a conveyance from one part of the world to another, with the spice of adventure to be expected at every port or in every turn of the road."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER N. BUSH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of O. M. Goldaracena, Esq., at Number 4 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Atty. for Executor,
4 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11730, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. CONDON, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased.
Dated; San Francisco, California, June 17, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Att'ys. for Executor,
Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-17-5

Letters

How Two Novelists Started

Francis Perry Elliott, author of that whimsical bit of foolery, "The Haunted Pajamas," says he was driven into the fiction field by the wearisome sameness of the plots he was obliged to read as editor of a New York magazine. He found rest and refreshment for his mind in thinking up odd situations and following them to a logical conclusion. At first the rough notes were handed over to friends in the writing game, but one day he woke up to the realization that he might as well try his own hand. Though he succeeded from the beginning it is not to be assumed that here is a case of the untried amateur proving the equal of the professional, for the long apprenticeship served in the criticism, correction and careful weighing of the manuscripts which passed through his hands was in reality a severe preparation for the work. George Du Maurier's entrance into the field of fiction writing came about somewhat in the same way. Once, walking with Henry James, he outlined the plot of a novel which he offered to Mr. James, remarking that though he could conceive the skeleton of a story his ideas were of no use and some one else might as well take them over. Mr. James explained to the artist that it is very rarely indeed that one author can make satisfactory application of another's plans and urged him to write the tale himself. Du Maurier again demurred on the ground that it would be beyond him to manipulate the dialogue, whereupon the veteran novelist gave him the assurance that his long practice with the text accompanying his drawings had developed him into the master hand in just that particular. Du Maurier promised to make the trial and the result was "Peter Ibbetsen," the plot of which was as original as that of "Trilby," though not having caught the attention of the dramatizer, it was never so widely advertised.

Book Notes

Arthur Stringer, that champion of all things Canadian, was agreeably surprised one day on learning that his name had been bestowed on a town and to show his appreciation of the honor he wrote to thank the citizens and to offer a set of his books as a contribution to the municipal library. A few days later he received a reply: "Don't bother about sending them books out to this here metropolis called Stringer. I guess they are good books all right, but the Crow breed who runs the water tank engine ain't eddjicated in English and I'm busy track-walk ing. P. S.—Us two is the metropolis."

Frederick J. Stimson, now professor of comparative legislation at Harvard and author of "Popular Law Making" is also the author of a number of successful novels, amongst them "King Noanett" and "In Cure of Her Soul." His first essays in fiction were undertaken when he was a young lawyer just beginning practice, and the result of having his name connected with anything so frivolous as a novel would have been, to say the least, hazardous at that period of our national advancement. The pen name which he adopted and which he still keeps in parenthesis on his title pages, "T. S. of Dale," he selected from his law treatises, an imaginary character from an imaginary locality, the predecessor of our familiar John Doe and Richard Roe.

Mrs. Roger A. Prior's recent novel, "The Colonel's Story," is such a "young" book that one does not realize that its author is such an old lady. She grew up in Virginia in the thirties and forties and was married in the early fifties. In 1864 her house was within a stone's throw of General Lee's headquarters, and the Confederate line of defense was broken just before Appomattox, in her back yard. Asked why she put off her literary career until so late in life, her answer was that a family of seven children and the social and domestic duties it entailed left no time for much else.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, (Mrs. George C. Riggs) says she has two serious grievances, one, that she is almost invariably referred to as Mrs. Wiggins and the other that for some unaccountable reason she is credited with the authorship of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Possibly Mrs. Atherton was the unconscious originator of the latter error, for when "Mrs. Wiggs" was at the height of her popularity it was Mrs. Atherton who, noting the similarity of plot and treatment to Mrs. Wiggin's story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," dubbed the new book "Mrs. Cabbage of the Wiggins Patch." Kate Douglas Wiggin might avoid the ambiguity by making use of her legal name, though it would be the third to appear on her title page, her first book, "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," having appeared before her first marriage, when she was Kate Douglas Smith.

Marie Tempest is going to produce a dramatic version of Andre Castaigne's "Bill Toppers" in London. "The Bill Toppers" is a story of stage life, the development of a vaudeville star, a trick bicyclist who began her career before her recollection, as a member of a circus troupe, at first pet and plaything of her parents, but later on, as the possibilities presented themselves, a slave to their caprices. It is a graphic delineation of the struggles and worries of a life which makes no allowance for physical or mental fatigue. The book, of its kind, is far up in the front rank, if it does not lead the procession. How much of it there will be incorporated in the stage version remains to be seen.

Sir Gilbert Parker has been by turns a clergyman, a teacher in a deaf and dumb school, an editor and a playwright, besides serving as a member of Parliament.

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Vol. XIX | San Francisco, July 8, 1911 | No. 985

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TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The New Order of Things

Now that we have that most beneficent of all political contrivances, the direct primary, what are we doing with it? Let us look round about us and observe the busy politicians and consider what they are doing. Behold! they are nominating men for public office. Who authorized them to make the nominations? By virtue of what authority are they acting? Did the people vest them with authority to select from the body of the electorate suitable material for a contest at the polls? We are told that the direct primary is a safe and sure means to an end that has been long aimed at. We are told that it insures the extinction of boss rule and the realization of government of the people by the people. But the same old bosses appear to be doing business at the same old stand. The only difference between the new way and the old way of doing business is marked by a greater aloofness from the people, which is directly to the contrary of what was predicated of the direct primary. In the old days the bosses allowed the people to go through the form of electing delegates to nominating conventions, and sometimes they were so generous as to permit the people to break a slate just to make them feel that they were really participating in the affairs of government. Now the bosses round up a few "business men" and give them a ticket to be sanctified by their approval. In the old days when, as sometimes happened, the county committee threatened to appoint a nominating convention, the newspapers went into spasms of indignation, but now they acquiesce in anything the self-constituted leaders of the people see fit to do. In the old days the bosses were strongly disposed to conciliate public opinion, and to that end they selected for office men who were capable of getting votes. It was popularity more than all else that commended a job-chaser to a boss. Such is not the case with our Municipal Conferees. They assume that their brand is sufficient for all purposes. Perhaps the change is all for the better. At all events there is no likelihood of its causing the government to be placed in inexperienced hands, and it must be admitted that we have some good and efficient men in the public service. But the result of the new order of things is that the people are becoming apathetic. In what appears to be all cut and dried they seem to take no interest. The probability is that if an eleventh-hour candidate for mayor should make his appearance tomorrow the distinguished citizen who has been nominated by all hands and endorsed by the united press would hardly get a fair start.

Criticism of Taft

Senator Bailey took occasion the other day to criticise President Taft for going about stirring up public sentiment in favor of the reciprocity agreement. He was taken to task by Senator John Sharp Williams who argued that the President was guilty of no impropriety, since it had been the practice of nearly all his predecessors to avail themselves of the public platform for the discussion of public questions. Several learned editors have approved Senator Williams's sentiments and reproached Senator Bailey for what they are pleased to regard as an absurd criticism. Perhaps Senator Bailey is not so deserving of rebuke as the learned editors believe. The circumstance that there is precedent for President Taft's speechmaking is not sufficient to justify it. Every precedent does not embalm a good principle, nor does the fact of today inevitably become the doctrine of tomorrow. President Taft may find example much more worthy of imitation than such as was given by Andy Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt. The President of the United States who goes about the country fashioning public sentiment into an instrument wherewith to intimidate the Senate violates the spirit of the Constitution. It was never intended that the Senate should defer to the judgment of the Executive or yield to the popular sentiment of the hour. The Constitution provides that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." When President Taft recommended the reciprocity agreement he did all that was necessary. When he took to the bema to rouse public sentiment he did nothing in violation of the letter of the Constitution, but there is a very narrow line of demarcation between what he might do with propriety on the bema and what he ought not to do. He ought not, for example, to indulge in criticism tending to impair public confidence in the Senate. It is bad enough for the muckrakers to do so; it is vicious for the President; for the President, by virtue of his office, is a man of prestige and authority. But there is a precedent for that sort of thing, a very bad precedent. To that precedent may be traced the downfall of almost every republic in the world's history. For almost every tyrant that ever erected a despotism on the ruins of a republic accomplished his purpose by inciting public sentiment against the Senate. Nearly always the Senate has been the conservative arm of republican government, and consequently the wreckers of republican government have nearly always found it expedient to make the Senate the primary object of their hostility.

The Peril of English

Every little while somebody bobs up as a self-constituted guardian of English speech to protest against the liberties that are taken with it either by presumptuous or illiterate writers. The sacredness of the highway of thought is the favorite topic of pedants, many of whom are grammar sharps, sticklers for principle, or verbal prigs. They would so limit the rules of speech as to admit of no extension, of no such thing as adaptation to our constantly increasing wants. Apostles of rigidity, it pains them whenever they see a word showing signs of life and a disposition to grow. Formerly these watchdogs of expression were to be found in schools and colleges. The language they used was known as schoolmasters' English. It was distinguished by its rigid adherence to hard-and-fast rules of construction. It was never colored with colloquialisms, or vulgarized with idioms. But now we learn that this character of speech is no longer peculiar to pedagogues. College professors, we are told, have gone to the other extreme. Professor Firkins has written to a New York paper to complain that college professors now employ a slovenly style, which he attributes to the general relaxation in standards of speech and conduct that marks modern life. From him we learn that the fear of pedantry has caused college professors to fall into bad grammar. They abhor the appearance of formality more than the stigma of incorrectness. Besides there are many of them that have grown careless under the delusion that Usage covers a multitude of rhetorical sins. There is a lot of truth in what Professor Firkins says, but there is really no occasion for alarm. College professors do not exercise so tremendous an influence in the world as he thinks. The great models of literature will continue to have their disciples and imitators notwithstanding the efforts of the pedagogues to discourage style and propagate a taste for informality. The situation is no worse today than it was fifty years ago when Dean Alford rushed to the defense of the Queen's English. Dean Alford, like Professor Lounsbury, who has written of "the standard of usage in English," believed there was no salvation unless heroic measures were taken to guard it from the perils threatening its purity. He too declared that eternal vigilance was required, and that grammatical sentinels must be kept on the watch-towers, ready to raise the cry of warning and alarm whenever a linguistic foe made his appearance. Yet he noticed the spread of idioms and the tendency to set aside accurate construction, and he did not disapprove. On the contrary he defended certain expressions that are today condemned by purists; for example the expression "It's me." The editor of the New York Post, commenting on Professor Firkins' protest says, "If our college professors insist on saying 'It's me,' 'like I did,' and 'the man whom I perceived was intoxicated' there is little hope for the sane and orderly development of the written and spoken tongue." Now Dean Alford said, "English men, women and children will go on

saying 'It is me' as long as English is spoken." And he also said that this form was condemned only by schoolmasters. There is certainly good authority for it, as may be learned from Dr. Latham's "History of the English Language," wherein it is explained that "me" is a secondary nominative, and that when the personal pronoun in the first person is used predicatively it is proper to put it in the accusative case. In the long run it will be found that there is worse writing than that which is not consistent with schoolmasters' rules of grammar. There is writing grammatically correct and difficult to read, the right words being in the wrong places. There are sticklers for grammar who are absolutely unintelligible and inarticulate, and among them may be found college professors who aim at informality, as well as college professors who are addicted to "fine writing." Good writing, it may be well to bear in mind, is that which is best calculated to secure the object of the writer, while bad writing is as often the result of the perversion of words as of neglect of the rules of grammar.

The Arizona Statehood Question

The politicians of Arizona are demanding that the Territory be admitted to statehood without further delay notwithstanding the provision in their Constitution for the application of the recall to judges. Many persons, some of whom are against the revolutionary provision, are in sympathy with the Arizona politicians. They argue that even if the provision is stricken out the State of Arizona will be at liberty to amend its Constitution in any manner it sees fit. While this may be so, it is by no means certain, now that the matter has been pretty fully discussed, that were the people of Arizona to vote on a proposal to apply the recall to judges they would adopt it. True, our clairvoyant journalist, the Hon. William R. Hearst, assures us that so confident are the people of their ability to govern themselves that "in every State in the Union more than fifty per cent of the population would vote—if the opportunity were offered—to establish the power to remove judges," but, as the divine Homer, even Mr. Hearst, nods occasionally. The truth is that so little are the people of Arizona concerned about governing themselves that not more than sixty per cent of the voters of that Territory took the trouble to go to the polls to vote on so important a matter as their Constitution. Also the truth is that those who did vote had to adopt the Constitution as a whole or reject it, and that the instrument which is now presented as the organic law for a new State was adopted by a small minority of the electorate. The people of Arizona are no different from the people of other States. They may pride themselves on their ability for self-government, but the exercise of that ability is another matter. The business of government will always be in the hands of the politicians, who, under the domination of the press, will generally be able to suggestionize a large fraction of the multitude, and hence the importance of institutional checks and safeguards. In our own State, by this very matter of the recall, we are afforded an illustration of the futility of self-government because of the stratagems of the politicians. When the recall amendment was under discussion in the Legislature it was suggested that two amendments should be proposed, so that the people should be given the opportunity of voting on a proposal to apply the principle to judges as well as on a proposal to apply the principle to all offices. At that time Mr. Hearst was not sure that more than fifty per cent of the population of every State in the Union was in favor of establishing the power to remove judges. It may be doubted whether Mr. Hearst himself, at the time, was in favor of establishing that power, for he argued in favor of allowing the people to express their sentiment on two proposals—one to apply the recall to executive officers and one to apply the recall to judges. He argued that many people who were in favor of taking the power to recall executive officers were not in favor of subjecting the courts to popular whim. But Mr. Hearst's argument was in vain. The politicians in power, many of whom are lawyers with a grudge, fearing that if they separated the proposals the people would not vote to apply the recall to judges, shrewdly decided to embody the principle of the recall in one amendment. And consequently the precise sentiment of the people as to whether justice should be administered without fear or favor is not to be learned. After the election we shall be in as much doubt about the matter as we now are with respect to sentiment in Arizona, where the people were given the alternative of adopting or rejecting a Constitution framed by the politicians. And now as to whether that Territory should be admitted to the Union. The federal Constitution provides that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the question whether a republican form of government exists in a State is a political question to be determined by Congress. It has been suggested that in the case of Arizona the occasion has arisen for the solution of this question to the extent of determining whether the recall of judges is inconsistent with a republican form of government. The suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration. The "Republican form of government" is a broad term, and now as this country, according to Prophet Hearst, "is going to see a great many experiments more drastic than the mere recall of judges," it would be well to know if possible what the term connotes. If we are to have all the experiments adumbrated by Mr. Hearst and our prophet of New Nationalism, a definition of republicanism will be useless, for the Constitution will be so emasculated that not even anarchy will be proscribed. But meanwhile the Constitution remains the law of the land, and in its very first paragraph it proclaims its purpose to be to "establish justice" and "secure the blessings of liberty." The Constitution contemplates, therefore, a republican form of government under which there shall be both justice and liberty, whereas the Arizona Constitution contemplates a form of government under which public opinion shall be superior to the law, and under which, consequently, there shall be neither justice nor liberty.

Perspective Impressions

So King George V is descended from the royal psalm-singer. It is to be hoped that he hasn't inherited some of his ancestor's proclivities.

Detective Burns went to London to arrest a dynamite suspect whose name is not Paudevaris. It's a wise detective who knows the man not to look for.

A New York preacher has gravely traced the ancestry of King George back to King David. Perhaps somebody will be able to trace that preacher's ancestry back to the animal that was ridden into Jerusalem on a certain notable occasion.

Patriotism and common sense seem to be at war when the Fourth is celebrated sanely.

As the small holder cannot be expected to develop the resources of Alaska it is proposed to empower the Government to do it. Perhaps Pinchot would like to superintend the job.

"There is something in the charge," says the Chronicle, "that Americans are apt to despise seeming trifles." Quite true, but on the other hand what more easy than to startle Americans with a trifle—with the tongue of a politican, for instance.

The New York Post says that the Lorimer scandal indicates the necessity of electing Senators by direct vote of the people. It is this kind of reasoning that vindicates the ability of the American people to govern themselves.

There are things on which we ought all to agree: The desirability of having ideals, the inadvisability of not having some virtues and the advisability of choosing the better instead of the worse as well as going forward instead of back. That it is extremely difficult to agree on these things is to be inferred from the solemn utterances of many of our most distinguished lecturers.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Samoan Women Up in Arms

Dr. Solf, the German Governor of Samoa, is very much worried over the proneness of German colonists on that island to take Samoan wives, according to advices received by the Colonial Office at Berlin. Of the Governor's twenty married German officials twelve have married native women. According to the last mail reports from the island a German colonist named Michaelis sent a letter to a Samoan paper last April in which he complained of this habit and called the native women unworthy helpmeets of white men and more expensive than German girls. The following day hundreds of Samoan women armed with whips, sticks, garden tools and other weapons gathered for the purpose of making an attack on Michaelis. The police arrived just in time to smuggle the colonist to the Apia jail. The women were not appeased and attempted to storm the jail. They were only prevented from doing so by the officers of the troops, who had been called out, threatening to order the men to fire. In order to prevent further trouble the Governor was obliged to have Michaelis removed from the island. This incident naturally gave a fillip to the already overweening conceit of the half castes.

Appendicitis in Children

Dr. Hans Salzer, a Viennese specialist, delivered a lecture on appendicitis the other day before the Vienna Medical Society. Dr. Salzer does not think that appendicitis will ever be entirely eliminated, although owing to the skillful treatment mortality from it has already been reduced to about 3 per cent in the case of adults. Appendicitis in children much oftener ends fatally, the mortality in Vienna ranging from 15 to 30 per cent. The faculty, said Dr. Salzer, is making very strenuous efforts to combat this death rate. He scouted the idea that in the case of children the vermiform appendix being an undeveloped organ is larger in proportion to the length of the caecum than in the case of adults and is therefore more subject to inflammation. He also denies that appendicitis is more difficult to diagnose in children unless they are of very tender ago, say under 2. Dr. Salzer does not believe that appendicitis in children is of a more serious nature than in the case of adults. The high mortality, he contends, is due to the fact that children are brought to the consulting room at too advanced a stage of the disease and so are operated upon too late. The symptoms in children, it is true, are so varied that they are not easily recognizable by parents, but, said the lecturer, they should be patent to any practiced physician. Dr. Salzer is strongly of opinion that the lay public should familiarize themselves more with the early symptoms so that prompt action may be taken.

Pearls of Mary, Queen of Scots

A well known writer says in the Liverpool Daily Post: Here is a perfectly true story which has never appeared in print but which is known to scores of people: A maiden lady was bicycling in the south of Scotland and caught in the handlebar of her machine the chain which supported her glasses, snapping it into several pieces. So she went into the solitary shop of the village through which she was passing and asked for any sort of chain. The old woman said she had only a string of old glass beads which had been in her own family for years, but as times were hard she would part with them. Thinking them rather pretty the lady paid the price asked, which was fifteen shilling. About ten days later, on her return to London, she went to a jeweller to get her small gold chain mended, still wearing her glasses on the beads. The man noticed them and asked if he might show them to the head of the firm. The latter soon came forward and said he should be happy to offer 500 pounds for the necklet. Without showing the least surprise the lady sagaciously answered that she would think the matter over. Then she went to a friend in one of the museums and after a little search among the books he pronounced the beads to be the lost string of wonderful pearls Mary Queen of Scots had worn on the scaffold, and several experts agreed. Finally the beads were privately sold for 15,000 pounds and out of part of the proceeds the lady took care that the old saleswoman should be made more than comfortable for the rest of her life.

French Girls and Education

Professors and undergraduates in Paris are described as being "in great emotion" and the directing council of Paris university will be called on as soon as possible to undertake "an exhaustive examination of the new situation." The new situation in question is that brought about by the new thirst of French girls for learning. The first authority to point this out was a right reverend prelate in a lecture which he gave to the girls themselves and their astonished mothers a few weeks ago. The mammas heard with amazement that their daughters now in the lower teens not only knew about ten times as much as the mothers did in their day, but were also at least twice as learned as the girls of even ten years ago. That a decade has sufficed to change the French girl of the period and lead her into the paths of learning is now borne out by Paris university itself. The latest statistics of feminine matriculation at the different faculties of France are: Faculty of Letters: 1,147 French girls, 1,002 foreign. Faculty of Sciences: 303 French, 150 foreign. Faculty of Medicine: 608 French, 530 foreign. School of Pharmacy: 51 French, 3 foreign. Faculty of Law: 62 French, 88 foreign. The last is the only one in which French girls are less numerous than those of other nations put together. The grand total of "etudiantes" of all nations at Paris university is nearly 4,000, about a tenth of the entire corps of students. In Paris alone the number of girl students is 2,121—that is to say, one-eighth of the total student population. But the most significant figures are those of the increase in male and female French students in Paris. The men this year number less than in 1910, while the girls attendance has gone up by 144.

Progress in China

The Chinese Government ordered a general census of the empire for the first time last year. The principal results have been collected. They show a total population of 440,000,000, or approximately one-fourth of the human beings on the globe. Here are some of the provincial figures: Szechuan, 79,000,000; Chantung, 38,000,000; Anhui, 36,000,000; Hupei, 34,000,000; Canton, 32,000,000; Chili, 39,000,000; Manchuria, 17,000,000. As an illustration of the general awakening, the growth of the National Merchants Volunteer Corps at Shanghai is arousing great interest. It was started with 100 members in 1906; it has 600 now, and it is expected that it will soon have 1,000, its present limit. There is even talk of raising it to 3,000 at some future date. "Some wave of popular emotion" has been sweeping it along since the first of the present year. The movement was started by two wealthy Shanghai merchants, Mr. Yu Ya-ching and Mr. Li Pingshu. The first object seems to have been athletic; it was defined as being "to protect the commercial classes and to promote healthy bodily development." In a few months application was made to have 100 members affiliated with the Foreign Volunteers of Shanghai, a military body. The application was granted, and since then no unit in the corps surpasses the Chinese companies in energy and keenness at drill. Qualification for entrance requires that the applicant shall be a "legitimate business man" who is strong and healthy and doesn't smoke opium. The corps is recognized by Europeans as being in deadly earnest. It announces that it is ready to stand by the Government in any crisis. To Europeans the most significant thing is the indication that soldiers and soldiering are ceasing to be relegated to the lowest social stratum in China.

The Greek Constitution

The Greek National Assembly after a session of four months has just completed under the brilliant leadership of Premier Venezelos the revision of the Hellenic Constitution for which it was called together. Its work is accepted by Europe as opening a path toward regeneration for Greece. It provides for judicial and administrative reform and insures the efficiency of the army and navy reorganization, which has been entrusted to foreign officers. As forecast, the most important result is the establishment of a Council of State, which is to serve to a certain extent in lieu of a second legislative chamber. The vote on the question was 175 in the affirmative out of a total of 192. The question of a brake on the wheel has been often disputed in Greece. Starting with a Council in 1833, the Greeks abolished it in 1844, re-established it in 1864, and again voted it out of existence in 1865. A Senate which had been substituted in 1844 was abolished in 1864, so now for nearly half a century the Legislature has been a one chambered body and its course has been marked by excitability and instability, to the infinite damage of the realm. The powers of the new Council are thus defined: elaboration of proposed laws and administrative regulations; decision of disputes between different branches of the Government; revision of administrative acts and decrees when of doubtful legality, and disciplinary power over "immovable" functionaries, magistrates excepted. The Council will consist of from seven to fifteen ordinary members named by the king for ten years, and of members not exceeding ten chosen from among high officers of State, judges excluded. It was owing to the strong personal fight made by Venezelos that the prejudices of many members of the Assembly were overcome and the clause was adopted into the Constitution.

SWEETS IN THE COUNTRY

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Varied Types

XXIX—ARTHUR FOOTE

By Edward F. O'Day

Imagine! He's the dean of American composers, yet he never heard any of George Cohan's music! Here certainly is a most unusual situation, a situation which doesn't arise very often, for the simple reason that we only have one dean of American composers at a time and there is only one George Cohan. When we get another dean George Cohan may be dead or so plutocratically plethoric that he won't be writing any music. Really, it begins to look as though the situation is unique, "most unique" as some journalists delight to put it.

But the situation is more than unique; it is inexcusable. It is true that the dean of American composers lives far from Forty-second street and a good deal more than forty-five minutes from Broadway. As a matter of cold historical interest he lives in Boston. But that is merely a state of mind, not an excuse. In the matter of music Boston can be as giddy as New York or San Francisco. In the musical alphabet of the Hub of the Universe the names of Beethoven and Bach and Brahms are succeeded by the names of Chopin and Cohan, Boston rather priding itself on its versatility. So much so, indeed, that I doubt whether there is a single Bostonian besides Arthur Foote, the dean of American composers aforesaid, who hasn't heard George Cohan's music. Of course it must be introduced in evidence that for thirty-two years Arthur Foote was organist at the First Unitarian Church of Boston. But even that solemn fact doesn't settle the matter. Church organists are not uniformly ignorant of Cohan music. Some church organists I know in this city are pretty gay dogs in their way. It's the atmosphere of the choir, no doubt. Choir singers flirt a little sometimes and the organist must shut his eyes if he would avoid seeing the reflection of their frivolity in the mirror over his key board. As no good organist would shut his eyes during services it follows as the night the day that the organist sometimes becomes infected with a little worldliness and as likely as not, if there is a Cohan show in town, he will hie himself to the theater and be real devilish by indulging in an orgy of Cohan music. But this has never happened to Arthur Foote and I cannot but repeat that he is inexcusable for his omission.

Arthur Foote would be so much more human if he knew Cohan music. It would supply a bridge by which those of us who bromidically "don't know anything about music but know what we like," could cross the chasm which separates us from a highbrow who probably knows everything in Grove's Dictionary and a lot that has not yet been included in that ponderous work. (Cohan, I presume, will never find his way into those hallowed pages). Not that I am trying to insinuate that Arthur Foote is inhuman. Nothing of the sort. I found him a very companionable sort of man, a man of the most appealing modesty (which is going some for a musician). One would never learn from Arthur Foote that he is the dean of American composers. He doesn't toot his own tuba a bit. He doesn't undervalue other composers, not even George Cohan whom he has never heard. He doesn't assume the ridiculous pose of so many highbrow musicians and pretend to despise rag-time. He confesses that he likes good rag-time. But he admits quite frankly that he doesn't know much about it.

"Some rag-time is delightful to hear," he told me. "Take for instance that very charming woman who sings rag-time, Miss Whatshername—"

He tried very hard to remember her name. His blue eyes were fixed in a meditative stare right straight ahead of him, as though he were trying to read her name where it was etched on the invisible air. His strong jaw set firmly. All his rugged features expressed a determination to find that name or die. But he didn't find it. Such is the transitory nature of the fame that comes to even the best singer of rag-time that the dean of American composers couldn't drag that name from the oubliette of memory where it lay enchained.

"Never mind her name," he surrendered finally, "but she's an artist. And there are two or three others who sing rag-time like artists. Really, as a sort of light music rag-time is very attractive. It's rather an affectation to pretend to despise it as some do. Good rag-time is infinitely superior to the purely conventional flat English ballad

ARTHUR FOOTE

which is a stupid ordinary common-place composition.

"But after all, rag-time is an episodic sort of thing. It is a small but clever detail of popular music, a curious phase and nothing more. Of course rag-time must not be confounded with the ordinary popular song or even with the imitation negro song like 'Louisiana Lou' which is perfectly charming. I see no reason why 'Louisiana Lou' shouldn't last. But rag-time is a rhythmical distortion, an apparent distortion. The effect is produced by transferring the emphasis or ictus to a place where it shouldn't be. There is no reason why this distortion shouldn't be employed in good music.

"But unfortunately, rag-time is seldom good music. So little rag-time is well written. It is usually written by people who are what we call 'illiterate' in music. That is the reason why it is not more highly esteemed.

"Just to what rag-time is to be attributed I don't know. I suppose the distortion is a wilful thing, something done on purpose and not a development from the negro songs. But as a matter of fact I haven't studied it deeply.

"I suppose the future historian of American music will say that for twenty or thirty years the people were interested in rag-time. Of course it may last longer than thirty years. I don't pretend to know. But it is a passing fancy, like the old minstrel shows. Certainly it will have no influence on the general development of music. It can be done just as well now as it ever will be done."

All this was extremely discouraging to the lover of rag-time. Another generation or so and it will be no more! Think of the unborn unfortunates who will have no rag-time to delight them. Without rag-time and without George Cohan (on whose music, never having heard it, Foote, naturally, could not pass any such melancholy judgment), what are future Americans going to do? Must they all turn highbrows and devote themselves to the classics?

In the opinion of Arthur Foote, not by any means. There is Sousa, for instance. Foote has heard Sousa's music and he likes it. In fact, he is enthusiastic about it.

"A first class march by Sousa is a mighty good thing," he said. "Anybody who thinks that a Sousa march is easy to write had better try to write one himself. Yes, Sousa is an admirable musician. You can hear his works all over the world."

How jealous that would make George Cohan if he could only hear Arthur Foote say it!

Getting back to the previous question, I asked him whether the English coster songs were more important musically than rag-time. He admitted that he didn't know. But he did opine that they were better written. And so too he thought of the Parisian boulevard ditties, those clever songs that so often contain the least bit of naughtiness to spice them. But despite its inferiority, Foote quite readily admitted that rag-time makes a wonderful appeal to the popular ear in London, Berlin and Paris as well as in this country.

Regarding the general musical situation in this country Foote has cheerful reports. While he doesn't think that the musical taste of the great mass of the people has improved much in the last twenty-five years, he is sure that the demand for the better music is much more widespread.

"There has been a tremendous improvement," he told me. "Twenty-five years ago no one would believe that there could be such an improvement as there is today. Where we had one thirty years ago we have now at least half a dozen composers whose work deserves serious consideration. A great deal of splendid work is being done here in the highest branches of music."

And in this connection he paid a tribute to the Music Teachers' Association the first national gathering of which brought him to San Francisco. The women's clubs, he said, were helping wonderfully to spread the taste for the best music. The improvement, he insists, has not been confined to any section of the country. In the opportunities to hear good music he admits that New York stands first, but in the appreciation of good

(Continued on Page 20.)

BONDS

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The Traitor

By Alexander Verner (From the Russian)

At that time I was a clerk in the feed store of Ivan Papkov. Our store was in a wooden house, somewhat isolated from other buildings by a cabbage patch on one side and a considerable plot of waste ground on the other. The house, which was located in an alley near the Smolensk depot, contained, besides the store, a kitchen and two living rooms, whose windows faced the back yard. The store itself was a very large white-washed room. Sacks of oats and bales of hay were piled along the walls. On the door hung whips, large yellow gloves such as drivers wear, and colored belts. Behind the counter sat the owner of the store, Ivan Federovich Papkov, a man about thirty-seven years of age, who wore thick eye-glasses and a long black coat. He was always deeply engrossed in some book, for which he quickly substituted his ledger whenever a customer entered the store. He seemed a peculiar, absent-minded man, and the customers did not like him. He mystified them by his unusual business methods; at times he would voluntarily reduce prices, say ten kopecks on a bag of oats. Or he would hastily leave his seat behind the counter to help a customer load his wagon with sacks of grain, frequently spilling a good half sack on the ground by his awkwardness.

"What a blockhead that master of yours is, God forgive him!" they used to remark to me, crossing themselves piously.

Fortunately we had but two or three customers a day, which allowed us leisure for our real work. This was done, not in the store, but in a little room without windows, which was situated between the store and the living rooms. In this closet-like recess stood a large shrine, and by the light of the little lamp, kept constantly burning before the image, the dark faces of saints looked out mysteriously from their gold and silver decorations. In a corner of the room stood something that resembled an altar, covered with a black cloth. The removal of the cloth disclosed a printing press and all the other paraphernalia of a well-equipped printing shop, where I set type by the light of a kerosene lamp and printed pamphlets and proclamations from copy furnished by Papkov.

The life in the store was very delightful to me. Two years before, I had escaped from the jail in Kieff and entered on the existence of a hunted animal. I had gone from city to city, changed my lodgings frequently, and had slept every night, for months together, among different people. A year of such life had made me a nervous wreck. At length my comrades had succeeded in obtaining a "*real" passport for me, and put me to work as an "underground" printer. Physical labor—sawing wood, building fires, and sweeping the store—strengthened my nerves and made a different being of me. It was good to put myself wholly in the hands of others, to quit worrying, and to think only of commonplace things. Here I ate with appetite, slept peacefully, and felt as if the whole world had been separated from me by thick, sound-deadened walls.

We practically never left the store, and communicated with the outside world only through Salanty and Sophia Ivanovna.

Salanty was our driver. Two or three times every week he brought us hay and oats, under which was hidden the paper which we used, and took away, concealed in the bed of the wagon the freshly printed pamphlets, to be distributed all over Russia. He was a handsome young fellow, about twenty-eight years of age, healthy, light-hearted, and full of interest in the work. We had been fellow students at the same university, and he had been considered a very capable and talented young man. He had a splendid baritone voice, and was the life of all the student societies; he could dance the Cossack measures, tell funny stories, and was usually admired by all the men and spoiled by all the women of his acquaintance. But there were some among the more serious "comrades," nevertheless, who disliked him for his selfishness and conceit.

Sophia was a spinster of about thirty-five or forty, plain-faced, pale and thin, but very energetic. She brought us manuscripts and material for articles, made appointments, went often to St. Petersburg, and kept in communication with all the heads of the revolutionary party. She dressed very plainly, like a woman of the middle class, and had even adopted to perfection their manner of speech, thanks to which she was able to pass unnoticed where no one else could have gone without arousing suspicion. She brought with her such an atmosphere of courage, sincerity and energy that whenever she returned from a journey and told of her adventures we hermits enjoyed a veritable holiday.

Vassa, Papkov's wife, also lived with us. She did not have any stated occupation, but she was always about the house, sometimes strolling thoughtfully through the rooms, sometimes resting on the sofa, sometimes looking dreamily out of the little windows facing the garden. Nevertheless, if anyone had asked us who did the most important, most necessary work, we would have unhesitating and unanimously replied, "Vassa."

She dressed always in a very plain black gown, and wore over her head and shoulders a black knitted shawl, which she held together at the breast with her thin, delicate hand. From the dark frame of this shawl looked out a face of rare beauty. Her light golden hair was parted over a pure, beautiful brow; her large eyes were the limpid blue-green color of a forest lake, and her exquisitely curved lips showed brilliant red against the tender paleness of her oval face. In the firmly compressed corner of her mouth was a half-hidden something which told of infinite goodness and suppressed passion. Her whole young, graceful, calmly beautiful figure, enveloped in plain black garments which fell around her in severely simple folds, reminded me of an old icon I had seen in my childhood in the house of a Russion of the Old Faith. It represented the Mother of God, or some holy martyr.

She was the daughter of a rich Siberian merchant, and had become acquainted with Papkov during the latter's exile. Recognizing the man's worth, she had fallen in love with him, and, abandoning her family and friends, she had followed him into the thick of the revolution. Although she had very little education, she somehow seemed to have developed a far keener perception of truth and justice than any of us. We, driven into the life of the "underground" revolutionists, in touch only with a narrow circle of co-workers in the same cause, living always in the atmosphere of the same ideas, sometimes could not distinguish reality from the illusions conjured up by our heated imaginations. And on account of this, Vassa was all the more dear and indispensable to us; she represented the conscience of our organization, as Papkov represented its brain.

After our work together had continued happily for a little more than a year, Salanty suddenly lost his good spirits. He became absent-minded, morose, pessimistic and fretful. He found fault with the cause to which we had dedicated our very heart's blood. He expressed dissatisfaction especially with Papkov, who had long been recognized as one of the foremost men of our party. Indeed many times, his tact, logic and clear judgment had saved it from panic, reaction, and possible dissolution.

"I understand," Salanty used to say to me, "how a man can sacrifice his life for a noble cause by rushing impetuously into danger and perishing; but to die a slow death in prison or to live the accursed life of a Siberian exile as a result of printing or distributing the words of our Heraclitus, really this is beyond my understanding. Is this what we were born for?"

"If you look at the matter in that light, why don't you choose something more to your taste?" I asked. "I am certain that the party would gladly entrust you with another kind of work."

"Of course they would; but the trouble is that the work is not done as it should be in any department of our activity. We need a man, a real leader! Not one like our Heraclitus, but a real human being who would know life, and be able to guess at the first glance what a comrade is capable of doing; a stage-manager who would put each man to the work best suited to his talents and temperament. For instance, is the right work for such as you or I?"

"I am perfectly satisfied with my present duties," I assured him.

A month passed. Salanty grew more morose with each passing day and though I, and Sophia who had also noticed how changed he was, tried to cheer him and to show him that things were not as black as he pictured them, it did not help any. At length I decided not to talk to him any more about the matter, hoping that he would soon come to his senses.

One evening I locked up the store and went for a short stroll. On my return, I began to set the type for a new pamphlet we were about to issue. Papkov was away on a journey to St. Petersburg in the interests of the party, and I was very much surprised to hear voices in the sitting-room. I recognized Vassa's soft contralto and the voice of Salanty who was walking the floor in apparent excitement. Only fragments of what he said fell on my ears. Vassa's replies were short and infrequent and I could not clearly make them out

"As to the interests of the party which you take so much to heart," reached my ears. "You would see what I could do, Vassa!"

Vassa answered and the voice of Salanty continued:

"If you would only agree! You do not know me and you underestimate my powers. If you would only treat me differently!"

Vassa again answered and Salanty, who was evidently greatly excited, began to walk the room with quickened step.

"You alone understand. You alone can save me! Is it possible that you are irrecovably lost to me?" he cried.

Then everything became quiet and a moment later something heavy and soft fell to the floor and a strange sound, something like suppressed weeping, reached my ears. The door was thrown open and Vassa rushed into the room.

"Ah, you are here, Yegor!" she cried. "I am

(Continued on Page 22.)

* A passport belonging to a really existing person.

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Correspondence

The Fair Site Controversy

Editor of the Town Talk, My Dear Sir: Look in a certain one of our leading dailies a day or so after the unsuccessful vote upon the selection of a fair site and you will find two entire pages devoted to reasons why the fair should be put in the park in preference to the other sites. The same paper strongly condemns the action of those of the committee who did not cast their vote for the park site.

Almost any night before the vote one could go to some meeting of an "Improvement" or a "Promotion" association and hear discussed why the fair should be put in a site in that special part of the city.

From the lips of the most "loyal" San Franciscans are continually expressed words of disapproval and condemnation for the seeming slowness with which the committee is selecting a site.

I, myself, think the fair would be a success whether in the park, Lake Merced, or Harbor View. I admire the stand the Town Talk has been taking in allowing the committee to decide for itself. Upon that committee are the most representative men of our city, actuated, as a body, by their sense of duty alone. These men have thought more and know more about the various sites than any newspaper editor ever will. These men have looked at the matter from every possible standpoint for every possible site, while your associations see but their one part of town, loudly heralding the advantage of their proposed site and keeping its defects and weaknesses far in the background.

True San Francisco spirit has not manifested itself thus far in endeavoring to find where we shall put the fair. We find selfish interest sacrificing civic interest; we find personal motives dominating all. Let the committee do the work itself. The majority of those men are giving more than their share of valuable time and thought to the selection of a site.

Each truly loyal San Franciscan should do his utmost to change present conditions. He should not complain that the committee is slow, for these men know what they are doing. He should not be influenced by purely selfish interest, but should remain silent leaving the whole proposition to the committee. Each one should do his best for a united San Francisco and should endeavor to make our city like the old, old Rome when

"None were for the party; and all were for the State.
The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old."

Yours, etc.,
—A San Francisco Booster.

Anachronistic

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The clever woman who writes about society for the Call made a blunder in Monday's paper and although it is a very little blunder I think it is worth correcting. She represented Beau Brummel as inviting Mrs. Bracegirdle to share his box at the Haymarket. This could never have occurred because Mrs. Bracegirdle died at least a quarter of a century before Brummel was born. Mrs. Bracegirdle belonged to the century preceding Brummel. For the purpose of the point she was making the writer in the Call might have used the name of Congreve and she would have been entirely justified. Some writers hold that Mrs. Bracegirdle was the wife of Congreve; others that she was only his mistress. However that may be, Mrs. Bracegirdle achieved her first success in comedy by creating a Congreve role and her name is connected with the first presentation of all his sparkling comedies. And Congreve was almost as much of a fop as Brummel. When Voltaire visited England he piqued Congreve by treating him as a man of letters, not as a man of fashion. Of course there is always the question whether Mrs. Bracegirdle would have gone to the theater with Brummel if she had lived a hundred years later than she did. Brummel was a devil among the ladies and Mrs. Bracegirdle had a great reputation for chastity (despite the scandal connecting her name with Congreve's), a reputation which Colley Cibber upheld while Macaulay did his best to destroy it. While I am gossiping thus about this great old actress I may as well call attention to one incident in her career which ought to have imitators. When Mrs. Bracegirdle had passed her prime London began to pay homage to Mrs. Oldfield. So a contest was arranged, both actresses playing the same parts and leaving the decision to the public. The public acclaimed Mrs. Oldfield and the Bracegirdle retired from the stage. Won't some of our aging actresses take the hint?

Sincerely,
—Hypercriticaster.

The Spectator

Our Sore Politicians

More than anything else, a feeling of soreness pervades the ranks of our politicians. Every job-seeker is sore at every other job-seeker, and all the job-seekers are sore collectively and individually at the dispensers of jobs and indorsements for jobs. It is the era of bad feeling. Acrimony is the order of the day. To meet a politician is to have your ear burdened with a tale of woe. In dispensing the State patronage in this city Governor Johnson and his advisers have overlooked many who were supposed to have strong claims on the progressivist organization. The result is that the Governor is coming in for a lot of bitter knocking. "Statesmen" are gritting their teeth and hissing out dire threats of vengeance. "Just wait till he runs again" is one of the bromides with which the disgruntled office-chasers are easing their minds. But of course that's a long time to wait and if the satesmen think meanwhile that his sense of gratitude may be mellowed by years, they will go into his fight once more. Your "statesman" is a queer genius; in some things wise as the serpent, in others foolish as a boy. In chasing a job he frequently executes evolutions that make a dog circling after its tail look like the exemplification of philosophic dignity.

The Busy Indorsers

Another source of sore feelings is to be found in the various organizations that are holding solemn pow-wows to indorse candidates for office. The Municipal Conference and the county committees of the two parties have been sitting in star chamber and trying to decide for the dear people just what candidates ought to be elected. These bodies are supposed to be uninfluenced by any but the purest motives. They are supposed to be actuated by a burning loyalty to their dear old city which, it is understood, they cannot bear to see served by office-seekers of less than sixty horse-power virtue. That is the theory of these pow-wows whereat candidates are quizzed about this, that and the other, and then put on the slate or dropped. Sometimes a candidate is put on the slate first and dropped as an afterthought, for all the world as though the name of the conferees was Finnigan. Nobody is paying the least attention to these pow-wows except the candidates. The public doesn't seem to care a blue button what it's all about; but the candidates take the pow-wowing very seriously indeed. And of course, when they are turned down, they get sore. As there are legions of candidates and only a few can be indorsed, the opportunity for the free play of soreness is apparent. Those who haven't received the indorsement of the Municipal Conference are going about saying that they were turned down because they were not acceptable to Jimmy Phelan and Rudolph Spreckels. The Phelan-Spreckels O. K., we are being told, was marked on all the candidates for the board of supervisors put forward by this solemn aggregation of best citizens. A statement which does not help to clear the atmosphere.

Knocking the Governor

Governor Johnson is coming in for his share of the knocking; in fact, he is getting just a bit more than anybody else. The Governor, it is said on the street, exerted his influence to have the Republican county committee indorse Tom Finn for sheriff. It was only right that the Governor should do that. Senator Tom Finn did so much for the Governor, and even governors are grateful. But Johnson fared ill with the county committee. It would have none of Finn, preferring to attach its seal of approval to Fred Eggers. So now, Finn and all Finn's followers, a goodly crowd, are saying just what they think about governors and gubernatorial promises, with particular reference to the Governor of California. Another man who is unfriendly to his erstwhile friend is young Ralph Hathorn, aspirant for the office of district attorney. Young Hathorn aspired to the job of attorney for the Harbor Commission, and was supposed to have unusually good claims on the gratitude of the party in power. But he didn't get the job. So he too is talking about Johnson. Rumor hath it that his acerbitous remarks have reached the Governor's ears and that the Governor is going to do what he can among his friends to decrease Hathorn's

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chances of being elected, small as they are. What angry passions rise when politicians disagree!

The Olive Branch

To turn from the contemplation of a lot of bickering "statesmen" to the spectacle of two who have seen the error of their ways and vindicated their possession of true Christian principles by burying the hatchet is an inspiration. And truly the reconciliation of Harbor Commissioner Marshal Hale and Harbor Commissioner Joe Dwyer is an inspiring lesson. Yes, they have been reconciled. No more the sharp retort, the look of rage when they meet. 'Tis now the time of wreathed smiles and benignant converse. It came about in the most natural way in the world. While they were fighting Harbor Commissioner Hill was "putting one over" by making appointments along the front. He put men to work without consulting Hale or Dwyer about them. When Hale and Dwyer discovered this they decided that fighting was unchristian. They fell on each other's necks and vowed to get even with Hill; which was a pious vow.

"There goes a man who has been in hundreds of revolutions."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. He used to work on a Ferris wheel."

The Wreck of the "Spokane"

From one of the pleasure-seekers who was on the "Spokane" when she went on the rocks of Vancouver Island I have heard details which make me wonder that there wasn't a fearful loss of life. As it was, only two women have been reported as drowned, one of them being Mrs. Gardner Williams, but this passenger tells me that at least one man and another woman were never seen after the survivors reached terra firma. As far as an outsider can judge, the conduct of the captain after the boat struck was admirable. Whether or not he was responsible for its striking the rocks is of course a question for the authorities to settle; but he seems to have done everything in a masterly fashion for the saving and the comforting of the passengers. With his steamer filling rapidly he took her from water one thousand feet deep to water thirty-five feet deep and, I am told, if the engines had held out for five minutes more, would have beached her. But it looks as though blame should attach to the crew. The sailors seem to have rendered no assistance to the passengers. The stewards and waiters, on the other hand, acted like heroes, repairing instantly to their posts and staying there till the passengers were all away from the vessel and the captain gave the order for the crew to leave. This passenger tells me that he observed one steward who didn't for an instant forget his official politeness. When all the passengers had left the sinking steamer he turned to the bridge where the captain was standing, saluted and asked: "Any further orders, sir?" And this on a ship filling with water in the darkness of midnight!

The Death of Mrs. Williams

The loss of Mrs. Gardner Williams was particularly tragic. The women stood in line at the rail with life-preservers buckled over their clothes waiting their turns to descend by a rope-ladder into the boats tossing below. When Mrs. Williams' turn came she was crying and when she peered over the rail into what looked like the bottomless pit and saw the rope on which she was expected to descend, she drew back and exclaimed: "My God! I can't go down that rope." "Stand aside then and make way for the next" came the order from the officer in charge. Mrs. Williams stood aside and fainted. In another minute the deck was awash and she was swept through the open door of a stateroom to her death.

The Experience of Mrs. Wise

Mrs. Otto Irving Wise who was on the steamer with her husband, the well known attorney, had a peculiarly thrilling experience. Mrs. Wise did not lose her presence of mind, but went about the deck buckling life-preservers on women who were too panic-stricken or too nervous to help themselves. When the time came for her to leave her husband she demurred. "I won't go unless you go with me," she said. "The man who would start for that rail now would be shot," answered Wise and Mrs. Wise, after bidding him what she thought was a last goodbye, climbed over the starboard rail and started down the rope. But just then the steamer listed heavily to port and the men in charge of the boat, fearing that it would be drawn under the ship and capsized, cut the rope. Mrs. Wise dropped into the water but was rescued by a steward.

The Condition of the Boats

On these Alaskan excursion steamers it is customary to take the passengers out in row boats so that they may get a close view of the icebergs. When the boats return to the steamer they always contain some water and the plugs are taken out so that they may be drained. On the "Spokane" the plugs were out of the boats when the accident occurred and several of them were launched without the plugs. In consequence they filled almost as soon as they touched the water, and those who were in them had narrow escapes from drowning. I am told that one boat was launched without a single seaman to man her and that a dozen women huddled in this boat, unable to do anything, until help came. The boats were not provisioned and what water they contained was putrid. If the passengers had stayed any length of time on the beach where they sought shelter the lack of water would certainly have caused typhoid or diphtheria.

There Was No Surgeon

If the wreck of the "Spokane" results in a searching investigation of the general condition of excursion steamers on this coast, followed by a rigid enforcement of all the rules, good will have come out of a most unfortunate affair. It seems incredible that a steamer should put to sea without a ship's surgeon aboard, but that, I am assured, was the case with the "Spokane." The condition of the boats was another thing which seems inexcusable. And the failure of the crew to do their duty argues either insubordination or ignorance. Probably it wasn't ignorance, since the stewards and waiters knew what was expected of them and did it.

The Appeal of a Benedick

There are always, in the midst of the most tragic happenings, lighter touches which do not seem funny at the time but are afterwards remembered with a smile. So on the "Spokane." One man rushed to the rail when the men were leaving the vessel and appealed to a passenger who was about to dive into the water. "Please save me," he implored, "I've only been married two weeks." A sturdy youngster of sixteen years swam up to one of the boats and cried out to the passenger in the stern. "Mister, if you save me, I'll help you to save the women." It was all the weary passenger could do to pull the exhausted youngster out of the water.

Sububs—Well, I've just engaged two girls at the intelligence office.

Urbano—Going to keep two maids now?

Sububs—Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.

Lynch as a Historian

"All history," said Walpole, "is a lie," and if he had lived to this day, and read Jeremiah Lynch's "A Senator of the Fifties," perhaps he would have added, "Nor is this book an exception to the rule." This book is one of A. M. Robertson's publications, a circumstance that ought to have commended it to me long ago, but the task of reading it I was not persuaded to till I read an Eastern reviewer the other day who pronounced it a very fine and interesting narrative. The reviewer excited my curiosity. I read and was much entertained, but I found that "A Senator of the Fifties" does not challenge Walpole's

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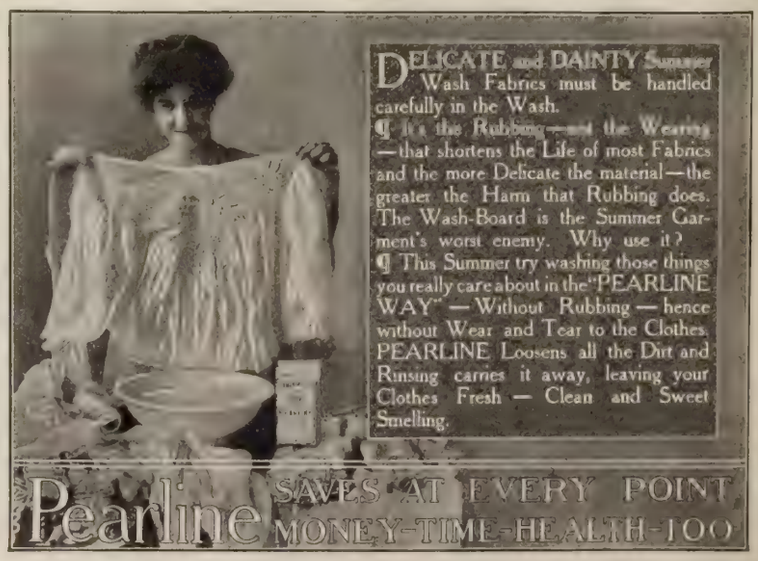

dictum regarding history. As a historian Jeremiah Lynch is guilty of the inaccuracies inevitable in the case of a man of his temperament. Ever since Mr. Lynch found himself famous as a member of the Wallace grand jury he has enjoyed nothing so much as the pose of a really, truly civic patriot, and his abhorrence of certain sins which he believes himself disinclined to has been equalled only by his enthusiasm for reform and reformers. Now in his history of the period in which Senator Broderick rose to distinction he touches, as a matter of course, on the salient events in the career of the Vigilance Committee of '56, and as a consequence of temperament he seeks to justify that lawless body and its infamies. To that end he gives but one side of the story of the killing of General Richardson by Charles Cora. He represents that it was a cold-blooded, premeditated murder, and he quotes a partisan journal of that turbulent period racked with factional strife to give the impression that the jury that disagreed was composed of men intent upon defeating the ends of justice. He would have us believe that Cora was a ruffian; "a man-killer," he styles him; and that Richardson was a man of peace, a gentleman of the finest type of American manhood. He is indignant that Colonel E. D. Baker should have defended so depraved a wretch as Cora and he casts this slur on the memory of the brave soldier who died on the battlefield: "This same Baker defended Cora, the pander, the gambler, the deliberate murderer! What will not lawyers do for money?" If it were necessary to say aught in defense of Baker one might easily retort with a recital of some of the things that Mr. Lynch has done by way of a bill of particulars; for it is inconceivable that money could have induced Baker to transform himself into a Jere Lynch.

Character of Richardson

But let us stick to our history. What are the facts of the killing of Richardson? The first fact is that Richardson picked a quarrel with Cora. Of that there is no dispute. The second fact is that though Cora was a gambler, he was no fighter; but on the contrary a man of peace, an amiable, good-natured fellow, who, before meeting Richardson never had a quarrel in his life. Such was the testimony at his trial. And how about Richardson? The prosecution said he was peaceable and kind, chivalric, gallant, etc. The defense proved that he was violent, dangerous, and, according to Colonel Baker, "in his anger, deadly." One witness testified of himself that it was his coolness that saved his life one day in a discussion with Richardson. Colonel Baker in his argument said of Richardson: "Why is it that with the reputation of a peaceable man he was always in trouble? Have you been in trouble? Are you assaulted? Are you seen belted behind a knife and pistol day and night, in season and out of season? Are you reputed to be sudden and quick in quarrel? Are your past lives checkered with adventure after adventure which your best friends dare not repeat? Is that peace? Are you seen at the very depths of midnight in more than doubtful company and reckless, drunken, desperate, meditating assassination, regardless whether your victim be friend or foe? . . . . What could Cora expect from Richardson? Could he say with the pistol to his breast, 'This man is too magnanimous to shoot me—he is too honorable to assail me—he has lived a life of purity and peace too long to vary from his usual course?'" These were the observations, it is true, of counsel for the defense, but Colonel Baker, it is to be presumed, stuck to the record. He would not have dared do otherwise.

Jerry Anticipates

Colonel Baker, it is interesting to note, anticipated Jerry Lynch .He did so unconsciously as a result of the district attorney's remark concerning counsel, "Cora is well able to pay for their services." Colonel Baker addressed himself to the district attorney thus: "Mr. Byrne ought to think better of his profession. The profession to which we belong is, of all others, fearless of public opinion. It has ever stood up against the tyranny of the monarch on the one hand, and the tyranny of public opinion on the other; and if, as the humblest among them, it becomes me to instance myself, I may say with a bold heart and I do say it with a bold heart, that there is not in all this world a wretch so humble, so guilty, so despairing, so torn with avenging furies, so pursued by the arm of the law, so hunted to cities of refuge, so fearful of life, so afraid of death; there is no wretch so steeped in all the agonies of vice and crime, that I would not have a heart to listen to his cry, and a tongue to speak to his defense, though around his head all the wrath of public opinion should gather, and rage, and roar, and roll, as the ocean rolls around the rock. And if I ever forget, if I ever deny, that highest duty of my profession, may God palsy this arm and hush my voice forever."

The Jury

As to the jury that tried Cora, our historian probably deemed it advisable not to give the names of the men whom he besmirched. So prominent did most of them become in the later history of California that all old residents of this city must be able to recognize the names as those of men far from likely to sit on a jury for the purpose of "defeating the ends of justice." The foreman of the jury was William A. Piper, the pioneer, who was a capitalist even in the days covered by the Lynch history. He was elected to Congress in 1875. A. B. Forbes, the general agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, was a member of the jury; also, John J. Haley, a prominent official of the Southern Pacific Company, I. Ward Eaton, Charles H. Vail, Edward P. Flint, Thomas C. D. Olmstead, Jacob Mayer, John M. Easterly, M. Joyce, A. Holmes and William H. Stowell. These men failed to find Cora guilty. Yet Cora was a social outcast and Richardson was a federal official, belonging to a very influential political clique. And public opinion, because of the social prominence of Richardson, and because of the many crimes that had been committed about that time was greatly inflamed against the defendant; how greatly inflamed, may be judged from the statement to the jury of General McDougall who was associated with Colonel Baker: "We are compelled to fight a foregone conclusion on the part of the community. They have judged the prisoner already, and public opinion is pressing on us from all sides. If this prisoner is convicted, I say it solemnly, it will be judicial murder." The jury was discharged after forty-one hours of deliberation. They stood six for manslaughter, four for murder in the first degree and two for acquittal. The Vigilance Committee was organized a few months later, just before the time set for Cora's second trial, and the prisoner was taken from the county jail and hanged. As Historian Lynch relates, it was the killing of Editor King of the Bulletin that afforded the pretext for the organization of the Vigilantes. And he would have us believe that this also was a cold-blooded, premeditated murder. He gives but one side of the story, suppressing the fact that King had publicly announced his willingness to settle on the street his quarrels with men whom he had assaulted in his paper. He is equally unfair in his account of the duel between Broderick and Terry. He would have his readers believe that Terry took an unfair advantage of Broderick. This accusation was made by partisans of Broderick after the duel, but it was never supported by anything more substantial than partisan gossip.

Hobbs—Any poultry, fruit, or live stock on your place, Dobbs?

Dobbs—Yes, an old hen of an aunt, a mule of a nephew and two "peaches" who are visiting my wife.

Unkind to Hays Hammond

John Hays Hammond was not taken as seriously by the British press as he was by the Hearst papers. Some of the London papers poked fun at him, thereby finding the joint in the Hammond armor. For example, one may read this in the last copy to hand of The Winning Post: Our American cousins have frequently been guilty of playing many practical jokes upon us, but it is doubtful whether they have ever played such a huge joke as sending Mr. Hays Hammond over to this country to represent the United States at the coronation. Mr. Hammond

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must not be confounded with the well known pork packer of Chicago, for he is the mining expert whose name has been associated with many Yankee mining deals, and in this despect we must not forget Stratton's Independence. But this is a sore subject, so let it drop. The gross absurdity, however, of sending over a mining engineer and speculator to represent a great country like the United States at so important an event as the coronation in England, is past understanding, and the city is not only chuckling, but roaring with laughter. Mr. Hammond is blessed with a charming and most ambitious wife, and rumour has it that if she ever had her way, he would be President of the United States. Three cheers for the United States.

Charley's Rage

It's a far cry from London to Sacramento, from The Winning Post to the Bee, but Charley McClatchy, recently returned from a study of the effete countries of Europe, has just thrown a conniption fit about Hammond. Charley is never so interesting as when he throws one of his editorial fits. Sweltering in Sacramento's heat he dubs Hays Hammond "the most un-American of Americans; a man who fought against Liberty in a Republic battling in her holy name; a Hessian who in the Transvaal did all he could to force the chains of tyranny upon a noble people fighting for the same sacred principles which animated our soldiers at Valley Forge." And this being the patriotic season Charley proceeds in the approved manner of an orator at a Fourth of July picnic: If this Government is to follow "the cause of civilization and progress" blazed by Great Britain in Ireland, India, Egypt, South Africa and the Orient—is to dash along in the wake of a trail of blood and murder, greed and rapine, theft and oppression—then would it be infinitely better for civilization and mankind that she should meet the fate of Carthage and Tyre; that upon her dishonored ruins should be erected a Nation really devoted to the principles which gave this Nation birth—principles repudiated, degraded and spat upon by such monarchists as John Hays Hammond—men who occupy, notwithstanding the prominence and honor given them by President Taft, the same relative position to "a government of The People, for The People, and by The People," that Benedict Arnold occupied to George Washington, John Wilkes Booth to Abraham Lincoln, or Judas Iscariot to Christ.

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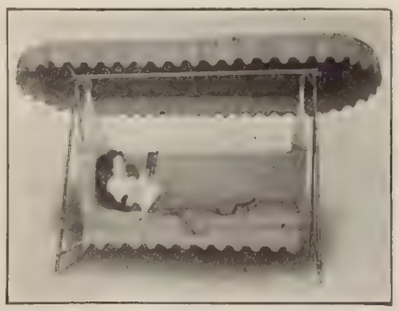

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Indecent Exposure and the Foot Rule

Down in Santa Cruz indecent exposure seems to be a matter that is decided with a foot rule. That at least seems to be the opinion of the city attorney. Fred Swanton has had difficulty in keeping the bathers from sprawling on the beach in proximity to fully dressed spectators, so he put up a sign giving notice that bathers should not lounge beyond a certain point on the sands. The sign has been treated as a joke and men and women have been displaying the charms of their figures and the fashionable cut of their bathing suits wherever it pleased them. The beach policeman suggested to the city council that an ordinance be passed to enforce the rule, but the city attorney opined that no ordinance was needed and that the offenders could be arrested for indecent exposure. In other words a man or woman in a bathing suit is guilty of indecent exposure if he or she lounges too near those who are in street costume. It is a question of the closeness of range. No doubt if a man surveyed the distant bathers through a telescope he would be particeps criminis.

"Aren't you afraid eating Welsh rabbit after the theater will give you nightmare?"

"No," answered the cynical first-nighter. "I'd rather nightmare than lie awake thinking about the play."

The Inspiration of Jail

In devoting himself to literary pursuits in jail, (providing the writing of a tabloid drama may be called a literary pursuit), Abe Ruef is following a precedent that has the sanction of the most distinguished authority. One immediately thinks of Oscar Wilde as the most recent instance of a man who did great work behind the bars. "De Profundis" was written while Wilde was in Reading Gaol. At the head of the list, of course, stands the greatest of Spanish writers, Cervantes who wrote the first half of Don Quixote while lying in a Turkish prison. John Bunyan was imprisoned when he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." Two French writers who were captains of Vagabondia in their respective ages, wrote some of their best poetry while incarcerated. I refer to old Francois Villon and to Paul Verlaine who has just been honored in Paris with a monument that looks like an absinthe bottle. Richard Lovelace was a prisoner when he testified that "Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage." Sir Walter Raleigh was in the Tower of London when he started the History of the World which he never finished. And Silvio Pellico was inspired by imprisonment to write "My Prisons," a fascinating book which people don't read as much as they used to. Christopher Smart went all of these one better. He composed his finest poem in a mad house. Who knows but that Abe Ruef may do some real literary work before his release, write his memoirs for instance.

Our Water Problem

The question as to whether San Francisco is to have the privilege of deriving its water supply from the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is slowly approaching solution. The army engineers appointed to examine the several available sources of supply are now on the ground making a thorough investigation, and they will probably have their report ready before the end of the year. The advocates of the Hetch-Hetchy project, though by no means jubilant over the prospect, are much better pleased now than they were before Pinchot's friend Fisher became Secretary of the Interior. The little band of Hetch-Hetchy boomers being on very friendly terms with Pinchot, believe that they will have the sympathy of Secretary Fisher. But they are an optimistic band, as is evident from the bargains they made and the city's money which they spent for land and water rights on the assumption that the water question had been settled. From the beginning they have acted as though there were no obstacles to overcome. And even now some of them seem to be under the impression that the army engineers will do about as Secretary Fisher wants them to do. This they may find is a wholly erroneous conception of the matter. The engineers will make a report along scientific lines, and besides the Government is not likely to ignore the protests of the Nature Lovers who are still active and aggressive.

Other Sources of Supply

If there were no adequate sources available other than Hetch-Hetchy the Government would doubtless stretch a point in favor of this city. Indeed, with no other source available, the principle of public utility would prevail against all the Nature Lovers in the world. But unfortunately for the gentlemen who are intent on putting through the Hetch-Hetchy deal, and who have already paid out large sums of public money, Hetch-Hetchy Valley is not the only adequate source of supply. Nor is it cheapest even though it is not to be purchased; for there are others so much nearer the city that the cost of construction added to the purchase price will be less

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than the estimated cost of the Hetch-Hetchy system. This is a fact not generally known as the newspapers have been as much interested in Hetch-Hetchy as the original boomers, and equally indifferent to all other proposals. The people behind the Sierra Blue Lakes Water & Power Company profess to be able to save the taxpayers $3,000,000, but no heed has been paid to them. Their souce of supply is forty-six miles nearer to San Francisco than Hetch-Hetchy, a circumstance that ought to carry considerable weight. The company owns an immense watershed. It has one reservoir that has a capacity of 32 billion gallons and another of 14 billion, and from stored water alone can supply sixty million gallons daily. Surely the assertions of this company are well deserving of investigation and doubtless they will be investigated by the army engineers. But why have they been so long neglected? Why has Hetch-Hetchy been the first, last and only proposition under consideration? The strange concentration of attention on Hetch-Hetchy excites my curiosity.

"I suppose you are going to make some addresses this summer."

"Yes," replied the statesman. "I'm going to tell my constituents exactly what they need."

"And what do they need?"

"Me."

More Letters of Robert Louis

Some more of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters have come to light—one hundred and fifty of them—more letters to put his worshipers in touch with his inmost thoughts and feelings, to enable them to look right into the heart of him. This new memorial to a much beloved writer comes from England, by way of change, as it were, for hitherto the demand for intimate news of Stevenson has been supplied chiefly by his widow and her son. Even now, I hear, the wife of his step-son, Mrs. Lloyd Osborne, who lives in this city, is engaged in writing a book on Stevenson's brief career in San Francisco. What a hold has this writer on the affections of people who have read his works! In the whole range of English literature, with the exception of Charles Lamb, there is no writer who has more deeply touched the hearts of his readers or who has inspired a more tender feeling of regard. People speak of him as of some dear friend lost to them, who while living did for them some kind action. Stevenson was certainly a sweet and gentle character, and the popular conception of him is not altered by the letters printed in England, letters gathered by his old friend Sir Sidney Colvin. They reveal, as a commentator has said, "A mind quick to every ray of brightness, and carried along the top of troubled life by its own dancing buoyancy." How like the Stevenson that we have all conceived is the personality revealed in these words written to Henley when he was about thirty: "So I learn day by day the value and high doctrinality of suffering. Let me suffer always; not more than I am able to bear, for that makes a man mad, as hunger drives the wolf to sally from the forest; but still, to suffer some, and never to sink up to my eyes in comfort and grow dead in virtues and respectability. I am a bad man by nature, I suppose; but I cannot be good without suffering a little. And the end of life, you will ask? The pleasurable death of self: a thing not to be attained, because it is a thing belonging to Heaven." Cheerfulness was a matter of conscience with Stevenson.

He Was For War

Some of Stevenson's worshipers will doubtless be shocked to learn that the dream of universal peace was never embraced in his philosophy. Stevenson, alas, was for war. "Action, Colvin, action!" he wrote to his friend in a moment of exaltation when basking for health in a Mediterranean pleasure boat. "O, that I had been a soldier! is still my cry," he wrote after reading Hawley's "Operations of War." And at thirty-four he wrote to another friend, "Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too grey. . . . To confess plainly, I had intended to spend my life (or any leisure I might have from piracy upon the high seas) as the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry devastating whole valleys." When Dr. Jordan reads this letter he will put Stevenson on the Stanford Index Librorum Prohibitorum.

The "Duke of Gloucester" Dead

A few days ago William J. Thompson of New Jersey took a steamer for Ireland. As he went up the gang plank he drew a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket and said: "That's just the amount I landed in America with from Ireland fifty years ago. And it is just the amount of my own money I am taking back with me." During those fifty years in America Thompson became a millionaire. He founded and owned the Gloucester City, New Jersey, racetrack. He was one of the most influential politicians in the State. They called him the "Duke of Gloucester." But Thompson went to Ireland bankrupt and now he is dead. There will be much mourning for him. And there will be a revival of old memories. It will be told, for instance, how one night in one saloon he spent $2300 for drinks without taking a drink himself. Or how he would entertain one thousand guests at a time in his beautiful home near Washington Park. Or how he kept books in his head and never forgot an obligation. Thompson threw his money away and went back to the old country on the bounty of the friends who remained to him. He was one on whose

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Patterns and Colors of Extraordinary Beauty
At $2.45 and $2.95

Sale of Women's Tailored Suits
In New Fall Models
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Clean-Up of Women's Untrimmed Millinery Shapes
Worth up to $1.50
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Sale of Women's Wash Dresses
Lawns and Batistes, in Tailored and Trimmed Styles. Formerly $5.00 and $6.00
At $2.95

tomb might be written that bitter epitaph: "He was his own worst enemy."

He Dodged the Medicos

San Francisco has been favored for some time by the presence of Dr. Munyon who besides being a Friend of Humanity has one of those classically beautiful faces that add immeasurably to the sum of municipal adornment. There is perhaps a reason why the doctor is with us at this time. According to his schedule he should have been in Los Angeles during the past week or so, but a trifling circumstance caused him to change his itinerary. The fact is, the American Medical Association has been in session in the southern city and Doctor Munyon likes to give that body of men a wide berth. When he found that they were meeting in Los Angeles he decided that San Francisco would be a more pleasing field for his philanthropic activities.

Ward Politician—Well, the women are all going to vote for Perkinson.

Political Boss—No, they ain't. I've hired every department store in town to cut prices directly in two on election day.

Exaggerating Earthquake News

In some of the cities of the Pacific Coast the earthquake of last Saturday was made out to be a tremendous seismic disturbance which had caused a terrific panic and a great deal of damage in San Francisco. .The exaggerations were the work of sensational newspapers in Portland, Spokane and our own sister city of Los Angeles. Papers in these cities got out extras describing the havoc done by the earthquake and painting in lurid colors the condition of our city. In consequence San Francisco has suffered a great deal. As an instance of the manner in which these grossly exaggerated earthquake stories were interpreted by readers of these sensational extras it may be noted that a certain newspaperman who has been in this city as press agent for a big celebration soon to be held in one of the northern cities received a wire from the directors of the celebration advising him to come home immediately as it would be useless to continue the work of boosting here. Those directors were plainly of the impression that another calamity similar to that of 1906 had come upon San Francisco. Now this is a matter which our civic bodies ought to investigate very carefully. Who was responsible for the lying reports published broadcast over the Coast? I do not think that the Associated Press is to blame, but it might be well to find out just what sort of an account they put on the wire for the papers which have their service. It is quite possible that the papers guilty of diffusing the exaggerated stories padded their Associated Press dispatches in order to make them more sensational and thereby increase the sale of their extra editions. Papers run by unscrupulous men do that sort of thing. The case of Los Angeles is particularly inexcusable. Los Angeles is forever making loud protestations of friendship for San Francisco and yet no opportunity to knock this city seems to be passed over. It is a crime to libel a city no less than to libel an individual and the libelers ought to be called severly to account. Will our civic bodies take measures to discover the guilty parties and call upon them for retractions? There is always a way to make a newspaper see the error of its conduct.

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Member of California State Society of Certified Public Accountants
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Room 815 Nevada Bank Building 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Business Counseling and Devising of Practical Business Systems a Specialty

His Horse Stories Make Good

Another San Franciscan has made conquest of the eastern magazines. I refer to Alfred T. Dobson, one of our old time newspapermen. Dobson was sporting editor of the Examiner in the old days and later followed the races with a string of horses which included the well remembered "Epicure." Of late he has turned his attention to short story writing and has achieved notable success. So far most of his stories have been concerned with the less known aspects of racetrack life and they are much in demand. Several of them have been published in the People's Magazine. One of these was called "The Gray and Gold" and it appealed so strongly to the editors of "The Horseman and Spirit of the Times," the oldest and most authoritative horse paper in the country that they wrote to the editor of People's asking permission to republish it, declaring that it was one of the best horse stories ever published, a judgment which the editor of People's indorsed in the next issue of his magazine. Dobson is not confining himself, however, to stories of the turf. He has a number of orders for fiction which he is busily engaged in filling.

"And how did you enjoy Summer on a farm?"

"Fine; the farmer talked real dialect and had a pasteboard turkey for dinner every Sunday. He gave us everything except a paper snowstorm."

Two Good Recipes

Sardines a La Creole: Put into the chafing dish a piece of butter size of an egg. When melted add one-half teaspoonful finely chopped onion, one tablespoonful green peppers cut in small cubes. Fry until done. Add contents one can Booth's Crescent Sardines. Mix a teaspoonful of flour with butter the size of a walnut and stir in while boiling. At the last add a spoonful of sweet Spanish peppers chopped fine. Serve hot.

Sardines Fried in Crumbs: Take Booth's Crescent Sardines (the larger the better), wipe dry, season with sale, pepper and a dash of lemon juice. Dip them in flour, then into beaten egg, and lastly in bread crumbs. Heat about three ounces of butter in the blazer, add the Sardines, turning them occasionally until a nice golden brown. Serve with tartar sauce.

A Famous Sauce

Very many years ago Lea and Perrins, chemists in Worcestershire, England, first introduced their now famous sauce to the public and three generations have been engaged in its manufacture. It stands today the unrivalled table sauce the world over, through the unwritten decree of nations. Its formula has defied the researches of chemists the world around because the secret of its combination is an unsolved riddle. It is distributed in the United States by John Duncan's Sons, the original agents. In the manufacture of this sauce, fidelity to the highest attainable quality is observed, not only with respect to ingredients of the sauce, but with the container. Even the paper used as a wrapper, the twine used, and the labels are made to order in accordance with rigid standards. Sanitary control of the machinery of the plant is imperative, and the result is a plant palatial in its appointments. The sale was first started in New York about 1840 by John Duncan, a thrifty son of Scotland, who in 1819 established in New York City a business in rare and fine groceries, wines and liquors. In 1835 Mr. Duncan purchased the building at 405 Broadway, a property still owned by the Duncan estate. Mr. Duncan was a fine type of the old school merchant, wedded to the highest principles as the foundation of success. He never borrowed a dollar, never would take a note, was independent and absolute master of his resources, principles that have been followed from his day to the present. With such a man to introduce and push Lea and Perrins' Sauce, it is easy to solve the reason for its pre-eminent success. The confidence he had in the article and exhibited by his successors is so strong that the quality of Lea and Perrins' Sauce is guaranteed without limit, whether for five or fifty years, as it improves with age. It stopped competing for gold medals away back in 1853 when it received the highest attainable award.

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the most wonderful and efficient of all beautifiers removes without injury Freckles, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Sunburn, Black Heads, Discolorations, etc., leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. Sold by all dealers—$1.00 per bottle or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Write for personal advice and my free 64 page book "Aids to Beauty."

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Summer Resort Arrivals

The following are the arrivals at Cottage City, Santa Cruz: Mrs. R. M. Barshold and family, Mr. and Mrs. Breen, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Griffeth, Mr. and Mrs. Sarl Dudman, J. A. Wright, A. T. DeRome and wife, C. H. Spring, W. E. Warmath, Jr., H. Debarah, V. A. Peters, Jr., G. A. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cock, W. A. Whalen, May Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Quedens, Mrs. Shane, S. Hartup, Miss Julia Lynch, Misses Ehrlick, Rosey Rosenberg, Jack Rosenberg, Percy R. Hader, Mannie Levy, Dr. T. R. Creely, Marian Pressler, G. B. Wilbua, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Wilbua, Mrs. John J. Bradshaw, George Hansen, K. M. Wright, L. M. Quimbly, Mrs. M. K. Stickney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. VonVoorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wendel C. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Leffit, Henry Levitt, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Tutt, A. J. Coleman, Wm. Burke, J. B. Schafhart, L. H. Patti, Miss A. B. Horner, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Norman, P. K. Bradford and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Brown, Stuart Wilder, Phillip C. Golpin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crosby, Mrs. C. B. Kling, Mrs. Julia Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Bahr. Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Button, Mrs. Ruby Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Haggini, Mrs. John Gilbert, Mrs. Joe D. Gilbert, Edwin L. Little, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Whittle, Grace Whittle, and Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Wright.

Recent arrivals at Castle Crag Farm include: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, S. F.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Brasch, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Treadwell, Master Earl Treadwell, S. F.; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Marie Russell, Miss Florence Lent, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Augusta Tryman, all of San Francisco; Mrs. Neil A. McLean, Miss Bessie, Miss Annie, Miss Mary, Miss Flora, Miss Margaret, Miss Edith, Billy McLean, Belvedere; Mrs. G. H. Hazard, San Diego; Paul Bancroft, Master Paul Bancroft, San Francisco; Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Master William Sherwood, Miss Bessie Sherwood and nurse, San Francisco.

The following are registered at the Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Eyre, Capt. W. Matson, B. M. Hecht, Mrs. J. L. Whittlesy, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Connell, J. A. Kelly, Phillip Moreno, P. A. Tarpey, F. A. Fassett, J. J. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Thorp, Robert Craig, Edward Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Judge, J. A. Cooper, S. A. Moss, Master Moss, Miss Donohoe, Miss Bergfelt, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Scheefer, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Sessions, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. E. Zoile, David Starr Jordan, W. L. McMiller, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Aimmods, Judge Baum, M. M. Stern, F. G. Miner, Dr. Taubles, Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. D. Samuels, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lienthal, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mrs. G. H. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Diskinson, Maurice Griffin and party, Roy Hough, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. O'Kane, E. F. Delger, Fred E. Delger, Governor and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Hiram Johnson, Jr., J. A. Cooper, Misses Cooper, J. A. Cooper, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peyton, A. Demming, Mrs. R. Burgh, C. H. J. Harvey, Thomas S. Mulvey, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, H. W. Countryman, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lilchester, Mrs. Rose Lowall and family, E. O. Horon, Mrs. H. Trulson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Earl F. Stephens, John P. Reddington and wife, W. M. Alexander and party, H. S. Weldon, Mrs. J. O. Siebert and family. Miss Shork and Miss Wiebans, Ray Greenberg, Miss Bessie Valleu. F. N. Smith, John Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Queen, Miss Forwood, Miss Queen, Miss A. Queen, L. P. Donny, R. S. Weldon, J. J. McManus, M. Stevens, W. Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smyth, Chas. Mahoney, Dr. C. A. Clover, Wm. McCarthy, Jas. O'Connor, A. C. Fisk, James W. Coffroth, J. L. Hurgert, A. J. Griffin, Jos. A. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gracier, J. R. Usher, F. C. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Mackael, Miss Mackael, J. Ostrader, Miss Blanche Son, Chas. Son, Miss Helen A. Son, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Watkins, George B. Speer, O. O. Odd, D. Hoffman, Miss Garwood, L. B. Jacoby, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Horner, Mr. and Bradford Webster, J. R. Heyneman, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Korbel, Mrs. J. Rinder, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, E. H. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Crubb, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jordan, Mrs. McScherard, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dennam, Dr. E. A. Readbody and wife, Mrs. Edw. Pond, J. C. Pond, E. D. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Lowry, Miss Margaret Lowry, L. A. Ish, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Askerman, N. K. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Pyle, W. De sola, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dusenberry, Mr. Harry J. Ralston and wife, Bib Ralston, F. R. King, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Head, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Alexander, S. J Mayock, A. W. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Saint Dusenberry, Ernest Wilt, W. J. Lynch, W. J. Lynch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Caldwell, Mrs. Thurlow Miller and daughter, Silas Johnson, W. F. Mines, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rodell, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Yorke, J. C. Coloman, Edw. Coloman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton, H. L. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Abbot, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Watson, Edw. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Talbot, Miss W. Scheller, Charles Oakes, J. P. Heeley, Steve Dabovich, Edw. Barry, Dr. F. C. Saill, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jessup,

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1911. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 7-1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, The German Bank (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1911. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager. 7-1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets; San Jose Branch, southeast corner Santa Clara and Lightston Streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for all added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from July 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before July 10th, will earn interest from July 1st. L. SCATENA, President; A. PEDRINI, Cashier. 7-1-2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1911, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1911. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

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3

Routes to select from in arranging your Summer Trip East this year under the extremely low round trip excursion tickets on sale many days during the months May to September 1911, via the

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SOME OF THE RATES ARE

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Atchison	60.00
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St. Joseph	60.00
Omaha	60.00
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Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
Minneapolis	73.50
Duluth	79.50
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	70.00
Houston	60.00
Dallas	60.00
Memphis	70.00
New Orleans	70.00
Washington	107.50
Baltimore	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Boston	110.50
New York	108.50
Toronto	95.70
Montreal	108.50
Quebec	116.50
Portland, Me.	113.50

SOME DATES

July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered by our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge. We'll be glad to do it.

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Broadway and 13th St., Oakland.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Vesta Shortridge, a Mystery

Is Major Davis Vesta Shortridge's second or third husband? "The second," you answer, pointing out that her only other essay in the matrimonial art—or is matrimony a science?—was in collaboration with Sir Emile Bruguiere. So I thought too, but I have been wondering, my wonder having been caused by a line in one of the New York papers. The paper published a dispatch from Philadelphia giving the details of the marriage which so surprised San Francisco. The article ended thus: "Then they (Emile and Vesta) were divorced and Mrs. Bruguiere married again. From the facts set forth in the marriage record the second husband subsequently died." Now, to whom does that refer? Is it a mistake or is it an item of news which escaped us all

Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MRS. WILLIAM F. CHIPMAN

Formerly Miss Bernice Harrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrell of Bakersfield whose wedding took place last week. The bride and groom have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Lansing and will soon sail for Honolulu.

along? And if it is true, what was the name of Vesta's second husband? In another part of the dispatch it is stated that Vesta "has been a widow since January 18, 1910."

It Was Very Sudden

Mrs. Bruguiere's marriage to Major Henry C. Davis was a sudden romance. It was only last January that he was court-martialed at Philadelphia on a charge of insubordination that grew out of an inaccurately sounded bugle call on the Island of Guam while Major Davis was commandant of the station. His mother, Mrs. Elvira Davis, traveled for thirty-three days from Guam to be present at the court martial and testify on behalf of her son. At that time a Miss T. Wells of Spring Lake, New Jersey was mentioned as his fiancee and Miss Wells who was in Philadelphia with her mother as the guest of the major, was quoted as saying that the charges against him did not make any difference to her. That engagement, if there was an engagement, came to an end, however, and it is our own Vesta and not the Jersey girl who has become the major's wife. Vesta first met the major at Monterey where his handsome face and soldierly bearing played havoc with the hearts of many impressionable girls.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

Miss Newhall Surprises

The many friends of pretty Miss Marion Newhall have been caused much wonderment by her sudden return to California, particularly when they take into consideration the fact that she gave up witnessing the coronation as the guest of the American Ambassador and his wife. Few California girls could have visited London under such auspices. Of course society immediately was on the alert to know the reason for Miss Newhall's sacrifice. Some of her friends have noted that immediately upon Miss Marion's return a tall and dashing society man made it his business to follow the pretty society girl to Santa Barbara where he renewed the attentions so marked before Miss Newhall's depature for Europe. The society man returned last week from Santa Barbara, but went there again for the holidays. Society is on the qui vive.

It Went for a Song

Is not the artist worthy of his honorarium, as the laborer of his hire? I certainly think so, even if the artist be but an amateur who fixes his thoughts on canvas or bristol board for the pure love of perpetuating a fleeting thought. But let me not moralize unduly, even if the artist who has inspired this mood of solemnity be Mrs. Len G. Owens, the charming Isabel Preston who is half-sister to Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Willard Drown and Frank Preston. I happened into a certain well known auction room recently while some of the furniture from the old Preston place at Woodside was being put under the hammer. Among other things I noticed a drawing in black and white of the head of a poodle. It was not by any means an unworthy performance but it would hardly have held my attention had it not been signed "Isabel Preston, 1887." That signature gave it the interest attaching to a human document. In what garret or attic of the old home had this youthful tribute to a dumb beast been stored away that it had completely escaped the notice of the charming woman who executed it, I mused. My musing was rudely interrupted by the voice of the auctioneer. He was knocking the drawing down for the ignominious sum of twelve and one-half cents.

Mrs. Moore's Hat

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore attended the dance at Menlo Park on the evening of the Fourth of July and of course the strikingly handsome Mrs. Moore attracted a great deal of attention and was the subject of countless laudatory comments. She always is, wherever she appears. She was garbed in a beautiful gown of pink and gold and wore a large Gainsborough hat. Mrs. Moore has always been noted for the size of her hats. She holds all the records for big hats. But the hat she wore at this very delightful dance at the Menlo Park Country Club was the largest hat she had ever placed on her beautiful brunette head and consequently it was by far the largest hat which has ever been seen in these parts.

A Difficult Name

The name of Oscar Sutro's new home in Piedmont is a poser for his friends. It is "Brandon Oge" which was chosen for some reason Sutro refuses to reveal. The combination of words form a phrase not uneuphonious but its sense is obscure until Sutro explains it. Mrs. Sutro, one of the O'Sullivans, sister of "Neely," better known as Dennis O'Sullivan whose bright operatic

Photo, Webster

MISS CLARA EINHORN

A member of the Junior Assembly and other exclusive dancing clubs in Oakland.

career was cut short by death, is well read in Irish literature and "Brandon Oge" may have been found in her library.

Changed His Name

Captain Jesse Langdon of the army and his wife are in San Francisco prior to departing for the captain's new station in the East. I am reminded that Captain Langdon was in San Francisco once before as Lieutenant Lowenberg and it was as such that he won the heart and hand of Miss Ruth Dunham, an heiress and society belle of this city. They were married as Miss Dunham and Lieutenant Lowenberg but before the ceremony that united them, the legal proceedings necessary for changing the name had been instituted. A few months afterward Lieu-

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tenant and Mrs. Lowenberg became Lieutenant and Mrs. Langdon. It was said the bride had her calling cards engraved Langdon in anticipation of the change. She is a daughter of the late M. C. Dunham of the firm of Dunham, Carrigan & Co., who left a large fortune to his three daughters.

An Unusual Honeymoon

Miss Emily Pitchford of Berkeley whose marriage to William Hussey, the well known mining engineer, took place on June 10 in Johannesburg, South Africa has gone on a rather unusual wedding tour. It consists of a hunting trip to Victoria Falls, the wildest part of Africa. In letters received by her most intimate friends in this city Mrs. Hussey speaks most enthusiastically of her experiences which are deeply thrilling. Mr. Hussey is interested in the Crown Mines of South Africa and the couple will make Johannesburg their home for the next two or three years, Mr. Hussey having built a beautiful home for his bride. Mrs. J. B. Pitchford, the bride's mother, will return to her home in Berkeley some time this fall.

Two Bereavements

The death of Mrs. Simpkins and Mrs. Eugene Casserly within a few days of each other removed two prominent figures of society in former years. Mrs. Casserly as wife of the wealthy banker held a high position and her daughter Miss Daisy Casserly was active socially for several years but gave up society to devote her time to charitable work. She is one of the most earnest and benevolent of the wealthy young women in the city. John Casserly married Miss Cecilia Cudahy and they are members of the San Mateo colony, where she lived for several years, but at one time she presided over a handsome mansion in this city. Hary Simpkins is one of Burlingame's crack polo players. His sister is Mrs. Robert Coleman of Burlingame, who was Alice Simpkins. It is a coincidence that these two families of whom the present generation moved in the same coterie of young people should both be bereaved almost on the same day.

At Santa Barbara Together

Those two devoted friends Mrs. Walton Hedges and Mrs. Marguerite Hanford are enjoying the delights of Santa Barbara together. Mrs. Hedges is occupying a cottage and Mrs. Hanford went down to be her guest. They are two handsome young matrons who occupied an apartment together in Paris last year where they won much admiration. Since Mrs. Hanford's return there have been whispers of a foreign matrimonial alliance but Mrs. Hanford smiles and says no. Her ex-husband, by the way, has just arrived from New York with his present wife, one of the handsome Guittard girls.

Mrs. Winship Here

Mrs. Elizabeth Winship of Macon, Georgia, has arrived to visit her son Emory Winship and his wife who will remain in California to settle up the estate of her mother Mrs. Maurice Casey who died a few months since. The Casey children will make their home with the Winships who are occupying the Broadway mansion built by Mrs. Casey. Mrs. Winship the elder is a southern lady of the old school, her family having been one of the most prominent and wealthy in Georgia at one time. Reverend Clifton Macon from one of whose ancestors Macon receive its name is another scion of an old Georgia family in California. Emory Winship was a lieutenant in the navy when he met Miss Katherine Dillon, the heiress, in San Francisco and their marriage took place eight years ago.

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Another Engagement

The engagement of Miss Marie Barron to Mr. Baldo Ivancovich has been announced and the young people are receiving the felicitations of their many friends. Miss Barron is the daughter of Mrs. M. F. Barron of Ross and is well known in society on both sides of the bay. Mr. Ivancovich is the second son of the lovely Mrs. Katherine Ivancovich and belongs to a family which has been prominent in this city for many years.

Gertrude Carroll's Marriage

Miss Gertrude Carroll who became Mrs. Lytle B. Hull on Saturday last has been so much away from San Francisco for the past two or three years that her marriage came as a genuine surprise. Since the fire Mrs. Carroll and her daughter have lived in Sunnyvale, the old home of the well known pioneer Murphy family. Martin Murphy is the father of Mrs. Carroll who was Polly Murphy and sister of former Mayor Bernard Murphy of San Jose, and the late Martin Murphy. The Carroll home was formerly on the corner of Van Ness and California streets. It was there that Miss Lizzie Carroll, eldest daughter of the late Richard Carroll, was married to William F. Whittier, Jr., at a brilliant wedding. Mrs. Hull is a pretty dark-eyed girl of the true Irish type. She has always been noted for her great taste and style in dressing. Mr. Hull is a New York man and it is there that he and his bride will reside. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Riordan at his residence in Franklin street. Only immediate relatives were present.

Therese Thompson in New York

Miss Therese Thompson who went to England to embrace the religious life but found that she lacked the vocation, is now in New York with her sister Mrs. Charles Norris who was Kathleen Thompson before she married the brother of the late novelist. The Norrises have taken a cottage outside of New York for the summer and are also entertaining Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan who was Margaret Thompson. It is said that Therese is thinking of following a business career.

A Very Quaint Wedding

The wedding of Miss Alexandra Mitropolsky and Mr. Edward H. Hurlbut, a well known local newspaperman, took place on last Sunday evening at the Graeco-Russian church in Van Ness Avenue. To the many guests who were bidden to the marriage it was a most interesting ceremony, particularly to the many friends of the groom who witnessed a Greek wedding for the first time. The procession of the bridal party around the quaint little altar, with the bride in her beautiful trailing white lace gown and the priest leading in full robes of white and gold, was most awe-inspiring and solemn. The bride who is the youngest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Nicholas Mitropolsky was attended by her sister Miss Natalie Mitropolsky who wore a beautiful apricot colored gown of artistic design and a most effective headdress of satin ribbon. Miss Elsa Ament, also a bridesmaid, wore a becoming light blue costume and blue headdress of distinctive Grecian design.

Announced at a Musicale

The engagement of Miss Genevieve Mersfelder to Mr. Hugo Frederick Lenz of New York was announced on Thursday evening at a musicale given in the studio of her uncle, Mr. Jules Mersfelder the artist. Miss Mersfelder is a graduate of Hamlin's and many of her school friends were present. Miss Ella Atkinson was one of those who contributed to the evening's entertainment.

In the Social Spotlight

The A. Comtes Jr. returned the other day from Shasta Springs. They have taken a home for the remainder of the summer in San Jose.

The Hartley F. Pearts have returned to town. They spent a little over a month on a tour of the principal cities of Canada and the East. At several points they were entertained by friends who gave them a most delightful time.

The return of the Pacific cruisers to this section of the Coast has been preceeded by an influx of navy women. Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Admiral Thomas, and Miss Thomas of Washington, D. C., have come to San Francisco for a few weeks. Like a number more of the navy set, they are settled at the Hotel Victoria during their stay here.

Mrs. Zeno E. Briggs, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Briggs, and Mrs. R. L. Douglas, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Douglas, are established at the Victoria for a few weeks. Mrs. Douglas is from Norfolk, Virginia, and Mrs. Briggs comes from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Hall of Boston have been in San Francisco for a few days this week. They have a country place in California and during their frequent visits to San Francisco are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Frank Pixley of "Prince of Pilsen," and "King Dodo" fame, with Mrs. Pixley is a visitor in San Francisco. The Pixleys are settled at the Hotel Victoria.

With simple ceremony Mr. Henry Dakin and Miss Gertrude McMillan were united in marriage in the Blue Rooms of the St. Francis last week.

Mr. C. H. Condon, head of the International Publicity Bureau of Philadelphia, is at the St. Francis.

Admiral Chester Irvington Rhodes, retired, of Sussex, England, is enjoying a brief stay at Paraiso.

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Has a
Reputation
the Piano
Merits it

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An elaborate and especially arranged "Jeunesse" was given by Mrs. H. H. McGowan in honor of her younger son's birthday at Paraiso Hot Springs. The charming hostess left nothing undone to make this week-end affair pleasurable.

Miss Marguerita Sandgren of Los Angeles, Mr. Frank Pixley's niece is stopping at the Hotel Victoria.

The Countess Pinarello and the Misses Fiorani are at Paraiso for a few weeks preparatory to an extended trip East.

Mr. C. Lacey Goodrich, new Oriental agent for the United States Oriental Route, was given a farewell dinner by Mr. E. L. Lomax, traffic manager of the Western Pacifc, prior to his departure for the Orient where he takes up his duties, at the St. Francis on June 20.

Byron Phelps, formerly mayor of Seattle, has been visiting with his son-in-law Mr. W. H. Parry at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Willis McDowell and Eton McDowell are guests at the Hotel Victoria. They come from Pittsburg.

The Misses Temohovitch of St. Petersburg who are making a tour of this country have been guests at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Molyneux Worthington of 2964 Clay street, have gone to the Russian river for two months. Mr. Worthington will be at his studio on Thursday and Friday of each week.

F. K. Prescott and Mrs. Prescott are up from their home in Fresno for a short stay at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy and Miss Pomeroy are spending the June days at Castle Crag Farm.

Father John Waters, special representative of Archbishop Alexander Christie of Porland, accompanied by John Day, have been in San Francisco in the interest of the Astoria Centennial Celebration which will take place in Astoria in the late summer. While here they have been making the St. Francis their home.

Sir Edward Boyle and Lady Constance Boyle, his mother, arrived at the St Francis during the week after an extended trip through the Orient. Sir Edward is one of the best known architects of London and is a director of the London and India Docks.

Lieutenant James Russell of the British Army, recently stationed at Hongkong, arrived at the St. Francis a few days ago for a short stay prior to his departure for London.

Mrs. Fanny C. Macauley and Miss Ellen C. Semple of Louisville with Miss Charlotte Smith of Biloxi, Miss., are visiting in San Francisco for a short time. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. W. C. Hamberger with her daughters Ramona and Alvita has returned from the East after a lengthy stay. Miss Alvita Hamberger who had been cultivating her voice here continued her lessons in New York under Lesley Martin. She sang at one of the Martin concerts and made a distinct hit with both critics and audience. Miss Hamberger is only fifteen and is said to have a fine musical career ahead of her.

James H. Hough of Stockton was a guest at the Victoria during the week. Mr. Hough is one of Stockton's foremost citizens.

C. C. Crystal, C. E. Crystal and E. G. Crystal of Vacaville are in town for a week's stay at the Hotel Victoria.

Del Monte had a large number of motoring visitors during the past week. Among those on extended tours were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis with their two sons from Los Angeles. They were en route to San Francisco and will visit the interesting places of resort up the Coast and through Lake County. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton of Portland with their two charming children motored all the way to Del Monte, visiting different cities and places of interest on their way down. The Oppenheimers and friends from Spokane are touring this section of the State in their seven-seater and expressed themselves as very pleased with the places visited on the peninsula.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Miss A. Bunker are spending a month's vacation at Paraiso Hot Springs.

Mr. J. M. Goulding, late of the Glenwood at Riverside, has gone to Paso Robles Hot Springs where he will assist Dr. Sawyer in the general entertainment of guests.

At Southern California Resorts

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mrs. Wallave Bertholf, G. W. Hislop, Mrs. Kirk Harris, Mae L. Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sultan, Miss K. C. Radford, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, D. G. Milne, Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild, Lieut. and Mrs. E. W. Crosse, Mr. and Mrs. Sdw. L. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Illig, W. C. Fane, Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Taggart, and Lieut. H. A. Badt.

Among the arrivals at Paso Robles are: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fuller, Bakersfield; G. A. Wehring, Hillsburgh, Ore.; D. S. Walker, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. H. Woolrich and children, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Burnett, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Kinney, Paul M. Kinney, Mrs. Mary Van Dyke, Grand Pass, Ore.; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Barnes, Margaret E. Glick, Pasadena; Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Frances McCamas, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Griffin Bancroft and party, San Diego; Lee B. Hawkins and wife, Los Angeles; MacFarland Neilson, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Lefferts, Redlands; Mrs. W. F. Sauer, Mrs. A. F. Blake, Mrs. R. Branch, San Luis Obispo.

Among the guests at Paso Robles are: J. M. Mullen and daughter, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis, H. R. Davis, Master Davis, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ludlow, San Francisco; F. Whitson, Liverpool; P. M. Vander Kun, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stafford, San Francisco; C. W. Grover and wife, Portland; Mrs. J. B. Hedrick, Mrs. Warren Barnhart, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin, Miss Ruth Crellin, Pleasanton; John P. Garmer, Chicago; H. Wilson and wife, F. A. Wilson, W. Wilson, Woodbridge; Mrs. E. C. Apperson, R. W. Apperson, New York; Mrs. W. R. Eckert, Miss Warren, Mr. M. F. Block, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shields, Miss Alexandria, Mrs. C. G. Clinch and her two sons, C. D. Clinch, W. G. Clinch, San Francisco; L. E. Blockman and son, Berkeley; J. O. Gallaway, wife and family, J. L. Mullenbrook, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Oppenheimer, H. Oppenheimer, Spokane; Baron Karl Johna Lilliancrantz and H. T. Lilliancrantz, Stockton.

Righteous Indignation

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir. I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned suffragette and she is never at home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children."

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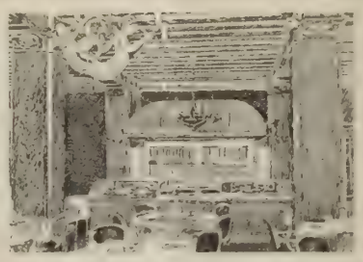

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She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the

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Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.

Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh

By Edward F. O'Day

Even Mrs. Fiske cannot help laughing at Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh. Several times I noticed her putting constraint upon her face to hide involuntary mirth or masking a chuckle behind a handkerchief. She found it very difficult to be serious when the audience was shaking with guffaws. And no wonder. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh belongs in a too small gallery of American dramatic portraits. As an artist would say, she deserves a place on the line. She has been painted in colors of comic originality. She is irresistibly ludicrous. Not to be tickled by her antics would argue a man inhuman. In her presence Niobe's tears of grief would become tears of laughter. I saw a world's fair director who forgot all about the vexatious problem of where to put it while she held him in the thrall of her ridiculousness. She takes us by surprise. We are not prepared for the quick change from the English of the successful climber to the Hoosier of the quack's daughter and the effect is convulsing. It takes you off your guard, biffs you in the region of the risibles and doubles you up. Even if you are a climber yourself you will hardly fail to see the fun of the situation. And that is saying a great deal, for of all folks in the world climbers are the most meagerly endowed with a sense of humor. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is an exception to this rule. Her sense of humor saves her from the consequences of a complete exposure of all her pretenses. The closet-door has been torn rudely from its hinges and the skeleton has been dragged out for everybody to gape at. But Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is equal to the emergency. She is not Jim Sales' daughter for nothing. She was not brought up on patent medicine in vain. The hard training of Missinary Loop, Indiana, has not been wasted. She triumphs over everything and everybody. She brings her haughty exposers to their knees. She points the disturbing moral that a climber with brains can make the seemingly impregnable fortifications thrown up by the best of "best families" crumble like celluloid in a flame. Of course she does not hesitate at employing the most questionable means. What climber ever did? In climbing the end justifies the means. Mrs. Fiske is in her element in this play; as much so as she used to be in "Becky Sharpe" when that was still a fresh vehicle for her talents. And she is admirably supported. Malcolm Duncan who shares the honors with her in the second act is a comedian of top-notch ability. He has elaborated his part with little touches that are inimitable. There isn't a gesture that doesn't drive his meaning home. Florine Arnold is another fine player. As the mother of Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh she has to change from ultra-English to Hoosier nearly as often as Mrs. Fiske and she does it admirably. Kathlene MacDonell has an ingenue part and plays it for all it is worth. The next time we are to see Mrs. Fiske it will be in a play by Gertrude Atherton. Let us hope that she will have some of these clever people around her.

Gossip of the Theatre

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia

Those who love the sweet and simple stories of life and customs in the Emerald Isle and of the men and women who met and loved in the good old days, a century in the past, will welcome the announcement that Chauncey Olcott will make his first appearance here in seven years on Sunday evening, July 9, when he will present at the Columbia for the first time on any stage his new comedy "Macushla" (Pulse of My Heart) by Rida Johnson Young. Mrs. Young, who is best remembered in this city from "Glorious Betsy," "The Lottery Man" and "Brown of Harvard," has, it is said, furnished the popular Irish actor with the best role he has been seen in since "A Romance of Athlone." The play differs from the average Olcott offerings in that the swashbuckling atmosphere is entirely eliminated and the new play treats of racing and track life as it existed a hundred years ago, when each landed gentleman was his own jockey and it was considered no disgrace for men of title to ride their own mounts in the professional races of the period. As Sir Brian Fitzgerald who rides his favorite mare "Macushla" for the purse and bet which will win him back his ancestral acres and save the home of his fathers from passing to the control of the money lenders, Mr. Olcott is said to have the most congenial role he has enjoyed in years. The new songs which he has furnished for the new play are "The Girl I Call My Sweetheart Must Look Like You," "With the Twinkle in Her Eye" and "Goodbye My Emerald Land," and are said to be the most tuneful Mr. Olcott has sung in years. The production has been mounted by Mr. Augustus Pitou in a most lavish manner and the offering will unquestionably be one of the most attractive of the year.

The Orpheum Bill

The merit of next week's Orpheum bill may be estimated from the fact that it will contain three entirely new headline acts in addition to other novelties. Al Jolson, the black-face monologist and comedian, is playing his farewell season in vaudeville. Next season he will be the star of a musical comedy. Emma Dunn who starred sussessfully in "Mother" for some time and also played the Mother with Mansfield in his production of "Peer Gynt" will be a special feature. She will appear in John Stokes' playlet "The Baby." Her role is that of a German immigrant whose husband has left her. Another attraction will be the charming and cultured Willa Holt Wakefield who has not appeared at the Orpheum for several years. To her own accompaniment she talks smart little songs in a delightful fashion. Her numbers are jolly bits of humor with occasional touches of sentiment. The Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians will present a novel offering. Next week will be the last of Gene Green; The Marcel and Boris Trio; The Bergere Players in "Room 44" and Jesse B. Lasky's "The Photo Shop."

WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD

Entertainer to New York's 400 who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

A New "Merchant of Venice"

To the press agent of the Alcazar lovers of the stage are indebted for a curious document. It is the weekly announcement of a change of bill at the Sutter street playhouse but it is very different from the ordinary note. It begins thus: "There are many concessions to modernity in the 'Merchant of Venice' which will be presented to Alcazar audiences next Monday evening and throughout the week, with Theodore Roberts as Shylock, Florence Roberts as Portia, Thurlow Bergen as Bassanio and the rest of the players appropriately bestowed." That phrase, "concessions to modernity," excites curiosity. We have had versions of the play which teemed with concessions to antiquity, as for instance the Ben Greet production. We have had Dick Hotaling's Shylock which was studied from Daniel Meyer and the Ghettos of Europe. Now we are promised something very different.

Theodore Roberts, Reviser

"Mr. Roberts," we read, "revised Shakespeare's book in accordance with his belief that the stage is gradually emerging from the umbra of tradition, that actors are using research rather than memory and that the public is demanding more than the actor gives. Therefore his version of the great play is barren of old tricks and machinery that are retained in most of its other versions. The side speeches, the soliloquies, the visible shifting of scenes and the musical chords are eliminated." We have known that Theodore Roberts was a playwright, but now for the first time we learn that he has been improving on Shakespeare. Thus he is destined to be compared with D'Avenant and Dryden who also re-

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vised Shakespeare to suit the demands of their times (and critics have execrated them for so doing) and with Louis James who used to revise Shakespeare ex tempore, throwing in his own blankety-blank verse when he forgot the bard's.

His Conception of Shylock

"So it is," the press agent continues, "with Mr. Roberts' conception and acting of Shylock. He makes only such concessions to tradition as he finds it impossible to avoid. What were self-communings are spoken by him to listening ears. He has taken from Shylock the aimless wandering in the Rialto where Bassanio happens to find

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In his new play "Macushla" at the Columbia Theater.

him, and given him a habitation and a place of business—aye, and a business too, that gives reason for his being readily found by Bassanio and for him being the one whom Bassanio seeks." Again curiosity goes on the rampage. What is Shylock's business? Does Theodore Roberts set him up in a pawnbroker's shop with the three gilt balls over the door and call him Uncle Shy? Or does he justify the bond by making a butcher of Shylock and show him to the admiring audience carving steaks and slipping his fist into the scales to short-weight Antonio?

A Bit of Appreciation

The press agent goes on to analyze the play and does it in a manner to which justice can only be done by direct quotation. So here we are: "There is more than one side to the 'Merchant of Venice.' Shakespeare built into the play two antithetic themes—one a great tragic figure of racial and religious hatred, the other a dainty love story. They touch each other only once, the point of tangency being the farcical figure of the disguised Portia crushing beneath a legal quibble of doubtful value the outraged father, the honest Jew, driven to delirium of spitefulness by wrongs that are cruel and tremendous. So dominant becomes the one commanding figure that the real hero of the play—the poor little merchant of Venice—sinks into insignificance. And so exquisite is the love story that its elaboration still further submerges him. Thus is presented the strange anomaly of a play that is at once a tragic story of the oppressed beating hopelessly at the gates of justice and a farcical comedy of disguises and impossible confusions, so dear to an age that is past—according as the chief player be a man or a woman."

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

music he refuses to see much difference in different sections.

"After all," he reminded me, "the best people are the same everywhere. They go to the same concerts, read the same books."

Which is no doubt correct, like most of Foote's statements. You see, he takes a question very seriously and answers it in measured phrases, out of an impressive thoughtfulness. The result is that his statements carry weight. One would not carelessly dispute any of them, not even that one about George Cohan. But just the same, it is a sad statement for the dean of American composers to be compelled to make. What would you think of a university professor who admitted that he had never seen a prize-fight or a judge who had never been to a ball game or a preacher who had never seen a horse race? Would you not say that they had deprived themselves of valuable experiences? Won't some one please play "It's a Grand Old Flag" when Arthur Foote is around?

A Funny Librettist

Frank Pixley, the librettist, tells of funny experience he had while touring with one of his comic operas in the West. At a small town, near the Kansas border, a negro approached Frank and inquired "fo' de courtesies of de perfession, sah." The author asked his questioner what branch of the Thespian industry he represented. "I'm de butter, sah," was the applicant's proud boast. "The butter?" repeated Pixley in amazement. "Yas, sah, de butter. You see, sah, my head's so hard, dey breaks stones on it, and chucks baseballs at it, three chucks fo' a nickel. Dat's why dey call me de butter—I can butt my head 'gainst mos' anything." "You certainly are entitled to the courtesies," acknowledged Pixley, and scribbling something on a sheet of paper, handed it to the darkey. A moment later the door-keeper read this: "Please pass the butter."

Mr. Smith's Fad

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaelogist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

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Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stock market prices have held within a narrow range. Weakened on crop damage reports, they recovered sharply on the Union Pacific decision, but at present show reaction on the government proceedings against the United States Steel Corporation. This may have a heavy tendency from time to time until the issue is finally passed upon by the courts. General business prospects will govern the market, and in view of the high prices that have been made every summer after periods of inactivity we favor buying for a broader and higher market.

Wheat—Practically no change has occurred in the wheat situation in the past week. The winter wheat harvest is drawing to a close and will be completed within the next ten days. Threshing returns are showing yields along the lines indicated last week. In the trans-Missouri region the outlook is below the normal and is disastrous in Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas and western Kansas—all of which was anticipated. Eastward an average crop is being reported. No extension of damage is reported from the northwest in the past week, except along the North Dakota border. Conditions have been favorable and ample moisture is present for the time being. The crop still has to run the gauntlet of July which has usually caused a sharp decline in conditions. Both conditions and carry-over indicate that present prices have discounted the yield. The market has been held up the past week on the belief of further damage in the northwest and until the danger period is passed without damage there will be no heaviness, unless the winter wheat producer is a free seller. The heavy summer selling has usually been in the southwest where the crop is the smallest. The Kansas short crop and small yields southward suggest that there will be a competition for the new grain from the Oklahoma and Texas milling trade, which is likely to be reflected in the smaller primary movement, and further strengthen the market.

Corn—Corn acreagre has been increased about three per cent but the output will be the smallest at the outset of the crop in some years. The early crop is half the usual size. The June planting has been heavy and conditions are generally reported as good with the exception of Kansas, Texas and Oklahoma. The market has been strong on the poor outlook in the south and in connection with the rapid decline in the condition of hay and oats, and the poor pasturage. The visible supply has been increasing lately, but in view of the shortage in feed stuffs the market is likely to keep to high prices, especially so if there is no relief soon from the dry hot weather.

Cotton—The agricultural report showed a decline in Texas of three points, 85 against 88 last month. As there has been no rain since June 25, the date upon which returns were made to the government, the damage since then has no doubt been considerable. Deterioration so early in the season is very unusual and as the State is still suffering from the worst drouth of history, the situation is far more serious than generally recognized. During the past eleven years Texas has raised seven small and four large crops. In all of these years the July condition showed an improvement over the June report except in two, viz., 1906 and 1902. The July, 1906, condition was five points below that of June, but the August report was four points higher than July. The crop that year was the largest on record but doubtless would have been a failure if the rainfall during June, July and August had not been practically made to order. In 1902 the July condition was 22 points under the June figure and in that year also the August report was four points better than in July but the crop was a small one. In this instance the July rainfall was abundant but the crop went all to pieces in August due to drought. This only goes to show that conditions reported this early in the season are practically meaningless, as the crop can be destroyed almost within a week, during the rigorous weather of July and August. In the meantime the market continues its see-saw game and fluctuations are in a narrow range.

Hint for Travelers

Ice water, tea, sandwiches and magazines had been sent up to Room 17, but presently the bell rang again. The boy who had been dispatched to attend to the woman's needs returned with the report that what she wanted that time was six empty spools.

"Spools?" said the proprietor. "You are crazy."

"Maybe so," said the boy, "but if I am, 17 is crazy, too. That is what she said, spools."

The proprietor's wife found the spools among the children's playthings and the proprietor took them up.

"I was afraid," he said, "that the boy had made a mistake. Six empty spools."

"Yes, that's right," she said. "You have no clothes hooks in this room; nothing but nails, and rusty nails at that. I don't like to hang my clothes on nails, but by slipping these spools over them the cloth is protected from rust and the nails can't punch holes."

Unrestrained

The old tombstone, in the quaint fashion of its kind, implored the passer-by to pause and drop a tear; and no sooner had the beautiful girl read the inscription than she began to weep. But her mother reproved her.

"Cecilia," she exclaimed, "why can you not have more restraint? You are requested merely to drop a tear, and here you have burst into several!"

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Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....$ 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund.....$ 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911.....$44,567,705.83
Total Assets $47,173,498.51

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The Traitor

(Continued from Page 8.)

so glad! I shall help you with your work; tell me what to do!"

I handed her a rag and asked her to wipe off the printing press. She began cleaning it. Her face was paler than usual and she seemed much excited. A few moments later, Salanty came out of the living-room. He passed me silently, without a greeting, without even glancing in my direction, and left the house through the rear door.

After this he did not appear in our house for two weeks and another comrade attended to his duties. Then he returned and started to work as formerly. He looked even more cheerful than before his fit of moroseness and began to joke and tell stories; but somehow it seemed to me that his cheerfulness was feigned. I also noticed that our relations were no longer as friendly and natural as before and that when we talked together he tried to avoid looking into my eyes.

Another six weeks passed, when suddenly, without warning, several members of our party were arrested. The arrests started in the provinces; every day fearful news reached us from different cities. At first, we thought that the arrests were simply accidental, but we were soon convinced that they were made with a certain system; the chief and almost exclusive sufferers were the associations which were more or less affiliated with our own. At last, even the large cities became unsafe. Arrests were made right and left; places of great importance, arsenals, printing shops, many nooks and corners of the underground world of the Russian revolution were daily discovered by the police. We all became greatly alarmed and awaited the future with anxiety.

At St. Petersburg, a member of our Central Committee was arrested. He was a man of great power and influence in our party. The conviction grew upon us that we had a traitor in our midst. Suspicion fell upon a young fellow by the name of Shelkovikov who had been one of the first to be arrested; he was a delicate, sweet-tempered younth, inexperienced and easily impressed, who might easily have fallen into the trap of the wily public prosecutor. But we soon saw that we had been mistaken; the traitor must have been one who stood much closer to the center of the party and knew much more. It was decided to abandon our printing for the time being. The type and press were safely hidden away in another place, but we ourselves still lived in the store.

One evening Sophia, who never came to us now without a certain sign—a lighted lamp in the kitchen window, and a red and green driver's hood hanging in the doorway during the daytime—arrived, accompanied by Chorupin, one of the oldest and most active members of our party. We all went into Vassa's room and there Sophia, who seemed greatly excited, told us in a choking, faltering voice that the traitor, in her opinion, was Salanty.

And strange to say, though her surmise was utterly unexpected, it did not seem to surprise us in the least; she merely expressed a suspicion that had been unconsciously germinating in our minds for some time. The only thing in his favor was that our establishment was still undiscovered and we were at liberty. But that might have been only a subterfuge on his part to avert suspicion from himself; and besides, could he not lay his hands on us at any time? We discussed the matter thoroughly and the more we talked, more convinced we became that Salanty was the traitor. Vassa sat listening to us in silence; her face was unusually pale and stern.

"But all this is mere guess-work. We must have proofs; only then will we know what to do with Salanty," said Chorupin.

The following trap was decided upon:

The man whom the police were most anxious to catch was Chorupin, and Salanty had lately shown interest concerning his whereabouts. Sophia was to rent a certain furnished room she knew of, in Arbatsky street; she would say that she rented it for a relative of hers who was to come in a few days from Moscow. Then she would send Salanty to me with the following sealed note:

"Ch. will arrive in a few days, call at —— Arbatsky street on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday and ask for ——— (the name of the relative). Possibly you will meet there B. and T. and a few more important persons."

From Monday, the house in Arbatsky street would be closely watched by us, and if suspicious persons should be seen lurking about, it would be a sure indication that Salanty had betrayed us to the police.

Salanty broughtme the note on Thursday morning and gave as an excuse for his tardiness that he thought he was followed, and had therefore been afraid to enter our house.

I tore open the note, read it and burned it in the flame of a candle before his eyes. I did this hurriedly and awkwardly, and began to speak to Salanty, the better to hide my confusion. He looked ill and his face was haggard and pale; evidently he was undergoing acute mental suffering.

He seemed bitter and altogether at odds with himself, complained of his weakness of character, and lack of moral backbone and in conclusion told me that he could no longer remain with us. He asked me to tell the comrades that he had decided to go.

"It is no use," he said, "I was entirely mistaken in my powers and am now thoroughly ashamed of myself when I think that only a short time ago I dared to speak with contempt of the others, and even to hope that Vassa would follow me and join her fate with that of such a man as I."

"Well," I said, "perhaps you are right. There is no use in forcing oneself."

"You are right. Good-bye; maybe we shall never meet again." He hesitated a moment. "And where is Vassa now?" he asked.

"She is in the next room; you may go in and see her if you wish."

"No, no, God be with her. What could I tell her? Good-bye, Yegor."

He made a motion as if to embrace me, but I looked away as if I had not noticed it. He stood hesitating for a few moments.

"You know, Yegor, that I always liked you," he began, "and because of that I am telling you this: you see for yourself what a crisis we are passing through. The whole police force is after

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Condensed Statement of the Condition of the

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JUNE 30, 1911

ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		$2,655,262.06
United States and other Bonds		1,033,627.50
Real Estate, Bank Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		724,898.95
Time Loans (Collateral and Personal)		211,156.50
Other Assets		22,786.43
Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal)	$1,578,026.01	
CASH	1,107,908.10	2,685,934.11
		$7,333,665.55

LIABILITIES

Capital Fully Paid	$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	168,015.42
Dividends Unpaid	30,281.00
Deposits	6,135,369.13
	$7,333.665.55

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

A. P. Giannini and C. W. Bell, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and that said C. W. Bell is Assistant Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.
C. W. BELL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1911.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets

DECEMBER 31, 1904	$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1905	$1,021,290.80
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1907	$2,221,347.35
December 31, 1908	$2,574,004.90
December 31, 1909	$3,817,217.79
December 31, 1910	$6,539,861.47
JUNE 30, 1911	$7,333,665.55

Savings Deposits made on or before July 10th will earn interest from July 1st

us. Anyway, you can't do much now. Why not go abroad for a time and take along some of the others? Vassa, for instance? If you need money —you are no stranger to me—I can get some. But do not wait—every day is precious. I am afraid that something horrible is about to happen—the total routing of the party perhaps."

He spoke with so much earnestness and sincerity that I felt ashamed of the terrible suspicion I harbored against him, and warmly embraced him at parting, looking straight into his eyes, deeply, frankly, as one gazes into the eyes of a friend. He evidently forced himself to meet my gaze. Suddenly an expression of terrible fear and confusion appeared in his face; he grew very pale, his lips were contorted by a guilty smile, and he quickly left the room.

That very day we locked up the store, telling the neighbors and the owner of the house that we were going to the country for a few weeks on account of the death of an uncle of Papkov. I took a furnished room and the Papkovs went to live in a different part of the city.

In the evening we all met by appointment in a tea-house of the cheapest sort. I found it filled with porters, cabbies, and factory-workers. My friends were already seated around a table close to the bawling organ; Chorupin and another comrade by the name of Bondarev, known for his cold, decisive nature, were also with them. The noise about us was so deafening that we were in no danger of being overheard and Bondarev told us in detail what we had come to hear.

Already the house on Arbatsky street was surrounded by the secret police. They loitered around the street corners, were stationed in the porter's lodge, and stood ready to intercept any one of us who should come there. The perfidy of Salanty could no longer be doubted.

The longer Bondarev talked, the more convinced I became that Salanty would have to be put away, and a terrible pain oppressed my heart. I did not hate him as yet, and it seemed monstrous to me that he should be killed. But there was really no help for it; he knew too much, and to allow him to live would mean the ruin of all of us and of our cause. Therefore, when Chorupin broached the subject of putting Salanty out of the way, I was the first to offer myself.

The trap itself was easily found; Bondarev knew of an empty summer villa at Petrovsk in which he had lived for two consecutive summers. But how could we lure Salanty there? After the parting scene between us that very morning, of which I told them, they were all certain that he would not come to meet me and Bondarev in the empty villa.

"Let me have the address of the villa," said Vassa, who until now had listened in silence. "I shall appoint a meeting with him at the villa for tomorrow. He will come!"

"Only Yegor and Bondarev? But where is she? Where is Vassa?" were the first words Salanty said after Bondarev and I had thrown ourselves upon him and tightly bound him hand and foot. Bondarev took out a handkerchief and bent over to gag him.

"You need not do that. I shall not shout. Do not fear," said Salanty hoarsely.

"Leave him alone," I interposed, and after resting a little we carried him into the kitchen as we had previously arranged to do.

"Yegor," said Salanty, when we had laid him on the floor, "let me go!"

"Let you go, you Judas!" I exclaimed, working myself into a passion.

"Yes, I am a Judas. Nevertheless, let me go. I give you my word, I will go abroad and never again do any wrong to any one of the party."

"So, and you think that we ought to take your word for it!" said Bondarev, calmly searching Salanty's pockets. We intended to leave nothing on his person that might lead to his identification.

"You are right," said Salanty, after some thought, "such as I are not to be believed, and you can not leave me among the living."

He turned his face, which was now swollen and bruised from the struggle, toward me and spoke hurriedly, feverishly, as if he were afraid that he would die before he had time to speak out what he had on his soul.

"Yegor, you know I am no coward and am not afraid to die; besides, I have irrevocably spoiled my life, and it offered nothing for the future except suffering. But what fills me with unspeakable horror is the thought that you would crush me in a corner like a worm. This is what horrifies me more than all!"

He broke off for a moment and suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! I understand! You intend to get rid of me with chloroform!"

I turned quickly around and saw Bondarev at the other end of the room opening a jar of chloroform, which filled the room with its sweetish, nauseating smell.

"It is a pleasant kind of death," Salanty continued. "The body becomes so light! And I shall seem to be going down, down, slowly and softly. And then suddenly—all will be darkness and silence. I do not fear death in itself—"

"Wait," I said to Bondarev who was approaching us, "let him finish what he has to say. After all, we were comrades."

"Thank you, Yegor," continued Salanty. "What was it I wanted to say—my head is swimming. Oh, yes. You see, I came here all alone; of

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course I could have brought along some one and left him to await me at the gate. But I did not take any precautions because she called me. I am a rascal—I know it—I never believed in God—but I believed—in her. And now it appears that she has betrayed me; she has treacherously sent Death to meet me instead of coming herself. See here, Yegor, I know you will understand me; grant me another quarter of an hour of life! Let me try to understand why it was that I was so much mistaken in her. Her image follows me everywhere—and somehow it does not seem possible that she should be a traitor! Maybe she will come after all!"

While he was speaking, pity akin to pain gripped my heart and, looking at his bruised face and his hands on which the cords had made deep welts, it seemed to me that I felt some of the pain he must be suffering. "Never in my life shall I be able to forget his face," I thought, and with this thought came another: "I shall no longer serve the cause!"

"Very well," I said. "We will give you another quarter of an hour."

"But this is madness!" cried Bondarev. "You are a simpleton, a weakling! Can you not understand that this is trickery? He must have left word that if he did not return within a certain time this place was to be surrounded by the police!"

I looked straight into Salanty's eyes, and said firmly and decisively:

"No, he speaks the truth."

We walked out of the room and left him to himself.

"I really cannot see why you should be so gentle with him!" said Bondarev angrily, when we were seated on the little balcony. "You should not have offered to go if you were such a nervous young lady. You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Your face is deathly pale!"

I did not reply and Bondarev took out his watch and looked at it impatiently.

"He has just five minutes more," he said at last.

Twilight was already gathering when we suddenly saw in the bluish mist, far up the road, a human figure running towards the villa.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Bondarev rising and turning toward the door.

But the figure proved to be that of a woman. She ran as if almost exhausted and stumbled repeatedly; her fur coat was open and I saw one of her rubbers fall from her foot without her noticing it. Soon we recognized her; it was Vassa. She was panting hard, her hands pressed tightly to her breast. I met her at the gate and she called out as soon as she recognized me:

"Is he still alive?"

"Yes," I replied, approaching her.

She stopped, and fell on her knees in the deep snow. I wished to help her to her feet but she motioned me away and continued to kneel in the snow open-mouthed and breathing hard, her hand pressed convulsively to her heart. Then she took some snow and greedily began to eat it. I could not bear to see her so, and, lifting her up, I almost carried her into the house.

"God be thanked that I came in time!" she murmured weakly. "I beg and beseech you to let him go!"

"My God!" Bondarev retorted angrily. "Are you all crazy? One grants him time, and the other wishes to let him go altogether!"

"Oh, but think of it! Am I not as much of a traitor as he? Have I not betrayed him, lured him to his death?" she cried.

"But consider the facts for yourself," Bondarev tried to reason with her. "What are we to do with him? We cannot lock him up, we have no jails as has the government. Not to kill him means to let him further betray our cause and destroy us!"

"You are right," she replied, "but Great God! to lure him by such treachery to his death! To kill a helpless, defenseless man! Shall we, we be guilty of such a crime! Where is he? Let me go to him!"

"You shall not!" said Bondarev, placing himself before her. "You have no right to destroy our circle and our comrades in this manner!"

"Well, then," exclaimed Vassa, drawing out of her bosom a small pearl-handled pistol and putting it to her temple, "I will shoot myself before you kill him! Do you think I could live after that?" she continued rapidly. "You speak of 'destroying our circle,' why it would not last a month after you had killed him! We would begin to hate each other. He was our friend, our comrade, lived and suffered with us! You will never be able to forget it, and those who ordered you to kill him will loathe you ever after for that very deed! You will be unable to look into each other's eyes; and everything will go to pieces, because you will no longer be able to work together. Believe me, it will be better to let him go and to disperse!"

While she spoke I knew that she was giving voice to my own thoughts.

Bondarev also became thoughtful and taking out a knife handed it to her shamefacedly. "You will need to cut the cords," he said, trying not to look at either of us.

Ten minutes later Vassa returned, her face calm and joyful. She had thrown off her shawl and her hair fell over her shoulders in waves of shining gold; her cheeks glowed a rich red and her eyes sparkled like jewels. I thought I had never seen her so beautiful. We sat down on the window sills and waited for Salanty to leave the house. It was already dark and from behind the snow-covered hillock an enormous, blood-red moon glided upward. A few cold, pale stars glimmered feebly in the light-blue sky and the milky-way seemed like a whitish strip of mist.

"Why does he wait so long?" said Bondarev at last. "It is time for us to lock up the place and go."

From the kitchen came the sound of steps and a match sputtered, then another, and still another. Then the back door was thrown open and we heard the crunching of the snow under his boots. The garden fence creaked and someone sprang to the ground.

We remained there a minute or so longer. All three of us had joyful faces, and we felt for a long time—ready to burst into reasonless laughter and feeling at the same time, spasmodic gripings at our throats. I bent towards Vassa, and taking her soft, slender hand, I reverently touched it with my lips. Vassa, overflowing with happiness, caught my head with both her hands and impetuously kissed me, and I saw her eyes sparkle in the semi-darkness.

We all rose, ready to go. The moon was already high in the sky and had become golden. Suddenly Vassa started.

"Did you hear?" she asked with a shiver, and ran through the kitchen into the yard; we went after her. She sprang lightly over the garden fence and ran on over the snow-covered field towards a black shadow at the edge of the woods. It was Salanty; he had shot himself through the head and was already lifeless.

We returned slowly to the villa. On the way I picked up Vassa's fur coat which she had dropped in the snow, and forcibly put it on her. We walked in silence, each preoccupied with his own thoughts. When we again entered the villa and began to gather the few things we had left there, Bondarev found in the kitchen, by the light of a match, a bit of paper pinned to the wall, on which were a few lines hurriedly written in pencil:

"Half an hour ago, Vassa, I wished to live; but now, when you have set me at liberty, I have lost that desire. I always thought of you, even when I had become a traitor. I awaited the moment when I could malignantly show you what a power you had spurned, and how that power had revenged itself by destroying everything you loved best in the world. And now I am only alive because you have disdained to crush me under your foot like a filthy worm. How can I live and face such ignominy—and a life without you, Vassa?"

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

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Auto Notes

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company has never been known as a concern that plans spectacular runs or has its cars do "stunts" and for that reason the run from New York to Boston cannot be looked upon in that light. However the run is bound to be a notable one in many respects for these reasons if no others. It was the first long distance tour of any kind completed by a worm driven car in this country. It demonstrated conclusively that motor trucks have now reached a point where the factor of possible mechanical trouble may be disregarded as not a tool was touched to the truck during the run or in the week spent in demonstrating work in Boston in the week following.

A. E. Deason of Oak Park is justly proud of the record he has made with the tires on his Ford car. He states that the rear tires according to the speedometer have run 19,675 miles. These are the same tires that were on the car when purchased, and he expects to get at least 500 miles more out of them. The front tires, which also came with the car ran over 12,000 miles before they gave out. They were all Diamonds.

One of the most interesting of recent automobile deliveries was that of a Haynes five passenger touring car to C. W. Keen, the local capitalist. The car will be used for extensive touring throughout the State this summer. Three other Haynes deliveries have been reported during the last three days. Two of the cars went to Oakland and one to a San Francisco purchaser.

Representatives of the Packard Motor Car Company at Detroit are making a systematic canvass of neighboring States in search of skilled mechanics. The Packard shops are working up to their day capacity of over five thousand men and it is the purpose to increase the night force to about one thousand. Most of the night work is in the machine shops and the forge.

The Pacific Motor Car Company reports the sale of a car to Mr. W. D. Peterson of Dixon who came down and selected a Cole "30" as the car that best suited his purpose.

Joslyn & Holmes of Susanville have just taken delivery of a Cole "30" touring car.

Mr. C. Fred Grundy, agent for the Cole "30" in Southern California, is visiting the Pacific Motor Car Company, local agents, on his return trip from the International Motor Races held in Indianapolis. Mrs. Grundy accompanies him.

Mr. H. W. Westphal writes the Pacific Motor Car Company from Wildbad, Wittenberg, "My Stevens-Duryea is a peach for a hill climber; it beats anything I have met. We are on our way to Stuttgart through France and are now making Germany, thence Sweden, Norway; this winter Austria and Italy; Great Britain next spring."

"During the past week," says G. M. Berry, sales manager of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, "more Rambler motor cars have been sold to farmers and other purchasers throughout the Middle West than any other individual week so far this year and everything indicates that the next few weeks will show even better sales."

"Tire making is as good as a course in physical training," recently declared a physical director after watching an army of automobile tire makers at work in the Diamond Rubber Company's plant at Akron, Ohio. The teacher of muscle building was right. Making an automobile tire requires considerable time and in the process practically every muscle of the worker's body is brought into play.

W. D. Newerf, president of the Newerf Rubber Co. of Los Angeles and part owner of the Lozier car which Teddy Tetzlaff drove in part of the race at Indianapolis on Memorial Day, wants to bet $5,000 that Tetlaff can defeat Harroun if given another chance. Mr. Newerf, while not trying to belittle in any way the performance of Harroun at Indianapolis, is inclined to think that Tetzlaff had hard luck on that day and has implicit faith in Teddy's ability to "come back." Details of the challenge were wired to the Marmon factory, Ray Harroun, Carl Fischer, manager of the Indianapolis speedway and the American Automobile Association.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER N. BUSH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of O. M. Goldaracena, Esq., at Number 4 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Atty. for Executor,
4 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11730, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. CONDON, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased.

Dated; San Francisco, California, June 17, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE Att'ys. for Executor,
Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of E. J. BENEDICT, sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT J. BENEDICT, also sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT JUDSON BENEDICT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of E. J. Benedict, sometimes known, called and written as Egbert J. Benedict, also sometimes known, called and written as Egbert Judson Benedict, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Emily W. Benedict, at the law office of Seth Mann and Aitken & Aitken, 559-565 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., deceased.

EMILY W. BENEDICT,
Executrix of the Estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

SETH MANN and AITKEN & AITKEN,
Attorneys for Executrix.
559-565 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES F. LYONS, Deceased—No. 11,631.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Patrick Lyons, Administrator of the estate of James F. Lyons, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Maurice L. Asher, Attorney at Law, 616-617 Metropolis Building, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James F. Lyons, deceased.

PATRICK LYONS,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Lyons, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.

MAURICE L. ASHER, Atty. for Administrator,
616-617 Metropolis Building,
Market and New Montgomery Sts., S. F. 6-10-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue [illegible] feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELVOY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Lower avenue, running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

I. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Cassidy; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street [illegible] fifty [illegible] feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles [illegible] feet; thence at right angles [illegible] feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of [illegible] street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-[illegible] feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and [illegible] feet; thence at right angles southerly and [illegible] feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-[illegible] feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue south, distant thereon [illegible] one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, [illegible] feet one eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of [illegible] avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the complaint, you will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
502 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff 6-24-10

Letters

Jack London's Latest

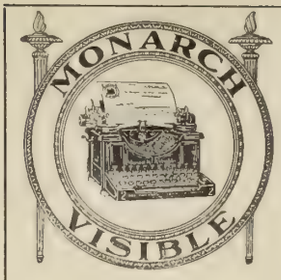
Though "The Cruise of the Snark" is a sizable volume, relating the details of the adventure from the conception of the idea until the enforced abandonment of the enterprise, it is but a small fragment of what was in the author-owner's mind when he set out on the voyage, and it will be a poor spirit that can finish the last chapter without sharing in the regret and disappointment that a magnificent dream could not be made true. Any one who has tried to have even a chicken coop built on time, within specifications and at an agreed price can sympathize with the exasperations which beset the construction, and surely the prophecies and predictions of evil which were sent broadcast from the moment the first stroke of work was performed were little short of a demonstration of "malicious animal magnetism." In advance and with deadly iteration we were informed that the "Snark" would neither steer nor sail, nor stop, nor stay above water. She had every known defect of every species of vessel and a few new ones of her own, and yet the fact remains that she did sail, despite an inexperienced crew, a captain who studied navigation with one hand while he practiced it with the other and the development of some unexpected individualities. Her only mishaps were the results of botched work and scamped materials—graft. There is an interesting chapter on the subject of volunteer assistants and applicants for a chance to go round the world or to the bottom of the sea, as long as it promised adventure and novelty, and a still more interesting one, told with an admirable humor, on the pleasures of finding one's way about without landmark or sea-mark or practical knowledge or any higher power to consult. There is a genuine surprise in store for the majority, in the description of the leper colony at Molokai, for it is shorn of the gruesome stock horrors, and the afflicted are represented as not only cheerfully happy but actually and in every way far better off than they would be elsewhere, barring, of course, the fact of the disease. Mr. London's deductions and observations are in accord with the latest scientific investigations—that leprosy is only mildly contagious and with reasonable precautions there is no occasion for panic. It is not so many years ago that the Solomon Islands used to be a stock subject for Sunday Supp exploitation. The Garden of Eden was supposed to have been mislaid thereabouts, but according to this new version, it must be an eruption of the other place for not only are the natives savage and bestial but the atmosphere appears to be tainted so that every trifling bruise or abrasion develops into a running ulcer. The stone-fishing at Bora-Bora, the surf riding at Hawaii, the native hospitality, the canoe sailing, are all described at length and with the lively interest of a participant, not the pedantic discourse of the mere onlooking tourist. Books of travel are too often obviously gotten up from official information, railroad folders and guide books, with no excuse for their publication save the vanity of the compilers. "The Cruise of the Snark" is different. Even such subjects as are somewhat familiar to Pacific Coasters through the relative nearness of the islands of the South Seas are presented with a new vigor and vividness which only intensify the regret that the three hundred and forty pages are not multiplied by ten. Illustrations, which are numerous, are all from photographs taken by members of the expedition and there is a colored frontispiece of the little vessel sailing out of the bay. The Macmillan Company, who have given us nearly all of Mr. London's books, are the publishers of "The Cruise of the Snark."

"A Study in Southern Poetry"

This is the sort of book which the reviewer takes up with lively interest. Any anthology, no matter how badly made, is bound to possess something worth while and in running through the pages to find favorite pieces there is always pleasure. "A Study in Southern Poetry" was prepared by Henry Jerome Stockard as a school text book. It is prefaced by a brief essay on the art of poetics suited to the intelligence of a young student. After the selections of every poet's works there is a series of questions calculated to guide the student in his appreciation of the poem he has been reading. And there are some notes of an interesting kind. But the book will interest others too. It is a good manual of representative poetry by singers of the South. It begins with St. George Tucker who was born in 1752 and ends with Olive Tilford Dargan who is still singing and who was born, we find in "187—.." Of course the greatest poets included are Poe and Lanier from whose works a satisfactory selection has been made. On the Pacific Coast we are interested in finding two stirring selections from John William Palmer who practiced medicine in this city before the Civil War. Of course that great war poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg" by Will Henry Thompson of Seattle is given. Father Abram Ryan is well represented but why was his best poem, "The Song of the Mystic" omitted? Altogether, the book shows what a lot of fine singers the South has produced. It also suggests the possibility of a similar book dealing with California poets. A California anthology with good biographical notices of the men and women who have found their inspiration here would be a very fascinating volume. "A Study in Southern Poetry" comes from the Neale Publishing Company.

"What you see in that creature to admire I can't see," said Mrs. Dubbleigh. "Why, she's all made up. Her hair, her figure, her complexion—every bit of her is artificial."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Dubbleigh. "If the world admires self-made men, why shouldn't it admire a self-made woman?"



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STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

DATED JUNE 30, 1911

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($8,620,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof ($3,684,812.50), of the State of New York ($250,000.00), the actual value of which is	$14,734,436.89
2—**Cash** in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks	1,533,467.11
3—**Miscellaneous Bonds,** the actual value of which is	6,559,825.61
	$22,827,729.61

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railrway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($297,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($250,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($29,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5,000.00), "Southern Pacific Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($1,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($758,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,465,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($563,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00).

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	32,415,149.67

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is it principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	223,151.68

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($808,863.12), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($16,925.49), and Alameda ($2,825.97), in this State, the actual value of which is	828,614.58
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is	1,002,301.96

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

Total Assets	$57,296,947.50

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation Owes Deposits** amount to and the actual value of which is	$53,296,947.50

(Number of Depositors, 81,452. Average Amount of Deposits, $654.00.)

2—**Reserve Fund,** Actual Value	4,000,000.00
Total Liabilities	$57,296,947.50

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.
JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.
JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this third day of July, 1911.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Deposits made on or before July 10, 1911, will draw interest from July 1, 1911. R. M. TOBIN, Sec't'y.

Vol. XIX. No. 986 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 15, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

WORLD'S RECORD---DURABLE DAYTON

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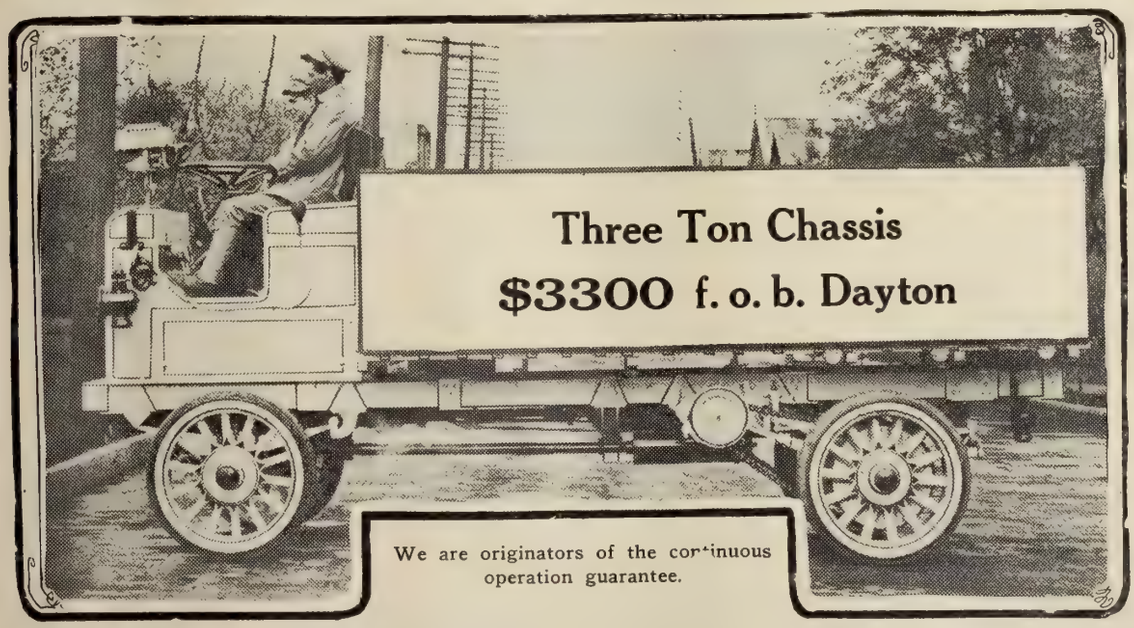

SPECIFICATIONS "THE DAYTON" MODEL K 3-TON

Motor—Four cylinder, specially designed for heavy commercial work, having long stroke, extra large bearings, crank shaft and connecting rod, developing 45 H. P. Cylinders cast in pairs from close gray iron. Valves located all on one side and operated by one cam shaft, which can be removed through opening provided in front of motor. Valves are drop-forged with 45-degree seats, and are operated by roller push rods. Cylinders, pistons and rings are finished to size by grinding. Crank shaft is of generous dimensions, one piece drop-forged, accurately ground to size, and running on three extra long bearings. These are carried in upper half of case, so that in removing the lower half the adjustment of main bearings is not disturbed. Cam shaft and magneto gears operate between two bearings. This construction will be recognized as the ideal for heavy duty motor.

Lubrication—Oil is pumped from crank case reservoir through copper tubes to all main bearings and oil compartments in bottom of crank case, where a constant level is maintained. An overflow outlet prevents flooding of the engine with oil. A telltale gauge shows amount of oil in crank case at all times, and a sight feed on dash is also provided.

Carburetor—Stromberg. Water jacketed.

Ignition—Dual system. Bosch High Tension Magneto with batteries for starting.

Gasoline Capacity—25 gallons. An extra compartment is provided in main tank, which holds three gallons, and cannot be used until supply in main tank has become exhausted.

Front Axle—I-beam section, 2¼ x 4. Drop-forged and yoked at ends for steering knuckle. Spindles and steering knuckles equipped with Timken Roller Bearings.

Cooling System—Gear pump driven from magneto shaft.

Radiator—Vertical tube with capacity of 9 gallons. A belt-driven fan, running on ball bearings, and located at front of engine, assists in cooling.

Clutch—Hele-Shaw Multiple Disc. Recognized as the most efficient clutch on the market.

Drive—Propeller shaft placed in straight line with engine, using two universal joints (one at each end), one of which is a sliding joint.

Transmission—Three speeds forward and reverse. Transmission is connected with jack shaft and is supported by three-point suspension. Main shaft and counter shaft are extra large and run throughout on Timken bearings. Main driving pinion supported between two Timken bearings, a feature worthy of special notice. The gears are Brown & Sharp 1½ inch face. Jack shaft is full floating type, running on Timken Roller Bearings and attached to frame by heavy brackets. Driving sprockets placed between jack shaft brake and frame, eliminating excessive overhang.

Rear Axle—Heavy drop-forged, rectangular section, 2¼x3¼. Timken bearings.

Brakes—Two sets. One set operating on jack shaft, external; one set on rear axle, internal. Both brakes of generous dimensions and easily adjusted.

Steering Gear—Located on left side, giving driver perfect view ahead and rear. Shifting and emergency brake levers located at driver's right in center of footboard, allowing driver to enter car on either side.

Control—Spark and throttle on steering column. Left foot pedal controls clutch; right pedal controls external brake operating on jack shaft. Speed change lever located at driver's right, giving three speeds forward and reverse. Emergency brake lever operates internal expanding brakes on rear wheels, also disengages clutch.

Springs—Front—semi-elliptic: rear—full platform.

Wheels—Wood. Artillery type, 36 inch front and rear.

Tires—36x5, front; 36x4 dual, rear.

Speed—12 to 14 miles per hour. Automatically governed if desired.

Wheel Base—136 inches to 150 inches.

Body—Any design desired built to order, loading space 6x14 feet.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, July 15, 1911 | No. 986

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In his new play "Macushla" at the Columbia Theater.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.
For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.
New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.
Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.
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Why Wrecks Occur

There must be some reason why so many ships that ply between San Francisco and other ports of the Pacific are wrecked. Nowhere else in the world are marine insurance risks so hazardous as those that are taken in San Francisco. This is not because of obvious perils but because experience teaches that ships that sail from this port have either an unhappy tendency to discover invisible rocks and reefs or a fatal passion for cross-country navigation. Why these should be characteristics of San Francisco ships nobody knows. And apparently nobody cares save the insurance agents, who are threatened with heart disease whenever they see a ship leave a wharf. Nearly all our marine insurance men are nervous wrecks. This is because they are always on edge waiting for news of the arrival of the vessels on which they have issued policies. Singular that this should be so. The ocean on which these ships ply is known as a pacific ocean. It is the most expansive of oceans, and on this coast it is untroubled by magnetic storms, typhoons, or any of the caprices of nature that are dreaded by mariners. There is hardly anything but fogs to make ship captains apprehensive along this coast, and on a trip up or down the coast there ought to be no danger in a fog except of collision, a catastrophe that seldom occurs. Most of our wrecks are land wrecks; that is they occur on the shore rather than on the ocean. The only objection to guarding against this kind of disaster is that it involves time and fuel, and this appears to be a very serious objection to some ship owners, those that estimate the ability of a captain by the speed he makes and the fuel he saves.

The Dread of Municipal Management

The Examiner protests vehemently against the building of the Geary street road by day's labor. It pronounces this method "a defiance of public will and reasonable policy," and makes the astonishing assertion that "on public work there is nobody who has any keen interest in seeing that the work is done." In the opinion of the Examiner "it would be one of the world's miracles if the road were built for the money estimated" under the supervision of public servants instead of by a private contractor. All this is astonishing only because it emanates from the Examiner, the prophet of "public ownership." Every one of the many constant readers of our influential contemporary must long since have received the impression that according to the philosophy of that journal there is no service so fine as that which is to be had at the hands of the servants of the people. The Examiner is the most ardent of all advocates of a municipal railroad system; yet the Examiner objects to the building of a street railroad by municipal officials. If, as the Examiner says, the road cannot be built economically by job chasers is it likely to be operated economically by job chasers? If on public work "there is nobody who has any keen interest in seeing that the work is done," what sort of service shall we get on the Geary street railroad when the cars are manned by job chasers under the supervision of job chasers?

Hearst an Oligarchist

The Examiner's dread of municipal management is not more astonishing than its recent utterances regarding the lamentable susceptibilities of a crowd. It is generally believed that one of the Examiner's pet notions is that when men get together there is infused into the assemblage by some mysterious process an element of divinity which renders them immune from error. It is generally believed to be because of the Examiner's faith in the infallibility of crowds that it prefers a simple democracy to the American system of representative government. But these beliefs seem to be not well founded. In an editorial the Examiner tells of a New Jersey legislative body of six hundred men, which, after having unanimously agreed to pursue a certain policy, was "swung to a man" to the way of thinking of a persuasive orator by whom it had been addressed. This, the Examiner tells us, shows how a crowd may surrender "its legislative capacity"; how men instead of thinking for themselves become "as sheep trotting along behind a bell wether." In the same editorial we are told that "a crowd in becoming a crowd, resigns its brains and resolves itself into an echo": that "a few counselors reason toward a conclusion" whilst "a crowd may be expected to precipitate itself into a conclusion." From all of which it may be inferred that Mr. Hearst who but recently was expressing himself in favor of turning the administration of justice over to the crowd, has become a reactionary of the worst type. Obviously he is aware of the inherent emotionalism of a crowd, even of a crowd composed of men of more than average ability. We gather from his observations that he has come to the conclusion that reason is to be looked for only when a few counselors get together. It's as plain as the new Examiner building that Hearst has turned oligarchist.

A Plea for Shylock

At the Central Conference of Rabbis in St. Paul last week it was resolved to urge that Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" be barred from the public schools of the country "because it tends toward ridicule of the Jewish race." Poor old Shylock! Must we regard him as a caricature of his race and banish him from our sight that he may no longer bring ridicule on his tribe? If so then some of us have long been duped by our point of view. Through the years we have enjoyed many impersonations of the Jew that Shakespeare drew, but never without the profoundest pity for him, never without scorn for his tormentors; and never have we risen from a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" with anything but the kindliest feelings toward the fanatic and bereaved father, the victim of coarse insults on the Rialto who fed fat his ancient grudge against a cold-blooded crew of arrogant and brutal Christians. Shylock as we have known him is no caricature. He is a Jew of the times and of the country in which he lived, a country peopled by Christians who seemed to be insensible of the fact that a Jew was a human being with eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections and passions. In what manner does Shylock reflect ridicule on his race? Surely not because he was glad to have an infidel on the hip. In that respect he was no different from the Christians with whom he mingled. Shylock is above all things a good hater, the kind of man that so ardent a Christian as old Sam Johnson dearly loved, and there is nothing else to be said against him. Sincerely we resent the stigma that the Central Conference of Rabbis would put upon him.

Why Prosperity is Reluctant

For a long time the whole country has been looking forward to the dawning of a new era of prosperity. Everybody has been longing for "good times," for the revival of conditions such as existed in the halcyon full-dinner-pail period when Theodore Roosevelt took the seat vacated by William McKinley. The Roosevelt panic having spent itself, naturally it was supposed that the full tide of a rich commerce would soon be coursing again through all the varied channels of trade, imparting life and vigor to all the fields of industry. But glad expectations have been disappointed. Why? Students of financial conditions tell us that none of the factors that usually make for prosperity is missing; that, indeed, all the symptoms of commercial and industrial activity are visible. Yet we are not experiencing what are known as "good times." The only plausible hypothesis on which to account for the singular, the seemingly illogical, state of affairs, is one suggested by the New York Sun. That journal of the plutocracy opines that the country is suffering from a fatal combination in restraint of trade, a combination of the Open Mouth in Washington, D. C. This assuredly is a powerful and most mischievous combination, acting as it certainly does as a deterrent on enterprise, a brake on the wheels of commercial initiative, a drag-chain on business impulse. Aside from the fact that the Open Mouth keeps the Captains of Industry guessing as to the basis on which they may expect to do business, it makes everybody apprehensive with respect to the probable character of the government in the near future. Consider, for example, the situation

in this State; how uninviting to the man with money to invest; how alarming to the man with money already invested. There is but one safegard for vested interests, and that is to be found in the courts. What man with millions to invest would think of investing them in a State which is threatening to have the courts personally conducted by the mob? If such there be, the lunacy commission will have to deal with him in the near future. All over the country there is more or less of the same kind of feeling that exists as to insurgency in California. and all because of the rampant radicalism of the hour reflected and fostered by the Open Mouth combination in Washington. The country is afflicted with a plague of pestiferous statesmen, peanut politicians, animated by no other motive than that of accumulating political capital for the next election. To that end each clique of Open Mouths, while affecting to be devoted to the interests of the country, is doing nothing but trying to out-manoeuvre all the other cliques. The debate over reciprocity and the several tariff schedules is nothing more than a political farce. This is obvious to the most superficial observer. And all the while that these politicians are indulging in this vicious chicane for their own selfish ends they are at the same time encouraging the spirit of radicalism and disparaging the institutions of their country for the sole purpose of cultivating the esteem of the great and ever-increasing army of malcontents and incendiaries. No wonder the "good times" are slow to return. What is the remedy for this lamentable state of affairs? Former Governor Black of New York has suggested that the conservative business men of the country should get together, raise their voice against the spirit of radicalism and start a movement to counteract the evils which the apostles of discontent are responsible for. If we must look to our business men for redemption then God help us!

The University Hustler

From an address by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler we learn that a dangerous tendency of the times is a "too insistent emphasis on vocational training." "We don't want one kind of training for the working man's children to condemn them to membership in a permanent working class," says the sage of Berkeley. "It is our duty," he add, "to keep the door of opportunity open, which is the public school, free to every American child. We don't want one kind of education for the rich and another for the poor." Dr. Wheeler's ideal educational system is one that insures larger opportunities not for the children of the poor but for the members of his profession. That is what he means by saying, "We don't want one kind of education for the rich and another for the poor." The single purpose of our college presidents nowadays is to feed the universities, to increase the student body, to make for expansion, and thus increase the importance of the professional educators of the higher academic realm and put money in their purse. And because of this sordid ambition of college presidents every public school is a feeder for a university. The whole course of study from the primary to the high school is designed to increase the number of freshmen that there may be no falling off in the crop to be harvested by the Wheelers and the Jordans. This is not to be described as "a dangerous tendency." It is an actuality, than which there is nothing more to be deplored in the whole range of national follies. The purpose of our educational system as it has been constructed by selfish pedagogues is discussed in a most entertaining manner by Frank Moore Colby in his essay on "The Significance of Freshman." He says, among other things: "Freshman must be had on any terms. With a falling off in freshmen down goes the pulse of the institution, down goes the president's reputation and treasurer's receipts and the professors' salaries and the alumni's hopes and about everything else that it is the purpose of the institution to keep up." The fact is our educational system has been perverted to the purposes of a profession that suffers as much as any other from the taint of American commercialism. Our modern typical college president bears no resemblance to the schoolmaster of old, whose zeal was a benevolent affection, who devoted himself body and soul to the ideals of his profession. Our typical college president is what Colby describes as a "hustler." He is a familiar figure at the annual dinner of the alumni whom he congratulates on "the completion of the new grand stand and on the size of the entering class." He outlines plans for the rapid growth of the university, says Colby, and rapid bigness is to him the key to educational progress. The criterion of his policy is the size of the freshman class. If larger than last year, "it is taken to mean the progress of the college, more gifts for dormitories and athletic fields." And "to ask him whether the freshmen 'are qualified students or belated children,' argues a suspicious mind." Now what is the consequence of this policy? Has it afforded greater opportunities for the poor? It certainly has not proved a boon to the poor whose children have to go from the grammar school to the workshop. There was a time when the grammar school laid the foundation of an education; when it enabled the boy with mental faculties of average quality to go forth into the world and improve himself with little difficulty and to such degree as to qualify for the very highest stations in life. This is no longer so. The grammar school is a step on the ladder that reaches to the university, and for those that cannot afford to spend the time necessary to climb to the top the step is hardly worth taking. If Dr. Wheeler is more concerned about the children of the working man than he is about himself it is singular that the present course of study in the public schools of this State should meet with his approval. It is likewise singular that one who wishes to keep open "the way to the top" for the benefit of the poor should make the top inaccessible to the poor. This is precisely what Dr. Wheeler has done, notably with respect to the study of medicine.. He has so lengthened the period of study that in this State none but the children of the affluent can afford to make the medical profession the goal of their ambition.

Perspective Impressions

When Nat Goodwin gets through writing about his former wives it will be high time to play a hose on him.

Ethel Barrymore made the mistake of marrying her brother's friend. Fancy a running mate of Jack Barrymore making a nice model husband.

David Starr Jordan is now fighting the twin evils—whisky and tobacco. To give this fight his undivided attention his dogs of peace will be tied up for awhile.

The political platform formulated by Dennis Kearny more than thirty years ago was found on examination the other day to be in all its salient principles the same as the platform of twentieth century insurgency. What a great statesman was Dennis!

"You Americans cawn't see how funny you are," says Dr. Aked. But our apprehensions are not unduly hebetudinous when it comes to seeing a joke-in-the-pulpit.

"There is danger of even England lawfing at you," continues the Agathodaemon of Post street. Right O! But as long as England sends her akeds to us we shall practice reciprocity in laughter.

The latest news from London via the Hearst papers about John Hays Hammond is that the Greatest American nudged the King and observed, "I should think, sir, that you would be gratified that everything passed without a hitch." John has been making brilliant remarks just like that ever since he arrived in London. The scintillations of his wit have almost blinded royalty.

"We teachers," complains Prexy Wheeler of Berkeley, "are always finding fault with ourselves and our systems when we ought to be joyful." We hadn't noticed this in the prexy himself. Always thought, in fact, that when it came to patting oneself and one's system on the back the prexy was an ambidexterous contortionist.

"We," continues our modest pundit, "accomplish the co-operative accord between the school and the child and we develop the potential individuality of the child. We put the law in them and not on the cuticle." This is the metaphysical exaltation of the hyperdermic syringe over the old-fashioned ferule.

And then prexy speaks of the "most unique" contribution to civilization. Prexy, thou art most traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm by using bad grammar.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Economy in the Navy

Secretary of the Navy Meyer, who informed Congress last winter that he had effected a saving of approximately $2,000,000 in the handling and distribution of the naval supply fund in the last year, has announced another saving of $107,874 in the matter of expenditures for the half year ended January 1, 1911. This has been accomplished by means of competition on all the ships in the navy in the matter of ordnance, steam engineering, construction, repair, equipment, supplies and accounts. At the beginning of the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1910, definite money allotments were made to cover the possible expenditures for the year. It was thought placing the ships in competition would produce economy in expenditures, and the results have been satisfactory. This has been accomplished by the new method of operation under the general storekeeping system afloat. It is announced that a percentage of saving of 75.7 was made by the battleship Missouri. The North Carolina saved 75.6.

The French Fine Arts Budget

The budget of the Fine Arts Ministry has reached the French Senate and contains some interesting statements. The report on the state-subventioned Opera points out that the opera company, instead of being limited to the thirty singers required by the agreement, numbers sixty-seven, and that only five of these sixty-seven are foreigners. The deficit on the year's business the report declares insignificant compared with the deficit of $60,000 at La Scala, Milan; of 2,000,000 crowns at Vienna, of $250,000 at New York and 75,000 rubles at St. Petersburg. Richard Strauss's "Salome" produced $88,000 for twenty performances and gave the directors a profit of $28,000. The report is very severe on the present output by young painters who are admitted to the annual Salon. It speaks of the absence of any ideas and the mediocrity of workmanship and declares that a rising flood of daubers is submerging the true artists. As remedies it recommends greater strictness in choosing the jury and less encouragement on the part of the State. It also suggests that perhaps the better artists should form a new salon, where only well thought out and seriously carried out work should be welcomed.

Reintroducing the Duel in England

Every now and then we hear the fallacious news that the duel is dying out. It is rather growing more deadly. And not content with plying the trade on their own soil, the fiery French are now carrying it to England. Two Frenchmen were wounded in a stabbing affray which took place in Manette street, Soho, early the other morning. The men left a club in Manette street at 2 a. m., apparently on friendly terms, but half an hour later they returned to the pavement outside the club and engaged in a fight with knives. On hearing the noise the residents in the club flung up the windows and were just in time to see the end of the combat. One of the men, who is said to have received a wound in the back or side, went away, but the other, who was in a weak condition, had to be assisted across the road to the club, where he asked if he could have a bedroom. He was taken upstairs to a room, and it was found that he had received a wound in the lower part of the body. He was at once conveyed to the Middlesex Hospital, where his condition was regarded as critical. When in the club he made no statement as to the cause of the fight. The English are in a proper state of indignation, to judge by the tone of the press.

Compulsory English in Germany

German scholars have been aroused to a great state of excitement by the report that at the conference of educational authorities to be held in Berlin next month a proposal will be made to replace Greek by English in the curriculum of the Prussian gymnasia. The report has been partially confirmed. It is now stated that the entire reform of the Humanist gymnasium is contemplated, the proposal being to make Greek an optional subject, thus placing it on a level with Hebrew, and to make English obligatory. It is also proposed to reduce the time devoted to Latin in favor of natural science and gymnastics. The Emperor, it is reported, is in favor of the proposed reform. The scholars are protesting most vigorously against it and declare that if it is introduced the Humanist gymnasium will be ruined.

Stronger Sex in England

According to the latest census report, there are over a million more women than men in England and Wales. Here are the total figures of the sexes revealed by the census:

Women	18,626,793
Men	17,448,476
Majority of women	1,178,317

These extraordinary statistics have inspired numberless communications in the London press usually written round such questions as, What is to be done? If the disproportion of women to men goes on what is to become of the men? Who is to do all the hard work? How will men be able to face the competition? The suffragettes point with glee to the disproportion and call attention to the fact that if a woman's vote could be based on the census the regime of man has come to an end. To which an anti-suffragette makes reply: "The woman's suffrage movement must be stamped out now at all cost, even if all the women have to be sent to the South Sea islands." The various Australian and Canadian emigration societies declare that they can take care of all surplus women in the colonies, while a "City Bachelor" writes: "Trust the Mormons and send your wives and sisters to Utah." England, however, is not yet facing a man famine, for the census report makes no mention of the men engaged in the army and navy and the merchant marine service, which number considerably over the deficit. And there is, moreover, at first glance a grain of comfort for the men in the comparison with 1901, for the figures show that in that year, as in this, the proportion of women to men stood at 1,068 women to every 1,000 men. This looks like a standstill in the growing disproportion of women to men which has marked every census since 1851. But the registrar general crushes that grain of hope at one blow. He recalls that in 1901 an enormous number of men were in service in the South African war, and that, therefore, the real proportion of women to men must have been lower in 1901 than it is in 1911. Thus it is shown that the excess of women over men has again in the last ten years unduly increased, and that the problem, "What shall we do with our women and girls?" has become a trifle more acute than it ever was before.

Excavations at Pompeii

In 1860 the Italian Government adopted the plan of the late archaeologist Fiorelli for the systematic excavation of Pompeii, and since then eighty workmen are employed in the regular exploration of the buried city with highly satisfactory results, but the work is progressing very slowly. The excavated portion of the town so far amounts to more than a half of its area, and it has been calculated that fully fifty years will be required for the complete excavation of Pompeii. Professor de Petra has just published an official report dealing with the discoveries made in the course of the excavations at Pompeii during the last six years. The previous report was published in 1905. No discovery of great importance is recorded, as in most cases the excavations were not completed. Thus, for instance, a villa was disinterred near the gate leading to Herculaneum, but it was not entirely explored. Here in a small cell the skeleton of a man was found still chained to the wall, evidently a prisoner who perished as escape to him was impossible. Near this villa many tombs of the original Oscan inhabitants of the town were found, but the excavations could not be continued owing to the considerable amount of earth that had to be removed. Many other villas and houses were explored, but the finds made were not of great importance or value, as they consisted of fragments of household furniture. The only jewels found consisted of a gold bracelet, three pairs of earrings, one with pearls, and a few gold hoops or rings. As the Government makes over $20,000 a year from admission fees of visitors to Pompeii, and this sum increases every year, it is hoped that a portion of the money will be used to hasten the work of exploration so that the entire city and its suburbs will soon be laid bare.

New Testament Discoveries

Some Austrian archaeologists who have been searching for Coptic papyri in Upper Egypt have succeeded in discovering a number of documents which ought to prove of value to students of Biblical archaeology. Among the most interesting discoveries are fragments of the Gospel of St. Mark and portions of a long encomium on the saints which at one time had formed part of a work of some considerable size. Some gravestones containing the usual invocations to the Trinity were also brought to light, as well as a number of Coptic and Greek inscriptions. Most of these are private letters and instructions to the monks resident in the desert, but one is particularly interesting, as it refers to certain Christian mysteries which appear to have been celebrated in the ruins of one of the ancient pagan temples.

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Varied Types

XXX—ANDREW M. LAWRENCE

By Edward F. O'Day

You who knew your San Francisco in the olden days that are no more, certainly you need not look for the name of him whose counterfeit presentment is set forth in the middle of this page. Here we have the same Napoleonic head (albeit without the Napoleonic forelock, for the hair has been withdrawing its thinned ranks for a good while now), the same strong brow across which thought draws its wrinkles, the same steely eyes that narrow a bit to look you up and down and through and through, the same militant nose, the same firm but good-natured mouth and the same determined chin that were once so familiar in the thick of every political or newspaper scrap in the vanished era of San Francisco.

Andrew M. Lawrence has put on a little of the flesh of Chicago prosperity but in all other physical characteristics he is the Andy of yesterday. Nowadays he is a greater power in journalism than ever; a mighty power in politics too, and a man of wealth. But these things mean little to his old friends in San Francisco. They take a generous satisfaction in his success, but it is Andy Lawrence the man whom they welcome home. And that is as Lawrence would have it. He has a genius for friendship. To his old friends he is devoted passionately, as many an old friend who thought he had been forgotten discovered during the past week when Lawrence took the trouble to look him up.

To his old newspaper pals Lawrence is particularly devoted. A lot of them have died or passed, like himself, to bigger fields of activity; but with those who remain he has been remembering old times and laughing his hearty laugh at the good old jokes. Let us listen to some of his reminiscences.

"After the great Comstock days a number of brilliant newspapermen came down from Virginia City. Among these was dear old Arthur McEwen. The San Francisco papers were small in those days and employed few reporters. McEwen couldn't find work here so he went to Oakland and shared lodgings with Dan O'Connell. Both were very hard up and lived in a miserable room up three flights in a Broadway lodging house. Meals were meager and far between, and their rent was months in arrears. And yet, somehow or other, O'Connell always showed the cheerfulness of a man who had dined heartily. McEwen couldn't understand it. Things had about reached a crisis when one day a notice came from the owner of the place not to pay any rent to the landlord, followed by a notice from the landlord not to pay any rent to the owner. There was a fight over the lease. 'Well, Dan,' said McEwen, 'that disposes of one of our worries but a greater remains. I haven't eaten for forty-eight hours. I'm famished. But you look like a man who has just dined. Can't you let me in on your secret?' O'Connell in his most polished style intimated that there was a charming widow who was affording him the hospitality of her board, but pointed out that it would be impossible to introduce McEwen. He left the room shortly afterwards, and McEwen stealthily followed him. McEwen saw O'Connell enter a cosy little restaurant kept by a widow. It was an inviting place and in the show window, as the piece de resistance of the day, was a fine fat chicken roasted to a turn and garnished with vegetables that made McEwen's mouth water. A few minutes later when O'Connell was about to sit down to dinner he saw the door of the restaurant open slowly and quietly. Then he saw McEwen peering in. The coast was clear. The widow was not looking. So McEwen introduced through the open door a stick with a long nail fixed to the end of it. He speared the chicken, hid it under his coat and tore madly down the street.

"Poor as he was, O'Connell was always received at the best houses. He went one evening to call on a wealthy woman who had recently lost her husband. She knew he was poor and noticed his shabby clothes. So in a very delicate way she conveyed to him that her husband had left behind him a large wardrobe, and she added that as she could not bring herself to sell the clothes, perhaps he might do her the favor of accepting them for his personal use. O'Connell was indignant and declined her offer in his loftiest manner. But when he told McEwen and another with whom he was lodging—I think it was Nesbeth—about the widow's offer, they burned him up. Was he acting as a true comrade, they demanded. If he was too proud to accept the clothes for himself, had he no consideration for them? The result was that O'Connell returned and told the widow that he had two friends temporarily embarrassed who would be glad to accept the wardrobe. Shortly afterwards this widow gave a party and invited O'Connell. Dan obtained permission to bring McEwen and Nesbeth along. There were about fifteen guests assembled when the three entered the drawing room. Their hostess took one look at them and shrieked with laughter. O'Connell was attired in her lamented husband's full dress suit, McEwen wore his Tuxedo and Nesbeth sported his Prince Albert.

Photo, Terkelson and Henry

ANDREW M. LAWRENCE

"We were all poor in those days. Twenty-five dollars a week was considered a good salary for a newspaperman, but every midnight found us broke. At twelve o'clock every night there would be the same little group sitting in the local room of the Examiner in that miserable hole we used to have on Sacramento street. There would be Joe Ward, the city editor, 'Blinker' Murphy, Zeehandelaar and myself, all without a cent. 'Well,' Joe Ward would say in a musing voice, 'somebody's got to die tonight.' When a death notice was brought to the office after the business office was closed, it was turned over to Jack Bryant, the foreman of the composing room. A death notice cost a dollar. Sure enough someone would come rushing into the office. 'Whom would you like to see?' Joe Ward would ask, stroking his long mustache in his most impressive manner. 'Ah, a death notice. Yes, yes, I shall attend to it. One dollar please.' And then Joe would give Bryant the death notice with a tag for the dollar. Bryant would be furious, but we would spend the dollar.

"One night the death notice failed to materialize and we were leaving in very low spirits, when who should come tearing along the street but Bill Dargie. Bill was a wonder, the greatest Jimmy Fixit I ever knew. He had the art of making one hand wash the other down fine; was always borrowing ten thousand dollars from one banker to pay the ten thousand he owed another and simply carrying the interest along. This night he was very excited. 'I'm delighted that I didn't miss you, fellows,' he said. 'Now about that Oakland banker story. I've persuaded the Call and Chronicle to pass it up and you must do the same for me.' We had no Oakland banker story, but of course Ward didn't let on. By a few deft remarks he got the whole thing out of Dargie. 'Well, Bill,' he said finally, 'as a special favor I'll see what I can do.' He went back to the local room, loitered there a few minutes and then returned. 'It's all right, Bill,' he announced, 'I've killed it.' Bill was delighted and took us all over to the California Market where, at his expense of course, we feasted on oysters and beer for two hours. When he had paid the bill we told him how we had fooled him and he was furious.

"Did you ever hear the story of old Johnson, the policeman who was supposed to be crazy? That was the greatest practical joke I ever knew of and it was played time and time again, usually on a new man. Johnson used to chew soap so that he would foam at the mouth and then he would pull out his pistol and pretend to run amuck in a murderous fit. I was on the late watch at the old Hall of Justice one night. The reporter's room was a little box of a room with a partition running half way to the ceiling. It was just outside the room where the policemen changed watch. Ned Townsend who afterwards wrote 'Chimmie Fadden' was there as a cub reporter. Then there was rheumatic old John McGrew and Michael Angelo Hevron, veteran reporters who wore silk hats and dressed like gentlemen of the old school. There was a youngster named Percy Goldstone on the Examiner who used to hang around the reporter's room. He was a prying, pestiferous cub and everybody wanted to get rid of him. I saw

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Johnson come in with the policemen who were going off watch and gave him the signal for the performance, determined to frighten Percy so badly that he would never bother us again. Of course I thought that McGrew and Hevron had seen the joke played before. 'Hum,' I said to McGrew, loud enough for Percy and Ned Townsend to hear, 'I see old Johnson's back again. Look's pretty well too, doesn't he.' 'Why, has he been ill?' McGrew asked, apparently helping me out. 'Why, yes,' I replied; 'you know he had one of his murderous fits a few days ago.' 'Oh,' exclaimed McGrew, 'does he get murderous fits?' 'I thought you knew,' I said. 'Ever since his son was drowned on the flat at Shell Mound he has been brooding over the thing. Imagines the boy was murdered and is seized with a frenzy in which he goes after the murderer. The last time he had a fit he shot a man three times and nearly got him.' Percy's eyes were getting bigger and bigger and Ned Townsend was showing signs of nervousness. Just then old Johnson let a yell out of him and fell over backwards. There was pandemonium. The policemen scattered in every direction as Johnson, frothing at the mouth and yelling like a mad man staggered to his feet with his revolver in his hand. Ned Townsend fainted, old Michael Angelo Hevron lost his silk hat and fled out of the prison. To carry out the illusion I started to climb over the partition into the reporter's room, but what was my surprise to find rheumatic old McGrew pull me down, clamber up on my body, sprawl over the wall and fall in a heap on the floor of the reporter's room. I had taken it for granted that he and Hevron were on to the joke, but they weren't. Poor Percy was at the steel door of the prison begging to be let through and crying like a baby. Just as Johnson was upon him with the pistol the prison keeper let him through and Percy fled into the receiving hospital with old Johnson yelling 'I'll get him yet!' at his heels. Percy hid under a cot but Johnson let him escape, for fear he'd die of fright. We revived Townsend, helped McGrew to pull himsel together, went out on the street and found Hevron, but Percy was nowhere to be seen. Finally we found him stretched out in a tin bathtub in the hospital with the wooden cover drawn over him. When we took off that cover his eyes were glassy, his face was as white as paper and he thought his end had come. He never bothered us in the reporter's room after that. I let Townsend in on the joke, but we never dared to tell the two old boys that they had been the victims of a practical joke."

"What was the greatest newspaper story you ever handled in San Francisco?" I asked Lawrence.

"The Benhayon case," he answered instantly. "No other story ever seized the popular mind like that." And he went on to tell me how he had "scooped" the other papers on the Benhayon case and how Hearst rewarded him by making him Washington correspondent of the Examiner.

It was a narrative of absorbing interest. He told me how he went to the Morgue that Sunday afternoon, viewed Benhayon's body and read two letters which had been found near it in the Geary street lodging house. It was an uninteresting suicide case, he thought; but he went to interview the woman who kept the lodging house and she told him that there were three letters, one addressed to the coroner. He broke the news of the suicide to Benhayon's father and went back to the coroner's office to find that third letter. But Coroner Stanton refused to give it up. Lawrence began to realize that he was on the track of a big sensation. Benhayon, as old San Franciscans will remember (and I am jotting down these old memories for old San Franciscans only), was the sister of Mrs. Milton Bowers for whose murder Dr. Bowers was awaiting death. With the assistance of Allan Kelly, the Examiner reporter who afterwards captured the grizzly bear Monarch, Lawrence got up the remarkable story of the Bowers case, tracing Benhayon's connection with it. Then at nightfall, when the reporters for the other papers were off their guard, he made another attempt to get that third letter from the coroner. But the coroner was obdurate. Lawrence had been putting two and two together, however. He had noted the unusual activities of Captain of Detectives Lees and Detective Bob Hogan. He resolved on a coup. 'Coroner,' he said, 'if I guess the contents of that letter will you tell me whether I am right or wrong?' 'I will tell you nothing,' said the coroner. 'In that letter,' said Lawrence, 'Henry Benhayon confessed that he and not Dr. Bowers, had murdered Mrs. Bowers.' 'How did you get a chance to read that letter?' demanded the coroner in amazement. Lawrence had his 'scoop.' The Examiner printed four pages of the story next day and the police reporters on the other papers lost their jobs. Lawrence went on to trace the subsequent developments of this amazing case; how John Dimmig (who now drives a hack in Powell street) was brought into it; how Dimmig was identified as the man who bought the poison from which Benhayon died; how he was also identified as the man who bought the poisons found in Dr. Bowers' cell; how he denied knowing Bowers but was forced to admit that he had married Bowers' housekeeper; and so on through the remarkable chain of incriminating facts which led to Dimmig's trial for murder. Dimmig, as we all know, was acquitted and Bowers also went free after his second trial. The mystery of the Benhayon case was never solved, but Lawrence thinks that he committed suicide, having been first persuaded by curious representations to write the letter which would exonerate Bowers. Several years afterwards when Mrs. Zeissing who had nursed Mrs. Bowers before her death and was supposed to know the whole story, lay dying outside of San Francisco, Lawrence as managing editor of the Examiner sent a reporter to her to get her deathbed story, but she took the secret to her grave.

"There's a little bird who sits up aloft and looks after a newspaperman who is fighting for the right," commented Lawrence. He had been telling me another remarkable newspaper story; the story of the legislative investigation which led to his arrest for contempt of the Senate. The Hale and Norcross litigation in which Alvinza Hayward and other millionaires were interested, was before Judge Hebbard and a bill was introduced in the Legislature to allow a litigant to have a case transferred on an affidavit alleging prejudice in the judge. Lawrence got a tip that the bill was aimed at Judge Hebbard and that money was being used to rush it through the Legislature. The Examiner published this charge without having adequate proof. Both houses started investigations, and Lawrence was subpoenaed to testify. He went to Sacramento with an array of counsel including Garret McEnerney, George Knight and Andrew Clunie. It looked bad for the Examiner but "the little bird sitting up aloft" came to his assistance. A stranger told him that he had overheard a conversation on the train in which a telegraph operator remarked that if the Examiner could get hold of the telegrams in the Sacramento office of the Western Union, its charges would be more than verified. But the investigating committees refused to demand the telegrams and committed Lawrence for refusing to answer a question. There ensued a battle of writs with Lawrence straining every nerve to break into what he was sure was a nest of legislative corruption. Old San Franciscans will remember Knight's famous "appeal to a Republican Legislature" and Senator Morehouse's appeal to his own "stainless heart." Then followed Morehouse's confession that he had changed his vote on the bill by order of a railroad attorney, and the big sensation which changed the current of the investigation, the publication of the telegram from a lobbyist to an interior banker asking for four thousand dollars to grease the passage of the coyote scalp bill. "These fellows are as hungry as wolves" was part of that message. The most spectacular incident of all was the discovery, when the legislative committees finally ordered the production of the messages by the Western Union Company, that these were being rushed out of the State on the Overland Limited. And when a Truckee constable brought them back enough were published, in relation to the coyote scalp bill alone, to besmirch forty-four members of the Legislature.

I wish I had room for the story of how Lawrence put Sam Rainey out of politics ("Take gas and water out of politics and I'll go with them," Rainey told Lawrence one day) by nominating James D. Phelan for mayor when the old boss wanted Colin M. Boyd. I wish I could go over, as he did, the history of the epochal fight to make Fred Esola chief of police, a fight which engendered enmities that still exist. Lawrence thinks there was a strange fatality about that fight. The two men who became chief of police as a result of it, both owed their deaths to the position, Sullivan and Biggy. Lawrence still insists that Esola would have made a good chief.

"Maybe I was wrong," he says, "but if I was blinded by anything it was by friendship. I had known Esola from the old days at the Union Grammar School. When I became an assemblyman I had him appointed sergeant of the Democratic caucus. Afterwards I had Chief Crowley appoint him to the police force. On his own merits he became a lieutenant. He was honest and he was above the average of policemen in intelligence. And he was my friend, so I went the distance for him."

It would be interesting too to go over the story of Lawrence's political fights in Chicago; to tell for instance how he was in the center of a battle which produced a decision regarding the liberty of the press which, in the opinion of Joseph Choate, will stand forever as American law. Or how he fought Roger Sullivan to a standstill, rejected Sullivan's shrewd suggestion that Lawrence himself run for mayor of Chicago, and helped Carter Harrison win the primary election which broke the backbone of Sullivan's political strength. These are all absorbing stories. But enough has been told to engage the interest of old San Franciscans. Lawrence belongs to a San Francisco past which is only yesterday, yet it seems a long way off. It is a past which taught him many lessons. As a result of it he is today a bigger, broader man than the Andy we used to know. Talk to him, all you who haven't seen him for years and see for yourself whether I am right or wrong.

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Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Johnny's Leg

By Enrico Castelnuovo (From the Italian)

I had nothing serious to complain of in Adele—

(I beg the reader to understand that it is not the author who is speaking; this Adele has not known me or even seen me. The speaker is Robert Cefali, engineer and husband of Signora Adele.)

I had nothing serious to complain of in Adele; Adele had nothing serious to complain of in me, but we could not endure one another. To be honest, it was I who wearied of her. Adele was too phlegmatic to be capable of a vigorous antipathy. Speaking of her to my friends, I called her a "slow-poke," not because I thought her fragile —God preserve me!—but when she moved or opened her mouth she had the air of a person who is afraid of breaking something.

I confess that I was a rather frivolous youth. I had married carelessly and now set myself up for a victim of matrimony. At my age, with my genius (excuse my modesty!) with my title of Doctor of Mathematics, with a sufficient income, with an assured independence—for many of my relatives had died—I would have made a fine figure in the world if it had not been for my blessed consort, who had not one spark of ideality. It is enough to say that when, during the honeymoon, I read my verses to her I could not draw from her one expression of admiration. This may have been the origin of my antipathy. People often say: "Seek a wife." I would say, to seek a wife is very well, but it is not bad to seek for the reason of things in human vanity. Wounded vanity, satisfied vanity, these are the sources of much love and much hatred. You see, as I grow older I have became a philosopher.

In fact, it would be difficult to find a marriage more wearisome than ours. When we were together we yawned in each other's faces in a way to amuse an onlooker. Johhnny's arrival did not change this interesting situation; quite otherwise. Adele insisted on taking sole charge of her baby. She set a room aside for a nursery, which she occupied with him until she lost all desire to return to her former habits. It was wrong of her, I said with my superior wisdom. But Adele was harder than a rock. Like most virtuous wives, it was enough for her to have a son.

I must confess that Adele loved her little Johnny and took the greatest care of him. She was always busy in adorning him, dressing him and jumping him upon her knees. It seemed to me that she made a plaything of the baby. I cherished a dignified affection for my son and felt myself superior to all foolish fondness. It was not to be doubted that I felt myself fitted for great sacrifices and great virtues—but the century is so prosaic!

Certain it is that Johnny flourished. At the age of three years and a half he was beautiful, active, a veritable rosebud that would have been the delight of a more serious man than I; but I paid little attention to him. The child did not make much account of me—it was his mother whom he continually called for.

I quarreled with Adele about Johnny. I cannot tell why I did so; certainly it was for a very slight cause. One word led to another.

"What a fine life we are leading together!" said Adele.

"Each goes his own way," I answered.

I seized this opportunity and spoke plainly of my idea of a separation. She grew a trifle pale, but when she found that all could be arranged quietly and that I would let her have Johnny until he was twelve years old, and that she need send him to me only fifteen days every six months, she decided that perhaps, for me, it was better so.

"Better for both," I added in conclusion. Then I continued: "It will be necessary to write to your father and ask him to come for you."

"I will write to him myself tomorrow."

"There is no need to tell him everything."

"No, certainly not, it would displease him."

"Let us find a pretext," I suggested. "Your health—the need of a little of your native air—or Johnny, the change would do him good—"

"Oh, Johnny was never better than he is now," she assured me.

"Never mind, it is only something to say—when the time comes, little by little, you can make it all clear."

She did not answer, but seemed convinced by what I said. I went away light as a feather. I was on the point of regaining my liberty, and I meditated upon the best way of using it. Now I could do anything but marry. This impossibility was not disagreeable to me. I did not intend to conceal my true position; I was not so much of a villain as all that. To speak truthfully, Adele's presence, while it was far from unpleasant, affected my nerves and fettered me. Fatality!

My friends, all bachelors, congratulated me upon my resolution. It was the best thing to do. "When two cannot get on well together it is better to separate," was the profound decision of a doctor of philosophy who was the Solon of the band.

The oldest among us was thirty-two; I was but a boy when I married, and was now but twenty-seven. I had married at twenty-two, before I had completed my studies at the university. What folly it had been! At that age one is not responsible for his own actions, said our oracle. Truly, one is not responsible.

My conscience was easy, my spirits were lighter than they had been for a long time. I wished to be truthful; that evening they opened a bottle of champagne in honor of my emancipation and drank to my future literary triumphs. Who could doubt these triumphs? The others perhaps; surely not I.

I had gone from home soon after dinner and returned at a late hour. To my great amazement my wife came to meet me.

"Johnny has fallen," she said, "and has hurt his knee badly."

"Fallen? How? Good God! The child—who knows—he should have been watched more closely."

"No one is to blame," she replied calmly but seriously. "I called the doctor without delay."

"It's probably not serious," I remarked. "He ought to be bathed with arnica."

"But the doctor says that he will have to wait and see."

"He put on a bandage and will return tomorrow," continued my wife.

"Stuff and nonsense! Why are you up so late?"

"Because the blessed child is not quiet a moment. There, I hear a scream! I am going. Do you want to see him?"

"It won't do any good. I'll see him tomorrow."

I returned to my room, which was on the opposite side of the apartment. I carefully closed the two doors so that I should not hear any noise, then undressed and buried myself under the blankets.

Wives, I reflected, lead one an infernal chase for every trifle, and the doctors throw oil on the flames, merely to give themselves an air of importance, to bring grist to their own mill. The world is full of egotists. I lazily stretched out my arms, arranged the pillow more comfortably under my head and soon fell asleep, persuaded of three things:

First, that very little was the matter with Johnny; second, that Adele had exaggerated the trouble in order to annoy me; third, that I was the only calm person in the family.

In the morning I rose somewhat late and went to the nursery, where my wife had watched all night. Johnny was moaning faintly; he was red in the face and had some fever.

The doctor examined the limb, which was swollen to the knee, and ordered leeches to be applied.

"Is it a fracture?" I asked.

"Fracture? No."

"If it isn't a fracture—" I said gravely.

"Oh!" the doctor answered. "There are contusions worse than fractures."

Things dragged along. The doctor demanded a consultation and called in a very skillful surgeon, who, after many preambles, concluded that a tumor had formed, and that the boy had lymphatic tendencies which would take a long time to cure.

From this time on poor Johnny's leg was martyred in every way; plastered, poulticed, cut, cauterized—every morning there was a new torture.

The doctor examined Johnny's leg for a good hour, feeling of it, moving it, using the probe without mercy. A stone would have pitied Johnny. I grew cold with perspiration and had to leave the room after three repetitions. My wife held the poor martyr's hand and made no movement, uttered no word. Her eyes were dry, her lips pressed tightly together.

After the local examination came the general examination, which seemed to give more satisfactory results. In spite of his lymphatic tendencies Johnny was robust. The three physicians withdrew to a corner of the room to consult together; then, with one accord, they suggested a new treatment. But even this might not succeed, said Doctor Allinori, who was the last called.

"And then?" said my wife in a faint voice.

"Then it will be necessary to think of something else," the doctor added without any further explanation.

When he withdrew I followed him to the door, slipped a bank-bill for a large amount into his hand and whispered: "Well, then?"

"Why, if you should make another trial—"

He hesitated.

"Don't you believe you will be successful?"

"We hope so. If we are not obliged to resort to extreme measures—"

"What do you mean?" I remanded.

Doctor Allinori lowered his voice. "Amputation."

There was a repressed cry. It was my wife. She had come up behind us on the tips of her toes and in the dark entrance she had been able to approach unseen and had heard the terrible word pronounced by the doctor.

"Signora, signora," said he, grieved at what had happened. "Don't be disheartened. They are remote possibilities. We physicians must take everything into consideration."

(Continued on Page 22.)

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The Book Trust

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The educators now in convention assembled have had a lot to say about character development, but judging from some of the questions at issue I am inclined to wonder if some of our educators are in need of having their own character developed. In the Sunday Examiner I read, "The efforts being made by educational authorities to increase the efficiency of the public schools as an agency for the development of character formed the subject of numerous discussions before the National Educational Association yesterday." In another column of the same paper I read, "The subject of book companies is a tender one wherever educators come together. It is hinted that the book concerns have a firm grip on the oligarchy of the N. E. A." This latter statement is doubtless well founded. Now what do you think of these educators who affect such deep concern for the character of children and who are interested in the most disgraceful graft that is practiced anywhere—the text-book graft? The book combine has its claws in every State in the Union. The book combine runs the politics of the school department of nearly every State in the Union. Normal school principals everywhere are in close touch with the men that are eternally changing the text-books in the public schools. The book trust numbers among its most influential friends not only superintendents of schools but even the high toned presidents of some of the universities. Now isn't this a pretty state of affairs? Think of it, most of our canting, sanctimonious reformers are the character-makers of our publicy school system. Look them over and discover their connections and you will find that some of them that are inveighing in the cheap magazines against the iniquities of "big business" are in a sense the agents of the worst big business enterprise in all the country. Bah! they nauseate me. Why don't you investigate this matter in our own State, Mr. Editor? You will not fine it hard to get to the bottom of it. Look up some of our Normal school principals, and inquire as to what their book connections are.

Yours truly,

San Jose, July 10, 1911. —An Educator.

A Device for the Plain People

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that you are against the recall for judges. I'm not surprised. You seem to be against many of the principles of labor unionism. The recall, it may pain you to observe, is coming into favor all over the country. The other day Mr. Samuel Gompers, the greatest man in the United States, spoke in favor of the recall. He said, "If we had the recall in the District of Columbia Judge Wright would have been recalled for his conduct in the Bucks Stove and Range Case." Samuel Gompers is right. And if we had the recall in California the enemies of organized labor on the bench would be recalled. There are several of them. One is a superior judge. The recall is distinctly a popular measure. It will give the plain people the power they should have, especially the plain people who are organized against predatory wealth.

Sincerely yours,

—One of the Plain People.

The Spectator

Ruef to Be Liberated

Abe Ruef is not to serve his term in the penitentiary. Having put him in stripes the patriots of the Graft Prosecution find that their feelings have been assuaged, and now they are eager to get him out. Ruef's friends are saying that the patriots are conscience-stricken. Others are saying that conscience doesn't enter into the matter at all, but that politics does. It is suggested that if Governor Johnson were to pardon Ruef he would conciliate a very large element of the electorate which believes that Ruef was the victim of a very narrow prejudice. But whatever the motives of the men behind the movement to set Ruef free it is certain that they have reason to be conscience-stricken, for they must realize that they gave him very rough treatment. Probably nobody has more reason to be conscience-stricken than Governor Johnson himself, as it was Governor Johnson who violated almost every rule of decency and fairness in the argument to the jury, and who even went so far as to intimate that the jury might expect mob vengeance if it did not convict. The attorney-general also has some reason to feel the pricks of conscience since it was he that took advantage of a technicality by which Ruef was denied the right of an appeal.

Parole or Pardon?

Members of Ruef's family have been engaged for some weeks in smoothing the way to action by the prison commission on a petition for parole. There is a rule against paroling any prisoner until he has served half his sentence, but it is said that an exception will be made in Ruef's case if there is no other more serious obstacle in the way to freedom. There is a more serious obstacle, but even that may be removed. The law does not permit the paroling of a prisoner against whom indictments are pending. There are indictments pending against Ruef, but as they are pending in Judge Lawlor's court it may not be difficult to have them dismissed. Judge Lawlor may be conscience-stricken too, for it was Judge Lawlor who presided over Ruef's trial and permitted Hiram Johnson to intimate to the jury that the defendant was in some way responsible for "all the blood that had been shed." Besides Judge Lawlor was a party to the midnight deal by which Ruef was given assurance of complete immunity, the assurance that was afterward violated because Ruef refused to make certain slight changes in his testimony. If Judge Lawlor refuses to dismiss the indictments there will be no way of getting Ruef out except by pardon, but even that he will probably be able to get, for Fremont Older, who is close up to the Administration, is now in sympathy with Ruef's family. He has informed them that he is sick of the business of man-hunting.

Coy Mrs. Vanderbilt

What progress has been made toward the selection of a site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition we shall probably know next week when the directors get together again to count noses and find out how many leases have been obtained of property at Harbor View and between Golden Gate and Lincoln parks. The only site about which there is no difficulty regarding leases is Lake Merced, the whole tract being the property of the Spring Valley Water Company. But the Lake Merced boomers are far from being assured of victory. Since the last meeting of the directors the park partisans have made considerable headway, whilst the Harbor View boomers have suffered much discouragement. Ever since Harbor View was first suggested as a site all efforts to make a satisfactory deal with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. have been in vain. Tom Magee, the real estate agent, assured the directors that Mrs. Vanderbilt would be "all right," and he went so far as to give them some sort of documentary guaranty, but the truth is that no instrument binding the lady was ever obtained. When last heard from Tom Magee was crossing the briny, presumably to catch Mrs. Vanderbilt somewhere in Europe and get her name to a lease. It is said that when he gave the directors the assurance that she would be all right he had nothing more definite than a telegram in these words: "I am willing that my property should be used for the Exposition on terms and conditions made by my representatives and approved by me." What terms and conditions Mrs. Vanderbilt will approve is the question that Tom Magee went to Europe to have solved.

The Park Scheme

While the Laws and the other Harbor View boomers have been on the anxious seat waiting for news from Magee, Mr. M. H. de Young has been gathering up leases of property lying between Golden Gate and Lincoln parks and making converts to his pet project. And I hear that he has made converts even among the directors, some of whom saw Lincoln Park for the first time chaperoned by Mr. de Young. The park site has certainly grown in favor since the discovery of Lincoln Park which is one of the most beautiful spots on the peninsula. This park was formerly the city cemetery. It consists of one hundred and forty acres of land, adjacent to Fort

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Miley and at an elevation that affords most fascinating views of the ocean and bay. Something of great permanent value would result from the fair if Golden Gate and Lincoln parks were joined by a broad boulevard and the old cemetery were converted into a beautiful pleasure ground.

"Prisoner, you are accused of having stolen a gold watch."

"It's false. In the first place, I never stole it, and in the second, it wasn't gold."

Those Earthquake Stories

San Francisco has every right to complain of the manner in which the recent earthquake was treated by newspapers in different parts of the country. The worst offenders were the papers of the Pacific Coast. In the north some of the afternoon papers got out extras with screaming headlines conveying the impression that terrific damage had been done. In the Los Angeles Times of the following morning a line across the top of the page proclaimed the earthquake, and the account was headed: "Earth Shakes; Buildings Rock; San Francisco Fear-Thrilled; Plaster Falls; Steel Beams Strain; Rush for Safety Follows." In smaller type inconspicuously displayed were the words "Little Actual Damage." In the Seattle Times the headlines read, "Buildings reel in quake's grip; towering structures leaning out of plumb," and later, "No estimate of damage possible." In the account of the shake were these sentences: "Many unfortunates were thrown down and trampled as the people, their eyes staring and their hearts filled with terrible recollections, piled into the open places. Men and women fainted on the streets from fright. A panic ensued at several of the theaters. Practically all clocks in the city were stopped. The earthquake was purely local." In the Denver Post there was this red-inked scarehead: "New buildings threatened with demolition; thousands rush out of door in rain of debris." The Associated Press report stated that "heavy stones in the cornice of the Mechanics' Bank Building were moved slightly out of alignment." The United Press told that "in the streets downtown there was a rain of plaster and cement shaken from buildings. The fragments fell on the crowds that rushed from the buildings, and added to the fright." The correspondent of the New York Sun, whoever he may be, wired that paper that "a chunk of the granite cornice of the Bank of California crashed to the pavement, but fortunately no one was in the way. The coping of the Hall of Justice, one of the few big buildings to survive the quake and fire of 1906, was cracked by earth wrenchings. . . . In Third and Fourth streets the sidewalks were littered with small fragments of cement and other materials used in building construction, which the shocks had shaken to the streets. In Fillmore street, where many buildings have been erected on filled ground, many store windows were broken."

Work for Our Civic Bodies

The ignorance of San Francisco displayed in some of these statements stamps them as absurd for all who know this city well, but unfortunately only a very few of those who read these accounts are familiar with our city. So these misstatements carried weight. Here, therefore, is work cut out for our civic and promotion bodies. Are they taking steps to counteract the evil influence of these falsehoods? Have they done anything to obtain retractions from the news agencies and papers which were responsible for them? Every San Franciscan knows that no damage was done by the earthquake. It is this fact which transcends in importance every thing else in connection with the earthquake. San Francisco has demonstrated to all the world that she can withstand a severe shock. She has proved what she insisted on all along, that if there had been no fire in 1906 the earthquake of that year, heavy as it was, would have been quickly forgotten. These are matters which should be impressed on the world. Now is the time to impress them. It is to be hoped that our promotion bodies to whom wide avenues of publicity are open are not missing the opportunity to set the world right. If they act quickly and judiciously the earthquake will have done us a lot of good.

A Terrible Threat

Suppose that Rudolph Spreckels did demand, as reported in the Call, the nomination of former Supervisor D. C. Murphy, and suppose that he threatened to run for mayor in the event of the ignoring of his demand. What then? He was guilty of no crime. It cannot be said that the Municipal Conference was blackmailed. The case is on all fours with the French restaurant cases with which Mr. Spreckels is familiar. If Mr. Spreckels had extorted the nomination of Mr. Murphy by threatening to do an unlawful act, by threatening, for example, to gouge an eye out of Dr. Huntington's head, then it would be a quite different matter, for the law makes it a crime for one man to gouge another's eye out. But the law doesn't prohibit anybody from running for mayor even though it be for no other purpose than that of insuring the defeat of another man.

Too Bad for Murphy

Though Mr. Spreckels' action was in no sense lawless it is nevertheless to be deplored by Mr. Murphy's friends. For the incident has served to inform the public as to Mr. Murphy's affiliations. Mr. Murphy is really an excellent young man, but he is the attorney for the Spreckels-Phelan savings bank, and his political career has been personally conducted by "Foxy Jim," the gentleman who is known as the enemy of every dollar that is not his own. The supposition is that Mr. Phelan would rather be personally represented in the board of supervisors than be there himself. Great lover of the limelight though he is, for certain purposes he prefers the background. It is because of these purposes that he leases a paper instead of buying one. And it was because of his instinct for the background that when he wanted Murphy nominated he sent Spreckels to the front to conduct negotiations.

A Few Remarks on Smugness

Of all the human weaknesses which it is virtuous to despise hypocrisy comes first and smugness second. The well oiled self-satisfaction of the smug biped is peculiarly irritating to the mortal who clothes himself in the modesty of gentlefolk. The smug person is peculiarly impervious to correction. From the highly polished surface of his conceit the shafts of irony, the darts of satire and the heavier missiles of ridicule glance off and leave no mark. He is to be found in all walks of life. There are smug millionaire captains of industry as there are smug counter-jumpers. There are smug bishops as there are smug itinerant psalm-singers. There are smug politicians who prate unctuously of reform and there are smug women who sigh oilily about their chastity. There are smug boys who carry into week days their smug Sunday behavior and there are smug little girls who commune with Heaven about the wickedness of their elders. Look about you and see whether smugness is not rampant! And then rejoice with me that there is in California a congregation of men who have determined to make war on smugness. I refer to the order of the Brothers of St. Swithin recently founded in San Diego. They have picked out St. Swithin for their patron because they think that of all the smug words in the English language Swithin has the smuggest sound.

A Pious Confraternity

The Fratres Minores Discalceati of St. Swithin or in other words, the Barefoot Friars Minor of St. Swithin are so far only five in number and I doubt whether their number will rapidly increase. In the first place, the number of those who are sufficiently alive to the hatefulness of smugness is limited in a small place like San Diego. And in the second place, there is a smugness about their onslaught on smugness which may well give pause to those less militant souls who prefer to despise smugness in solitude rather than in confraternity. Still, the plan of the brethren is not without its good points, while the list of brethren is not lacking in distinction. Their names I am not at liberty

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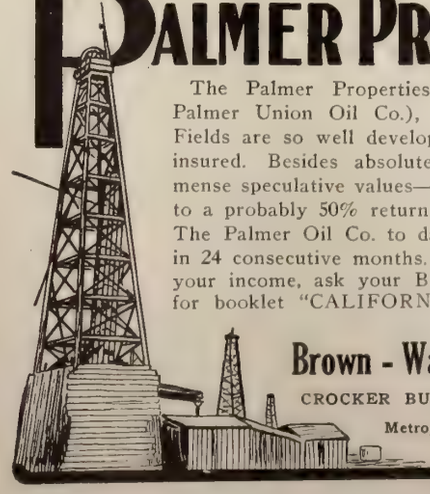

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to divulge at this time, but their titles I can at least set forth. The prior of the order is a successful writer for the magazines who is not unknown to the lecture platform, a man whose eccentricities have been told outside of San Diego. They call him Brother Bibulus. The inquisitor maximus is a newspaperman who dips his pen alternately in wormwood and honey, now biting as another Democritus, anon merry as a modern Yorick. He is Brother Expurgatorius. The bursor is a Stanford man of parts who has given his brains to merchandising but has kept his soul aloof from the contamination of trade. He is Brother Tomasus, also known as Didymus. The scriptor of this order is an actor-manager who has had a theatrical experience extending from Covent Garden to Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan company. He is Brother Ecstaticus. And finally, the inquisitor minor is a learned doctor of medicine who has so much of Dean Swift's "saeva indignatio" toward mediocrity, philistinism, smugness and cant that he has been dubbed Brother Indignatius.

Letters to Chambers and Hewlett

This goodly company has been incorporated as an eleemosynary institution for the development of art and letters and the elevation of the poor; but not to neglect creature comforts, it has retained the services of a famous maitre d'hotel, the master of forty sauces, to take care of its periodical dinners. It is only a short time since the brothers, garbed in gray gown and cowl and red cord, met in solemn conclave and drafted a letter to Robert W. Chambers which was duly inscribed in black letter on parchment and which informed this voluminous writer that all his novels had been placed on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum of the Brothers of St. Swithin. Another letter similarly prepared informed Maurice Hewlett that because he had uttered words in praise of St. Swithin in the third chapter of his "Brazenhead the Great," a sum had been set aside for perpetual prayers for the welfare of his soul.

St. Swithin's Day

Today, July 15, is the feast of St. Swithin and I am informed that it will be duly celebrated by the brethren, although one of their number is absent in Alaska attending to a vulgar gold mine. St. Swithin's Day, as all the world should know, is "Ground Hog Day." Those who are curious about such matters may study the origin of this great day in Chamber's Book of Days where the following rhyme is given and accounted for:

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

There also one may read that "it has been the misfortune of the patriotic and virtuous St. Swithin to be associated in the popular mind with drunkenness and excess," a slander which Chambers does his best to remedy and which will be gloriosly refuted, I am assured, by the conduct of the San Diegan enemies of all things smug, the Fratres Minores Discalceati of the good old Anglo-Saxon saint.

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Our Energetic Governor

Governor Johnson appears to have all the virtues of a new broom. Apparently he is resolved to sweep things pretty clean, and not to be deterred by any circumstance even though it give rise to the suspicion that his motive is personal rather than patriotic. For example witness the fine frenzy with which he plunged into the investigation of the school for the deaf and dumb across the bay, one of the directors of which is George W. Reed who officiated with pernicious activity as campaign manager for Charles Curry. What does Governor Johnson care? No such trivial circumstance can deter him from his duty. But the remarkable thing about it all is that Governor Johnson can find time for such work. It really wasn't necessary for him to give his personal attention to the investigation. He might have conducted it through the State board of charities whose duty it is to look after all State institutions. This is a non-partisan board composed of some very distinguished citizens. They are not politicians. They have no ax to grind. They are not holdovers from the Gillett administration. Some of them were appointed by Pardee. During the Gillett regime these men investigated charges against the management of the Whittier and Preston schools, and their investigation was thorough and satisfactory. Governor Gillett always took prompt action on their recommendations. Has Governor Johnson no confidence in the gentlemen of the board of charities? Or does he prefer to handle investigations himself that he may get more out of them not only for the State but for Johnson? I must confess that I prefer the Johnson method. It keeps the Governor in touch with the people and affords occasion for stump speeches against the Octopus which are always enjoyable.

A Smash at Hammond

After booming John Hays Hammond for months the Hearst papers have now turned to the defense of that glittering foremost American. It was natural that somebody should take a smash at John. The apotheosis of him in the Hearst papers was just the sort of thing to start brickbats. In a country as populous as this one nobody can flaunt a blinding nimbus every day in the week without getting somebody mad. Even in the little town of Athens, it will be remembered, the loud pedal on the justness of Aristides was finally resented. And so it is with Hammond. The other day Representative Henry of Texas rose on the floor of the House and said some mean things about John, which the Hearst papers promptly pronounced unjust. "They will not receive the approval of thoughtful men throughout the country," says the Hearst papers. Not everywhere, perhaps, but somewhere. Representative Henry described John Hays an an overopulent ambassador "rushing headlong to the feet of royalty in a veritable riot of vulgar display and extravagance" and "with no ambition but that of touching the throne." Now the Hearst papers said nothing in all their despatches about the touching of the throne, but shortly after Henry's speech they reported that John had nudged the king.

Works Offends His Friends

Senator Works has again given offense to his progressive friends in California. The other day, on the floor of the Senate, when posing as a fine object lesson in the efficacy of Christian Science, he took occasion to swat Collier's Weekly. He filed a mass of affidavits, which, he said, would show that Collier's had knowingly and maliciously wronged the League for Medical Fr edom. No Eastern journal has given the insurgents and radicals of California so much aid and encouragement as Collier's Weekly. Collier's has published in behalf of our leading civic patriots more misinformation than all other Eastern newspapers combined. Several of Senator Works' most intimate political friends have had the ear of Collier's editor for several years, and it has served them to carry off large accumulations of bile and spleen. Senator Works will hear from them.

"Why did Columbus die in poverty after discovering America?"

"I suppose," replied the explorer, "that it was due to the lack of enterprise on the part of the magazine publishers."

"Plucked" Naval Officers

The eliminations from the active list of the navy made annually by the "plucking board" since its establishment several years ago, have generally given satisfaction to all naval officers except those "plucked." In the case of Lieutenant-Commander A. A. Pratt, the plucking was due wholly to his physical incapacity, and it is notable that this excellent officer died three days after his retirement was decreed. Pratt was well known in this city, having once been stationed at the Yerba Buena naval training station. He was one of the organizers of the local Army and Navy Club. He was signal officer to Rear-Admiral (then Commander) B. H. McCalla on the Marblehead in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. Several of the plucked officers are of the type known to the navy as "time-servers"—men who drift along from year to year, taking things easy, studying up sufficiently to pass the required examinations for promotions, but rarely if ever distinguishing themselves or the service. Among them is Commander P. W. Hourigan, who got into trouble from too much conviviality. Several years ago he was courtmartialed for undue devotion to the flowing bowl, and was reduced so far in grade that he found himself among men who had not entered Annapolis when he graduated. Commander H. K. Hines, one of the plucked, was in

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command of the store-ship Glacier when that vessel was towing a big target south for practice of the Pacific fleet last spring. The target got adrift and threatened passing vessels, but Hines abandoned it and steamed into port. For this he was court-martialed and reprimanded. Commander John R. Edie is the officer, who, while a lieutenant at Bar Harbor, Me., several years ago, gave offense to Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis, who afterwards married and then divorced Hart McKee. The affair caused quite a social disturbance, and the Navy Department made an investigation, but found it could take no action, as Edie's explanation and his amends were regarded as ample. It is not thought, however, that this had anything to do with his retirement. The "plucking board," which is composed of rear-admirals, and therefore has no personal interest at stake, was instituted for the purpose of maintaining a steady annual flow of promotion. Each year a certain statutory number of vacancies must occur in the grades of captain, commander, lieutenant-commander and lieutenant. If these are not caused by the ordinary processes of death, regular retirement or resignation, the board selects from the least desirable officers on the active list in those grades enough to make up the necessary total of vacancies. These are the "plucked," and they go on the retired list with the rank and three-fourths of the pay of the next higher grade. They cannot advance after that. In time of war, they may be assigned to active duty.

How Old is Chauncey?

I have often wondered about the age of Chancellor J. Olcott or Chauncey Olcott, as he is better known. Chauncey blooms perennially like the shamrock he is forever celebrating. He is as young today as when he was last in our midst and that, as the bill boards abundantly inform us, was seven years ago. While I am not in a position to solve with exactitude the problem of Chauncey's age, I am at least able to state that he is very, very old. This was proved at the Columbia on Monday night when Chauncey was called out for a curtain speech. Chauncey told a story, a personal experience. It seems that he was asked once to address the graduates at the Christian Brothers' school in Buffalo where he lives. The graduating exercises were enlivened with ice cream and cake and the boys partook enthusiastically. In the midst of the collation one of the good brothers asked Chauncey: "Will you speak now or shall I let them enjoy themselves a little longer?" Now this is a very old story, a story so old that even Joe Miller had not the hardihood to include it in his collection of comparatively modern wheezes. As we have Chauncey's word for it that he was the original butt of the story, it follows that Chauncey too is very old; as old perhaps as the first pyramid or the first white lie. Quod erat demonstrandum.

"Did the prisoner go beyond well-defined ethical bounds in his defense?"

"Nope; he just went to jail."

"The Worst Man in Town"

Robert Orme, Mrs. Fremont Older tells us in her latest novel "Esther Damon," passed an uncertain hand over his gray, glazed face and as if fumbling for his thoughts, said: "Has it really come to this?" It had, as his wife Alice in unlovely fury stridently informed him. The sheriff of Freedom was in possession of their home. He got up, drained a flask secreted under the mattress, shaved, bathed, went down to the dining room where the decanter was and got drunk. Alice went home to father and Robert Orme took the decanter out to the veranda where he was soon snoring. An hour later he went down to Clancy's bar-room and got drunk again. The green-shuttered door swung noiselessly open and admitted Esther Damon and her mother. Esther was tall, erect, with broad shoulders and of strong mould. Her large, deep-set, heavy-lidded eyes were reddish brown. Her skin might have been made of creamy roses. Her lips were curved but firm. Her strongly marked chin just escaped a cleft. Masses of dark-red hair, parted in the center over a wide, fine brow, hung in two heavy braids down her back. "Come to Jesus. He's better than tobacco or whiskey," prayed Mrs. Damon whose husband was the Methodist preacher of Freedom. Esther didn't pray; she observed the scene through the lattice-work of her fingers. Robert made a scene at the home of old Wherritt, Alice's father and went to spend the night in his family cemetery, all that was left of his patrimony. "The sunset is just as beautiful as ever," he muttered and sank backward in the dumb oblivion of drunkeness. Next day he thought things over. "Yes, what Alice said was true. I'm a drunkard." He resolved to go to New York and reform. He went to Mrs. Brewster's (Mrs. Brewster believed in him) and drank a lot of coffee. Then he took an oil painting of John Wesley as a present to Mrs. Damon. He was grateful for her prayers. At the Damon home he met Esther again. "Mother has gone to pray for the Catholic priest," she told him in a silky contralto voice.

"Esther Damon"

Twelve months passed and Robert Orme returned from New York, clear-eyed, skin bronzed and firm, with sure, firm step. He had reformed. And he had idealized his wife Alice, so he hastened to her like a young lover. But she turned him down, after taking his money, because he planned

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Men's and Boys' Hats

Men's and Women's Shoes

to build a log house and go into the furniture-making business. He was so mad that he drained a flask and heaved a stone through one of Wherritt's windows. Then he felt better. He gathered workmen to help on the log house and when they tired of work he told them the story of the ants, for he was pre-eminently a teacher. After that he talked to them every day. When they got drunk he sat up with them all night, nursing them. Of course he saw Esther again. She carried her head like a splendid, barbaric chieftainness and as she walked her slender waist swayed like the stem of a flower. There was no doubt about her interest in Harry Clancy, the son of the saloon-keeper, who was handsome in a dashing, actor-like way. People began to buy Orme's artistic furniture and his artistic rag carpets. Esther wove for him. She wanted money to buy perfume and some lace collars and cuffs and a ribbon bow; also to go to college on, so as to get away from Freedom and have a chance in life. "If I stay here much longer I'll beat the air with my fists," she told Robert. There was an awful scene when Esther's father smelt the perfume on her. "Do you believe God gives no heed when a Christian girl besmears herself with perfume until she smells like the wicked women of the streets of Buffalo," he asked her. It was worse still when he learned that she was working for Robert Orme and wearing the laces and the ribbons. He told her about Isaiah. "He saw you turn away from your missionary work and bedeck yourself with the finery of unbelievers, your friends, the Catholics." He put the finery in the stove.

"As Ye Sow"

Esther met Harry Clancy in the woods and they went for a swim. Both were floating on the lake when she placed her arm under his neck. "It's so nice and deep here," she said. "Hell is down below. What difference would it make if we did—go right down there together?" With her words came the pressure of her lips on his. Her arms and legs were tentacles clutching him. Her body was a weight of stone carrying him down." Harry was very angry. "If I hadn't been brought up as a fish," he said, "nothing could have saved either of us." The next night Esther went to the Catholic Church for a lark. And she was there just in time to see Harry Clancy marry the pretty girl from New York! Her girlhood was gone. "I won't be crushed," she said. Esther's mother wanted her to go as a missionary among the heathens. Esther gave her mother a long, charged gaze. "Look at me again—through and through. I'm all blackness. Make no mistake." The terrible truth caught and held Mrs. Damon. "If I weren't your daughter," continued Esther, "you'd be down on your knees praying for me. You'd know I'm one of those men have slain." "Who is he?" asked Mrs. Damon, but Esther would not betray Harry. At church Esther wouldn't pray and her father exposed her, saying as she left the Methodist assemblage, "Woe unto adulterers, for their offspring shall curse them." He put her out of the house and she went to Mrs. Brewster's to weave for Robert.

"The Resurrection of a Soul"

All the village jeered at her shame except Robert. "Remember the child," he told her and she was brave. One day he lectured to the workmen on Plutarch's Dion and this helped Esther. Her child should be like Dion. When the child was born and she was strong enough she carried it through the village, defying public opinion. Alice had gone back to prosperous Robert, but she left again when he founded his Republic. He realized that he was robbing the people who worked for him. He taught them, gave them shorter hours, higher wages, the use of his house, but it was no use. His property was all theft, he said. So he founded the Republic. Alice had no intention of getting a divorce. "I'll live just to keep you from Esther," she told Robert. Robert discovered that he loved Esther and avoided her. When Dion died they were brought together. Later he made violent love to her. For a moment she crouched in his embrace, listened to his mad endearments; then she took him in her arms, pressed her lips to his forehead, his cheeks. His will was blown about by his strongest desire. "To prove myself I'll go to hell with you," he said. But his mind was too keen not to be accompanied by fine lucidity of conscience. "I can't live in Freedom," she told him. He uttered no syllable to urge the overthrow of her decision. She watched him lurch down the hill. She had conquered her life. There was a camp meeting going on. They needed a missionary for the New Hebrides. She went to the New Hebrides. During the succeeding years travelers, students, dreamers—all those rising to breathe the pure air of a nobler development of civilization—found their way to East Aurora (beg pardon, I mean Freedom) and to Elbert's (beg pardon, I mean Robert's) Republic. Many of the world's weary here long lingered, renewed their spiritual forces, gathered momentum for life. A generation later Esther came home. Alice was dead but Robert was there to meet her. Eager youth was once more in his eyes. Esther took up the shuttle that had been so long in waiting.

Mrs. Youngwedd—I may not be much of a cook, but my husband has never yet twitted me about the better cake and pies his mother used to make.

Mrs. Keene—No, dear; his father used to run a bakery.

Goodwin the Welcher

A group of men at the Palace bar were discussing Nat Goodwin's book, "Why Beautiful Women Marry Nat Goodwin." "I think I can guess why they do," said one of the group. Asked what his guess was, he said: "To get some of the stuff that belongs to men whom Nat welched on in the days that are gone." And then he went on to tell of Goodwin's career as a gambler. He said that the actor was a very bad loser, and that he so hated to pay his gambling debts that professional gamblers avoided him as they would the plague. He recalled that many years ago when Goodwin was playing at the old Bush street theater he got into a dice game one night in the bar of the Occidental Hotel and after losing all the cash he had in his pockets gave his I. O. U.'s for several hundred dollars. These he repudiated the next day, saying that he had been fleeced by sharpers. "I'm not surprised," said the narrator of this story, "that the man who used to welch should now be trying to make a little money by writing mean yarns about women to whom he was once married."

As to the Influence of Luck

There is a strong human touch about the answers which a number of intellectual Frenchmen have given to a question submitted to them by Je Sais Tout, a popular Paris periodical. They were asked what influence they thought chance had on each individual's life; in other words, for how much luck stands in any one's career. The replies to this very debatable question show that those who have been most successful in life generally think that chance has less to do with success than industry and perseverance. Jules Lemaitre, for instance, thinks that there is really no such thing as chance. "What we call luck is," he says, "the belief in some equalizing power; an idea born of the innate instinct of justice in man." Jules Claretie, on the other hand, admits that chance is a powerful factor, but that it is easy to exaggerate its influence. "Many an officer," he says, "has found himself a hero because his battery or company happened to get a good position. Many an author has got his work accepted because he unexpectedly found the public receptive to his particular vein. But the best chance is—work." Paul Deroulede's opinion is that one-quarter luck is needed to three-quarters perseverance. Maurice Donnay thinks chance plays a very small part. "What is necessary," he says, "is for a man to find out what he was made for. Every man is made to fit some purpose. Few find out what they are meant for. Find your aim and then work at it for all you are worth." Dr. Doyen agrees in the main with Donnay. Others again, like Maeterlinck and Xavier Leroux are inclined to the belief that chance plays a very prominent part indeed. Professor Richet of the Academy of Medicine reduces the question to figures. "Success," he says, "is made up of intelligence, capacity and luck. At chess talent means 100 per cent and chance nil; but at roulette chance means 100 per cent and talent nil. Between these two extremes lie all possibilities. Success, I should say, needs 60 per cent intelligence, 10 per cent industry and 30 per cent luck. But these figures should be taken as products, not as additions. If any of these three faculties or powers is nil then the result will be nil, too. After all is said and done the question whether we have been born intelligent is itself a matter of chance or luck. There is no worse stroke of bad luck than to be born a fool." The composer Massenet's answer is laconic and worldly wise: "Yes, I believe in luck—especially in others."

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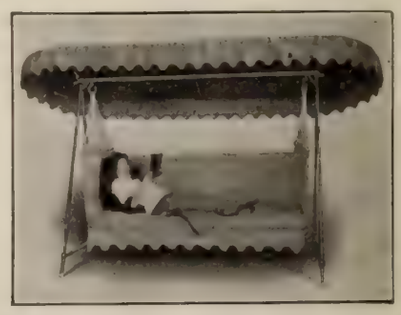

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A Saccahrine Rule of Life

Smith Ely, former mayor of New York, died the other day at the ripe age of 86 years. Like all other octogenarians Ely had a norm of longevity, but his norm had at least the merit of originality. He set it down thus: "My regular meal (dinner) for many months consisted of three or four pieces of baker's pie. At all periods of my life the dessert has almost always been the better part of the meal. I don't know that this diet of sweets has benefited my disposition, but it has given me strength to undergo the nervous strain and excitement of a political career at Albany, Washington and New York that would have shortened the existence of a beef eater. My parents, like many others, thought that sweets of any sort were unwholesome for children, and I enjoyed such things in my childhood only within strict limitations. Consequently when I reached the age of 16 and found employment downtown, with permission to dine as I pleased, I made up for lost time. I resided for more than twenty years in the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and during all that time it was my regular habit on my way home from clubs and entertainments to stop at Maillard's and have a meringue glace, followed by a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream. It has been, and still is, my habit to place a lump of confectionery of some sort in my mouth upon retiring for the night."

The Dayton Motor Truck

A motor truck that has lately been attracting much attention in the East is soon to be represented in San Francisco. This is the Durable Dayton, and it will be handled in this city and on the entire Pacific Coast by the Duffey Brothers Motor Truck Company. Considerable interest has been created by the announcement—not alone among the automobile men of the city, but in commercial circles—for the Duffeys have been prominent in the business life of the city for thirty years past. The trucks are already on their way to this city, and a big salesroom and separate garage and stockroom are being prepared for their reception. The location will not be among the other automobile firms, but will be on the south side of Market street, near Seventh. The Durable Dayton is manufactured by the Dayton Auto Truck Company of Dayton, Ohio, which is reported to have very large capital behind it. The car recently attracted wide attention throughout the East by a remarkable endurance run between Chicago and New York. The three-ton model was loaded to its capacity with supplies from a big Chicago packing-house for a New York firm. The start was made from Chicago on May 15, and the trip ended in New York eleven days later, one Sunday being taken out for rest. The distance was 1132 miles, and it was figured that the car's average speed was over fourteen miles an hour. As a result of this demonstration the big packers for whom it was done will soon have in their service several of the trucks. The truck then made the return journey to Detroit via Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

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He—Yes, dear—pot luck.

A Roosevelt Anecdote

Anent the result of the leadership of Colonel Roosevelt in the political campaign in New York last fall some of the defeated insurgents are telling a story of what occurred during the stumping tour of Colonel Roosevelt when he was running for Governor of New York as illustrative of his qualities as a leader.

The stumping party traveled in a special train, which was loaded with orators, committeemen and half a dozen rough riders in khaki uniforms. One of these was Sergeant Jasper, formerly of Texas. Jasper approached Roosevelt and said: "Kyurnel, I would like to make a short speech foh you. I know I could do you good." "All right," said Roosevelt, "speak to the committee and they will arrange it." "I done spoke to them, colonel, and they turned me down. I think that Senator Depew is jealous of me and unless you fix it I won't get a chance, and I know I could do you good." Roosevelt laughed. "All right Jasper," said he. "When I get through tonight I'll introduce you. Don't say anything to the committee about it." That night, after Roosevelt concluded his speech, he said: "Now, fellow-citizens, I will introduce to you my comrade, Sergeant Jasper, who was on the firing line with me at San Juan Hill." Jasper stepped forward and was received with cheers, while the committeemen were in a state of consternation. "Muffriends," said the orator, "Ahm a Democrat. I was a Democrat in Texas and when I get home I'll be a Democrat again. But if I had a vote in New Yawk I'd cast it foh mah kyurnel. (Cheers.) Mah kyurnel is a man. Otha folks' kyurnels stayed in the reah while the regiment went fohwad. Did my kyurnel stay in the reah? (Cheers.) No, suhs, he went to the front, and he led us, he led us, he led us like sheep to the slaughtah." (Prolonged cheering amid which Sergeant Jasper retired and received the congratulations of the committee.)

Obliging

In the scramble that followed a premature discharge of dynamite in a building, a stout man lost a scarf-pin. After he began to search for it, he noticed another man poking around in the dust and debris. He immediately grew suspicious and at last spoke:

"I do not wish to give offense," he said, "but I must ask you to refrain from assisting me in this search. I appreciate your willingness to help, but as a means of self-protection I long ago made it a rule never to allow strangers to assist me in a search for a lost article."

"Oh, very well," said the stranger. "You have no objection to my looking on, I suppose?"

"But it is not my pin," he said depectedly.

"No; it's mine," said the other man. "I heard it strike somewhere hereabouts. That was what I set out to look for, but when I saw how anxious you were for the job I let you go ahead. Your own scarf-pin, if you want to know, is sticking to the flap of your left coat pocket."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Elkins-de Guigne Betrothal

Some weeks ago I stated that Miss Marie Louise Elkins, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. William Delaware Neilson now of Philadelphia, had left her heart in California and from Paris the news of her betrothal to young Christian de Guigne of San Mateo has been sent to friends in this city. Miss Elkins is one of the richest heiresses in San Francisco society. She is the granddaughter of Senator Felton and her father was a prominent millionaire of Philadelphia whose death occurred several years ago. He left his large fortune in trust for his son and daughter. Miss Elkins made her debut at a handsome ball given at the Fairmont last winter and

Photo, Scharz

MISS LILLA LOVELL

A popular member of the Friday Night and other exclusive dancing assemblies of Oakland.

was one of the most sought-after belles of the winter. She accompanied her mother East in the spring and was present at the marriage of Mrs. Elkins and William Neilson in Philadelphia which came as a surprise to society. She also accompanied her mother and step-father to Europe. Young de Guigne remained in California a few months longer and then hied himself to Paris whence the announcement of the betrothal was sent. He is one of the great catches in California. His father, Christian de Guigne, is wealthy and his mother was heiress to a share of the Parrott millions, several of which are still controlled by Mrs. Abby Parrott, the young man's grandmother. His sisters are Viscomtesse de Dampiere and Viscomtesse de Tristan of Paris. He is a graduate of Oxford and returned to California last year to make his home here. The match is one that meets with the approval of both families who are connected with the financial history of the State. The family home of the Feltons has been in Menlo Park for many years and the Parrott estate is one of the largest about San Mateo. The young couple will probably add their own establishment to the handsome homes in the neighborhood.

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Bishop Nichols at the Coronation

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols have not figured in the published lists of those revolving about royalty in England though they have received many social favors that would not be accorded some of their towns people, perhaps because the rarified social atmosphere they breathe is not penetrated by social scribes. They have been visiting the Bishop of London at his magnificent palace where members of the royal family are frequent visitors. They have become very friendly with the Princess Louise and have attended several of the garden parties honored by royalty. Their daughter, Miss Peggy Nichols, is with her parents. Their second daughter, Mrs. Charles Mills, has come with her husband from Georgia to make her home in California. They have been at the Bishop's residence in Webster street but are going to build a home in San Mateo. Young Mills belongs to a very wealthy family in the south.

Mrs. Carolan Sings

That Mrs. Francis J. Carolan was improving her time in Paris by taking vocal lessons from the fashionable teacher Criticos was a bit of information which I placed at the disposal of my gentle readers recently. I am glad to be able to add to this now the interesting news that Mrs. Carolan has made her debut as a singer. This momentous event occurred two weeks ago when Mrs. Carolan gave a musicale at her beautiful new apartments in the Rue Nitot. The program, I am told, was mainly classical, which shows that Mrs. Carolan is as serious in her pursuit of music as of all other arts. The selections which she rendered were operatic, but the operas were not specified by my informant. Of course there was a fashionable gathering to hear Mrs. Carolan sing. Among others I note the names of Mrs. Pullman, the Duchesse de Chaulnes and Miss Shonts and General and Mrs. Winslow. Needless to say, Mrs. Carolan was acclaimed a great singer. It was a memorable night in the Rue Nitot.

The Clomans Are Here

The arrival of Major and Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman was the signal for a flutter in local society. The Clomans are fresh from social triumphs in London where the gallant major was military attache at the Embassy. They had a handsome house in the fashionable quarter of London and entertained lavishly. Both were favorites at Edward's court and the present monarch expressed regret that Cloman's four years' term of service in the diplomatic corps ended just before the coronation. Major Cloman is a popular officer who formerly made his home in San Francisco when he was on inspection duty. His engagement to a dashing divorcee was rumored before his departure for England but it was Mrs. Clement, widow of a South African millionaire who had captured his affections. She had lived in San Francisco where she took a prominent part in social affairs, but the couple became engaged in Washington where she visited Mrs. John Hays Hammond. Their marriage took place at the Hammond home in Plainfield, New Jersey, on the eve of Major Cloman's departure to assume his diplomatic duties. Mrs. Cloman proved herself a woman of great tact during their residence in England and relieved Mrs. Reid of many social burdens. One of her intimate friends is Princess Lobanoff, the wife of Jerome Landfield who formerly lived in California, and they were much together on the other side. Major Cloman has been assigned to a

Photo, Habenicht

MISS FLOSSIE CLUFF

Youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff whose engagement to Dr. Edward Janss of Los Angeles was recently announced.

station in Michigan and at the expiration of his leave they will depart for their new post.

Another Favorite of London

Mrs. Richardson Clover is another fair Californienne who at one time enjoyed a position in London similar to that Mrs. Sydney Cloman recently relinquished. It was when Admiral Clover was a captain and was naval attache at the American Embassy. Mrs. Clover was Dora Miller, daughter of Senator Miller of this State who owned large sections of land in the San Joaquin Valley and Napa County. The big Miller ranch in Napa is one of the show places in that part of the country and the Clover family has been in the habit of visiting it once a year while residing in Washington. This year Admiral Clover made a short visit of inspection and

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returned to join his family at Bar Harbor where they are occupying a cottage adjoining that of the Cornelius Vanderbilts.

Their Wedding Was Anticipated

I was surprised to read in one of our daily social and personal columns that Benjamin Foss of Boston was a guest at the Palace and that he had recently wedded a belle of San Francisco society. It must have been news to Miss Chapman whose own marriage to the young son of Governor Foss of Massachusetts is set for August 29. The event has been much heralded and some scribe simply anticipated it with startling effect. Pretty Miss Chapman was not disturbed and appeared at tea the same afternoon with her betrothed. They are a very devoted pair and the young man hastened his return to San Francisco to be near his fair fiancee. His parents, brother and two sisters are coming out to the wedding which will be a big affair at Grace Cathedral. Helen and Esther Foss will be bridesmaids and one of them, I am told, promises to create a flutter in the hearts of our gilded youth with her beauty. Benjamin Foss and his bride are going to make their home at the gubernatorial mansion in Boston until their own home is selected and furnished.

A Countess Coming—She Inhales

A very charming and, I am given to understand, a very beautiful countess of the blonde type is about to visit us. She is the Countess Beatrice van Bylandt of the Netherlands and part of her distinction comes from the fact that her husband is the resident Dutch peace commissioner of the Hague Tribunal. The countess crossed the ocean to New York recently and was distinguished among a distinguished company on shipboard by the unmistakable exhilaration she derived from inhaling her cigarettes. Somebody played a joke on her before the steamer arrived at the pier. This somebody informed her that women were not allowed to smoke cigarettes, to say nothing of inhaling them, in America. With great indignation the countess expressed her contempt for a country which thus limited feminine privilege and declared that she would take the next steamer home. She asked the reporters about the matter afterwards and when she was informed that smoking, aye and inhaling, were not proscribed by federal statute she heaved a sigh of relief. She is coming to spend some time with us. Of course a countess is no great shucks out here where we have entertained duchesses in our time, but a smoke-inhaling countess will be something of a novelty. Most of our women cough their pretty heads off when they inhale their smoke by mistake.

Miss Barrymore's Trouble

When Ethel Barrymore was in this city she carefully secluded herself at the St. Francis Hotel. Miss Louise Drew, her cousin, who was a member of her company, accepted a number of social invitations, but Miss Barrymore denied herself the society of her many friends here and in Burlingame. As she had always allowed herself to be entertained by the Martins, the Tobins and others during her previous visits, this aloofness excited considerable comment. But the secret was out when it became known in Los Angeles that Miss Barrymore contemplated divorce. That of course accounted for her strict seclusion here. The news that her married life had not been happy came as a great shock to Miss Barrymore's many friends in San Francisco. The match was looked upon as an ideal one from the first and when the union was blessed with a child all of Ethel's friends here thought that she must be perfectly happy. A great deal of sympathy is being expressed for her, as it thought that she would not have taken the serious step unless forced by unendurable conditions. By the way, how many know that Barrymore is not the real name of the family to which Ethel belongs? Her father Maurice's real name was Herbert Blythe.

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He Was at the Third Table

From one of the veracious correspondents who reported smart functions of Coronation and post-Coronation time I learn that "the relapse of John Hays Hammond into the state of private citizenship has altered his precedence. At the Reid dinner he was seated at neither the first nor second table with the Reids and royalty and the permanent Ambassadors." It is pleasant to learn, however, that this sudden slide down the toboggan of official precedence did not worry Mr. Hammond a bit. "He made a good dinner," says the correspondent who must be commended for his thorough-going elaboration of details. After dinner any melancholy thoughts about the fleeting character of honor which John Hays may have been tempted to indulge in were banished when the Duke of Connaught picked him out for half an hour's conversation. The duke also took Mrs. Hammond in to supper, so John's assignment to the third table had its compensations.

A Prophecy Borne Out

Prophets should always be slow to acclaim the fulfillment of their vaticinations. Bearing this in mind I preserve a fitting modesty in pointing out that Ned Greenway has prepared the way for the accomplishment of something which I foretold several weeks ago. I took occasion, it may be remembered, to remark that the turkey trot and the Texas Tommy would be seen at the exclusive assemblies next winter. Now comes our Petronius and declares that the Texas Tommy is a graceful dance and that he sees no reason why it should not be danced at the big dances of the smart set. It is true Ned had words of dispraise for the turkey trot, but just the same that enticing measure may be danced as well.

Bachelors Lost to Stockton

Stockton society has been recently robbed by Cupid of three of its most prominent and eligible bachelors. Frank Guernsey, Bert Melone and Clarence Dickinson have within a short period joined the ranks of the staid married men. They are all popular members of the Yosemite and other exclusive clubs of Stockton, but since succumbing to the matrimonial lure they have been conspicuous by their absence from the haunts sacred to bachelordom. Their friends are wondering if that confirmed bachelor George Bacon will follow the lead of his erstwhile pals, as he must find club life rather lonely without their companionship.

Tennis at Belvedere

The recent tennis tournament in Belvedere proved most interesting to the many who assembled there. Mr. George James easily won first honors. His native modesty, however, prevented him from claiming the prize (a handsome tennis racket), owing to the fact of his being an ex-champion of the Coast, so it went to Somers Peterson. Among the ladies the prize was awarded for the best two sets out of three. Miss Kate Peterson was in the lead when she fainted after the first set, so the prize fell to Miss Marion Dixon. A large gathering of prominent society people witnessed the games. Many house parties were entertained during the week.

Ruth Aubury's Success

Miss Ruth Aubury, the dashing daughter of State Mineralogist and Mrs. Lewis E. Aubury, went to New York recently to look for an engagement in vaudeville. Now comes word from the metropolis that she has succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. She sailed with her mother this week for London and will begin an engagement at the Palace Music Hall on July 31 at a salary of $250 a week. Miss Aubury is a gifted musician. She not only plays well but has a fine voice and composes with rare felicity. In London she will present light songs of her own composition, singing them at the piano. Miss Aubury is only nineteen and there is no doubt that she has a brilliant career opening before her. She will be known on the stage as Ramona Adair. While at the University of California, it will be remembered, Miss Aubury eloped with Paul Engstrom, son of the well known Los Angeles contractor; but their married life was unhappy and they were separated some time ago.

Miss Walters Weds

The wedding of Miss Rae Ona Walters, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Walters, and Mr. Eric C. Wickenden, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Wickenden of San Luis Obispo was quietly celebrated in the rectory of Notre Dame des Victoires on Monday evening. The bride's father is the well known railroad man of the Southern Pacific while the groom belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families of the southern county. Miss Wilhelmena Wickenden, sister of the groom, attended as bridesmaid while James Wickenden served as best man. Only relatives witnessed the ceremony.

Nat's Friends Identified

Because Nat Goodwin is proving himself a cad by mangling his family linen in public is no reason why we who are disinterested should not enjoy his revelations. It is interesting to know that the charming Mrs. Sam Newhouse (who was in San Francisco just before she left for the Coronation) helped Maxine Elliott in her efforts to gain a foothold on the edge of the social British

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tableland. Mrs. Newhouse is referred to by Nat as "the wife of a friend of mine, an American mining man, who knew all the swagger members of the Guards." It is not surprising that Mrs. Newhouse should be thus acquainted. Her personal charm which captivates all who meet her has won her a high place in London society. The duke "whose father died owing me a paltry $2,000 borrowed on the race course at Deauville, France" is the Duke of Manchester. The "saphead Guardsman," the "chocolate soldier" who asked Maxine how she could possibly marry such a vulgar little person as Nat and to whom Nat said things not fit for print is Captain Bagot Chester, familiarly known as "Bubbles." The "most conspicuous member of our profession" who dined an objectionable person at the same table with his wife and children, a man who "has the reputation of being possessed of supreme chastity," who "prefers marshmallows to champagne and stick licorice to Havana cigars" and who "married upon beginning his career and is quite content to stand pat with his head in the sand" remains to be identified. He is probably some actor who has a more enviable reputation than his sneering enemy Nat Goodwin.

The Chimes at Tait's

Perhaps one of the most interesting innovations adopted in cafe life in San Francisco, is that which was recently installed in the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. During the evening, the orchestra, accompanied by vocal selections renders beautiful pieces in which Chimes are a factor. The Chimes are made up by a series of bells located all over the establishment, tuned in perfect harmony, making the rendition of the music a pleasing innovation. A visit to Tait-Zinkand, any evening, will be repaid by listening to one of these renditions, if for none of the other great attractions of this popular cafe.

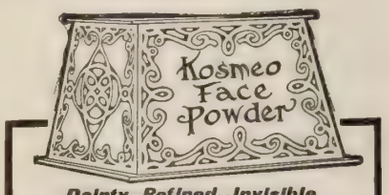
In the Social Spotlight

The pupils of Senor Joaquin Wanrell, the well known vocal instructor, gave an interesting musicale last week at the home of their teacher in Washington street.

With 10,000 people in attendance the National Education Association formally opened the Forty-ninth Annual Convention in San Francisco on Monday last. The official headquarters were at the Hotel St. Francis, and the various rooms turned over to the different departments were quickly transformed into the most up-to-date business offices.

Among the theatrical folks who have registered at the St. Francis for the past week are Chauncey Olcott, appearing at the Columbia, and Miss Wakefield of the Orpheum Circuit.

Brigadier General E. V. Summer, U. S. A. (retired) with his son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Carson, Jr., and Mrs. Carson spent several days in San Francisco, as guests at the Hotel Victoria before sailing on the Sherman for Manila.



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Unlike most face powders Kosmeo Powder is absolutely harmless. Its constant use will improve any complexion. Three shades—white, flesh, brunette. 50 cents at all dealers or by mail.

Kosmeo Cream—A delightful toilet preparation that positively creates a sun and wind proof complexion, and prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. Price 50c.

Free Liberal Samples and 64 page Book "Aids to Beauty"

Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1504 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Toplitzky who were recently married in Los Angeles are spending their honeymoon in San Francisco, and are domiciled at the St. Francis.

Dr. and Mrs. James M. Keeney left during the week for Castle Crag Farm where they will remain for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce are going up to Castle Crag Farm to spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft are enjoying the July weeks at the Crag Farm, where they are having splendid fishing. They catch the limit daily.

A merry party of young people who enjoyed the Fourth of July dance at Castle Crag included Miss Gertrude W. OBrien, Miss Marie Russell, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Marion Mitchell, Miss Gertrude Mitchell, Miss Chadbourne and Miss Hopkins.

Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow is at the Crag Farm for a month's outing.

Demands for reservations at Castle Crag have been so numerous that the management has determined on November 1st as the close of the season.

Henry Goodcell and wife, long time residents of San Bernardino, stopped over at Paso Robles during a recent tour of the coast.

General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., the new department commander, is settled at the Hotel Victoria. His son, Lieutenant Rapp Brush, U. S. A., has been up from San Diego for a few days with his father.

The Glorious Fourth was unusually gay at Del Monte which had its throng of merry guests and a magnificent pyrotechnic display. Miss Phelan came down in her car bringing as her guests Miss A. M. Sullivan of Paris, Miss Kate Dillon of San Francisco. Mrs. James Shea and Miss Katherine Farrell, with Miss Carmen Ghirardelli of Piedmont were also among the guests. They will remain two or three weeks longer. Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Jr., who, with her small children, has been at Del Monte for the last three months, left Monday morning for her home in San Rafael. Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo was among the clever golfers who entered the tournament at Del Monte last week. She played a splendid game and was one of the few women scratch players of the contest. Dr. and Mrs. Frank W. Simpson of Berkeley are at Del Monte for a short rest.

The delegation of Boston educators, numbering one hundred and twenty-five, in attendance on the convention made their headquarters at the Hotel Victoria.

A hay ride from Castle Crags Farm to Dunsmuir and Shasta was the pleasure enjoyed by the thirty young people who are finding life at the Crags Farm one grand good time. Mrs. Wakefield Baker chaperoned the merrymakers, who added singing and feasting to the joy of the moonlight ride. Mandolins, guitars and ukuleles were delightful features of the serenades to the dwellers along the way. Supper, served at the Crags Farm dining room, was the final event of the jolly party.

Capt. John Barneson of San Mateo with Mrs. F. Hudson, Miss Ferguson and Miss Kingston reached Paso Robles Wednesday last. The captain's automobile suffered from various vicissitudes by the way and the party was finally obliged to "change cars," returning home by train.

Mrs. R. C. McChord, Miss Eliza Lisle McChord of Lebannon, Kentucky, and Miss Lydia McChord of Louisville, Kentucky, mother and sisters of Lieutenant William McChord, U. S. A., of the Presidio, spent a few days this past week in San Francisco. They were guests at the Hotel Victoria during their visit here.

Mr. E. D. Porter, Miss Dodge and Miss Anna Dodge from Alameda visited Paso Robles last week.

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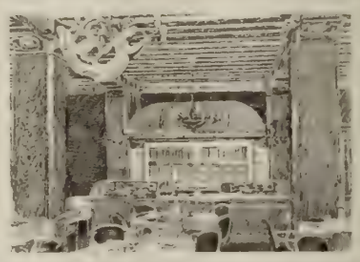

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A NEW DEPARTURE

The management is pleased to announce to the patrons of Techau Tavern, that hereafter, in addition to our vocal and instrumental concerts during luncheon, shopping hours and dinner, there will be a continuous vocal entertainment between the hours of 8:30 p. m. and 12:30.

Jules Restaurant

Regular Dinner with Wine, $1.00

Banquet Conveniences — Lunches a la Carte
Ladies Grill — Music

MONADNOCK BUILDING

ALL CARS PASS THE DOOR — Next to Palace Hotel

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, DANTE?

She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the

Dante Restaurant

536 Broadway

St. Germain

60 and 64 ELLIS ST.

LUNCH 75c — REGULAR DINNER $1.00

Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

Chauncey Olcott In "Macushla"

By Edward F. O'Day

It would be too much to ask a broth of a boy like Chauncey Olcott to appear in a modern Irish drama. There are plenty of modern Irish dramas of exceptional worth, but they are not for Chauncey. He does not belong to those courageous innovators who have been making theatrical history in a modest Dublin playhouse. It would be too much to expect Chauncey to present any of the plays written by William Butler Yeats, John M. Synge, Lady Gregory or George Moore. There is nothing revolutionary about Chauncey and all the plays of these writers are extremely revolutionary. Some of them have raised storms in Ireland. Imagine Chauncey producing a play which would be apt to raise a storm! The notion is grotesque. Chauncey is old-fashioned and proud of it. To the last day of his theatrical career—and may that day be long in dawning!—he will go on giving us the same old play that has been doing duty for well nigh half a century. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant there has been nothing new in an Irish play. James Scanlan, Denis O'Sullivan, Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott, these and others of less ability have stuck fast to the formula which constant use has endeared to the hearts of expatriated Irishmen and sons and grandsons of expatriated Irishmen. Why should Chauncey change when he is certain of the old appeal, cocksure of the thunderous applause, and able to calculate to a nicety when the tear will bedim the eye? Why should he not have ordered "Macushla" written to hard and fast specifications? And should not Rida Johnson Young give Chauncey just what Chauncey knew and she knew would make a hit? Being a sensible woman she framed "Macushla" in strict accord with the conventions. She didn't overlook a single episode, a single character, a single speech that all Irishmen in America have a perfect right to expect in the plays which Chauncey gives them. There is the handsome young Irish baronet staggering under a mountain of debts, beloved by his tenants who can't pay their rents, full of blarney and wit, devil-may-care, the best fox hunter in the county. There is the city bred villain who is marrying for money, who looks down on the impoverished Irishman and covets his ancestral acres and who makes the blood of every Irishman in the audience boil by trying to kiss the beautiful young girl who has certainly done nothing to encourage his wicked advances. This young girl of course is as poor as she is beautiful, but her heart is as pure as her hair is black and it is inevitable that the hero should be in love with her for a long time without discovering the condition of his heart. There are the haughty young English women who swagger about in riding habits. (In every Irish play the saucy young English women always wear riding habits.) And naturally there is the comic Scotchman who hoards his money and makes himself a willing butt for the wit of the impoverished hero. Given these characters it matters little how the action proceeds. Things always look dark for the hero and the heroine in the first act, darker still in the second; but in the third act comes prosperity, the foiling and complete exposure of the villain and the sweetness of perfect romantic love crowned by marriage. In "Macushla" these incidents are grouped about a horse race. Everything depends on the outcome of that horse race. Need I say that the villain comes very near winning that race by the foulest of foul means? Or need I hint that when things look most hopeless the villain is exposed by the luckiest of chances and the happiest of happy endings sends the audience away with tears of joy in its eyes? 'Twas ever thus and thus, I hope, 'twill ever be. May the Chauncey Olcotts never turn aside from plays like "Macushla" to the revolutionary dramas of the Dublin Stage Society. May the heroes they so gallantly impersonate never forget to sing sweet appealing Irish ditties when misfortune is blackest. And when the time comes for Chauncey to nominate a successor—oh sorrowful duty of the distant future!—may Chauncey find someone with as sweet a voice, with as handsome a face, with as charming a smile and with as winning a personality as himself!

Gossip of the Theatre

Miller in "The Havoc"

In "The Havoc" which Henry Miller will present on Sunday night, July 23, for a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia, the actor-manager is said to have found a stronger and better role than his Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide," or Sidney Carton in "The Only Way." His characterization of Richard Craig, the central character of H. S. Sheldon's gripping play, is a really remarkable blend of subtle, sardonic comedy and powerful, repressed, realistic acting that keeps the truth, depth and irony of the husband uppermost throughout situations which elicit the laughter of an audience. It is said by some to be the finest acting Mr. Miller has ever done and a stage portrait which will linger in the memory of theatergoers. San Francisco saw the actor-manager last season in a light comedy, "Her Husband's Wife." In "The Havoc" Mr. Miller returns to the field of big, serious drama with which the playgoers of this city have learned to identify his name.

"Sapho" for Their Last Week

For the final week of the Roberts-Bergen-Roberts season at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night, an elaborate revival of "Sapho" is announced, with Miss Roberts in the title role, Mr. Bergen as Jean Gaussin, Mr. Roberts as Uncle Cesare and the stock players completing the cast. It was in response to insistent public demand that Belasco & Mayer decided to revive this play which was the medium of one of Miss Roberts' memorable hits when she headed the old Alcazar company. During her last starring engagement in the Sutter-street theater, two years ago, she had appeared three times as Sapho when illness compelled her retirement, and irresistible clamor for the coming revival began when her current engagement was first heralded. In the staging of this play Belasco & Mayer have spared no expense. Artistic in the extreme is the setting of the opening act, showing a Parisian mask ball in progress. In the picture are many people in fancy costumes, no two of which are alike, as can find room to move, and throughout the scene they are crossing and recrossing, laughing and chatting, mingling with, yet never distracting attention from, the two principal figures. So cleverly is the animated throng directed that Fanny and Jean would be identified as the chief personages in the play even if they did not utter a word. Each movement of every individual in the mass is so arranged that it contributes to a realistic ensemble without interferring with the central subject—the uncouth man's unconscious fascination of the vivacious woman. That the Roberts-Bergen-Roberts season will go out in a blaze of glory is indicated by the advance sale of seats for each performance of "Sapho" which is the largest recorded during the stay of the talented trio at the Alcazar.

THE LORCH FAMILY

Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Another Week of Olcott

Chauncey Olcott will continue at the Columbia in "Macushla" for another week. He has drawn big houses and will undoubtedly continue in high favor. The songs he sings are "The Girl I'll Call My Sweetheart Must Look Like You," "With the Twinkle in Her Eye," "Macushla" and "Goodbye, My Emerald Land."

Five New Acts at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have five acts entirely new. Previous to their engagement in this country with the Ringling Bros. Circus, the Lorch family who will be the headline attraction, won fame as one of the most wonderful companies in the British Isles. The eleven members of the troupe have all reached the acme of gymnastic skill. In addition to their feats of strength, acrobatics, Risley and dancing, they introduce two ponies and a donkey as instances of their skill in animal training. Gerald Griffin, a famous Eastern character actor who has contributed to the success of many big productions, will present a tabloid version of Edward Owing Towne's comedy "Other People's Money." Mr. Griffin will have capable support in Mary Condon, Beatrice Belmont and Francis Fay. "General" Edward Lavine, "The man who has soldiered all his life," is sure to be a great comedy

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hit. Lavine performs some remarkable tricks in juggling, but he does them in such an amusing manner that he elicits laughter instead of applause. Clifford Walker, the famous English monologist, will also be included in the attractions. His songs and stories are droll and he is an excellent pianist. The Three Vagrants, singers and musicians attired in the garb of street musicians, will introduce one of the most entertaining acts in vaudeville. Next week will be the last of Willa Holt Wakefield; The Charles Ahearn Cycling Troupe and also of Emma Dunn in John Stokes' human little play "The Baby."

She—Oh, but mamma objects to kissing.
He—Well, I'm not kissing your mother, am I?

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones. Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Gottlob, Marx and Co., Managers
Second and Last Week Begins Monday Night, July 16th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Augustus Pitou Presents
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In His New Play
"MACUSHLA"
Prices, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
Coming HENRY MILLER in "The Havoc."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs.
Phones, West 1400 and Home S 4242
Monday Evening, July 17th, and Throughout the Week
Farewell Appearances of
Florence ROBERTS Thurlow BERGEN Theodore ROBERTS
An Elaborate Revival of
SAPHO
Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
THE LORCH FAMILY, a Thrilling Combination of Dancing, Acrobatics and Risley; GERALD GRIFFIN and CO. in Edward Owing Towne's Tabloid Version of "Other People's Money"; "GENERAL" EDWARD LAVINE; CLIFFORD WALKER; THE THREE VAGRANTS; WILLA HOLT WAKEFIELD; CHARLES AHEARN CYCLING COMEDIANS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of EMMA DUNN in John Stokes Playlet "THE BABY."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

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LIQUID TOILET POWDER
A Summer Necessity.
Warm weather brings its discomforts---Sunburn and Tan---and you should know how to keep your complexion clear and beautiful. Magnolia Balm quickly overcomes the effects of wind and sun and preserves the delicate texture of the skin.
SUNBURN. Magnolia Balm stops the burning sensation, soothes the parched, tender skin and overcomes the redness. Is delightfully refreshing after a day outdoors.
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Summer Resort Arrivals

Recent arrivals at Castle Crags Farm include: Mrs. George A. Martin, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Margaret Martin of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee and maid, Master John Magee of San Francisco, Mrs. Sarah S. Winslow and maid, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Marie Louise Winslow of San Francisco, Will A. MacLeon, Belvedere, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Miller and Miss Miller of San Francisco.

San Franciscans arriving at Paso Robles this week include Mr. H. G. Marks, R. Lafiarza and wife, D. I. Duncan and wife, Dr. S. B. Lyon and wife, H. D. Hart and Miss Conrad.

The arrivals at Casa Del Rey, Santa Cruz, include: Mr. and Mrs. F. Lyman, W. F. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. B. Lowenstein, Miss F. B. Galland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Seeley, Ruth Seeley, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson and family, George Downed, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Russ, Miss A. L. Russ, L. B. Russ, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. McDermott, Miss E. Crowley, Robert McGibben, Robert McGibben, Jr., O. N. Gardner, Alfred Stearns and party, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marston, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Dobson, F. B. Waldsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George P. A. Jordan, Chas. Lozier, C. D. Woods, J. R. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. P. Clum, Paul Brady, Frank Ewing, Jack Hickey, Mrs. H. D. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McMuller, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McNulty, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Suhr, Fred Suhr, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Creib, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, A. O. Stein, Miss Charlotte Warnecke, Ned Greenway and party, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Darling, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Dollard, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kane, F. A. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. F. Leham, C. Bogart and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kelly, F. B. Corbit, Miss Fannie Weib, Miss Blanche Meyer, L. L. Coye, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Schmidt, Milton L. Schmidt, Miss Florence Hoffman, H. A. Hauflasher, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Levy, Lucille Levy, Laura Farnsworth, H. R. Claybough, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Seymour, B. Liebes, J. J. Jacoby, Mrs. J. J. Jacobs, Mrs. Sol Lewis, Mrs. M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. . W. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Don G. Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McElroy, J. Auerbach, Mr. Auerbach, Bert Works, Mrs. B. S. Revert, Miss Frances Revert, E. Griffin, J. D. Novin, Miss Eva Benton, B. C. Miner and party, Mrs. F. G. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ryan, Dr. A. M. Flood and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rodel and family, A. M. Walsh, A. W. McGinnis, Fred W. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hagenkomp, Mr. and Mrs. A. Aronson, E. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Plummer, E. B. Thorning, Miss F. H. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. E. Salz, A. Auze, Mr. and Mrs. H. Judd, L. Van Orden, R. S.Goldman, Miss Mary M. Emmis, Miss E. Grass, Miss Z. Grass, Miss Connoly, Miss Grace Moran, Miss Dorothy Healey, Mrs. A. J. Bescher, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Roche, Helen Hext, Dr. Montgomery, David Starr Jordan, Rabbi Levy, Mrs. J. Golberg and daughter, H. M. Golberg, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Samuels, Miss Amela Simpson, Mrs. H. C. Schiffel, Edgar Sinsheim, Mrs. James Shea, Miss Rose Sahleim, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Napthly, Miss Gertie Napthly, Miss Hilda Boris, Miss Sadie Landsberg, Rose Landsberg and W. T. Plunkett.

Arrivals at Paso Robles are: Mr. James Isvine, Mr. James Irvine, Jr., Miss Cathryn Irvine, Master Myford Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. Edward De Laveaga, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Fradford Leavitt, Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Smith, Mrs. Jas. Ellis Tucker, Mrs. James P. Langhere, Mrs. Edgar P. Brinegar, W. H. McKinnon, Geo. S. McKinnon, May R. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Withington, Misses Martha and Carrie Withington, Mrs. S. A. Withington, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kerk and Miss Teresa S. Miller.

Among the arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Howard C. Tibbits and family, Orlo Eastwood, Elinor Waite, Mrs. H. E. Sherman, Mrs. Houghton Sawyer, Mrs. Oscar Sutro, W. B. Morris, M. F. Gale, J. W. Miller, J. Gaines, James A. Wilson, Otto tum Suden, Richard tum Suden, William Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hellmann, Jos. S. Hellmann, Richard H. Hellmann, J. S. Warboise, C. J. Harney, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Manner, F. S. Doernbecker, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudgear, Mrs. M. J. Laymance, Miss Grace Laymance, Miss Hazel Laymance, Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Winship, Miss Alice Green, Miss Edith Barry, Mrs. Wm. A. Lange, Miss C. Nichols, H. A. Ames, Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Fritschi and child, Miss Tiefhaber, R. A. Russ, A. M. Sutton, Miss Barbara Sutton Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosenberg and sons, Miss Helen Rosenberg, Miss E. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pleitner, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Koch, Mrs. Anna M. Moroney, Miss Ethel Moroney, Mrs. M. L. Leonard, Mrs. Ada Callundan, Miss Ella M. Field, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cooper, Albert H. Elliott, Miss Adelina B. Elliott, Miss Alice Elliott, Paul Smith, Mrs. P. B. Fraser, Mrs. W. S. Booth, Miss Davis, Mrs. F. E. Booth, Miss K. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. John Francis, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Soule, Miss Dorothy Soule, Chauncey Eastman, Chas. Lauber, Miss Mary Margaret Dinmore, Len D. Owens, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Sessions, Miss Jeanette Sessions, Harry A. Heilbron, Jr., M. J. Laymance, L. E. Doan, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Likens, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alker, Miss Florence Jacobson, Miss Corene Jacobson, Mrs. C. C. Hopkins and Miss Myrtle Chance.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mrs. F. B. Nevin and daughter, Mrs. F. J. Lane and daughter, Judge and Mrs. J. M. Seawell, Jeremiah Coffey, J. V. Coffey, Frank V. Gaffey, Miss L. K. Huber, Miss Minnie Huber, Mrs. Emma Schell, K. L. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. N. Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Turner, Matt I. Sullivan, Miss J. F. Sullivan , Miss May Lawler, Eustace Cullinan, H. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Osgood, Miss Deucombs, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Moreland, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Craig and family, Dr. and Mrs. C. Von Hofmass, M. S. Alexander, Willard Chamberlain, Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gibson, Mrs. F. J. Schnable, Miss Louise Braden, W. A. Hewitt, George Lieny, Miss Lieny, Mrs. A. McElroy, W. B. McElroy, W. J. McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. Rube Cohen, Miss Arline Cohen, Mrs. C. J. Bauer, Miss Helen Speyer, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sherman and son, Miss Martha Freeman, Mrs. R. Greenfield, Mrs. Wallace Bertholf.

Among those spending the Fourth at Paso Robles were Dr. and Mrs. Hirschfelder of San Francisco, Mrs. J. Payne of San Francisco and Mrs. J. Corey of Oakland, G. W. Austin and P. H. Rosenheim of Oakland, J. B. Blake and wife and Mr. G. W. C. Baker and family of San Luis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sultan of San Francisco. The day was celebrated with a most enjoyable program, the principal events being the morning parade of characteristic features, cow-boys and girls, emblematic floats, fine horses and beautifully decorated automobiles, a barbecue at noon, racing and games later, and fire-works and dancing in the evening.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was stagnant during the past week. Traders generally preferred to await the Government report on grain before making new commitments. The breaking of the drouth in the corn and cotton belts had a favorable influence on sentiment but did not stimulate interest in the market. Crop prospects have improved considerably in the past week and should soon be reflected in greater activity in business in the West and South. The payment of Panama bonds fell chiefly upon New York banks, acting for correspondents throughout the country and a considerable loss of cash to the subtreasury is shown this week. This will be readjusted later by remittances to this center from outside cities. Money continues easy and the demand is light. We believe conditions are favorable for an advance in the stock market and expect to see stocks work higher in the near future.

Wheat—The market has been a scalping one the past week with no real tendency either way. Crop news has been mostly in favor of the bulls. Dry, hot weather in the Northwest has no doubt hurt the plant, especially in South Dakota and the southern part of North Dakota, but this was offset by the large marketings of winter wheat, the Southwestern farmer being willing to accept present prices for their large crop. The foreign news, while mixed, leaned towards the bull side. Hot and dry weather in Russia, France and Germany was the factor which helped sustain Liverpool prices. Some export business in wheat was done from this country at New York. The market will be governed mostly by the weather in the Northwest in the next two weeks and while we have had occasional showers in the Dakotas and Minnesota there is still a deficiency in moisture and should we get a return to hot weather numerous bad crop reports from that section will make their appearances. Stocks of wheat in this country are large; the visible supply is about as large as it ever is at this time of the year and the demand for flour is slow.

Corn—Continued dry and hot weather over the entire corn belt gave prices a big boost early in the week. Reports of corn curling and tasseling short in the big corn States, coupled with reports of everything burning up in the Southwest, were too much for the bears. The advance in oats was also a help; reports from the big oat States said that conditions were the worst in many years. The hay crop is also reported a failure and pastures were said to be turning white. In fact there was very little to encourage the short seller until later in the week when general light rains fell over most of the belt. This gave the market a three cent reaction from top prices. The corn crop is now in its critical period and must have occasional rains to carry it through the next two months. Should there be a return to hot weather without more rainfall prices will undoubtedly sell very much higher.

Cotton—Having entered into the month of July, the cotton plant is now in the critical period of its existence, the time in which fruit is taken on. At the moment the outlook is favorable for a large crop providing normal weather conditions continue during the months of July and August, as there is less chance of frost later in the season owing to the advanced stage of the crop which is early in all sections of the belt. The market in the early part of the week was influenced by dry hot weather reports with only occasional showers in the northern part of Texas and Oklahoma. Prices held firm and were inclined to advance but the news seemed to be so conflicting that instead of an active strong market we had a sort of choppy affair. Liverpool prices generally were stronger owing to the Manchester spinners voting against curtailment. However this was all forgotten later in the week when abundant rains fell in all sections of the cotton belt, not only in Texas and Oklahoma but also in the Eastern belt and prices experienced a sharp reaction the last day of the week, with prospects of still further decline next week, should the heavy rains be confirmed. Liverpool turned even weaker than our market, especially in the nearby futures and the demand for spots fell flat. For the time being it looks as if the edge was off the bull side and until we hear from the boll weevil prices will seek a lower level.

Very Promising

The editor took a new reporter on trial recently. He sent him to hunt for news, and after being away all day he returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do:

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The new reporter will be retained.

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Johnny's Leg

(Continued from Page 9.)

Adele was already calm. "I know it," she answered. "But you will return, will you not?"

It was settled that Doctor Allinori should return in about fifteen days. Meanwhile we would place our hopes on the new remedy.

The idea of amputation was horrible. I tried to win my wife to my views. She contented herself with the reply:

"Let us hope there will be no need for it."

Johnny did not suffer all the time. We had a comfortable little carriage made expressly for him that could be drawn by hand. When the little fellow was weary of his carriage Adele was the only one who had any authority over him. She kept close to his side to prevent him from moving and said to me:

"Robert, put yourself in Johnny's place for a little while."

I obeyed, and began to win my son's confidence. How beautiful Johnny was! The wind tossed his rich blond curls over his forehead and tinged his pallid cheeks with rose. For a moment his eyes lost their expression of suffering and acquired a spark of their old-time brightness. He moved his graceful arms with delight and clapped his little hands.

"How beautiful he is!" I exclaimed one day before Adele.

"Oh!" she replied. "Now?" Her eyes grew moist and she seemed to look into the past. She seemed to say, he was so once! Then I had scarcely noticed him.

Every morning that the doctor did not come Adele doctored the child's leg, and she discharged the delicate office with great skill and calmness. You would have said that she had lived for ten years in a hospital as assistant nurse. It was undeniable: my wife had her good qualities, and it was at least strange that I had wished to separate from such a wife while so many husbands—but enough. On the other hand, there was this incompatibility of temper. And then Adele desired the separation as much as I did!

Of course we could not think of such a thing while Johnny's illness lasted. When he should be cured it would be quite another thing. But if he should not be cured? It was an idea that I pushed away from me, but it returned inexorably to torment me. If he should not be cured? Surely then the separation would be still more easy; what fetters would bind Adele and me? If he should not be cured? The thought was horrible!

I did not feel that I could be present when the treatment was applied, so I always asked Adele: "How is it getting on now?"

Unfortunately neither from her nor from the doctor did I succeed in obtaining a favorable reply. The next visit of Doctor Allinori had a discouraging result.

"Unhappily there is no improvement," he said in response to our anxious looks. He shook his head and discoursed in an undertone with his colleagues.

"We must wait for a little," he said, taking me aside. "Who knows? Nature works miracles. But if the miracle does not come, it is useless, we must resort to the last means that science suggests."

The others assented.

"Amputation," I exclaimed. The terrible word parched my tongue and I frantically twisted the handkerchief in my hand. My wife quickly joined me. She had quessed it all. I placed my hand on her shoulder and whispered:

"Courage!"

"It is not an urgent matter," Doctor Allinori went on, "but it is better not to wait until the trouble has progressed too far and the strength is too much exhausted. I shall be here again towards the end of next week, and then—"

"You are sure that you can save him by amputation?" interrupted my wife in a voice that was firmer than mine had been.

"Positively sure I can never be, but relatively, yes. If the child had not been robust and if the troubles which have developed had not originated from a wound, I confess that I should not have dared to counsel this move, which is serious. But in fact, in such cases, there are sixty out of a hundred chances that it may be favorable."

"Sixty out of a hundred," I said wistfully. "And the other forty?"

"My dear sir," the doctor answered, "we are in troubled waters and ought not to deceive ourselves. Sixty per cent of favorable probabilities is better than ninety per cent of unfavorable."

"Then there is no way out of it?" I cried from the anguish of my heart.

"If in eight or ten days a crisis does not come I see no other alternative," replied the doctor. "At least this is how it appears to me. What do my colleagues say?"

His colleagues said just what he said. They were like two parrots.

I could not bear it any longer and left the room, while my wife said to Doctor Allinori again:

"Then you will come back to him next week?"

During the day I seized a moment while Johnny slept to speak aside to Adele.

"No, no," I said. "The physicians can predict whatever they wish, we must not let them cut off Johnny's leg. To make him a cripple, to make him a wretched—no, no, they positively must not do it."

"Suppose he should die?"

"It would be a misfortune, a terrible misfortune, but we will not have committed a barbarism. No, I would rather sacrifice him."

"Robert! Robert! And could you let him die?" she burst out with a shrill cry.

I wanted to answer yes, but instead I raised my head and shook it violently.

"A curse upon medicines and upon doctors. All are ignorant, imposters, quacks! Is there not one that can be of some use?" I sprang up from the seat, explaining with admirable logic: "I want to consult a fourth one. It will be the fourth—never mind, I will go and seek him wherever he may be."

Adele did not oppose me, but evidently she did not hope anything from this new consultation that I had decided to have. I did not yet know with whom.

Some days passed before I fixed my choice upon one of the three or four celebrities who had been pointed out to me. I finally gave the preference to one who was in great demand and who lived in Florence. I resolved to make a journey to that city and bring him back with me.

"Bring me a new toy from Florence," said Johnny.

"Come back quickly," Adele called to me as she accompanied me to the stairs.

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"I understand."

We pressed each other's hands without a word. In truth no one would have believed we were two married people resolved to separate.

The luminary of Italian medical science arrived and appeared somewhat annoyed to find someone in his room. When I had explained the motive of my coming and my intention of taking him with me: "Impossible," said he, "absolutely impossible. Tomorrow the sanitary code comes up before the Senate for discussion and I must lay before it the work of the Commission of which I am one."

"Bu day after tomorrow?" I persisted.

"Oh, but these are not things that can be arranged in a day," he said with a lofty air.

I could not make up my mind to go away. I wanted, at least, to refer the case to him and get his opinion of it.

"When I do not see the sick person," he said, "it is very difficult to decide. The remedies used seem to me the best. He is well looked after; Doctor Allinori is a very reliable man. We disagree about some of the fundamental principles of practice, but for the rest we are in accord. In this case I should have done as he has done."

"But now, what would you do now?"

"I believe that I would resort to amputation."

In the morning I took the first train for Northern Italy. Fatality upon fatality! A wretched delay at Orte made me lose the connection. I had to wait five hours.

A telegram was waiting me at the station; it read thus:

We are in trouble here. We wait for you. Have you received my other dispatch that I sent two days ago to the Northern Hotel?

—Adele.

Another dispatch? I could not resist my curiosity to read it and I took a carriage to the hotel. I had time enough left to go and come. This was the dispatch that had crossed mine:

I am expecting Doctor Allinori. He says there is no time to lose. Come back quickly, quickly, quickly.

This entreaty wrung my heart. What had happened? In truth the latter dispatch was much more quieting, but in any case, Adele would not have written me this without a grave reason.

"There is no time to lose." This signified that it was necessary to perform the horrible, abominable amputation! They called me to assist at such a torture, they wished me to be present while they crippled my son!

"There is no time to lose!" Meanwhile I seemed to see Doctor Allinori in the sick-room, with his instruments of torture in his hand, only waiting for my coming to cut without mercy.

What if there should not be any more time? What if my delay should be fatal? If, now, I should arrive only to see Johnny die? I wanted to persuade myself anew that it was better to see him dead than crippled, but I did not succeed. I grew angry at myself for my past hesitation, and said:

"Yes, yes, I will let them perform the operation, they can do what they choose if they will only save him."

I traveled in a state of uneasiness and anxiety that may be imagined. No one met me at the station; in fact, no one knew by what train I would come. When I reached the house I went up stairs like a flash. Adele heard me and met me on the landing. I trembled at sight of her, for she was white as a rag.

"Well?" I cried in a stifled voice.

"He sleeps now, we hope—come in—Oh, God, poor Robert, what a troubled face you have!"

"And you, Adele, if you saw yourself in the glass—but what has happened? Tell me everything."

"First come inside."

I let her lead me mechanically into the dining-room.

"Are you hungry?" said Adele, going toward the sideboard.

"No, I am not hungry, I am not anything. I want to know the truth about Johnny. Where is Doctor Allinori?"

"He has gone."

"Gone? We must call him back quickly. There is no time to lose, so you telegraphed. No, I don't oppose it any longer, I don't oppose the amputation—"

"Ah!" she exclaimed with an accent of joy that seemed very singular to me at this moment, on the eve of such a terrible trial.

"But let us do it quickly," I added. "I hope to heaven we haven't waited too long."

"Robert," replied Adele as she put both hands in mine, "you will pardon me then?'

"Pardon you? Pardon whom? Speak, for the love of heaven! Is there any misfortune that you do not dare to share with me?"

"No, I swear to you, no misfortune; yet—"

"You are so embarrassed! I want so much to see Johnny!" I tore myself away from her.

"One moment," she cried. "Listen." I stopped.

"Doctor Allinori had consented to remain a day, but not more than one day, because pressing engagements called him elsewhere. So it was urgent; the condition had grown worse during the week—gangrene might set in at any moment."

I began to discern the truth, but I had not strength to utter a word. I was all ears, I scarcely breathed.

My wife went on: "He said to me: 'Signora Adele, do you feel able to take upon yourself so great a responsibility?' "

"But he will save him for me!" I cried.

"The three doctors were all agreed: 'Yes, we will save him, you will see. Have faith in us, have faith in Providence.' "

"My poor little Johnny!" I cried again. "Poor creature! Did he resist?"

"They gave him chloroform. He looked at me with eyes full of affection and fright, and said to me: 'Mamma, what is this? No, mamma, no.' He shook his head twice, raised his hand as if to brush off some tormenting insect, and fell back in a stupor. Then—"

"Oh, don't tell me. Were you present?"

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"They wished to send me into another room. Imagine if I would go. I remained there to the end, several minutes, a second—I don't know how long. And when the operation was ended I will admit that I felt as if my strength would leave me and I would faint. But one thought sustained me. Johnny was unconscious; they must bring him back to consciousness. Ought not I, his mother, to be here then? It was no easy matter to awaken him. Twice the doctors looked at each other. I looked at them; what moments! what agony! At last the child moved his arm a little, opened his eyes with difficulty and looked at me, looked so anxiously for me. 'Mamma, I don't want any more of that dreadful smelling stuff,' he said."

"Didn't he feel his leg pain him?"

"No, not then. Later.'

"Oh, enough, enough." I wept like a child.

"Then," she went on to console me, "just then he didn't seem to feel any more pain, he was resigned to the loss of his leg and said: 'Naughty leg, they did quite right to throw you away.'"

I wept as I listened.

"Then you will pardon me?" she said timidly.

"Pardon you," I broke out. "I pardon you? It is you who ought to pardon me, Adele." I would have continued, but she imposed silence.

"Not one word more, Robert, not one word. I beg—at least, so long as Johnny is not out of danger. If you are convinced that I have acted for the best, that is enough for me. Whatever else you add will be a bad omen for me today."

"And how long will the danger last?"

"Eight days, possibly ten days; they can't tell precisely. We have had so much patience, let us have still more."

The eight, the ten days passed, but not without considerable uneasiness on the part of the doctors and ourselves. At the end of two weeks every trace of fever had left him, and on the sixteenth day, a Wednesday—I shall always remember it—Doctor Allinori, who had come to visit his little patient, shook my wife's hand with an air of triumph, exclaiming:

"Did I not tell you, Signora Adele, that we would save him? Put your heart at rest after so many anxious days; your Johnny is saved. Unfortunately he will grow up without a leg, but he will grow strong and will be a fine lad, all the same." Turning to me, he added: "And you, thank your wife, for without Signora Adele the boy would have died before this."

I was so sure of it that I turned towards Adele. I felt like throwing myself at her feet, but instead I had to support her, for her strength, which had so wonderfully resisted grief, seemed to give way before joy.

I led her, leaning heavily on me, to her room, where for four years she had slept alone like a child, like a widow—worse still, like one repudiated.

"I will watch her," I said to the maid; "you can go away."

I watched all night, thinking that Johnny was cured, but alas, at what a price! My wife might prove to be on the eve of a serious illness, but above all I thought of the great sin that I had on my conscience, and of the impossibility of expiating it. I had looked down upon Adele, I had preferred more frivolous women; I had proposed a separation!

At last she fell asleep. Her breathing, so troubled at first, had gradually become calm and regular; the expression of her face was quiet; and yet I was so uneasy! Every ten minutes I rose from my seat and went to look at Adele's clock which stood on the chest of drawers near the night lamp. Seconds followed seconds, and my heart beat faster. It was strange. It seemed to me I was not worthy to be in this room, which had formerly been ours, but which I had so stupidly abandoned. This air of womanliness, that breathed in everything about me, penetrated my whole being. I caressed Adele's garments, which she had thrown across the back of an arm-chair, and involuntarily my thoughts flew to my past life with its defects and sins.

The dawn began to penetrate the room through the half-shut windows. A little before six Adele stirred, opened her eyes and, seeing me standing by the bedside, started up.

"You, Robert? What time is it?"

"About six o'clock."

"You are up early; perhaps Johnny is not so well?"

"Johnny is still sleeping like an angel," I answered, placing my ear at the door of the adjoining room, where the boy was with his nurse.

"But then," she added, seeking to recover her senses, "I don't understand. Why are you here?"

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Oh, now I remember! Yesterday evening I must have had vertigo. Now it has passed; it was nothing. It was not reason enough to make you rise so early."

"I didn't rise," I said timidly.

"Then where were you? Have you been away?"

"I was—here."

"You remained here all night? Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, fixing her beautiful eyes on my face.

I could not contain myself any longer, but threw myself on my knees at the foot of the bed, where, bursting into sobs, I told her all that had weighed upon my mind for such a long time. The words I do not recall. I know that I did not spare myself any reproaches, that I did not keep back any of my past sins. I called Adele the sweetest names: angelic, saintly, divine. I called her the preserver of our son, worthy of a man who knew how to appreciate her, while I—!

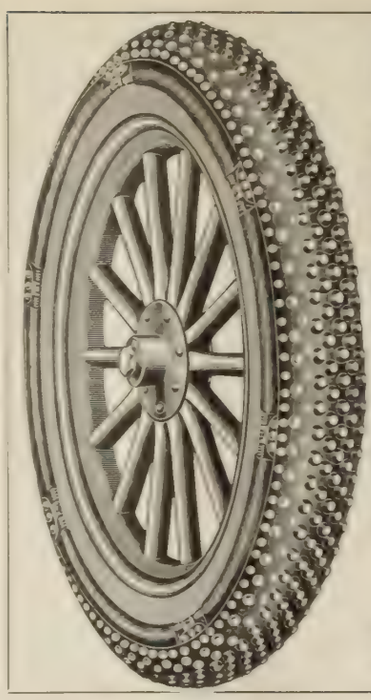
She did everything to calm me. "No, Robert, it is not true. I too have had my faults; I was cold and disdainful, I was too proud to confess how much I felt for you. Johnny's trouble has made us both better; we will love each other more, and in this strong love we will seek the expiation of our sins!"

That Adele should speak of her sins! "You will not drive me away then?" I pleaded. "You will not insist upon the separation?"

She did not let me finish the sentence. Reaching out from the bed she clasped my neck with her two arms: her long, thick hair, escaping from the cap that confined it, fell upon my shoulders, her tears mingled with mine, while she repeated in a trembling voice:

"Poor Robert, we have suffered so much these past months!"

Ah! Johnny does not know what a miracle his leg has wrought!



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PAUL BARBIERI,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Walter N. Bush, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 12th, 1911.
O. M. GOLDARACENA, Atty. for Executor,
4 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11730, Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. CONDON, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased.
Dated; San Francisco, California, June 17, 1911.
BRENNAN & LANE Att'ys. for Executor,
Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES DELAUTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles Delautel, deceased.

LOUIS BEZ,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Charles Delautel, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.
A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

Auto Notes

The Branch House system of the Lozier car is gradually being extended. The latest Lozier branch has just been established in San Francisco and in addition to handling the retail business of that section the San Francisco office will have charge of wholesale distribution of the Lozier on the coast. Mr. F. B. Keip, formerly assistant sales manager of the New York City branch, has charge of the San Francisco business.

The Japanese are now equipping their rickshaws with rubber tires, and that the consequent demand for tire materials is more or less extensive is indicated by the fact that the local branch of the Diamond Rubber Co. has just supervised the shipment of 4,000 pounds of rickshaw tires to the land of the Mikado. According to E. L. Rettig who has charge of the Diamond solid tire department on this coast the Japanese have made endeavors to manufacture their own tires but have not been able to compound the rubber so as to acquire the durability of tires built in the United States.

With what is left of thirty days' rations stowed away in the tonneau, gasoline cans attached to the running boards, and a tent, cooking stove, utensils and other necessary whatnots filling every inch of available space, three Packard executives are now in Wyoming on a six weeks' test run in a 1912 Packard "Six."

The local branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Co. have just been advised by factory authorities that eighteen car-loads of machinery were recently unloaded at Kokomo, Indiana, for the equipment of the new Haynes factory which is being rushed to completion there. In order that the manufacture of cars may continue with little interruption a temporary wooden building is being erected to shelter this machinery which is to be permanently installed at once. The reinforced concrete building which is to finally house the Haynes plant will be built over this wooden structure and the latter then removed so soon as the permanent walls are sufficiently completed to protect the machinery.

The Pacific Motor Car Company just delivered a Cole "30" to Mr. J. A. Schwabacher who left immediately for Santa Cruz.

The Morning News of Savannah, Ga., has made a new car route covering 315 miles between Charlotte and Savannah. This run was made by the request of the Savannah Automobile Club. The little Maxwell car was driven by G. R. Foltz, the official photographer of the Savannah Automobile Club. Several of the cars that accompanied the Morning News car on this run experienced much tire trouble, but Mr. Foltz reports that the four Republic Tires on his car came through without even so much as a scratch after having covered 315 miles.

The Pacific Motor Car Company have just delivered to Mr. A. J. Raisch another Stevens-Duryea Six Cylinder touring car.

Mr. W. P. Heilbron, an enthusiastic Stevens-Duryea owner who arrived about four months ago from Honolulu and brought with him his Stevens-Duryea, has done a great deal of touring while here. He expresses himself as delighted with California touring—the ever changing scenery, the good roads are a constant delight and the comfort of travel afforded by any Stevens-Duryea is absolutely perfect.

Archbishop John Ireland, internationally known as a man of powerful influence in American affairs, as well as in the church with which he is identified, has just become a convert to the automobile, having admired and driven fine horses for many years. P. J. Downes of Minneapolis delivered a Rambler Limousine to the Archbishop last week. The Rambler will do duty in covering diocesan tours in the vicinity of St. Paul.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.
BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11,730; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. Condon, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, July 15, 1911.
BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Executor,
901-906 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of E. J. BENEDICT, sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT J. BENEDICT, also sometimes known, called and written as EGBERT JUDSON BENEDICT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of E. J. Benedict, sometimes known, called and written as Egbert J. Benedict, also sometimes known, called and written as Egbert Judson Benedict, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, Emily W. Benedict, at the law office of Seth Mann and Aitken & Aitken, 559-565 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., deceased.

EMILY W. BENEDICT,
Executrix of the Estate of E. J. Benedict, etc., Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1911.
SETH MANN and AITKEN & AITKEN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
559-565 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Wm. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WM. D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.
JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES R. GADSBY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased.

CATHERINE JANE PUCKETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of James R. Gadsby, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.
A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "T" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
[illegible] Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

The Versatile Hopkinson Smith

The Scribners will soon publish a new novel by that industrious author, F. Hopkinson Smith who appears to write as much as any other of the brotherhood, to paint as many pictures as the average artist and to find time for profitable engineering contracts in the meantime. It seems to pain the professional critic that he should do so many things and do them all acceptably, and the claim is constantly made that if he would devote himself to any one of the three pursuits he could mount to the highest rung of that particular ladder. Mr. Smith, however, does not mix his occupations. Civil engineering is an exacting profession and when he is building jetties, light houses and sea walls he is neither writing novels nor painting pictures. When he goes abroad for his vacations he paints what pleases him and he picks up the materials for his novels while he is doing other things. Each pursuit is in its turn a relaxation from the others and he has no difficulty in disposing of his wares. He is said to be a man of practical mind who is wise enough to realize that were he to paint canvasses about which the critics would rave and the art culturines gather, he would have to await the pleasure of millionaires and gallery owners before he would find purchasers. Perhaps he would become famous half a century after his death and the dealers would reap fortunes. As it is, he reaches the average man who is willing and able to spend a few hundreds on what he likes, the man who owns but one house and lives in it and who wants something he can hang on his walls and not find it a white elephant. Mr. Smith's methods are so direct as to be sometimes primitive, an outgrowth, perhaps, of his civil engineering when the means nearest at hand must be seized on the instant. There is a story told at the expense of some of his brother artists years ago. He brought home with him a Venetian picture with a peculiar golden glint in the sunshiny spaces and they talked of his technique and wondered how he produced the effect until finally someone was courageous enough to ask. "Oh, that!" said Mr. Smith, "why that's straw paper."

An Indian Friend

There are few people living today who are better acquainted with that vast terra incognita of the North between Hudson's Bay, Lake Athabasca and the Arctic Circle than James Oliver Curwood, author of the powerful novel of the North, "The Honor of the Big Snows," just published by the Bobbs-Merrill people. Mr. Curwood says: "The Indians of this country—the Crees and Chippewyans—are the most repressive of any people I have ever met, and it takes years of association to win their confidence. But, once won, their friendship will go to any length, as is illustrated by a curious incident of one of my journeys to the Barren Lands. I was coming down through the wild Reindeer Lake country with one Indian, who had been with me on several of my trips, when we accidentally stumbled upon the whitened bones of a man's skeleton. This man had evidently been dead for years. Near him was the barrel of an old Hudson's Bay gun, with the stock nearly rotted away. Ten paces distant was another skeleton—the bones of a huge bull moose. The story of the tragedy was plain. The hunter had killed the moose, but had been mortally injured by the animal. Such a deep impression did this years'-old tragedy make upon me that, turning to my Indian, I said: 'I would like that bull's horns. But there is no room for them in our canoe.' My guide took an ax, chopped off the horns and hung them up in a tree. 'I come back next winter—get them for you,' he said. Months passed and I had almost forgotten the promise, knowing that it would not be kept, for the horns were 300 miles from civilization. Last winter I received a notice from the customs department at Detroit saying that they were holding a parcel in bond for me. I went to investigate—and found the horns. Mukoki had traveled 300 miles on dog-sledge to keep his promise. It was the greatest test of friendship I have ever encountered."

Justus Miles Forman tells this story on himself and a boomerang practical joke which he played on a friend, a painter, some years ago. Mr. Forman was writing a story the plot of which included the incident of a man losing his heart to a Milanese peasant, and he thought it would be very funny to use the name of his friend as that of the love sick hero. So it was for a little while. All their friends roared with glee, "but he got even with me by making a large twenty-four-sheet poster for a musical comedy. There was a lady, the star, stepping out of a stage door and a long line of Johnnies waiting for her with silly smirks and bunches of violets. And every Johnnie was a portrait of me."

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With much trouble the burglar had effected an entrance into the big trust company's office. As he approached the big steel safe he was confronted by this sign:

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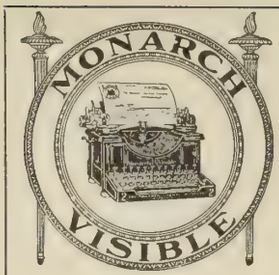
"Darn my fool hide!" he exclaimed an hour later as the door of a cell in the police station closed upon him. "I know what's the matter with me! I'm too trusting."



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, July 22, 1911 | No. 987

HENRY MILLER
In "The Havoc" at the Columbia Theater.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
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Our Fanciful Educators

The National Educational Association during its sessions in this city afforded an interesting study of the quality of talent employed in teaching the young idea how to shoot in this enlightened country. From all that was said during those sessions it appears to be conceded that our educational system has many imperfections and few merits; but while there was much fault-finding nothing was done in the nature of constructive reform. If there is to be any improvement in our system of education it may be doubted whether it will come from the deliberations of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who poured out a deluge of words in this city last week. Assuredly nothing was said or done to justify the hope of an early step in the right direction. On the contrary a great deal was said conducive to the impression that the defects of our system are more likely to be increased than diminished in the hands of the professional educators of the present generation. These educators are really what the matter is with the system. It is a system of fads and fancies created by men and women with crotchets and hobbies. And the whole tendency of the N. E. A. is to devise new wrinkles. The schoolmaster who talked for an hour about the advisability of banishing the pencil and introducing the typewriter, and the professor who discoursed dogmatically on the proposition that what we need is "pupil co-operation in the government of schools as a method of exercising children in democratic life," are typical representatives of the profession to which the youth of the land is today looking for instruction and enlightenment. It is men of this type that are fitting the plain people for self-government. The profession in which men of this type rise to distinction is the source of the habits of thought in public life to which are justly to be attributed all the fads and fancies which are gradually being substituted for the elemental principles of government.

Good Government in Los Angeles

Notwithstanding the sublime purity of the moral atmosphere of Los Angeles the municipal administration, bearing though it does the brand of "good government," appears to be no better than ordinary bad government in the worst of cities. In Los Angeles they have a government that was guaranteed for purity and righteousness by Boss Lissner, yet it is not coming up to expectations of the most moderate character. In truth this good government is involved in a most sordid scandal, one that would shock even so unregenerate and incorrigible a city as San Francisco. And the pity of it is that the storm-centre of the scandal is a man who represents the most virtuous class of California's most virtuous community. This is another instance of the futility of analyzing a man's putative morals before appointing him to public office. The man who has brought humiliation to the ultra-respectable Administration in Los Angeles is Police Commissioner Topham, an exemplar in private life of all the virtues. A man more zealous for the improvement of character and for the making of good citizens is not to be found in all the land. Topham is a Sunday school superintendent, and as such he enjoys the confidence of many people, especially of people who make no pretension to goodness. People who do not affect superior morals are prone to accept the ostentatiously virtuous at their own appraisement. It is only among church-goers that there is no delusion regarding church-goers. Before Topham became police commissioner of Los Angeles he was looked upon, beyond the Sunday school circle, as a man of fine scruple, sincerely attached to his ideals. Having had some experience of him in public office the people of Los Angeles have come to regard Topham as an exceedingly practical politician whose scruples are well in hand, whose ideals are not at all troublesome. They have learned that he has been in the habit of taking bicycles belonging to the lost-wheel department, and they have heard strange stories about his passion for prize-fight passes and his interest in a saloon which has been unduly favored by the police commission. Then there is the scandal about an oil contract. Topham is a stockholder of the Union Oil Company which has been supplying the city with oil, and this circumstance has occasioned much unpleasant criticism. As a result of Topham's activities the good government of Los Angeles is under a cloud which has been expanding from day to day. To make matters worse the civil service commission is under suspicion of being no better than the average San Francisco commission. Besides there has been trouble over the fixing of rates for electricity, and several of the leading goo-goos of the town have fallen out and also fallen to tonguewise with such zest as to impair one another's reputation. The situation is really deplorable, for Los Angeles is the fountain-head of whatever purity there is in the politics of the State. Los Angeles enjoys almost a monopoly of the good citizenship of California, and most of it has strong church connections just like Topham's. There is really a superfetation of righteousness in Los Angeles. The psalms of David are sung oftener and louder in Los Angeles than in any other city in the country, and there are more preachers and prayers and Sunday school teachers and prohibitionists and Sabbatarians and religious cults and reformers per capita in Los Angeles than in any other city in the world. It is harder to find a frankly bad man in Los Angeles than it was to find a good one in any of the ancient cities that excited the wrath of God. And that is why it would be too bad to have anything occur there that might disillusion or shock the rest of the State.

American and English Justice

Judge John Hunt returned from Europe the other day bursting with admiration for the celerity of English justice, thus affording an Examiner editorial writer inspiration for a few observations in disparagement of the American judiciary. Incidentally this writer tells us precisely what the matter is with American justice. How exceedingly wise are these writers of the editorial page! There is no problem under the sun they cannot solve offhand with absolute assurance of accuracy and without fear of refutation. American justice is not as good as English justice, Mr. Hearst's pundit tells us, because American judges consider technicality far more important than substance. There you have in a few words the whole secret of the weakness of our judicial system. The English system is superior to ours not because it is a better system but because English judges are temperamentally different from ours. Singular that this difference of temperament should be so uniform, so inevitably characteristic as to produce good results in England and bad results in America with the regularity of clockwork. Dry-as-dust philosophers may bore deeper in search of the source of this prodigious difference between the quality of justice produced in the two countries, but in vain. Some will argue perhaps that the difference is in the degree in which a constitutional monarchy differs from a government by the people, but the complete answer to this argument is that were such the case the American system would be superior to the English because popular government is always the best. The simple truth is that our system is all right and our judges all wrong. And we need not worry, because we are going to improve our judges by bringing them closer to the people. English judges, it is true, are far removed from the people, absolutely independent of the people and of the crown too, but that is not why they are better than our judges. If our judges were as close to the people as they will be when the recall is applied to them they would eschew technicalities altogether and consider nothing but the substance, or rather, the ballots. And to facilitate matters we are going to give them a wide discretion. For, as the Examiner tells us, we are going to vote on a constitutional amendment this fall which provides that no judgment shall be set aside on account of errors unless in the opinion of the appellate court the errors complained of have resulted in a miscarriage of justice. The purpose of this law is to deprive a defendant of the insurance of certain rights and to give him instead the assurance that he cannot be too flagrantly wronged except with the acquiescence of the appellate court. The amend-

ment is designed to provide against the ignorance of trial judges, who have been elected by the sovereign people not because they are good judges but because they are good fellows. These trial judges, in the opinion of some observers, are really the cause of all our troubles, and it must be admitted they are not at all like the trial judges of England either in temperament or ability. If we recruited our bench as the English bench is recruited, so affable a gentleman as John Hunt might never have become a judge. Before becoming eligible to the bench in England a lawyer must have some experience at the bar. He must so vindicate his ability at the bar as to attract the attention of the ministry and win the distinction of King's Counsel. It was thus that the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland won his way to the bench. It was because of the brilliant talents he displayed as counsel for the defendants in the Hyde Park murder cases that he was made King's Counsel, to be thereafter appointed to the judiciary. How different from the genesis of John Hunt, or William P. Lawlor, or Frank Dunne! These gentlemen never had any experience as lawyers before they were discovered by the dear people and elevated to the bench to complicate litigation and necessitate the work of disentanglement in the courts above. But far be it from us to suggest that the personal equation enters into the problem of the administration of justice, or that the divine people who cherish the privilege of picking talent for the bench are at all responsible for the imperfections that make the Commonwealth Club shed tears and incite Examiner editorial writers to oracular utterances. Leave the problem to the dear people, and with the guidance of the learned editors they will solve it. Indeed they are already solving it. It will be more than half solved by the constitutional amendment to which we have referred. When this amendment becomes the law the trial courts can afford to be as ignorant as they please, and the appellate courts will have only to consider whether it is wise to entertain the opinion that the appellant did not have a square deal. Much of course will depend on the individuals involved, their standing in the community, the amount of pull that each has, etc. If one should be the proprietor of a powerful newspaper and the other a powerful labor leader the court would have some difficulty in forming an opinion, but in ordinary circumstances it would be easy.

The Autocrat of the Bench

In benighted England where judges, as we are told, are temperamentally sound, the impression prevails that they ought not only to be absolutely independent but also immune from criticism. And as a matter of fact they enjoy immunity from criticism as well as independence. The English judge is the most autocratic functionary on earth. His dignity is tremendous. He exacts from everybody the deepest reverence for the law. He wields even greater power than the press, and he has no more respect for an editor who comments on a case on trial than for a professional burglar. We are frequently told that things are going wrong in this country because the judiciary is more powerful than the legislature. Now in England so great is reverence for the judiciary that criticism of the judiciary as a body is not permitted even in the House of Commons. The rule against such criticism was violated last month by Winston Churchill during a discussion of the Trades Unions Bill, and though his remarks were exceedingly mild they provoked a storm. He said: "The courts hold a position of unequalled eminence in the eyes of the world, and in cases between man and man no doubt they deserve respect and admiration, but when class issues or party issues are involved it is impossible to contend that the courts command the same degree of general confidence." The following day the Speaker of the House in response to a query put to him in reference to Mr. Churchill's remarks said: "No appeal was made to me at the time, and I expressed no opinion on it. If I had been pressed for an opinion I should have been inclined to say that I regret observations which are on the border line of what is in order in regard to a matter of this kind. I think it is most important that our rule against attacking judges should be kept up." The English judge is indeed "hedged in by bulwarks of the law" and barriers of sentiment, a circumstance that may account in a measure for the quality of justice which he dispenses, but this, perhaps, is a suggestion which no American editor ought to make, for it is the duty of every American editor, mouthpiece as he is of the plain people, to insist that all servants of the people should be responsive to public sentiment, amenable to popular caprice and sensitive to criticism by the enlightened and virtuous mob. But while it is not to be disputed that according to the vital, paramount principle of this country every sovereign citizen is the master of every public servant it is hardly a breach of professional ethics to draw attention to the peculiar aloofness and remoteness of the English judge, since to do so is not necessarily to approve. It is a fact which must be admitted that the principle which raises the English judge far above the dust and heat of controversy and makes him wholly indifferent to public opinion is a principle not in accord with the precious sentiment of the American people.

Our Garrulous Scholar

The more Dr. David Starr Jordan talks about war the more convinced we become that he ought to think about nothing but fish. For Dr. Jordan really knows something about the fauna of the deep. Fish is his specialty. He can cook or expound a fish with equal facility. He talks learnedly about lobsters, entertainingly about sand-dabs and passionately about the habits of salmon in the spawning season. The seal he knows in all the stages of his evolution from his polar bearhood. The embryonic history of the halibut he has at his tongue's end. He can catalogue from memory all the cartilaginous monsters of the Devonian era with as little hesitation as he can enumerate the osseous fishes of the seven seas. From the tadpole to the whale there is no species of fish with which the sage of Palo Alto is not on terms of intimacy. A complete angler, too, is Dr. Jordan; skilled in the uses of the fly, as expert in whipping a stream as in the manipulation of net or sinker. Nowhere is Dr. Jordan so much at home as in a hatchery. But when this learned man gets away from his specialty he is like a trout out of his element. Like all scientific men of the secondary order he is terribly narrow. He reminds one of the geologist who believed there was no value in landscape painting except to represent correctly the facts of stratification. So it is unfortunate that this eminent university president should be spending most of his time these days talking about war. Dr. Jordan dogmatizes about war as though it were a subject that presented no greater difficulties than the ascertainable phenomena of clam breeding. With characteristic cocksureness Dr. Jordan assumes that the practices of war are hateful to God. This is an assumption that he cannot justify. Dr. Jordan may be wrong about this. Greater men than Dr. Jordan have perceived the possible economic utility of occurrences universally regarded as inexplicable calamities. Sir John F. W. Herschel, one of the most distinguished modern astronomers, was of the opinion that earthquakes and volcanoes that destroyed many lives served beneficent purposes. They were incidents, he said, "in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes." Now for all Dr. Jordan knows war may be a very good thing. At any rate the question of the advisibility of abolishing war is not a question to be disposed of by logical analysis. War is a subject that embraces so many considerations as to be almost coextensive with civilization, and philosophers are very far from agreeing as to what constitutes civilization. War involves questions touching the nature and principles of human society. Dr. Jordan sees in war nothing but havoc, murder, demoniac woe and a thirst for military glory. Having no imagination it has never occurred to him that war might serve some purpose other than the immediate one of the nations that happen to be engaged therein. That eternal peace, conducive as it may be to the death of the noblest virtues, may be worse than occasional war, is a thought that has never come to Dr. Jordan. But he has done a lot of thinking about war, and as a result he has come to strange conclusions. For example he has come to the conclusion, so he tells us, that war is used to "circumvent democracy." This is not only a curious conclusion, it is a curious reason for objecting to war. It is most curious that it should be Dr. Jordan's reason, since most of the troubles of Stanford University are due to the spirit of democracy. The students of Stanford have from time to time taken for their motto, "Our master is our enemy." This is the motto of democracy, for democracy revolts against authority, its

aim is to level, it abhors the habit of respect. Dr. Jordan has suffered much from democracy, but even though he had had no experience of it, as an educated man he ought not to grieve over the circumvention of democracy, not unless like his friend Woodrow Wilson he is thinking of running for a job. As an educated man Dr. Jordan must know that democracy is a fiction, the salient principle of which is impossible of realization. The nearer we approach a simple democracy the nearer we realize the principle of an oligarchy. This is because the great mass of human beings are helpless without the assistance of a minority more wise and sufficient than themselves. And because of this fact no democracy that ever existed was anything but a disguised oligarchy. But why remind Dr. Jordan of this fact? If Dr. Jordan is to become a job-chaser it will be to his interest to join the great combination of Open Mouths and worry vociferously about the fate of democracy. That's the strategic thing for the job-chaser to do in this or any other day and generation. There never was and never will be anything more popular than democracy. Nor, let us add parenthetically, can it ever do any man harm to be against war in the abstract.

Perspective Impressions

When it comes to sticking to his job Dr. Wiley can almost give pointers to our John McLaren.

Dr. Aked scores over Mary Garden by not comparing San Francisco with Kansas City.

President Mitchell of the University of South Carolina says "the United States is pre-eminently qualified to start a movement for peace through adequate instruction in the public schools." He might truly have added, and for any and everything with or without the public schools. Nothing more is required for the starting of a movement in the United States than the unleashing of a wild-eyed college professor.

Preacher Bane told Stockton that San Francisco was ashamed of its administration. San Francisco is also ashamed of some of its pulpit-thumpers—of Preacher Bane for instance.

Dr. Aked, it appears, left New York for the very opposite reason for which Dr. C. R. Brown left Oakland. Dr. Brown left Oakland because it was too warm. Dr. Aked left New York because it was too cold.

The election of Hoke Smith to the United States Senate reminds us of Frank Colby's definition of a Senator: "A sign of the inattention of others."

Senator Heyburn of Idaho says the Confederacy was "an infamous cause." Thus are we reminded that even a man who has never read the history of his country is eligible to election to the United States Senate.

The Dalton case teaches that when a public official borrows money from a public service corporation it is inadvisable to accept marked coin.

"The Anglo-Saxon," says Dr. Wheeler, "is a dying race." Not long ago Dr. Jordan found that the French was a dying race. Is there a movement among college presidents to put an end to the world?

Correspondence

A "Double's" Duplicity

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice that young Colt, the husband of Ethel Barrymore, complains that he is being made the scapegoat for the sins of his "double." So! Another husband errant trying to work the old gag, eh? Well, these are matters in which we men should stick together; so here's hoping that he gets away with it. Once I had trouble with my wife and, honestly, it was due to a bona fide "double"—a man who looked so much like me that the presiding genius of an identification bureau wouldn't have been able to tell us apart. Now don't misunderstand me. I am not putting on airs of superior virtue. I candidly admit that I fall seven times a day more than one day a week, but I was not guilty of the breaches of the marriage vow with which my wife taxed me when she threatened to sue me for divorce. And yet she gave me names and dates and places! I thought at first that she was the dupe of some lying gumshoeman, but I found out very quickly that she had obtained her information from some of those sweet "family friends" who are never so happy as when they are laying a train to blow up a hearth stone. Now mind you, on my honor, the names she cited were strange to me, the places were places I hadn't visited since my marriage and the dates were dates on which I had been busy at my office. It took me some time to clear up the mystery, but I finally found out that I had a "double" who was one of the most persistent, one of the most industrious and one of the most notorious lady-killers in these parts! With a great show of triumph I explained the situation to my wife. She laughed at me. I persisted. She jeered. I got angry. She threatened divorce. I went up in the air and swore by all that I consider holy I was telling the truth. She didn't withdraw her threat, but made me give her the name and all the information I possessed about the "double." Well, you may imagine that after that my life was not a happy one. My relations with my wife were strained but she was apparently not unhappy, though she still spoke icily at times about getting a divorce. One evening I sent word to the house that I would be detained at the office and would take a hasty dinner downtown. My wife received the message coldly. It happened that I completed my business sooner than I had anticipated and, as home was none too attractive, I decided to drop into the Orpheum and smoke a cigar. What was my surprise to see my wife sitting in a box there! And what was my amazement to see that she was accompanied by my "double"! my notorious "double"! I could hardly contain myself. I waited until they left and followed them to the sidewalk. I overtook them as my "double" was handing my wife into a limousine and confronted them. I don't remember what I said, my rage was so overpowering. And what did my wife do? She turned to my "double" and said, "Jack dear, this man is evidently crazy. He says he is my husband. How strange! Especially as he looks so much like you!" And then she stepped into the limousine. My "double" gave the chauffeur the name of a restaurant where the cuisine is as excellent as the service is discreet, stepped in after her and they were whirled away while I stood like a fool with my mouth open but inarticulate. I tell you, Mr. Editor, this "double" business works both ways!

Sincerely,
—A Grass Widower.

A Correction

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: How did you get your chronology and weather lore so mixed? St. Swithin's day is July 15, but "as all the world knows" Ground Hog day is February 2. The ground hog (hedge hog, bear, badger or woodchuck, according to locality) comes out of his hole at noon on Candlemas day to reconnoiter. If he sees his shadow he goes back to hibernate for another six weeks.

"If Candlemas day is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year."

or

"As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas day,
So far will the snow blow in before May,
And as far as the snow blows in on Candlemas day,
So far will the sun shine in before May."

and

"Just half your wood and half your hay
Should be remaining on Candlemas day."

St. Swithin was a bishop of Winchester who, at his death, expressed a wish to be buried without the precincts, under the open sky. The monks determined to disregard his desire and bury him within the minster, but on the appointed date, July 15, it began to rain and continued without intermission for forty days, by which time the brotherhood accepted the demonstration as an expression of dissatisfaction on the part of the dead bishop and decided to carry out his wishes. Hence, if it rains on July 15, the popular saying that it will rain for forty consecutive days thereafter.

Sincerely,
—S. C.

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Varied Types

XXXI—MRS. LLOYD OSBORNE

By Edward F. O'Day

Not I!

Some like drink
In a pint pot.
Some like to think;
Some not.
Strong Dutch cheese,
Old Kentucky rye,
Some like these;
Not I.

Some like Poe
And others like Scott.
Some like Miss Stowe;
Some not.
Some like to fight,
Some like to cry,
Some like to write;
Not I.

Now, there's enough,
Clean without a blot,
Some may like the stuff;
Some not.
Some will say "Encore"!
And some "O fie"!
Some would do some more;
Not I.

Gentle reader, do I hear you say: "Quaint but trifling; almost nonsense verse"? Well, you may be right, but this little poem is precious withal. It was written by Robert Louis Stevenson and I esteem it a privilege to be able to present it to you, because it has never been published before. Through the kindness of Mrs. Lloyd Osborne I was allowed to copy it from the original in the handwriting of R. L. S. which is preserved by Mrs. Osborne in a little scrap book filled with mementoes of Lloyd Osborne's childhood. "Little Sam," as Stevenson called the boy Lloyd, had a printing press and his step-father used to write him just such quaint effusions which were duly set up and printed from the press. A number of these little poems have been published, but "Not I" is now given to the world for the first time.

In her beautiful home at Lombard and Hyde where she is next-door neighbor to the Carmelite nuns, Mrs. Osborne preserves many memorials of the great man whom it was her misfortune never to see. She showed me the set of dishes, many of them broken, with which he played as a baby in Edinburgh. She showed me the "baby's record" in which his mother preserved a minute account of his childish achievements from the day of his birth. She showed me a lock of his hair. And she showed me many letters written by him, with the answers from men who have become famous merely because they enjoyed the honor of his correspondence.

These and many other memorials, Mrs. Osborne explained, belonged to Jane White Balfour, Stevenson's "Aunty" of the Child's Garden of Verses. Before her death Miss Balfour gave them to Mrs. Osborne.

"Among other things," says Mrs. Osborne, "were the letters of Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of R. L. S., which I had published about five years ago, although my name did not appear as the editor of the collection. Among the memorials in my possession were many which I gave to Graham Balfour for his life of Stevenson. That life, as you will remember, was severely criticised. Even before his death Stevenson had become a tradition and Balfour gave people that traditional Stevenson who was far from being the real Stevenson. Stevenson was not the 'seraph in chocolate' of Balfour's book, to use Henley's expression. There was a great deal of truth in Henley's strictures, but Henley who was full of malice toward the end, used facts to give the wrong impression of Stevenson."

"A subject never dies till the truth is written about it," says Mrs. Osborne, and part of that truth she is soon to give to the world. Mrs. Osborne is the author of a book entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson in California" which is to be published shortly. The plenteous illustrations alone will make this a book of absorbing interest. The frontispiece will be a picture of Stevenson never before published. And there will be a picture of the old house at 608 Bush street where Stevenson lived; not a photograph, for none is in existence, but a drawing made by Miss Withrow, the artist, from a minute description. The two upper stories of that house were brought round the Horn. When Stevenson returned to San Francisco from the South Seas he went to find it, but it had been pulled down.

MRS. LLOYD OSBORNE

But the woman who took lodgers there was still living and when she went to see Stevenson at his hotel the great writer excluded all other visitors and had a long talk with her. How many know that that woman is still living? She is Mrs. Mary A. Carson, a delightful old Irish woman and she lives way out in Geary street. She has given Mrs. Osborne a great deal of information for the forthcoming book.

"She is a dear old soul," says Mrs. Osborne, "and her memory is splendid. She says that when Stevenson first came to live in her house he was 'a poor shabby shack of a fellow' and that 'his appearance wasn't what his acquaintance afterwards bore out.' She says too, 'He was that quick' and all who know the real Stevenson who swore like a Billinsgate fishwife when he was aroused by injustice and went after a waiter with a bottle when he was cheated of his due amount of wine, will agree with her."

California harbors another woman who knew Stevenson intimately, says Mrs. Osborne. When Stevenson was "ordered South" by his physician he went to Hyeres in the south of France and there employed a young woman named Valentine Roche to nurse him. Valentine Roche remained with Stevenson for eight years, leaving him finally in Honolulu. She came to San Francisco, intending to return to her home in France; but instead she met and married Thomas Brown, a farmer of Sonoma and has been living in the nearby county ever since.

"She is a very remarkable woman," says Mrs. Osborne; "keen, intelligent and with an ordinary French education. She was with Stevenson when he conferred with his publishers and received his friends. He talked to her about all his secrets and his quarrels. When he suffered from hemorrhages she would spend the night on a rug before the fireplace in his bedchamber. She was alone with him for weeks at a time. Valentine says that when all the rest have had their say about Stevenson she will write her book and that it will be unlike anybody else's. And she is right.

"For there is a great deal still to be written about Stevenson. The world has changed since he died and it must change a good deal more before the truth about him will be thoroughly understood. Some day, I believe, we shall realize that Stevenson was the greatest man of his age; that he was the great prophet, the great teacher. The breaking away of the world from religious dogma, the abandonment of the old beliefs bring us nearer to Stevenson's teachings. The real message of Stevenson's life is a religious message. The Catholics like to quote him as standing up for Father Damien, though they forget sometimes that he didn't stand up for Catholicism. He saw in Father Damien a man who gave up his life for his work. He loved Damien as he loved Dr. Chalmers, that wonderful man who went as a missionary to the New Hebrides and was finally eaten by cannibals. Stevenson used to say that he hoped Chalmers would die before him as he wanted to write the missionary's life. But Chalmers survived him. Chalmers had a strange power over the cannibals and went among them without fear. But through sickness his power was at a low ebb when they knocked him on the head and ate him."

"Somebody asked me the other day," and Mrs. Osborne laughed, "whether Stevenson wasn't like Jesus Christ. I said, 'Not a bit.' And yet I can see him being like Christ in driving the money-changers out of the Temple. He did not believe in the divinity of Christ, but he studied His life as that of the perfect man."

I asked Mrs. Osborne who were the closest friends of Stevenson in this city.

"Of course there is Mrs. Carson," she answered. "Then there is Mrs. Virgil Williams. Stevenson was very intimate with Virgil Williams

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before his death and wrote to him a great deal. He corresponded with Mrs. Williams too. After Stevenson's death in Samoa Mrs. Stevenson and her son Mr. Lloyd Osborne came to this city and visited Mrs. Williams on Russian Hill. It was at that time that I married Mr. Osborne. I returned with them to Samoa; later I went to England and Scotland and met all living members of his family. That was how I came to get various memorials including the letters of Stevenson's mother who died shortly after he died.

"Another San Francisco friend of Stevenson was Hiram H. Bloomer, the artist, who died recently in Sausalito. He knew Stevenson in the early days in France and it was through him that Stevenson met Mrs. Osborne, now Mrs. Stevenson. Mr. Bloomer was studying art in Paris while Mrs. Osborne was there with her three children. The oldest was a girl who was just about Stevenson's age. The youngest was a boy of five who died in Paris. Mrs. Osborne was told that Lloyd would die too if he stayed in Paris and Mr. Bloomer advised Mrs. Osborne to take her children to Gretz near Fontainbleau. It was there that she met Stevenson. You may remember that he wrote of Mr. Bloomer in his essay on Fontainbleau.

WHERE R. L. S. DINED

The little restaurant in Pine street above Kearny where Stevenson spent part of the forty-five-cents-a-day on which he lived in this city.

"Those early days in Paris were described in 'The Wreckers.' It is not generally known that the Speedys who figure in that story were Mr. and Mrs. Carson who spent all their money buying wildcat mining stocks. Pinkerton, the American promoter in the same story, was Colonel S. S. McClure. I don't think McClure really liked being put in. But he had a great affection for Stevenson and would have made him a very rich man if Stevenson had fallen in with his plans."

Mrs. Osborne told me that she and her husband did most of the work of editing the letters of Stevenson. "Sidney Colvin had a way of putting off things," she said; "he wrote the introduction to the letters but we edited them." She said too that some of the letters which she will publish in her forthcoming book are very important to the student of Stevenson's life. One written from Bush street to his family shows that the secret of his sorrow and ill health here was the opposition of his family to his marriage. But when they found that he was determined to marry they sent him money.

"There was money waiting for him at the general postoffice in New York," she told me, "while he was living on forty-five cents a day in San Francisco."

And she said that one of the most interesting books ever written about Stevenson was "With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors, a work which has not attracted the attention it deserves.

"He was not literary," she explained; "so he could only tell the truth. You know how truthful the unliterary person is."

Mrs. Osborne looked at me questioningly. And I nodded a reluctant head.

Lottery and Love

By Emilia Pardo Bazan

The story of my marriage, did you say? All right! It was rather extraordinary. One cold December day, years ago, a young beggar girl standing at the door of a cafe, sold me a lottery ticket. She was a slender slip of a girl, with a dark tangle of curls and a dirty, ragged shawl thrown over her shoulders. I gave her about three times the value of the ticket and she thanked me humbly, with a sweet smile of infinite charm.

"You will draw the prize," she declared, with the clear, ingratiating accent of the girls of Madrid.

"Are you sure?" I asked jokingly, while I slipped the ticket into the pocket of my overcoat.

"Well, I guess I am sure! Why, its number is 1,420, and that stands for my age exactly—fourteen years and twenty days. You are bound to win."

"Well, little girl," I answered, "don't worry. If I do win the prize I shall go halves with you."

An expression of joy spread over her thin little face, so confident was she of the future. She clutched my sleeve and exclaimed:

"Ah, Senorito, give me the number and street of your house. Please, Senorito! It will only be a few days now before we can get our money."

With some misgivings I gave her my name and address, but in half an hour, after a brisk walk, I had quite forgotten the incident.

A few days later it was forcibly recalled to me. I was lounging in my room, lazily listening to the incoherent shouting of the newsboys in the street, when all at once I discovered that they were calling out the lottery returns. I sent my man at once to get a paper. The first thing that greeted my eyes, as I opened it, was the number which had drawn the first prize. I thought that I was dreaming, but I was not. There was no doubt of it. There it stood in large black characters: "1,420," the age of the little ticket seller and my number. Those four printed figures represented many thousand dollars, and as I suddenly realized the fact, I began to tremble all over.

I may say to my own credit that it never even occurred to me to break my promise to the little girl. She had brought me luck; had been my mascot. Besides, I considered her a partner in a business transaction.

Suddenly I was seized with a keen desire to feel that blessed ticket with my own hands. I remembered perfectly that it was a cold day when I bought it and that I had slipped it into the outside pocket of my overcoat so I need not trouble to unfasten it. I made a bee line for my coat, which was hanging in the closet, and feverishly dived into every pocket, but the ticket was nowhere to be found. I called my man savagely and asked him if he had shaken the coat out of the window. Yes, he had beaten and shaken it, but nothing had fallen out, he was quite sure. I looked him searchingly in the face, but he seemed the incarnation of honesty. During the five years he had been in my service, he had never committed the least misdemeanor, and I felt that I must keep to myself the many things that I wished to say about the disappearance of that ticket. I already despaired of finding it, but nevertheless I lighted a taper and began a systematic search of every dark corner in my room. I looked through my closets, sifted the contents of the waste-paper basket and turned over the papers in my desk. All was in vain. I could not find the least trace of the ticket.

Towards evening, as I was stretched out in my armchair, smoking quietly and trying to make the best of my horrible disappointment, there was a short imperative ring at the door. An altercation followed, and the quick, sharp words of someone who insisted upon coming in sounded up the stairway. The door of my study was burst open and the little girl ticket-seller, excited and weeping with joy, rushed up to me.

"Senorito," she said, "what did I tell you? Was I not right? You see, we have won the prize!"

I had thought that I had already passed through the worst of the affair, but I was mistaken, for I was not to be alone in my disappointment. It was too cruel. There I stood, stammering like a criminal, trying to explain to the child the loss of the ticket, how we had looked for it everywhere, that it could not be found and that her hopes must be disappointed. But I only saw her eyes fill with tears, and she said, with a quick shrug of her shoulders:

"By our dear Virgin, Senorito, neither you nor I were born to be millionaires—that's all!"

How could I reward such absolute confidence and disinterestedness? How could I make amends and make good my debt to her? For I was her debtor. Remorse for my carelessness and sympathy for my plucky little fellow-sufferer resulted in a conviction of responsibility for her. This feeling weighed so heavily upon me, that I took her into my home, supported her, educated her—and finally married her. But the most extraordinary part of my tale is that we are happy.

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My Patient

By Rudolf Presber

I have never aspired to be a doctor. Perhaps some day when I shall reach the gates of heaven, much will be forgiven me in the way of other sins and shortcomings because I've never practiced either medicine or the piano!

Yet without being a member of the profession, I once did have a patient. Never but one, but that was quite enough for me—and I have reason to think it was quite enough for the patient, too!

When I was at college I roomed next to a young law student—"Jurisprudence and Finance" was the degree he strove for. He laid a special stress on the "Finance," though one seemed really as unimportant as the other, for as long as I knew him he took the noble science of jurisprudence as carelessly as he did the intricate art of finance.

His name was Thomas Conradin and he came of a fine old family that still lived at their ancient seat of Glotzbach on the Rhine. When he had been drinking a bit—and that seemed to be his normal condition—his illustrious line became vastly more ancient and honorable.

After the third glass his ancestors had usually fought in the Netherlands against Louis XIV; after the fifth they had taken part in that memorable trip of Admiral Sir Walter Raleigh when he introduced the potato from Virginia into Ireland. After the seventh they had stood helpless at the foot of the cliff, wringing their hands, while Maximilian I—that last of the knights—was making his perilous ascent at Zirl, and after the ninth it was they who joined with Pope Urban II to preach the Crusades!

Beyond this number unfortunately the history of Thomas Conradin was likely to become a trifle obscure. Otherwise the astonished assembly would have been thrilled by the tidings that an ancestor of this brave and stirring youth had fought the mighty Odoaker under Theodoric on the banks of the Sontius, and that another had been chief pallbearer at the funeral of the great Constantine, pacing the streets of Ravenna with solemn steps by the side of that illustrious corpse.

Thomas Conradin was a long, wiry fellow, tall and thin as a lamp-post. He was great on dueling, but not very much of a fencer. He "wobbled," as they say at college. He had only one dangerous lunge—a stiff "carte" that, thanks to the ape-like length of his arm, he could land on the back of his opponent's head. Whoever was favored with one of these famous thrusts usually cursed most outlandishly! It was anything but a "stroke of genius" and looked, as one of the fellows used to say, as though a chimney-sweep had hit you over the back of the head with an old umbrella.

But Thomas was an honest soul and a decent sort of fellow at heart, though he'd never set the world on fire! And if it really were true that his forefathers had introduced the potato into Europe under Sir Walter Raleigh, it was undoubtedly they—judging from the appearance of their descendant—who had consumed the largest and the heaviest of these congenial tubers.

My greatest burden in our friendly and neighborly intercourse was his consuming passion for alcoholic drinks and his slight powers of resisting the same. If we went out together to spend the evening it was usually my painful duty to steer him home, quite helplessly drunk. And the gushing tenderness with which he kissed me on both cheeks when I landed him safe in his room really hardly compensated me for the expenditure of time and strength and the trouble I was put to in hauling him through the dimly lighted streets.

Thanks to him I made the acquaintance of sundry night-watchmen and quite a dozen good stout haters of our Alma Mater. One night, before I could stop him, he was possessed for some unknown reason with the insane desire to stuff his new felt hat into the mail-box on the corner. On which occasion he and I were both landed in jail, where he greatly prolonged our sojourn by insisting upon singing a vast number of songs, which might have been beautiful in themselves, but were really very much out of place here, and imparting to the officials the full account of how his grandfather faced the great Napoleon at Austerlitz and told him just what he thought about him!

One evening a mutual friend was giving a spread. Up one flight of stairs, in lodgings kept by the widow of a gravedigger, lived William Hayden. His landlady was celebrated for her horribly unsavory tales of occurrences in the old graveyard under the regime of her excellent husband's successor, the aforesaid husband having unfortunately departed his life in his prime by reason of strong drink.

Perhaps it was superstition that held the doughty William, who had been studying medicine for fully fifteen semesters, so faithful to his post as lodger to the gruesome widow. Her look and bearing still were tinged with a melancholy reflected from the dismal calling of her deceased spouse, and there were even some bold spirits who averred that it was entirely owing to the mysterious machinations of this formidable old dame that her lodger finally passed those frightful examinations he had so long been dreading, and not without cause.

We found his final achievement of a degree something in the nature of a miracle—and this enlightened age is averse to miracles! But that William Hayden, "the perpetual undergraduate," had passed his examinations without the influence of some potent sorcery was an acknowledged impossibility among those who knew his ardent devotion to cards and his interest in all sorts of mixed drinks.

Be that as it may, miracle or not, William Hayden was a full fledged doctor, and his licensed skill as a practicing physician threatened destruction to unborn generations.

His graduating spread took place in the cosy little back room of the "Blue Rose." The noble host in a very gorgeous, but exceedingly uncomfortable collar, had introduced a noteworthy novelty into the order of procedure, whereby cocktails were served both before and after the soup; and not till then did the well selected and well patronized wines begin their convivial flow. Champagne was introduced with the roast—not an imported brand to be sure, but what it lacked in quality was made up in quantity, and it flowed merrily.

Unfortunately speech flowed, too!

There was one toast to "Our Native Land" that was washed down with a light sparkling Moselle; one to "Our Genial Host," slightly marred by the fact that speaker, a very near-sighted chemistry man, addressed all his remarks to a young colleague in the agricultural department who vainly sought to deprecate these honors and became horribly embarrassed. Then there was a speech on the Science of Medicine in which much mention was made of Esculapius and Hippocrates, but very little of any up-to-date scientific information; a comprehensive discourse on "Our Beloved University" accompanied by a choice red wine; and a toast to "The Ladies," who unfortunately were not represented, in which, alas! the speaker constantly referred to "the dear splendid mother of our noble host," calling her "an ancient dame of sterling worth," whereas the rest of us all knew that Williams' father had recently committed the folly of taking unto himself a third wife in the person of a chorus girl from the second row of the Standard Theater troupe! But these were trifles.

The scene was sumptuous and animated. The fat man from the agricultural department gave a long and thunderous discourse on a new and improved breed of hogs. A budding lieutenant aired his views on the strategic errors in the battle of Sedan. Another man tilted his head back against the wall and sang solemnly and all to himself the whole of the "Road to Mandalay."

Suddenly someone stood beside me—stiff, straight and tall! I started when I recognized Thomas Conradin. Up to now he had sat there quietly enough, amused at the harmless prattle going on about him and paying diligent attention to his bottle.

"Thomas Conradin, what are you up to? Sit down—the ice-cream's coming!"

"I—don't—want—any—ice-cream—!" he shouted down at me.

"But we do! Sit down, man!"

"No—I'm going to—" here he caught the eye of the fat agricultural student who propped his head up on his elbows and gazed at him with anxious expectancy. Turning fiercely to this eager and robust youth he announced: "Next, I'm going to make a speech! Do you understand?"

"Good heavens! Be sensible, man—the dinner's too far along! And you—"

"And I'm too far along too!" he snapped back at me. His eyes were vacant and glassy and the sparkling goblet in his unsteady hand poured a series of libations upon the cloth. It was clear to be seen that Thomas Conradin had dined extremely well.

So Thomas took the floor. That speech of his would have graced any occasion. It would have been quite as suitable at the opening of a sportsman's show as at the funeral of a Zulu missionary. It was as well fitted to commemorate the anniversary of the massacre of the Rastadt Peace Delegates, as to grace the baptism of a foundling, to add spice to the general meeting of a literary club or to preface a scientific investigation into the origin of cancer.

It was one of the most remarkable speeches I have ever listened to. It lasted so long that the gorgeous ice had long since melted into a thin sauce, and he finally brought the thing to a close by proposing three rousing cheers for—the head waiter of the "Blue Rose"—a conclusion that really came as a complete surprise to us all!

After this effort Thomas Conradin fell into a semi-comatose condition of sadness, broken only by an occasional murmur of "Prosit!" as he drained his empty glass of a special vintage of his own.

From here on my recollection is rather hazy.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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By Robert McTavish

Bowdlerizing the Marriage Service

It has long been suggested that the form of marriage service of the Church of England is unsuitable to present-day decorum in speech, and at last action has been taken by the Lower House of Convocation. The alteration proposed is in the following clause of exhortation in the marriage service: "And, therefore, marriage is not by any to be enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly to satisfy men's carnal lusts and appetites, like brute beasts, that have no understanding, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." It was suggested that the clause should read: "Is not by any to be taken in hand inadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." "There is a great deal too much prudery about in the twentieth century," said Canon Bristow in opposing the proposed alteration. Canon Henson, supporting the proposal, said prudery was a bad thing, but coarseness was also a bad thing, and the sixteenth century, from which this particular exhortation came, was a coarse age. At his own church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, he was frequently asked by persons who were good churchmen and Christians to Bowdlerize the exhortation. After discussion, the alteration was agreed to. There was a keen debate on the proposal to modify that part of the marriage exhortation which describes the first cause for which marriage was ordained. A committee recommended that the clause should begin: "It was ordained for the increase of mankind" instead of "It was ordained for the procreation of children." The Archdeacon of Birmingham said he did not think the inclusion of the word "procreation" was at all effective. To a large number of persons it was offensive, and, as a priest uttered it with hesitation and slurred over it, a great deal of the effect of the teaching which the exhortation was meant to convey, and which he regarded as extremely valuable, was lost. The committee's recommendation was agreed to. The next proposal was to omit entirely the paragraph indicating the second cause of matrimony, and beginning: "Secondly, it was ordained for a remedy against sin." Prebendary Pennefather moved as an amendment that the passage be retained. The Archdeacon of Berkshire seconded it, and said that he would like Canon Henson to warn persons who were married in fashionable churches like St. Margaret's, to be careful about passages in novels which they allowed their daughters to read. That was the real danger of the time. Cultivated persons who considered the words of the marriage service coarse, he added, were those who left in their drawing rooms books containing language which had an immoral influence on their daughters. The amendment was defeated and the committee's recommendation was carried.

Strikes Increase Prices

Although there has hardly been a strike in recent years by which the French wage earners have not benefited, yet the cost of living in France has steadily increased until at length certain political economists declare that the strikers themselves are the prime cause of the situation. It is pointed out that supply and demand fix prices, and that strikes cause prices to rise by stopping the supply and increasing the demand. Just now the outcry is against the high price of meat, which has nearly doubled during the last decade. It will be recalled that besides recent strikes among the slaughter houses and butchers the strike a year ago last spring, which tied up the railways, ruined large shipments of meat.

Modernizing Asia

"One by one, slowly, but none the less surely," says a letter from Mongolia just published in the Daily Consular Reports, "things old and venerable are pushed aside, destroyed, or disregarded by trade, progress, and other relentless instruments of change. The latest is the attack on the Asiatic caravan, by means of which the best tea has been brought from China across the Great Gobi desert of Central Asia to Russia, crossing en route three high mountain ranges. This picturesque transportation by camel will soon give way before the automobile. A line, running at regular intervals, has already been established and two weeks' time is cut off." Another indication of the awakening comes by dispatch out of the "land beyond"—the terrible Khyber Pass. That is just north of the farthest place one can reach in India, for beyond Peshawar, where the stranger is not welcome, and is always in danger, runs the defile through the mountains into Afghanistan. Once a week a camel caravan goes in and comes out. But out of the forbidden land has come the news that the Amir of Kabul is installing a telephone system and putting in electric lights, and that he has bought a motor and is going to open a motor mail route of his own from Peshawar to Kabul. One who has seen the beginning of the road doubts it, for it is only a caravan trail—the one, by the way, over which Alexander came and went when he extended his operations to the Indus. And then, on top of this, we have the announcement from China that a post office has been opened in forbidden Lhassa; that a courier route is to be established, and that wireless stations are to be opened in Thibet. The next news may be that the Sultan of Johore has thrown out fantan and installed petit chevaux in his Monte Carlo, and that the Rapah of Sarawak has lifted the embargo on lawyers.

India's New Menace

India finds herself facing a new menace, and from an unsuspected quarter. Ten years ago there was only one point at which the Chinese Empire really touched India. All the rest was separated from China by a hundred tribes which formed the "buffer" that the English authorities encouraged. But now Tibet, from being a mere Chinese possession, has become a vice-royalty, and Chinese troops have been posted all along the southern side of the former "buffer" states. In the indignant words of the Calcutta Englishman: "The Chinese, in short, have grabbed country that was certainly not theirs, and which we have neglected to occupy and administer simply for the reason that we preferred that a stretch of uncivilized states should lie between us and the problems that contact with China would certainly raise." Pity that Peking did not know of this self-denying policy on the part of its powerful neighbor! But its only answer now has been to promote the leader on the border from Frontier Commissioner to Viceroy of Sechuan, 'where,'" laments the Englishman, "he will be able to do more mischief from the British point of view." Most disheartening of all has been the attitude of the Chinese of Rangoon and Lower Burma, whom the English had considered to be loyal British citizens, but who have surprised their superiors by showing that they regard themselves as Chinese citizens "and full of burning zeal for the Celestial Empire."

"The Unchanging Throne"

The Saturday Review, London's scholarly weekly, waxed almost dithyrambic over the Coronation. It agreed with Gertrude Atherton that there may never be another Coronation. "It is doubtful if there will ever be another Coronation, for where will the church be, constitutionally, a generation hence? And the dukes, the marquesses, the earls, the viscounts and the barons seated in the south transept, if these have so little belief in themselves and in their Order as to surrender tamely as soon as the Coronation is over, might as well be robed and coronetted waxwork figures." But the throne will be there. The crown "is much more than a golden link of Empire." "It is the throne which stops a fissiparous particularism from developing into a national break-up." Fissiparous particularism! As Bardolph said, 'tis a good phrase, but you must first know what it means.

French Revival in Alsace-Lorraine

Since the adoption by the Reichstag of the "constitution" for Alsace-Lorraine which defeats the aspirations of the province for true autonomy and the power of working out its own destiny there has been a defiant display of interest in the French language and tradition among the disappointed people. One form that it takes is a revival of interest in the French drama, and on a recent Sunday a great crowd gathered at the estate of the Comtesse de Pourtales, just north of Strassburg, to witness an open air performance of "Les Folies Amoureuses" by Reynard. The affair was conducted by the Societe Dramatique de Strassburg, one of the bodies which are organized with the sole purpose of keeping alive the French spirit. All the elite of the neighboring Alsatian cities were there. The French newspapers are frankly outspoken as to the political significance of the event. The view the Germans take of the situation is shown by the recent suppression by the Academic Senate of the Emperor William University at Strassburg of the Cercle des Etudiants Alsatiens-Lorrains. The university also expelled M. Munck, a brilliant student in philology and son of the Mayor of Rosheim. The ground alleged for this disciplinary action was that the club had a demoralizing influence. The Pan-Germanist press had been assailing it. The simple fact is that it organized a course of lectures in French annually, and gave a ball, a notable annual social event, at which all languages but French were taboo.

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The Spectator

Grafters in the Pulpit

If all that the Rev. Francis W. Reid of Berkeley says is true it's high time to begin investigating the pulpit. As a preacher the Rev. Francis W. Reid has struck a new note. He has brought an indictment against his own profession, and a pretty tough indictment it is, too. "Some preachers of San Francisco," he says, "are more anxious to please their congregations and hold their jobs than they are to preach the gospel of faith and works." And he adds, "Some of them are more interested in grafting at the city clerk's office for weddings, or with undertakers for funerals, than in cleansing the city from graft and immorality." This is not loose language. It is pretty precise and definite. The indictment is not subject to demurrer on the ground of ambiguity or because it is descriptive neither of high crimes nor misdemeanors. Dr. Reid charges that there are preachers in San Francisco who are more concerned about their jobs than the saving of souls. And what is perhaps worse than that he charges that there are grafters in the pulpits of San Francisco. This clearly is a case of muckraking the pulpit, an instance perhaps of just retribution, for here in San Francisco the toughest of muckrakers are to be found among occupants of the "coward's castle."

The Beam in His Own Eye

With the reverend Berkeley divine in his animadversions on grafting preachers I am heartily in sympathy. I have no more respect for preachers who split fees with undertakers and employ "runners" for a marriage bureau than for those smug clerics "glistening with ungodly dew" on both sides of the bay who are forever holding up their hands in holy horror at the depravity of San Francisco and expressing disgust and abhorrence for theatrical effect. If the good Dr. Reid will devote himself exclusively to the purification of the pulpit and cease his lamentations about the sinfulness of San Francisco I shall hail him a California Savonarola and contribute my share of ecstasy and enthusiasm. The lambasting of San Francisco is an exercise that has become stale and unprofitable, almost as much of a bore as last year's best seller. Besides when a preacher on the other side of the bay inveighs against immorality on this side one is inclined to suspect him of playing favorites if not of insincerity; for Alameda county is really no better than it ought to be. When the lid was put on our Chinatown the Chinese village across the bay was thrown wide open, and the preachers of Oakland had no complaint to make. When one of their own number was involved in a scandal not long ago they hushed it up and the "best people" in town gave him a certificate of character though they knew he was unworthy of it.

Sneering at His Neighbor

Nor does Dr. Reid command my sympathy when he indulges in petty insinuations and innuendoes calculated to impair the reputation of a neighbor. Such conduct is not in the spirit of Christianity. Why does the Rev. Francis W. Reid covertly sneer and scoff at the Rev. Charles F. Aked? It is hardly just to take Dr. Aked to task for not going about the business of uplifting this city according to the Reid formula. "San Francisco," says the rampageous Reid, "will never be regenerated so long as her larger churches import high priced ministers who do not take their coats off and proceed to clean up the city." Obviously this means Dr. Aked. And when Dr. Reid spoke of the preachers who "run around speaking of female suffrage," he again meant Dr. Aked. But how childish to talk in this strain! I suspect Dr. Reid of being somewhat peeved and querulous. I think he mistakes spleen for honest criticism. If there are grafting hypocrits in the pulpit it is well to rail against them and expose them, but it is sheer impudence to sneer at a minister because he does not attempt to "clean up" the town in the way that some other minister thinks the job should be done. It may be that Dr. Aked does not concur in the judgment of those preachers who are in favor of cleaning up the town in their shirtsleeves. If so he is entitled to his opinion, and perhaps in the long run he will accomplish more in his Prince Albert than some preachers I know who would take their breeches off in the pulpit if they were sure the performance would gain them nothing but applause. The reverend Berkeley divine ought to assuage his feelings and cease pondering the difference between his own salary and Dr. Aked's. And if he doesn't wish us to suspect the sincerity of his pretensions he ought not in the same breath in which he censures one preacher for not getting out with his coat off to make a noise like an uplifter, complain that there are other preachers who do not preach the gospel of faith and works. Dr. Reid doesn't appear to be doing one thing or the other. He seems to be laboring under the delusion that the best way to propagate Christianity is to imitate the bird that fouls his own nest.

Doing the Slums

When Sterne in the Sentimental Journey told the French Minister that if the French people had a fault it was that they were too serious the Minister replied that if such was his opinion he must defend it with all his might for he would have all the world against him. In the same position I find myself after a sentimental journey through the slums of San Francisco. In my judgment, if our slums have a fault, it is that they are too tame. My journey through the slums I made as a matter of duty. Not to go slumming occasionally is to neglect one's education. Mine had been neglected for many years. Indeed to me the tenderloin of post-fire San Francisco was an unexplored domain. I entered it with the eye of a connoisseur of other days, looking along the backward stream that was "a little moment past so smiling." The retrospect enabled me to realize how great the transformation wrought in the loose manners and vulgar customs of a great city, how prodigious the concessions to a puritanical public opinion. I went to Caesar's and saw men and women dancing between courses. Nothing immoral about that; to the mere spectator very dull and drab, for that dancing in cramped quarters is far from graceful or inspiriting. The spectacle of a little bunch of perspiring humanity swaying to the rhythm of rag-time is not at all alluring. One is sensible of the impropriety of men and women, who are not of the dumps and fens of society but from the upper strata, disporting themselves publicly in exotic dances, but the exhibition is hardly indecorous. There is a certain audacity in the performance suggestive of a looseness of morals but nothing worse. One may witness the performance without danger of infection.

The Awful Contrast

From Caesars I went along the Great White Way of the Barbary Coast and into the dance halls, and what I saw caused me to marvel at the regeneration of that quarter. I paid the turkey-trot and the Texas Tommy the tribute of my attention, and I thought of the can-can of other days. A waiter, a mere male person, served me with a drink, reminding me of the paint-bedaubed young women of other days who contributed to the raciness of such occasions with their equivoke of speech and their libidinous familiarities. I heard men and women sing, after their fashion, songs that were sometimes flavored with indelicacy, with mild double entendres, and I called up vivid recollections of the impudicity of verse, the vocal veneries that were the vogue of yesteryear, when the dives of Grant avenue and Kearny and Market streets were the rendezvous of soldiers and sailors and small boys and yokels bent on urban dissipation. Those were the days when the ribald word and the lickerish theme floated up from below to the ears of men and women along the crowded thoroughfares of the city; when scenic bawdry went unrepressed by either the agency of the police or public opinion; when on a score of stages the sorcery of soul and senses was achieved through the paphian posturing and all the lilting devices of the Parisian can-can so dear to callousness and senility. And yet we are told that San Francisco is a degenerate city! Why the truth is that San Francisco is rapidly becoming the most respectable sea port on the continent. Its tenderloin is becoming so tame as to be almost devoid of an appeal to pruriency. Were a New York, a Chicago or a Boston rounder, one accustomed to wallowing in the ugly places of any of those cities, suddenly transported to the Barbary Coast he would experience all the horrors of ennui. So numerous are the concessions that have been made to decency in the past twenty years that the tenderloin no longer appeals to anything but the vulgar curiosity of the rich. The sailor, for whom the tenderloin was invented, has abandoned it in disgust. Nowanights in his swinish periods he can find relaxation nowhere but in the ungilded stews of the water front. It's not the city but the tenderloin that has degenerated.

Mrs. Gabby—That queer little Mrs. Showy was ostracized.

Mrs. Comeup—Did it take?

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A Fine Distinction

It was a somnolent session of our Supreme Court and a learned attorney was making a convoluted argument on the Eight Hour Law for Women. He was distinguishing laboriously between women who work in hotels and women who work in boarding houses. The distinction was obscure. It failed to penetrate the intelligence of the learned justices. One of them asked for more light. "What," he asked, "what is the difference between a boarding house and a hotel?" The learned attorney paused. The learned attorney appeared just a bit confused. The learned attorney at length conceived this brilliant specimen of physical distinction: "In a hotel," he said, "the linen gets dirtier than it does in a boarding house." And the learned justice who was Mr. Justice Henshaw smiled the grim suspicion of a mocking smile at the learned attorney who was Mr. Willie Denman.

A Damaging Confession

At last a Los Angeles editor has admitted that there are earthquakes in the sunny southland! "Out West" for July contains a poeticular attempt by Charlotte Norton entitled "San Juan Capistrano" (she rhymes the last word beautifully with llano) in which we find these damning lines:

> The sands of many years have dimmed
> The beaten road,
> The storm, the earthquake here
> Have found abode.

San Juan is only fifty-six miles from Los Angeles, so this is bringing the earthquake close to the great Seaport of the South. Miss Norton had better look out or they will revoke her poetic license.

"Misrepresenting the South"

This is the caption of an editorial wail in the same number of "Out West." It seems that the sneaky boosters of the North have been "studiously giving the boot" (a Los Angeles elegancy of diction) to the resources of the South. A pamphlet of the California Development Board gives particular offense to the touchy editor. "No end of space," he hollers, "is devoted to the exploitation of the so-called 'Metropolitan District,' a term that has come greatly into favor since San Francisco is soon to lose its position as the premier city in population in the State." As San Francisco is proud of the growth of her southern neighbor and watches her race with Sacramento with great interest, this peevish remark is really naughty-naughty. The editor should be slapped on the wrist for it. "Not a word is vouchsafed as to where the nut and bean districts are to be found," he also complains. Editor, get thee to the slang dictionary for the meaning of "nut" and "bean" and see if mayhap they may not be applied to thine own raging self.

"I see from the papers," said Dawson, "that there is a great scarcity of chorus girls this year."

"I was afraid there would be," said Wiggles. "It's only another case of cause and effect. The French champagne crop has practically failed, and lobsters are scarcer than hens' teeth this season."

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A Rap From Pantages

Alex Pantages, the owner of the circuit of vaudeville houses which bears his name, was in Sacramento recently and took occasion to have his little fling at San Francisco. It seems that we don't appreciate Alex here. He was perfervid in his praise of Sacramento for the welcome it gave his playhouse and the attractions it furnishes. Then came the knock. "That same spirit," he said, "does not exist in other cities in California. In San Francisco, for example, where I am now building a $500,000 theatre, there is no evidence of appreciation and no inclination to show that the city welcomes a new enterprise and the expenditure of half a million dollars there. Los Angeles is just about the same." Now this is too bad! Why hasn't General Forbes called out the militia and given a few volleys in Market street in honor of Alex Pantages? Why entertain the president of a new transcontinental road and overlook the builder of a half-million dollar playhouse? Is there no gratitude in this village? Are we surfeited of playhouses? Have we no enthusiasm for vaudeville circuits other than Martin Beck's and Meyerfeld's and John Morrissey's? And is Sacramento to be our mentor in the study of appreciation? Or is it because Sacramento has no better that it welcomes Pantage's?

Sacramento's Proud Eminence

But let us not depreciate Sacramento. Let us rather show that admiration for the capital's superiority which Alex Pantages does not hesitate to proclaim. "It is known," he says, "that the most critical audiences our people have to face are those who fill the Sacramento houses. Many acts which set New York afire will not go here at all. They fall flat. The audiences here do not go as much on Eastern reputation as they do on real merit." Is it any wonder that the newspaper which quotes Alex thus goes on to declare that he but confirms "the oft-repeated statement that Sacramento audiences are extremely critical and are better judges of the merits or demerits of an actor or an act than there are in the country?" Who doubts this? Why, in Sacramento the eager theatregoers even take their infants-in-arms to the shows, as Ethel Barrymore learned to her confusion when the baby of the chief of police cried an infantile criticism of her Barrie offerings. When the babies are so hard to please, what must the grown-ups of Sacramento be? And have not their perceptions been trained by the ever recurring spectacle of one of the greatest farces in the world, the biennial sessions of the California Legislature? Three cheers for Sacramento, the greatest of one-night stands!

A Whine from Earl

Mr. E. T. Earl of Los Angeles emitted a most doleful whine the other day, one that was articulate enough to be interpretable. It expressed a twinge of the pocket nerve. Mr. Earl is the millionaire who turned over a new leaf a few years ago, and who has since evinced exceptional enthusiasm for reform. Having reached a point where he deemed it no longer worth while to accumulate money he resolved to spend his time acquiring the reputation of a civic patriot. To that end he has been trying to coerce everybody into the path of rectitude and to vindicate his own morals by close attention to his neighbors'. He bought an evening newspaper in Los Angeles through the medium of which he became a political boss. But the evening paper didn't give him sufficient power, and so he started a morning paper. This morning paper was the reason of his whine. The merchants of Los Angeles haven't been advertising in it, and Earl complains that he has been boycotted. To get sympathy for himself he charges his rivals of the morning newspaper field with having imposed the boycott. Now the truth is, as I have learned from a veteran newspaperman who recently visited Los Angeles and who is not a partisan of any journal, the merchants have not bought space in the new daily because they suspect that Earl is inclined to adopt a policy inimical to their interests. They regard Earl as a coddler of the puritanic and crank element. They believe that he would like to put the lid on the town, and they are very much opposed to that sort of thing. As my informant says, though Los Angeles has a very large ascetic element, it depends for business chiefly on the tourist trade and tourists have no relish for a closed town. So while the new daily, being a penny daily and therefore very much to the taste of the innumerable pikers who compose the ascetic element, started off with a crush at the subscription counter there has been nothing doing in the advertising line. Hence the Earl whine. Heretofore Earl has never done anything but make money, and now that he is losing it in large wads there is much curiosity as to how long it will take his feet to chill. He says his income is five hundred thousand dollars a year. As his penny paper, if the dearth of advertising be sufficient, can absorb not only his income but some of his principal we may soon learn just what distance the good millionaire is able to go when his withers are not unwrung.

The Teachers' Convention

The beribboned delegates to the convention of the National Educational Association have had their tickets vised and taken their departure, leaving us to ponder alone what it was all about. What did they come here for? and did they accomplish it? These are tough questions to answer. Nobody, of course, waded through the columns on columns of print that the newspapers devoted to the convention; so nobody is qualified to speak with finality about the sum of its accomplishment. But to the more or less superficial onlooker it seemed that the burning topic of their assemblies was politics. Should the insurgents or the old guard boss the association? Doubtless some of the delegates were feverishly wrought up over this political contest, but it's a safe bet that the majority of them cared not a tinker's anathema how the question was settled. Politics first, then education. That seems to be the order of business when the school ma'ams of both sexes get together. And as politics absorbed all the activities of the leaders until the last session was brought to an end, it may be guessed that education never got much of an inning. Doubtless many of the delegates take a serious interest in moot questions of pedagogics even when they are out of the classroom. Doubtless too they would be glad to sit down with others similarly interested and wrestle with these questions. But it is not observable that any of the delegates did this to an appreciable extent. True, they listened to long speeches of welcome and to long speeches about the old guard and the insurgents aforesaid. True, they were fed the "vacant chaff well meant for grain" that had been industriously gathered up by a lot of dry-asdust old fogies. But what has all this to do with the vitals of education?

Some of Their Problems

A cursory glance through the files for the days of their convention indicates the sort of lollypop on which they were fed. "How to teach children to play" was a theme of tremendous import. "How to buy for the kitchen" was another subject of dull discussion. "How to develop the color sense of kindergarten children" received solemn consideration. The various American "national airs" were critically pounded to a pulp. The Eastern schools were knocked by Western educators and the Western schools by the Easterners. The advantages of phonetic spelling were put forward, only to be hit with stuffed clubs by windy orators. Phonetic spelling? What have our schools to do with a fad like phonetic spelling? University students, it has been found, spell phonetically because they never had spelling matches when they were in the primary schools. No doubt they were too busy having their color sense developed or learning how to play. One thing, however, the pedagogues did accomplish. They appropriated $5,000 to find out why teachers get such poor salaries!

Mrs. Young's Cryptic Utterance

No wonder the teachers didn't accomplish much! Even their worthy president, Ella Flagg Young, found it impossible to express the object of the gathering in intelligible language. Listen to this from the lips of the president: "In order to accomplish we must establish an hypothesis in education as in other sciences. We establish it for the type, and variations we view not as variations within the type human, but from the type human. The average is either advancing or retrograding, and hence we must hold to our hypothesis of what is education. And we must watch for the tentative conditions by which we readjust our theory. These must be kept uppermost in the mind." If this isn't the cryptic language of an esoteric cult, what is it? But to continue: "The great work of this association is to bring together the men and women teaching in the schools, to broaden their outlook and vision of life and let them know what it is to be a worker in the educational field, that they shall have power to discern and reinforce life and the eternal in every boy and girl who comes within or under the influence of any man or woman teaching in this country." Was it not Oscar Wilde who said, "The schoolmaster is abroad. Would that he might stay there!" Notwithstanding her insistence on the establishment of a hypothesis of education, Mrs. Young (or is it Miss Young?) declares: "We can't give out a fixed theory of education because every teacher sees for himself a movement of the people and the effort of the school to keep pace. And we can't give out a fixed theory because it would create a prejudiced attitude toward the result." If this means anything, it means that the school must be a weathercock spinning with every variable wind of public clamor. Truly a lofty conception of education!

Morality in the Schools

The educators were all het up about the morals of the rising generation. The committee which dealt with this big subject reported that "disregard of law is fast becoming an American characteristic." They discovered, did these grave and worthy pedagogues, that the giving of rebates, discriminations against shippers, graft, boodling and bribery, the white slave traffic, mobs, rioting and lynching are some of the vices of American life. To deliver the rising generation from these evils "certain elemental virtues must be inculcated." A most potent conclusion! The committee outlined a course to this end. The course begins with the teaching in kindergartens

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of tidiness, obedience and self-sacrifice; in the grammar grades it recommends the inculcation of patriotism, courage and determination; it concludes in the high school with lectures on the relation of the individual to society, to a vocation and to the State, and the study of the family as the foundation of society. When a young man has passed through this course it is confidently expected that he will eschew the taking of rebates, the white slave traffic and graft; nay, that he will not even lay a hand to the rope when a nigger is lynched. When he reaches the university he will be a paragon of virtue sternly adverse to discriminations against shippers and will only riot on class days. But whether he will also eschew drinking, dicing and wenching the committee on morals sayeth not.

Diggs—I understand that you encourage your son to practice on the cornet?

Griggs—Yes. He's only been playing two months, but today I bought the house next door to me for half its value.

Fitch Between Book Covers

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls and with them many of the sublimest joys of mankind. To the suffering of George Hamlin Fitch we are indebted for a radiant little book compact of information that will illumine many dark places. This little book is a flower transplanted from Gethsemane. It is the work of a man who saw the light of the world go out, who was filled with despair, whose heart was crushed, whose eyes were bedimmed with tears, and who, in the midst of his great agony, turned for solace to his books and found comfort in the indulgence of his darling habit of reading. Bravely wretched was Fitch, and when he mourned the deepest he thought of the sorrows and griefs of others and resolved to point for them the way to alleviation. And so we have this book of essays entitled "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," from the pen of a man who has probably read more new books than any other man in the country. For Fitch is the book reviewer of the Chronicle. For thirty years he has been writing the book reviews of that journal besides doing editorial and other journalistic work. He is the cultivated man of the Chronicle staff, and though today rightly the dean of California working newspapermen, so great is the modesty of the man, so unobtrusive and retiring of disposition is he, that to the public he is almost unknown.

A Literary Guide

It was the death of his only son that inspired in Fitch the thought of writing his series of essays on old books. That son had been his companion for years. How great was his sorrow at the death of that son one learns from the introductory essay, an essay palpitant with the woe of the grief-stricken father, for into this little essay he poured his soul while thus revealing the dominant note of the volume: "And so in this roundabout way, I come back to my library shelves, to urge upon you who now are wrapped warm in domestic life and love to provide against the time when you may be cut off in a day from the companionship that makes life precious. Take heed and guard against the hour that may find you forlorn and unprotected against death's malignant hand. Cultivate the great worthies of literature, even if this means neglect of the latest magazine or of the newest sensational romance. Be content to confess ignorance of the ephemeral books that will be forgotten in a single half-year, so that you may spend your leisure hours in genial converse with the great writers of all time." The book, as the author tells us, "was planned to meet the wants of that great public which yearns for knowledge and culture, but does not know how to set about acquiring it." In something of the same spirit De Quincey wrote his "Letters to a Young Man," but not with the same success, for De Quincey was self-conscious in those letters and chiefly critical, whereas Fitch is the zealous, sincere cicerone, who takes his reader by the hand and leads him affectionately through the inner temple of literature pointing out its most impressive and valuable specimens of art in much the same manner that Ruskin adopted in the role of guide to the beauties of Venice. The book itself is a very artistic little volume, beautifully illustrated with reproductions of precious masterpieces of protraiture. It is one of the finest of Paul Elder's productions. How he manages to put it on the market at one-fifty passeth my understanding.

"The Vision of Portola"

Down at the Family Farm near Redwood City last Saturday night our giddy clubsters paused in their cutups long enough to watch and be impressed by George Sterling's little forest interlude, "The Vision of Portola." And mightily impressed they were, not only by the masque but by the beauty of the natural scene. The forest theatre of the Family differs from the forest theatre of the Bohemians in one charming particular—the audience is separated from the stage by a creek that purls a subdued accompaniment to the action. As in Bohemian Grove the stage is backed by giant redwoods with paths leading off into the forest. The principal actors in the Sterling play, the first of what the Family hopes will be a long series of poetic dramas, were Waldemar Young, the "colorist" of the Chronicle and Seth Mann, the attorney. Both exceeded expectations by their sympathetic rendition of their parts. The other actors were W. J. Jacobs, Fred Thompson, Charles Trowbridge and A. C. Thornton. Harald Pracht and Vail Bakewell were the soloists. The music for Sterling's beautiful blank verse was written by Reginald H. Bassett and was so imaginatively wedded to the poetry that Bassett must henceforth be reckoned among our notable contrivers of melodious sounds.

The Plot of the Piece

Sterling laid his scene in the grove where the play was enacted. Twilight is merging into night when Don Gaspar de Portola and his band emerge from the shadow of the grove. The troop is halted, but Portola and one of his lieutenants ride forward, for the explorer, before twilight fell, "half thought he northward glimpsed great waters." The troopers sup and discuss their doubtful quest, the bay of Monterey. They call for a song and while it is being given Portola returns. He tells the padre that he has climbed the hills. "Far to the north and south I gazed, but o'er the plains was poured a fog in mystery on mystery. This land appals me. It is far and lone and sad." The troopers disperse and Portola wraps his cloak about him and lies down by the fire for the night. A spirit appears. He bids the don gaze to the south, to the north, to the east and to the west. The future greatness of California and of San Francisco are revealed. He sees San Francisco desolated by earthquake and risen from her desolation. The spirit disappears and Portola rises from his dream to call his men. But he cannot recount the vision.

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He gives the order to push forward on the quest and the troops, forming behind him, depart into the woods, singing.

Sterling's Beatuiful Poetry

Into this simple mould George Sterling has poured the precious metal of as good blank verse as he ever wrote. The poetry, sustained throughout on a high plain of imagination and beauty, rises to greater height in the vision of the future. Thus he sees San Francisco:

I see a city rising on far hills.
It spreads, and masts and towers crowd the sky.
Queen of this sea and all the virgin west,
She sits her throne in beauty, holding forth
Her scepter unto many lands and men.
They come; they meet; they serve her. In her courts
Are many laughters. Now she casts abroad
A largesse to the nations of her gold,
And feeds them with her grain, and with her grapes
Maketh them merry. Was there ever yet
A queen so gracious? Still her realms expand
And still arise the houses and the groves,
And now—nay! pity! pity!
Christ! the solid ground
Is shaken, and she falters on her throne!
Her walls are down! her temples pass in fire!
A pall of smoke conceals her from my sight!
God! she is dead! she will not smile again,
Who was so fair, so gracious.

The spirit bids Portola look again and he does so:

Oh, still she lives, and fairer than before!
Her children still surround her, and her tow'rs
Gleam in the morning! Over sea and land
They come in homage, for a mystic flame
Is on her turrets, and her deathless lips,
Wiser for sorrows past, call unto men
With promise of new freedoms. Still the years
Bless and replenish, and make wide her fame.
Her sister cities over all the world
Envy yet love her. Still the winds of good
Cleanse her and fill her and make clean her heart
With vaster knowledge of man's need of man.
Now Justice, and not Charity, hath sway.
Each in each other sees his brother's face.
The weak grow strong, the strong lose not their strength,
And all men, now one purpose, face the years—
One purpose for all wisdom, joy and good.
Behold, mankind shall be one Family.

He—I shouldn't marry unless the woman was my exact opposite.

She—You'll never find so perfect a being as that!

Lane is Sensitive

I noticed Franklin K. Lane at the luncheon given to Edward T. Jeffery, president of the Western Pacific, at the St. Francis on Monday. It is easy to notice Lane in any unbonneted company on account of his shining poll. Lane has the distinction of being the baldest member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He is said to be the baldest man who ever ran for office in California, just as Pardee is said to be the most hirsute. Many have advanced the claims of Mayor Mott of Oakland against those of Lane, but ineffectually. Mott, though, may be the baldest man ever elected to an executive office in California. That Lane is sensitive about his baldness may not be generally known. It was made manifest on a historic occasion. I refer to that seemingly auspicious day at the old Pavilion in Sacramento in 1902 when Lane was selected to make the run against Pardee for governor. Seemingly auspicious, because Lane went down to defeat before the superior capillary attraction of the whiskered doctor. Seth Mann placed Lane in nomination in an effective speech and Tom O'Connor did the seconding honors in impassioned periods. As O'Connor perorated he caught sight of Lane's bald poll reflecting sunlight at the rear of the Pavilion. He was inspired. He pointed to the sunlit dome of the standard-bearer (it really looked like the top of the Hibernia Bank at noontide) and concluded: "The gleam of that bald head afar, like the crested plume of the great Navarre, will be our Democratic oriflamme of war!" O'Connor brought down the house but Lane's emotions were mixed. "That was a great speech, Tom," he said afterwards; "but the reference to my baldness was in bad taste."

The Wealth of Lotta

Little Lotta Crabtree did not waste any of the nuggets which were thrown at her feet by enthusiastic miners in the old Bella Union days. A recent lawsuit in which she was involved in Boston where she lives brought out the fact that she is one of Boston's largest taxpayers. She has three properties there on which she pays a tax of $22,077. They are the Park Theater, valued at $592,000; the Hotel Cecil, listed at $379,000; and the Hotel Brewster which is worth $367,000. I suppose she still owns a good deal of the property which she bought in this city. It included realty in Hyde street near Turk, Turk near Hyde, in the Richmond District and at the northwest corner of Octavia and Broadway. She used to pay taxes to the amount of twenty-four thousand and some odd hundreds in this city. She also owned lands in the interior. Is there any other actress in America who belongs in the millionaire class? What a contrast she is to most actresses who, unlike her, lagged superfluous on the stage. Mrs. Drew acted into old age and died as poor as a church mouse. Ellen Terry would never have made her recent pitiable lecture tour nor Sarah Bernhardt her farewell appearances if they had not needed the money.

Pinchbeck Economy

Our new Board of Control has already given emphatic proof of its intention to inject the most stringent economy into the expenditure of the funds of State. In awarding a contract for nearly $4,000 worth of leather to be used in a State institution it preferred a Chicago to a Stockton bidder because the Chicago bid was the lower of the two. This is not on its face an extraordinary incident for a board which wishes to save money. But it is worth recounting because it happened that the Chicago bid was just $8.60 lower than the Stockton bid. This circumstance has provoked a deal of captious criticism, criticism which the new board will disregard, setting it down to political jealousy. Some of the critics have pointed out that it would have been much better for the board to relinquish the petty saving of $8.60 in order to keep the money involved in the contract within the State. They forget, however, that the Chicago firm must eat. Let us have economy though the heavens fall.

Rooster—Can I have the next dance with you?

Hen—Sorry to refuse you but I am engaged for this set.

Milo

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Fashionables Rebuked

Some gay young members of our provincial aristocracy figured in a theatrical performance the other night on the wrong side of the footlights. As I would not add to the humiliation which they experienced on that occasion I will tell the story without names. The performance occurred at a cheap vaudeville show in San Mateo. The theater was crowded with villagers. The audience was sprinkled with fashionables from Blingum and thereabouts who seemed to enjoy those features of the show that were farthest below the Orpheum circuit standard. During the singing of a young prima donna a group of the fashionables informed the audience

Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MISS MARIAN LA TOURETTE

A charming Philadelphia girl who was here recently on a visit to her sister Mrs. Lawrence Fuller. Her wedding to a naval officer will take place in Philadelphia this Fall.

by their giggling and all-round indecorous behaviour that though the singing was not up to their taste their manners were somewhat below that of their less aristocratic neighbors. For a brief spell the singer was visibly embarrassed. She was a young woman of modest appearance and some talent, and she had the sympathy of her audience. Presently she paused in her singing, and a hush went over the house. And then the audience listened to a very neat and timely little speech. "I am sorry," she said, "if certain persons in the audience are displeased with my singing. But I would remind them that the price of admission is very small and that they should not have come here expecting to hear singing equal to that of high priced operatic companies. I am sorry that I am not up to their expectations, but I am trying to make a living, and I think they are doing injustice not only to me but to those of the audience who appear to be enjoying the entertainment." That was about all. But it was enough. The singer was no longer the only embarrassed one in the theater.

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When Gregg Tried French

Wellington Gregg Jr. is telling a good story on himself. It was an experience of his European tour last year. One day in Paris Mrs. Gregg and their daughters who speak French fluently left him to his own devices and he sallied forth on the boulevards. In a short time he had lost his way and seeing a citizen approaching accosted him in his best Ollendorfian French. "Deet moi sill voo play," began Gregg enunciating clearly and slowly and having got that far he was in danger of floundering when the puzzled citizen stopped him with a look of comprehension. "Hell," he said, "I'm lost myself." The conversation was concluded in English and the pair found an American place of refreshment.

News of Our Vesta

Major and Mrs. Davis who were married in Philadelphia two weeks ago with some secrecy have written friends in this city that they do not intend returning to California for some time to come. Mrs. Davis as the sprightly Mrs. Bruguiere had a large experience of newspaper notoriety, and I am told she is heartily sick of it and intends to settle down to a quiet life of domestic bliss in which she has the good wishes of many friends. Vesta Bruguiere Davis is a talented young woman who might have succeeded on the stage had not the gallant son of Mars prevailed upon her to forego her ambitions. I am told that a well known theatrical man learned of her change of plans with more than passing disappointment. The romance that culminated in the marriage at the Bellevue-Stratford began on a camping excursion in the redwoods of the Bohemian Grove and was continued in Monterey where Major Davis followed his inamorata to Del Monte. Young Emil Bruguiere Jr., by the way, is with his paternal grandmother in Newport where his mother intends to visit him soon. He will be raised by Mrs. Bruguiere Sr., who is much attached to him and his mother may visit him and have him with her for portions of each year.

Our Barbary Coast Dances

New York is hearing a great deal just now about our turkey trot and Texas Tommy. These alluring dances, under a variety of names, will be given in several theatrical productions of the coming season, notably in Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1911." Blossom Seeley, a local girl, has been dancing them for some time now at one of the vaudeville houses. That makes the young woman of the flowery name an authority and she has been discoursing sagely about them in the newspapers. "The Barbary Coast dance, as they dance it in the halls around San Francisco," says Blossom, "has never been seen on the legitimate stage and never will be. It is entirely too suggestive. The turkey trot is only a mild form of the dance, and must have originated in the East. The Frisco Glide is one of the versions of the Barbary Coast, as is also the Grizzly Bear and the Frisco Tode-lo which I am doing. My dance was taken directly from the Barbary Coast. I have picked out the pretty movements and have eliminated all that was suggestive. I think in the beginning this dance must have come from the Spaniards—the hand work in imitation of castanets would indicate this. But if you want to see the real dance you will have to go to the San Francisco dance halls and call for a 'slow drag'—that is where one sees the genuine and only original Barbary Coast dance, and I am afraid it will never be seen on any legitimate stage." Most of which indicates that Blossom is talking throgh her summer bonnet. Who in San Francisco ever heard of the Frisco Tode-lo? Who ever saw on the Barbary Coast any but fancy

Photo Hodson

MRS. CLARENCE HEAD

Formerly Miss Fanny Ashurst. Mrs. Head is prominent in society across the bay and her wedding was a recent affair of considerable social importance.

dancers imitating castanets by hand work? Any authority on the dances as they are danced at Caesar's—Ernest Wiltsee for instance—will tell you that there are just two of these dances. The turkey trot has a lot of variations and a variety of names and it does not have to be any more suggestive than the waltz. The Texas Tommy is a distinct dance and so far from being suggestive, it has earned the approval of Ned Greenway who considers it more graceful than the barn dance.

A San Jose Explanation

Down in the Garden City of the Santa Clara Valley Editor Percival Milnes of the Times has been trying to explain the turkey trot. He traces its development, with considerable plausibility, to the general insipidity of the two-step. "The two-step," he says, "is neither artistic nor interesting; its acquirement is easy; it lacks grace. To vary the monotony, from time to time there

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have been evolved all sorts of wriggles and postures, more or less suggestive, until it remained for San Francisco to give the avowedly nasty 'turkey trot' to the world, and for 'society,' such as it is at San Francisco, to welcome the innovation with whoops of delight." Tut, tut, Percival! Come with me to the Barbary Coast and study the turkey trot in its lair. Let me show you the dance in all its countless manifestations. Like every other round dance ever invented it can be made very suggestive, but it is not necessarily so. Admitting that San Francisco society does not disdain the turkey trot when it goes a-slumming—and I shall not attempt to deny that San Francisco society is very fond of slumming—let me take you to some of the resorts along the Barbary Coast or at the ocean beach or on the north side of Golden Gate Park. Let me point out to you some of our society girls dancing the turkey trot with their escorts while their chaperons look on. You will admit that these people are having the time of their giddy young lives. But you will also have to admit that they are dancing the turkey trot in a graceful way that is entirely free from suggestiveness.

A Suggestion Renewed and Expanded

Some time ago I suggested that the burning question as to the propriety or impropriety of the turkey trot be referred to Dr. Aked as a committee of one with full power to investigate and report. Now I am going to amplify that suggestion, because I have decided that the subject is too big for one man to handle. Why not appoint a committee of nine consisting of Dr. Aked, Dr. Rader, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Ned Greenway, Peter Martin, Ernest Wiltsee, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry. Here we have a representative and flexible committee which should be able to settle the matter out of hand. Dr. Aked is familiar enough with the Bible to know that a lot of people were shocked when David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. Dr. Rader's journalistic experience taught him the value of liberality and an open mind. Prexy Wheeler could compare the turkey trot with the interesting dances of ancient Greece and Asia, dances of which the classic writers have given us some piquant descriptions. Ned Greenway is included because the final arbitrament will rest with him anyway and Peter Martin and Ernest Wiltsee because they could demonstrate the dances for the rest of the committee. The three charming ladies whom I have included would give the committee the tone of high social standing and the inestimable benefit of mature experience.

Princess' Sister to Wed Here

Following the example of her sister the Princess Kawananakoa, Miss Beatrice Campbell of Honolulu will be married in this city. The bridegroom George A. Beckley reached here from the islands last week only to be taken to the German Hospital for a minor operation. His bride returning with her step-father Colonel Sam Parker from Europe Wednesday, sought his bed-side and the marriage will take place upon his recovery which will not long be delayed. When Abby Campbell bestowed her hand on Prince David the nuptials were celebrated at the Occidental Hotel, the parties coming from Honolulu for the ceremony in this city. This marriage followed by a few weeks that of the bride's mother to Colonel Parker, one of the richest men of Hawaii who is now a widower. He has taken a paternal interest in the welfare of his handsome step-daughters and will give the bride away at the coming wedding. Beatrice Campbell is well known in local society. She visited the Princess last year and was extensively entertained. Princess David, by the way, went to Heidelberg after participating in the coronation festivities and is recuperating from an operation performed by German surgeons. She will return to San Francisco this Fall to be a figure in social activities of the winter.

She Looks Like Maxine

The return of Mrs. Charles Krauthoff looking more like Maxine Elliott than ever has been the signal for social activity in the army set. Mrs. Krauthoff looks not a day older than when she went to Manila two years ago and I am told she was voted the handsomest woman in the Philippines where she entertained royally at the Major's spacious home in Manila. Before their departure Mrs. Krauthoff was made the honored recipient of a farewell reception given by prominent society women of Manila at the Army and Navy Club.

A Little Pin Money

If the old bill presented to the State in 1855 by G. D. Bliss is allowed by the controller, there will be six thousand odd dollars of pin money for his heirs to divide. I suppose the money would be divided between Mrs. Jerry Sullivan (Nellie Bliss), Mrs. George Herrman (Hattie Bliss) and Mrs. Annie Rucker (Annie Bliss). Or these well known matrons might let their children divide the sum. It is not often that a butcher bill turns up in such pleasant fashion.

The Trouble of the Baldwins

All the friends of the Herbert Baldwins are hoping that their present difficulty will be patched up by a reconciliation. It is thought too bad that the young couple should drift apart. Mrs. Herbert Baldwin was Emily Reed, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reed of Sausalito. She is a granddaughter of Rev. George Bonte of Berkeley. Mrs. Henry Rideout, formerly Frances Reed, is her cousin. Mrs. Baldwin was ill for a time in a hospital but has now gone to the home of her parents in Sausalito.

The Late Mrs. Sargent

Mrs. Ellen Clark Sargent whose death occurred last week was the first prominent woman of early days to espouse the cause of equal suffrage. She was the first president of the California State Suffrage Association. A woman of great force was Mrs. Sargent and when she believed herself in the right nothing could change her. It will be remembered that Senator Sargent was at one time minister to Germany. Mrs. Sargent was unalterably opposed to the decollete fashion in gowning and steadfastly refused to conform to the mode at court functions. It was said at the time that her husband owed his recall from Berlin to this eccentricity on the part of his wife. The first wife of Dr. D. W. Montgomery was her daughter. Like her mother Mrs. Montgomery was of strong opinions. She is said to have started the fashion of wearing hats at afternoon affairs by asking permission to remain covered at a luncheon because her large hat shaded her eyes which were giving her trouble.

The Grahams' Movements

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, after enjoying to the full the coronation revels of London have taken a house in fashionable North Berwick and will maintain an establishment there till the end of October. "Bill" Graham is now on his way to California where his business interests demand attention, but will return to England early in September. Meanwhile Mrs. Graham will give a number of house parties to her Lon-

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don friends. It will be interesting to know whether Mrs. Keppel will be entertained at any of these. Mrs. Keppel will be in London soon, having tired of her season of voluntary mourning for King Edward in Ceylon (where she was not altogether lonesome, by the way) and will naturally look to her old friends for entertainment. Mrs. Miller Graham was beholden to Mrs. Keppel in the past; it remains to be seen whether she will now reciprocate. Her friends recognize that the situation is delicate and fraught with interesting possibilities.

The Exposition Site at Tait's

When the selection of the site for the Fair is made, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe will celebrate the great event with an elaborate dinner menu and attractive program. It is needless to say that this cafe will more than keep up its well known idea of novelty and when this great conclusion is reached by the committee, those seeking to join in celebrating the selection will have a great time on the evening to be selected. Due announcement will be made in the daily press, giving the patrons of this popular restaurant every opportunity to make reservations for their parties.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo arrived at Del Monte last week and plan to remain most of the summer. Mrs. Clark is one of the cleverest golfers of the State and puts in a great deal of time on the links.

Colonel W. J. Hogan of Pasadena, Mr. Charles Post, president of the Annandale Golf and Country Club, Mr. Leo G. McLaughlin and Mr. Henry Newby stopped over at Del Monte for several days on their way home from a motor trip to the city.

Among those who have taken apartments at Del Monte for the summer are Mr. and Mrs. Jerome S. Hart of San Jose; Mr. Gardner F. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Tulloch of Pasadena, the G. A. Newhalls and Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise.

Miss Kathleen Farrell and Miss Carmen Ghirardelli of Piedmont who are at Del Monte with Mrs. James Shea, are taking up golf this summer and their friends are much pleased with their progress.

Mr. Will H. Parry, capitalist of Seattle and special commissioner of the State of Washington, left the St. Francis this week for San Diego to represent his State at the ground breaking festivities for the Panama-California Exposition. Upon his return he will again make his home at the St. Francis.

Mr. Wallace Carlton, a merchant from Winnipeg, has been a guest at the St. Francis during his visit here.

Mr. J. B. Farish, prominent in mining and financial circles in Denver and New Mexico, is in the city for several days and is registered at the St. Francis.

General E. A. Forbes, head of the California State Militia, has been making his headquarters at the St. Francis during his recent visit to the city.

Major C. S. Hill of the U. S. S. California has been a guest at the St. Francis for the past few days.

Captain L. D. Weldman arrived on the Transport Buford and registered at the St. Francis.

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Dr. Henry Lowry Emilus Johnson of Washington, D. C., who recently won honors at the International Sanitary Convention of American Republics, stopped at the St. Francis en route from his sojourn in Los Angeles during the American Medical Society.

Among the Eastern people sojourning for the summer on this coast who arrived at Paso Robles during the past week are: C. E. Salsbury, Detroit, Mich.; E. L. Horney, wife and child, E. N. McKee, Chillicothe, Ohio; R. B. Hevens and wife, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. L. R. Lufkin and Miss L. O. Lufkin, Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. Platt Rogers, wife and daughters, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Wm. J. Cray, Miss T. J. McGarry, Mr. Joseph McGarry, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cook, Broken Bow, Nebraska; Mrs. M. E. Eaton, Syracuse, Nebraska; W. V. McQuaid and wife, H. W. McQuaid, wife and two sons, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gregg, well known Texans, are spending a number of weeks at Paso Robles.

Senor Don Tarriba of San Francisco with his son M. E. Tarriba is at Paso Robles for a rest and has enjoyed saddle trips among the surrounding hills.

Miss Meda McCartney of Alameda was at Paso Robles with her ward, Master Guthrie Courvoisier, last week for a short change from the sea air.

Mr. G. L. Dutcher, one of those who are making the Imperial Valley "to blossom as the rose" spent some days at Paso Robles last week.

Mr. Wm. J. Locke of San Francisco, after a business trip, has returned to his family and golf clubs at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott with a party of golf players enjoyed a game on the links at Paso Robles Monday afternoon. Mrs. Scott is very enthusiastic over the new course and thinks it is one of the most interesting she has ever played upon.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Miss Louise McCormick are at Paso Robles for a month, spending some of their time at Rancho Santa Ysabel, and have given several delightful automobile and plunge parties during the week.

A jolly Paso Robles party consisting of Mrs. H. T. Scott, Miss McKinstry, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Miss Louise McCormick, Mrs. F. W. Sawyer will take the Morro Park trip to the coast returning by the Cresta Grade some day during the week. This is one of the most delightful motor trips in California and should be taken by all automobilists who make a stay at Paso Robles Hot Springs.

Mr. R. W. Carter, representative of the Wilcox & White Co. of Meriden, Connecticut, and Mrs. Carter are spending a few days at the St. Francis en route to Los Angeles.

Dr. David Powell and Miss Powell, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Jeanette Powell of Marysville, were at the Hotel Victoria during a few days in town this week. Dr. Powell was one of the attendants at the National Medical Association at Catalina.

One of the most important parties, if not the most important, registered at the St. Francis during the past week, was that headed by the President of the Western Pacific, Mr. Edward T. Jeffery. Accompanying Mr. Jeffery were Edgar L. Marston, one of the leading bankers of New York City, and a member of the firm of Bond & Co., and Mr. J. F. Vaile, General Counsel of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. Mr. Jeffery is making his initial trip to California since being elected to the presidency of the Western Pacific Co. The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, appreciating the great work done by Mr. Jeffery in the interest of San Francisco, and especially in connection with the Exposition campaign in Washington last winter, made him the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Monday in the Colonial Ball Room of the Hotel St. Francis.

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Gossip of the Theatre

An Exceptional Orpheum Bill

This week's bill at the Orpheum is one of the best collections of vaudeville acts that it has ever been my pleasure to sit through. There isn't a weak spot in the program from Rosner's overture to the motion picture. And there is variety—I've seen road shows that had less. The Charles Ahearn cycling comedians are not strangers to confirmed Orpheumites. They have added to their collection of crazy vehicles and their act is funnier than ever. The burlesque bicycle race remains about as it was before, which means that it registers a laugh a second. "General" Edward Lavine is another approved friend. The ingenuity of his foolery knows no limit; it has been elaborated by new devices. And his juggling with a top hat and a cigar remains a very wonderful and a very amusing stunt. The Lorch Family, if I mistake not, have been seen here before as headliners for one of the big circuses. Theirs is one of the most elaborate acrobatic acts on the circuits. What an Orpheumite delights to call "class" is written large all over their exhibition and the expert spectator who yields the hand-clap only to something new in this line pats his palms at least a dozen times while they are in action. Could more be said? There are two piano offerings, but they differ widely. The charming Willa Holt Wakefield conjures the keys in pretty accompaniment to several very dainty little songs. One that is particularly quaint tells of the love affair of two sausages who flirted and parted, only to meet again. The sausages of vaudeville are usually as vulgar as the cheese that makes its appearance in the same milieu, but this song is a very clever conceit. The Steinway is wheeled out again for Clifford Walker who does some imitations of post-prandial entertainment. His recitation about "the girl for me" will bear rehearing and his rendition of "Gunga Din" is very meritorious. I have heard better interpretations of this favorite Kipling ballad, but just the same Clifford Walker stirred my blood with his. The Three Vagrants are armed with guitar, clarinet and accordeon, with good voices, a knack of character make-up and a genius for the sort of music which never fails to bring down the Orpheum crowd. They are tired long before their hearers. The bill has two sketches, both of exceptional appeal. "Other People's Money" gets the laughs while "The Baby" pretty nearly brings the tears. "Other People's Money" is a deftly constructed bit of comedy well acted by a company with Gerald Griffin (who may be related to the great Irish novelist, for aught I know) at its head. "The Baby" is a heart-wrenching little drama which gives Emma Dunn a chance to play on strings that are not often vibrated in vaudeville. The motion picture shows animal-trapping in the African jungle and embodies a pretty little love story. The healthy appetite of Orpheumites will never be surfeited by bills like these, no matter how often the management dishes them up.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Miller in "The Havoc"

Henry Miller's engagement at the Columbia Theater which begins next Monday night, July 24, presents the actor-manager in a big role of the type which playgoers have learned to associate with his name. His latest success "The Havoc" which ran all last season at the Bijou Theater in New York, is described as a tense, gripping drama built upon the story of a duel of wits between an injured husband and his treacherous guest. The big role of the play, the husband, is said to offer one of the most fascinating characters seen on the stage during recent years, and to be played by Mr. Miller with the quiet power and tense nervous force he showed in "The Greate Divide." We are told further that he dominates the powerful dramatic situations of "The Havoc" with perfect ease;

WILLIAM H. THOMPSON

The distinguished American character actor who will appear in "The Wise Rabbi" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

that during several scenes that are softened by brilliant ironic comedy, Mr. Miller makes the author's satiric lines snap and sparkle by his quick, nervous, but crisp and decisive tones. His engagement here will be Mr. Miller's first appearance in "The Havoc" since the end of the New York run. He has made the trip across the continent to open his second season in the Sheldon play in San Francisco. He will be supported here by the same brilliant cast that appeared with him throughout the New York run. There has been absolutely no change in the cast since the play was produced last December.

Richard Bennett at the Alcazar

During his starring season at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night, Richard Bennett will be aided by Mabel Morrison, leading woman, and Belasco & Mayer's regular company. "Arsene Lupin," the first play to be presented by Mr. Bennett, has never been staged in San Francisco, but the English version of the French novel from which it was adapted is familiar to all local patrons of interest-gripping fiction. The play had a long run in New York last year, and all the scenery and properties used in the original offering have been rented and renovated for the Alcazar production. Its presentation is one of the most expensive undertakings of the Alcazar management. Mr. Bennett is best known to San Francisco playgoers by his impersonation of John Shand in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," when that delightful comedy was given here by Maude Adams. Miss Morrison is well known in the East as an accomplished actress and a handsome woman. She has been Mr. Bennett's principal support ever since he attained stardom.

What the Orpheum Offers Next Week

William H. Thompson will be the headliner. He stands high as a player of vigorous roles that demand intellectual treatment. He has a striking little play by Leo Dietrichstein called "The Wise Rabbi." We will also have Dan Burke, the Dancing Master, with his Wonder Girls. Burke is one of the grand old men of the stage. Yet he dances today with an agility, elasticity and grace not equalled by the newer school. With the Wonder Girls and Mollie Moller he offers a joyous novelty. The girls are mighty attractive. Fay, Two Coleys and Fay will appear in their blackface act "From Uncle Tom to Vaudeville." The men are comedians and the girls excel as singers and dancers. Patsy Doyle is one of the most diverting of monologists. His engagement is for one week only. Next week concludes the engagements of Gerald Griffin and Company; "General" Ed. Lavine; Clifford Walker and the Lorch Family.

Restraining His Ardor

"It is a popular belief among theatre-goers that no man will play a love scene for all it is worth when his wife is in the audience," said a leading man in a current play. "This is a wrong impression. Except in rare instances where a man wouldn't dare to speak to his mother if he met her in the street for fear of stirring up his wife's jealousy he plays with just as much ardor if she is ten feet or ten miles away.

"There is a rattling good love scene in the second act of the play I am appearing in now, and if my wife was sitting right up under the footlights I would put all the fervor into it I was capable of. But I never could make the public believe that. A conversation I overheard in a restaurant between two men is typical of the general belief.

"'He was pretty good in that love-making act,' said one.

"'Fair,' said the other, 'but you just ought to be around to see him when his wife isn't around. He makes things hum then.'

"I had honestly tried to make things hum at that particular performance, and if I failed it was not due to the absence or presence of my wife. But when the public once becomes obsessed of an idea it is so hard to root it out that it pays to humor the whim. Nowadays when playing the part of an ardent lover I take care to spread the report that my wife never sees me play after the opening night, and that gives people confidence that they are never going to see a weak-kneed performance."

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The Magic Slippers

By Eduardo Zamacois

It was after supper, and Bebita was preparing for bed, with the latest book of our favorite poet under her arm, while I was standing before the mirror, getting into my overcoat. All at once, as if suddenly recollecting something of the utmost importance, I exclaimed:

"See here; did you put your slippers out on the balcony?"

She glanced at me with a bright, cheerful smile. "Do you think the three Wise Men of the East are going to make me a present?" she inquired.

"Who knows but they may?"

"Fiddlesticks! The only wise man who might remember me is yourself."

"You are mistaken," I replied. "The legend of Melchoir, Gaspar and Balthazar coming from different countries of the remote East, on fleet camels loaded with trinkets, is quite true. These three Wise Men are venerable graybeards, hiding beneath their picturesque Asiatic garb a placid, gentle and compassionate spirit, which finds a sweet, paternal pleasure in rewarding children who have been good all the year round——"

"That's all very well for children."

"Young women also whose purity and faithfulness have preserved to the years of their youth the ingenuous charm and simplicity of childhood. Among these blessed women I include yourself."

Bebita smiled her eternal enigmatic smile, which according to the state of my nerves was apt to fill me with reassurance or misgivings.

Under the milky light of the electric lamp, swinging in a white crystal globe between the bed curtains, her auburn hair, loosely scattered over the pillow, looked for all the world like a tawny mane of a dead lion. In the marble whiteness of her face, her eyes appeared very large and dark, and her lips were very red. It was an ingenuous and yet a precocious face—the face of a child grown to womanhood before her time.

"Leave me alone!" she exclaimed, "and do not bore me with baby talk."

"Nothing of the kind," I returned. "I swear to you that within a few hours, on the stroke of midnight, the three Wise Men will come to see you. Do not fail, therefore, to receive them with all due courtesy, by putting your slippers out on the balcony. You ought to know," I added, "that I have never deceived you."

And I left her, busily engaged in carrying out all I had, with so much zeal and confidence, insisted on doing.

The feverish excitement which our great modern cities hold in wintertime lured me to its silent contemplation. Everywhere the showcases attracted attention. The jewelers' shops were especially dazzling—offering in rich cases of satin, set out on a great expanse of artistically draped black velvet, a shower of precious stones; rings, bracelets, necklaces of pearl; diamonds flashing in their own light like diminutive suns; emeralds the color of hope, rubies outshining the Oriental splendor of topaz and sapphire. And farther on were the spacious showcases of an exhibition of beautiful gowns and dainty articles of fashion: women's hats loaded with plumes, cloaks of costly furs, dummies garbed in bridal finery, which under the cold light of the electric lamps had the dazzling whiteness of new-fallen snow. There was a fine, sprinkling rain, or rather a transparent veil of mist, and the passers-by walked slowly under the swaying roof of their umbrellas; a diffused brightness floated in the atmosphere, the reflection of the lights on the glistening sidewalk wrapped the women who passed through the streets in a mysterious glamor.

When I came home late from the theatre, I left my present with the greatest stealth and precaution in the slippers which Bebita had placed on the balcony of the dressing-room. Then I entered the bedroom, coughing audibly and with intentionally noisy footsteps. She had fallen asleep reading; her half-opened lips seemed to repeat the last stanza in her dreams; on her smooth forehead hovered the melancholy charm of the last verses she had read.

"It is I," I said. "Wakeup, sleepy-head, open your eyes!"

She awoke, gazing up at me with an indefinable expression. Then we talked over various trifles—the play, the fashions.

Suddenly I exclaimed, bidding her be silent with a gesture: "Keep still—did you hear that?"

There was a pause. Bebita sat up, craning her neck.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"A noise on the baloncy. You see? The three Wise Men have come!"

"Then go out to meet them!"

"By no means; it is for you to do that. If you do not set about it in the right way, the spell will be broken."

I had to insist quite seriously, in order to convince her that I was not joking, that I really had heard a noise of footsteps on the balcony, followed by a gentle tapping of finger-tips on the window-pane. She resisted obstinately, feigning great sleepiness, but at last she made up her mind to go. I sat down on the bedside, lighting a cigarette and enjoying the impending climax of my little surprise. Bebita had approached the balcony, opened the woden shutters, and pulled up the blinds. The peculiar brightness of the night shone through the windows, the white and spectral glory of the moon flooded the snow-covered house-tops.

Bebita cried out in pleasure. "Oh, joy!" she exclaimed. "Oh, joy!"

"Is there anything?"

"Yes, indeed; another pair of slippers."

"Take them in, why don't you?"

"I don't dare—I am cold——!"

However, her curiosity got the better of her fears, and just as she was, half-dressed, she opened the window, picked up the present and returned triumphantly to the bedroom.

"Look—look!" she repeated.

The new slippers were made of the most exquisite morocco, and encrusted with emeralds, rubies and other precious stones, arranged with marvelous taste and woven into a network of brilliancy. The high heels were of gold, and the narrow tips were pointed as serpents' tongues.

"How lovely!" repeated the delighted Bebita. "How perfectly lovely! Where did you buy them?"

"Not anywhere. These slippers are not for sale; they were a gift to me."

"Made when?"

"Many years ago."

"From whom?"

"A fairy."

"A fairy!" echoed Bebita in amazement. "Why, then they must be bewitched."

"It is even as you say; they are bewitched, or rather blessed."

"Blessed slippers—why blessed?"

"Ah! if you only knew! It is a very sad story."

"Tell me all about it—do!"

And I slowly began the recital of the old tale of love and treachery that filled my life. When I was quite young, a mere boy, a terrible disappointment had ended my first love affair. Alone in my room that memorable night, sobbing face downward on the table, I received the visit of a fairy; a good and benevolent fairy, who presides over the future of youthful lovers. "Take these," she said, offering me the slippers. "In them you hold the touchstone which will permit you to judge of the virtue of the women you are fated to love. These beautiful slippers exert a magic spell. I have placed in them an inexplicable charm, through the grace of which she who wears them will never be able to sin, to be treacherous or unfaithful. The woman with these slippers on, who would betray you, will be compelled to remove them. In these slippers my wisdom has bound a force infinitely stronger than the human will."

Bebita listened with a pensive expression; then she asked: "Is all that really true?"

I nodded affirmatively, and continued: "The fairy did not lie. On various occasions I have tested the virtue of these slippers, and their power has never failed. All the fair, faithless ones who have deceived me have, in proof of the enchantment, returned them to me under various pretexts; and in this way I have been able to determine the falsehood and levity of them all!

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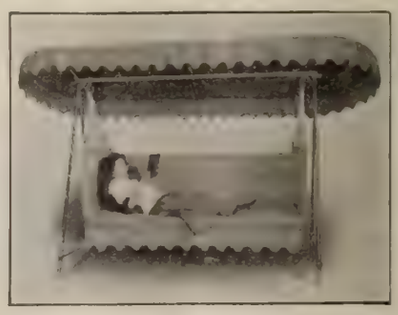

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Oh! Do you recall the one who lied to me so often? Well, she could not wear these slippers at all, until she was on her way to the cemetery; doubtless for the reason that the day she went to meet Death was the only one on which she had her face toward Truth."

There was a long pause.

"But you are true," I added, with a sigh. "I am sure of your virtue, I know that you do not deceive me, and therefore I give them to you!" And I added feelingly: "You are not like the others."

"No——"

"You love me."

"Yes, I love you—very much."

She was looking regretfully at my present, as if resigning herself to give up a most desirable possession.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I was right, after all, when I said that the three Wise Men bestow their gifts upon children only."

"How so?"

"Because these wonderful slippers which do not permit you to walk toward Sin—they will not fit a woman's foot at all."

And thus Bebita returned my slippers, even as the others had done.

Two Recipes

One Minute Salad:—One can of Booth's Sardines, several stalks of celery and half a pint mayonnaise dressing. Remove the tail, skin and backbone from the Sardines and pick the fish apart, adding the celery (cut up fine) and the mayonnaise, mixing lightly together. Season with salt and cayenne. Arrange in salad dish, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and trim the platter with lemon slices and lettuce leaves. This makes a delicious salad, and is very easily and quickly prepared.

A Delicious Salad-Stuffed Peppers:—One can Booth's Crescent Sardines picked into fine pieces with a fork, two tablespoonfuls chopped pickles, two tablespoonsfuls chopped olives, mayonnaise dressing and salt and pepper to taste. Remove the seeds, membrane and stem end from the peppers and soak in salt water. Mix the olives, pickles, etc., with the Sardines and add enough mayonnaise dressing to hold it together. Then drain the peppers dry and fill with the salad. Garnish the plate with lettuce leaves and olives.

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San Francisco arrivals at Aetna Springs include: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Follis, Mrs. H. Rosfelt, Miss Tompkins, Gwin Follis, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Sawyer and two children, Miss Gladys Kaplansky, Ellis Kaufman, Mrs. A. N. Lewis, W. S. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. Peterson, R. A. Russ, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cooke, Miss Lucy Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dernham, the Misses Lichtenberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie, Mrs. M. H. Robbins and children, Silas D. Sinsheimer, Harold Reyman, Alfred P. Fisher, Alvin Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. David F. Selby, Mrs. J. H. Priel and son.

Additional arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Otto tum Suden, Peter tum Suden, Miss tum Suden, Richard tum Suden, Mrs. Horace Newell, Geo. F. Shaner, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ayer, Miss Florence Sloper, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Black, Mrs. D. McLaren, Mrs. Thos. Pollard Jr., Jack Botsford, W. F. Botsford, Miss Botsford, Mrs. N. McIntyre, Miss Mary McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Winship, Miss Katherine Winship, Miss Janet Winship, Mrs. John Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Clarence Beal, Miss Anna Rosmussen, Mrs. Kate Pirmer and Mrs. T. F. Bailey.

Among the motorists at Paso Robles are: Mr. and Mrs. Levee and son Ralph, Miss Pennell, Vallejo; C. S. Howard and family, H. B. Higbee and family, San Francisco; Dr. H. D. Reynard, wife and children, Dr. A. W. Kirk, wife and children, Berkeley; Miles Standish and wife, Allan M. Havdich, Palo Alto; W. E. Rogers and wife, Pacific Grove; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dowler, Miss J. E. Wickersham, Frederick Wickersham, Pacific Grove; G. R. Sneath and party, San Bruno; F. H. Kennedy and wife, Los Angeles; Mr. F. H. Bixby, Long Beach; Mr. Fred Siegel, L. W. Barnett, Dr. D. W. Edermann, Los Angeles; E. T. Bryant and wife, Santa Maria; Col. W. J. Hogan, Chas. N. Post, L. G. MacLoughlin, H. Newby, F. H. White and wife, George C. and W. P. White, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Lacoe and son, W. S. Stark, Oceanside; F. A. Macfarland and wife, Beverly.

Mrs. F. R. Miller and Miss Jean Miller are up from their home in Fresno for an indefinite stay in town. Mrs. Miller and her daughter will make their home at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gabriel are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the arrival of little Miss Barbara Gabriel who came to their home on Sunday last. Mrs. Gabriel was Miss Emma Morris before her marriage two years ago.

Adjutant-General Alexander O. Brodie, with Mrs. Brodie and their young son is at the Hotel Victoria. Adjutant-General Brodie is a newcomer to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Miller and Miss Miller returned during the week from Castle Crags Farm where they have been for the past six weeks, and have reopened their apartments at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cox are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mr. Cox is much interested in Ocean Shore properties.

The Savoy to Reopen

The Savoy Theater has been leased from John Cort for a term of five years by Charles Muehlman who for six years was manager of the Spokane Theater and who has, for a long time, been associated with Mr. Cort in various theatrical enterprises. The Savoy will, as heretofore, be devoted to "combinations" and will be the popular priced house of the city, seats ranging from one dollar downward for every show to be played. The attractions will be those supplied by the Theatrical Owners' Association of which John Cort is president, and will include such standard productions as "The Three Twins," "Polly of the Circus," "The Servant in the House," "The House Next Door," "The Virginians," "Sis Hopkins" with Rose Melville, "The Third Degree," "Mutt and Jeff" and many musical comedy successes and plays new to the west. The Savoy will reopen the latter part of August, when Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen and Theodore Roberts will inaugurate a joint starring tour with an engagement limited to one week. It is also probable that Max Dill, in a new musical comedy, will occupy the boards for a time

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Moderate irregularity marked the trading in the security market the past week, and while a few issues were higher, Interboro Metropolitan being the feature with a gain of a point, the general tendency was lower although changes as a rule were small. The activity in the New York tractions was based upon the ultimate division of the construction and operations of the new subways in New York. Brooklyn Rapid Transit which heretofore has been rather strong, gave the expectation that it would share to the disadvantage of Interboro and sold off rather sharply while Interboro advanced. The market during the early part of the weak had all the earmarks of a waiting affair. Generally speaking banking interests do not expect any further damage to the corn crop, yet they hesitate at making any new commitments until the crop is more assured. For a time some of the prominent stocks displayed a degree of firmness, but fluctuated within exceedingly narrow limits on small business. There was some improvement in Virginia Chemical and Cotton Oil due to reports of more favorable outlook for the cotton crop.

Wheat—Offerings of new wheat the past week have been on a very large scale and receipts are running more than twice as large as last year, with reports of better yields where threshing is in progress. With only a limited demand from exporters much of the wheat was sold in the pit which will be delivered on July contract. This has given us a slow draggy market in all futures and rallies were short lived. News from the northwest where the crop is now nearing maturity is conflicting, but most reports tell of a poor outlook due to dry weather and black rust. The latter caused much deterioration some few years ago. A prominent crop expert was out with an estimate of 140 million bushels for the three large northwestern states against 176 million bushels estimated by the government on July 1. If these figures are correct it means a total crop of spring and winter wheat a little less than 700 million bushels or about the same as last year and with the price 15 cents a bushel less than last year wheat does not look high. Foreign news continues very favorable and only an occasional complaint is heard from India and Russia.

Corn—Last year we raised 3,125 million bushels. The Government estimate this year places the figure at 2,956 million bushels. At the Illinois Grain Dealers' meeting, held in Chicago last week, 487 dealers reported the crop conditions in 58 counties, which they represented, at 97.96, and 446 stations reported 16.89 per cent of old corn back in farmers' hands, which amounts to about 70 million. Sixteen stations reported no corn to ship. These 16 stations are probably located in the northwest part of the state where corn is shipped in nine years out of ten. What applies to Illinois on crop conditions and percentage back in farmers' hands will also apply to the State of Iowa. Therefore, should the present crop conditions remain the same until the fall harvest, and corn remain at the present price, around 67 cents for September, there is no doubt that the farmers will sell all their surplus old corn and refill their cribs with the new, just as soon as they are satisfied that a new crop is assured. This surplus should have, as in former years, a very depressing effect upon the market in September. On the other hand, admitting we have a short oats and hay crop this year, there is this bull argument on corn: Do you think the farmer will hold his surplus oats and hay which are selling at abnormally high prices this time of the year, for much higher prices? The movement of oats and hay will be large enough to supply all legitimate wants at the present prices, and the shortage in these crops will not be felt until later in the season. Corn and oats are too high, and wheat, the cheapest food product in the world today, is too low in comparison.

Cotton—As a result of the drought being broken over Texas and Oklahoma, good rains having occurred in both these states as well as in the eastern belt, heavy selling of contracts for next fall delivery was indulged in and prices lost about $5 a bale. New low records were made in all the distant futures on this movement. Since the government's figures of July 2 weather conditions on the whole have been favorable, although at one time it was thought there would be considerable damage in case the hot spell continued without moisture. However, no damage resulted and with the abundant rains it looks now as if it would take hard work to keep the price above 12 cents. New cotton is arriving every day at the ports and while as yet it is not heavy enough to cause any change in prices, the fact that it is coming to market so early in the season indicates that farmers are satisfied with the price and is a forerunner of what we may expect a little later on when picking becomes more general. The dry goods trade is at a standstill and mill prices are being reduced to the 10 cent level. We favor the sale of cotton on all rallies.

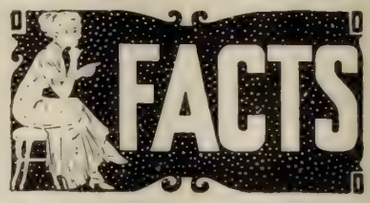
A Way to Listen

They were evidently spending their first night at the concert, and the young man was telling the young lady all about it. They talked loudly, for the young man was trying to make an impression on all within a ten-foot radius. He always anticipated the performers and finally held his hand to his mouth as he said in an undertone:

"Deary, did you ever try to listen to music with your eyes shut. It's heavenly."

Thereupon a man two rows behind leaned forward and said:

"Young man, try it with your mouth shut. It'll be a relief."



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My Patient

(Continued from Page 9.)

It must have been some hours later that I looked around the deserted board and saw only William Hayden, our genial host, who can consume the most outrageous quantities, and an instructor from the Pathological Institute who is noted for his hard head, sitting together over a bottle of beer on a sofa in the corner. They were quarreling energetically about a case of softening of the brain which had been presented for Hayden's diagnosis in the course of his examinations. I must say that in my condition of mental fag just then this discourse on lesions and blood-clots in the brain cells was hardly what I'd call reassuring! I refused their proffered beer and ascertaining only that Thomas Conradin was lying peacefully in his chair by my side, snoring most horribly, with his napkin over his face, I dropped off again myself for a little nap.

The first glimmer of dawn was breaking in the little back room of the "Blue Rose" when I felt a hand on my shoulder and started up to find Hayden in his hat and overcoat, saying cheerily, "Well, shall we go now? We can take him—" here he raised the napkin from the pale but placid face of Thomas, from which every vestige of intelligence had vanished, "we'll take him home between us."

And we did. He knew no more about it than if he'd been a sole-leather trunk expressed over the St. Gothard Pass!

During the process of undressing he murmured an occasional "Prosit!" and when we finally got him into his bed he seemed rather restless and ill at ease. This proved to be nothing more serious than a case of broken eye-glasses whose sharp edges were sticking into his ribs, incommoding him somewhat.

That finally settled, Hayden turned to go. Here my courage failed me and I began to whine: "Now that will be three nights hand running! Tonight there's another spread, tomorrow a fraternity meeting, and day after tomorrow—"

"And each night you have to bring him home in that condition?"

"Every night? That's pretty good! You'd better say every morning!"

"Hm!" Now William only said "Hm!" but his face recorded the movement of a mighty thought. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he finally announced, "I'll give you a few days' vacation from all this."

"But how?"

"Simple enough! I'll put his leg in a plaster cast."

Now that certainly was an extraordinary idea —to put a perfectly well, sound leg in a plaster cast! But there are moments in one's life when the most exaggerated and distorted things seem plain and simple. So I said, just as though he'd proposed winding up the clock or putting the kettle on to boil:

"Of course—we'll put his leg in a plaster cast!"

Hayden went up to his rooms to get the necessary paraphernalia and came down again richly freighted with tapes and bandages, paper bags and strips of pasteboard, and the Lord only knows what else.

From this moment I was all scientific interest.

"We will operate upon the left leg," said William as he mixed the plaster, making a most unspeakable mess all over the room with his preparations. "That will make him easier for you to handle."

"I—handle him! What do you mean?"

"Why, certainly—you'll have to take a hand! Tomorrow I'm off on the early train—I've got to strike my people for money before they forget about my brilliant examinations. You'll have to tend to him till I get back."

That seemed a simple proposition, so we threw off the covers and took possession of Thomas Conradin's left leg.

"We will postulate a simple fracture of the shin bone," declared the doctor. "Is that agreeable to you?"

It was quite agreeable to me, and it seemed to be agreeable to Thomas Conradin, too; at least he lay there on his pillows like a corpse, and what did he care what we did to his left leg!

In about half an hour Hayden's job was finished. I could hardly contain my pride and admiration! It was a most appetizing looking leg! Only there seemed to be a frightful lot of stuff on it—even for a shin bone that really had been broken.

While the expert was washing his hands he gave me a few brief directions for the treatment of the case.

"Remember—he must have a very simple diet for the next few days, and ab-so-lute-ly no stimulants! A small dish of stewed prunes at noon, and one at night. This will regulate his system, and be very useful in his long enforced period of inactivity. And further, he must be kept very quiet. He needs rest—absolute rest!"

My bosom swelled with responsibility! All these manipulations, the scientific terms and stern admonition convinced my weary and still slightly fuddled brain that I really had a poor helpless patient on my hands. I took a stately pride in my task. Before going to my hard earned rest, I must look to see whether the bandage had possibly slipped. No, it had not slipped. But Thomas Conradin seemed not to be slumbering quite so peacefully as erstwhile. He appeared somewhat restless and uneasy.

Next morning—I had left open the connecting door—I was awakened by his calling.

"Say! You! I don't feel very well today!"

I didn't feel very well myself! I had a pain

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at the end of my spine and a most horrible head! Nevertheless, I arose, very scantily clad, and hastened to my patient's bedside.

"Oh, but I've got a taste in my mouth this morning!" said he. "Of course that's natural. It's those damned cocktails; I never can stand that stuff. But then, besides—I seem to have something the matter with my leg! Would you mind looking at it? I don't seem to be able to move it."

Then the whole affair came back to me!

Just here would have been the time to make a clean breast of it, but I really felt too much exhausted to stand his fearful outburst of rage when he knew. Then, besides, I did need a few nights' rest myself!

So I sat on the edge of the bed, took his hand tenderly in mine, and said:

"Thomas Conradin, be brave, be a man!"

"Well I am a man! Anything else?"

"Are you quite sure you are a man?"

"Stop your joking! Say what you mean!"

So I finally burst out: "Well, to tell you the truth, Conradin, you've got a broken leg!"

My tidings had a most remarkable effect. For a moment Thomas was wrapped in thought; then he said quite cheerfully:

"Only broken? I thought it was lost! I've had the queerest feeling that I had only one."

"Oh, no, no!" I hastened to assure him. "It's there all right, only it's broken."

"Hm! Broken! That's pretty bad! But where —how—were you there—or—?"

And now I began to lie like a trooper. I told him a bloody tale of a fall on the stairs. Pictured to him how the faithful Hayden and I had carried him home insensible.

"There! You see! I was insensible!" said Thomas Conradin, interrupting me. "Insensible! That's strange! Do you know, I had a feeling somewhere in the back of my head that I really wasn't quite sensible some time in the night!"

I spread myself on the subject of Hayden's professional skill, praised his quick discretion and dwelt on his tender handling of the injured limb.

"Quite right!" Thomas nodded earnestly. "I didn't wake up once during the operation! But then, to be sure, I was quite insensible!" He made this announcement with a certain pride.

"And how are you feeling now?"

"Hm! Well, I've a backache and a headache; and as for my leg—you know I've such a queer heavy feeling in my leg—not exactly a pain! And yet—that is—yes, it is a pain!"

"Now, Thomas, you're not to move! You must lie perfectly still! You mustn't talk, either; and soon I'm going to bring you your stewed prunes."

"What's that you're going to give me?"

I explained to him the purpose and object of this wisely planned diet. He found it rather trying, but most eminently practical. He begged me, however, not to speak of it any more just yet, for at mention of the stewed prunes the spirits of his numerous cocktails threatened to rise in revolt. I advised him to go to sleep again, and this seemed to fall in with his mood, so I turned him over and he slept.

When he woke up he was suffering frightfully from knitting pains and begged me to run for the doctor.

Hayden had already left and I was in a bad fix! So I just lied away as best I could. I told him about a tincture of morphine that the doctor had left a prescription for. This was to quiet any ordinary pain, such as he must naturally expect to have and to hasten the process of astriction.

So every two hours I measured out carefully three drops of my tooth-wash in half a wine-glassful of pure water from the tap, and directly he felt the effects! "Relieved," as he said, "in mind and body both!"

His chief consolation was to assure me what a Spartan he was. Any other fellow would have whined and whimpered with the amount of pain he was bearing. But not he! He just gritted his teeth and endured as became a man and the descendant of his glorious forefathers!

One solace for his miseries, however, he could not do without. He referred to the three drops of my tooth-wash that he swallowed religiously every two hours, discoursing meanwhile so eloquently upon the healing virtues of such blessed drugs.

Eight days he lay there flat on his back, eating stewed prunes, drinking tooth-wash, and tyrannizing over me! For of course if I didn't want to appear utterly inhuman I had to do all sorts of things for the "poor cripple"—run errands for him, wait on him and entertain him.

To break the truth to him! No, I could never manage that now! It was too late! I awaited my doctor's return with feverish anxiety. He still kept out of the way. I wrote to him. No answer! I wrote again; then sent two special deliveries. Finally I telegraphed. And then he came.

Gravely and with dignified anxiety he examined the remains of a dish of stewed prunes, took a knowing sniff at the wine glass containing my tincture of tooth-wash and praised my resourcefulness and reliability. "Truly remarkable for one not in the profession!" Then he threw back the covers and examined the bandage.

"We can remove it now, I think," he finally decided. "You have prodigious recuperative powers, my dear Conradin, and an amazing circulation!"

Thomas modestly suggested that the credit for his phenomenon was entirely due to his wonderful ancestry!

And while William Hayden—every inch a surgeon, thoroughly the medico!—knocked off the plaster bandage, and the sound white Conradin limb gradually appeared in all its dazzling splendor, he nodded with benign serenity, and that suppressed pride that sits so well on benefactors of our human race, saying meanwhile:

"Yes, yes! Quite true! Quite true! Heredity has had much to do with it! And yet, if you'd not had the advantage of my prompt medical attention, and such a careful and devoted nurse—who knows!"

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Auto Notes

The experiences of John L. Poole, special Lozier representative, who has been visiting the South American countries since last November, in the interests of the Lozier company, give an insight into the conditions of the automobile trade in the Latin American countries of exceptional interest. Mr. Poole left New York last November and reached New York on his return a few days ago, and is now at the headquarters of the company in Detroit. He visited Brazil, Argentine Republic and Uruguay, which are the principal countries of South America in which the automobile market is found. He states that while these countries have great natural resources, American exporters in this country have been misled by highly colored reports of the possibilities for the sale of American goods. In the case of the automobile trade, Mr. Poole found that the purchase of high-class automobiles was confined almost entirely to French, German and Italian cars. The American automobile was not taken seriously, for the only cars which had met with many sales were low-priced machines, and these had been so unsatisfactory in comparison with the better grade of foreign cars, that in the absence of high-class American cars, all cars from the United States were placed in a class as unreliable.

That Cole Roadsters are the popular car is evidenced by the delivery of this classy model to Katherine A. Stevenson and to Will D. Morse of this city. The Pacific Motor Car Co. deliver these cars as fast as they can be obtained from the Cole factory.

The local branch of the Haynes Auto Sales Company has been advised by wire that a shipment of Model Y seven passenger Haynes cars have been put en route for San Francisco. The arrival of this new model which is reported to have created extensive interest in the East, has been anticipated for sometime in local automobile circles. Its shipment to this coast was delayed somewhat by the fire at the Haynes factory. It is known here by reputation, however, through reports of the impression that it made at the season's automobile shows in New York and Chicago.

As a demonstration of the possibilities of motor truck transportation, both as to truck and tires, there has been nothing better than the trip from Chicago to New York of the Dayton 3-ton auto truck carrying a load of 6,000 pounds. The truck, equipped with Diamond tires, left Chicago May 15 and delivered its freight in New York, May 27, bettering its scheduled time by three days. The original Diamond tires went through the entire trip without a scratch. In the main the roads were rutty and in poor condition and crushed rock was frequently encountered. Despite these handicaps the distance covered by the truck in one day was as high as 132 miles.

Completing a trip of over four thousand miles which took them close to the borders of Yellowstone Park, three men drove up to the Packard factory in Detroit after five weeks on the road. They still wore the garb of plainsmen necessary for roughing it in the wilds of Wyoming. Exposure to sun, wind and rain had tanned their faces to a deep brown. Thus ended the testing of the new Packard "Six," a process which has occupied more than a year's time and entailed continuous driving in excess of fifty-five thousand miles. The Packard officials who made up the party are Henry B. Joy, president; Russell Huff, chief engineer, and E. F. Roberts, general superintendent.

The appointment of George Braithwaite, for some years factory manager for the Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., to the position of master mechanic in the factory organization of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wis., is perhaps one of the most important changes that has occurred in the industry for some time. The makers of the Rambler have for some years been concentrating their efforts upon the production of extremely accurate parts and Mr. Braithwaite will direct the work of parts machining.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Wm. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WM. D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES R. GADSBY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased.

CATHERINE JANE PUCKETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of James R. Gadsby, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of JOHN M. DUNCAN, Deceased—No. 11,744; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James H. Duncan, Administrator of the estate of John M. Duncan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, 901 Kohl Building, Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John M. Duncan, deceased.

JAMES H. DUNCAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John M. Duncan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., June 24, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Administrator,
901 Kohl Bldg., Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11,730; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. Condon, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, July 15, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Executor,
901-906 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES DELAUTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles Delautel, deceased.

LOUIS BEZ,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Charles Delautel, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

"A Big Horse to Ride"

It is indeed "A Big Horse to Ride" that Miss E. B. Dewing has chosen, and her success in carrying out the undertaking is, perhaps, too great. The general run of readers is apt to mistake the perfection of art for the lack of it and thus fail to perceive that the end achieved is the result that was aimed for. Ostensibly, the book is an intimate personal revelation of Rose Carson, a professional dancer, a woman of twenty-seven years who, while far from being uneducated, has had but little formal schooling and is unskilled in the use of her pen. Moreover, she has no definite intention of looking for a publisher, but writes more to "get it out of herself" at odd times and the sustained effort, which is maintained throughout five hundred printed pages, is precisely what one would look for from the real Rose Carson. Almost anyone can manage a few pages of what passes as "dialect," poor spelling, bad grammar, slang and provincialism, but here is a practiced novelist, seeking no aid from such "stage effects," but deliberately turning aside from her own knowledge of proportion and balance, ignoring all the canons of her art in order to prove herself the greater artist. At times our Rose is almost too outspoken, and then there is a reaction, when she becomes almost too reticent, but as the book grows under her hand she acquires the skill which is the result of practice. Rose Carson was predestined for an unusual career. Her father was a civil engineer engaged in large undertakings and her mother a giddy and unstable woman, unmoral if she was no worse, and apparently without a particle of affection for the child who grew up in an atmosphere of unrest and neglect. The maternal grandmother, having quarreled with everyone else, had left her snug fortune and library to the infant, and the property, so secured as to be out of reach of the parents, gave the child a certain importance in the domicile. Her school was selected from a page of advertisements because it happened to be cheap and convenient, and when, at the wise age of eight years or so, enamored of the vision of a stage dancer at some entertainment, the little girl demanded dancing lessons and chose her master from a sign in a window which she passed on her way to school, no one gave the matter another thought. Luckily for the child, she had from her father a capacity for perseverance in accomplishment, so that the inherited "temperament" found outlet through dancing rather than in more harmful directions, and the hard work and regular life exacted by her professional career left little of time or energy for anything else. Though this is essentially a story of stage life it will disappoint the lovers of stage gossip, for it deals altogether with the artistic side. Rose Carson was a premiere, and as she had things all her own way she had none of the petty jealousies and rivalries of the actress to contend against. As to moral sense, one would have to wonder how she would come by such a commodity, so there is nothing to be surprised at in the curious complication which eventually leads to the development of that quality. There is more than a shadow of truth in the early premise that having been brought into contact at home with everything that is usually kept far away from children, the glamour had departed forever from it, but on the other hand, the very commonplace familiarity and matter-of-course-ness left the door wide open, without even a hint of inhibition. Without apparently intending to do so, certainly without calling attention to the conditions, the life of the stage dancer, with its regular hours, steady occupation and hard work, is in continuous contrast with that of society, so-called, or perhaps it is only busy-ness contrasted with idleness and its opportunities for mischief. "Other People's Houses" was big but "A Big Horse to Ride" is bigger. From the Macmillan Company.

The Doubtful Value of a Name

The name of William Romaine Patterson, author of "The Old Dance Masters," one of the successes of the hour, is a new one, but as Benjamin Swift he has been well known for nearly a score of years. The large army of amateurs who delude themselves with the idea that they may at any time "dash off" a masterpiece will never be shaken from its confidence, yet the fact remains that not one time in a hundred thousand is an absolutely first book worth the good paper spoiled in its printing. Every now and then some known author tests editorial and public opinion by a venture in anonymity and it is rarely indeed that the good thing is not accepted at its abstract value, which goes to prove only that names are not of first importance in the world of letters. It was on a bet that George Barr McCutcheon published "Brewster's Millions" under another name. Gertrude Atherton enjoyed some quiet sport when the very periodicals that systematically downed her other work fell over themselves in admiration of "The Aristocrats" which was variously attributed to every Englishman or woman of literary tendencies who had visited America within a reasonable date limit. A few years ago there was published an excellent novel, "The Artistic Temperament," credited to Jane Wardle, an unknown. Now it is admitted that Jane Wardle is Oliver Maddox Heuffer. Though first class work is never produced in competition for a prize, the list of winners in all such schemes but bears out the fact, for there are very few of the authors of stories worthy of mention who are not more or less well known and the frequency with which the same name occurs goes still further to prove that familiarity with the tools and dexterity in their use is worth more than chance inspiration.

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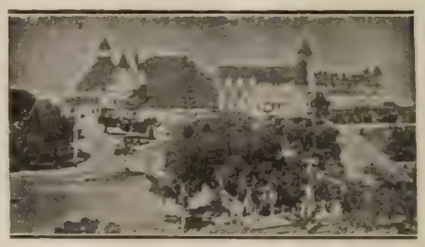

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, July 29, 1911 | No. 988

MLLE. MINA MINAR
Who will appear next week in the "Darling of Paris" at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.
For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.
New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.
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A Canvass of Presidential Candidates

The first straw-vote on Presidential candidates has been taken by a New York magazine, the result of which is most gratifying to the wandering Executive of New Jersey who leads President Taft by nearly one hundred votes. According to this canvass there is no other Democrat in the running. Which goes to show the efficacy of the Open Mouth for self-aggrandizement. Ever since his election to the gubernatorial office Woodrow Wilson has been doing almost nothing but advertising himself as a candidate for President. A public servant, for months he has been devoting himself almost exclusively to his private enterprise. And he has been vouchsafed a monopoly of the field of publicity. Other public servants there are desirous of succeeding President Taft, but they have been attending to their official duties and letting Woodrow Wilson circulate freely and alone. The spectacle that this hot-foot job chaser has made of himself has disgusted men of fine sensibilities, and he has been deservedly ridiculed for his awkward efforts to get on the popular side of public questions, but it is evident from the canvass taken by the New York magazine that he has made a good impression on the susceptible multitude. The masses, who from time immemorial have been hanging men one day and raising statues to them the next, have accepted Woodrow Wilson at his own appraisement, and he will hold their favor till he is outbid by another. There was a time in the history of this country when to become a seeker for the august office of the Presidency was to be convicted of unfitness for it. Men that did seek it—notably Webster and Clay—impaired their reputation by so doing. How the people's ideals have changed since the days of Webster and Clay! To wish for a high place of power and usefulness is a worthy ambition, but to ask for it and intrigue for it, to change the policy of a life and abandon the principles of a mature manhood to win it, is to sacrifice self-respect and betray a deplorable weakness of character. These are the things that Woodrow Wilson has done, and having done them should be elected to the office he seeks he will not be an unworthy representative of the people who saw fit to exalt him notwithstanding his manifest lack of the qualities an ideal President should have.

The Mighty Bureaucrat

President Taft has a hard time keeping peace in his official family. As a result of the high-handed conduct of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley the Taft administration is confronted by a situation that may develop as much bitterness even as the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. This Wiley episode affords a fresh illustration of the arrogance of the bureaucracy of Washington, D. C. Wiley is a bureaucrat of the Pinchot type, and as such he is impatient of supervision when it is essayed by a mere President or his representatives, all of whom are regarded by the bureaucracy as the ephemera of politics. Laws made by the representatives of the people are respected by our bureaucrats only when these laws occasion no inconvenience in any bureau. When Pinchot felt like converting a friend into a forester he put him on the pay-roll and then sent him to school at the expense of the government to educate him in forestry. Thus Pinchot's proteges were being at once supported and educated by a careless government that had neglected to make provision for that sort of thing. Pinchot's only justification for spending public money as he saw fit was a precedent established by himself with the acquiescence of that supreme being, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Secretary Ballinger being of a technical turn of mind objected to Pinchot's method of conserving the resources of the country, and then the whole outraged bureaucracy got after the Secretary and drove him out of office. Now Dr. Wiley is receiving the same support and sympathy that Pinchot enjoyed. Dr. Wiley, it appears, did nothing very wrong. He merely circumvented the law in a manner which he conceived to be to the best interest of the government. As a bureaucrat it was up to him to decide whether the law should be evaded, and he gave his decision in the affirmative. The law which he evaded was enacted last year for the very purpose of preventing leaks in the Department of Agriculture. It prohibits the employment of any expert at a greater salary than $4,000 a year or $11 a day. Now Dr. Wiley wishing to employ his friend Dr. Rusby at the rate of $20 a day for laboratory work and $50 a day for attendance in court, put him on the pay-roll as an expert at $1600 a year with the understanding that he should be called upon to perform only such services as this salary would compensate for at the rates desired. No very grave infraction of the law was this, but one that opened up a way of doing things that might lead to many leaks. If some practical politician had been guilty of it all the reformers and insurgents in Washington would have been clamoring for his indictment. But Dr. Wiley being himself a reformer, as good a reformer almost as Pinchot, the insurgents are indignant that there should be any criticism of his conduct. They are with him to a man, and as is always their custom in such cases they are imputing dishonest motives to the man who found fault with him. That man is Attorney-General Wickersham, who recommended that Dr. Wiley's resignation be called for. At this writing it has not been called for, and the explanation is that President Taft's friends realize that a campaign of misrepresentation waged by insurgents and Democrats on the Wiley issue would be more bitter than the one they carried on in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. If the President allows Wiley to remain in office he will in effect repudiate the views of his chief legal adviser. Bureaucracy is surely making great headway when the President of the country must think twice before firing a food expert who has been running his office to suit himself and in plain violation of law.

The Jeffersonian Philosophy

It is rather late in the day to quarrel with Thomas Jefferson for laying down the proposition that all men are born equal, but it is more reasonable to do so than to quarrel with President Emeritus Eliot, as some writers are doing, for challenging the postulate of the first apostle of American democracy. That all men are not born equal is evident from the fact, if from none other, that some men believe they are for no other reason than that Thomas Jefferson said so. Thomas Jefferson said many things which have had a most unfortunate influence on the minds of men. Thomas Jefferson believed many curious things, saturated in France as he was with strange doctrines. Thomas Jefferson was a visionary inclined to anarchy. He speculated at times as to whether government itself was really a good thing. It was Thomas Jefferson, it will be remembered, who said he would rather live in a country where there were newspapers without any government than in a country where there was government without newspapers. The first American democrat had great respect for the power and influence of the press, and he employed it assiduously for his own purposes. Jefferson was a genuine patriot and the most astute politician of his, or any subsequent, period in American history. But he was not a man of genius. He was not noted for depth or comprehension of mind. Possessed of some great qualities in an extraordinary measure, yet few narrower persons have been placed by the caprices of fate amid great affairs. Aside from the fact that he was chosen because of his ability as a writer to draft the Declaration of Independence he did nothing toward laying the groundwork of this republic. As President he carried forward a scheme of government to which he had been very much opposed. Yet he left an indelible impress on American history and was responsible for a tendency which today is taking a very serious turn. It is Jefferson's materialism that is today affecting the politics of this country. For it was the one great defect of Jefferson's character that he was not a man of religious feeling. What his religious beliefs were nobody knew. He knew the rules of private morality, but he thought they were grounded in reason rather than in the nature of man. To him society had nothing of a sacred or religious character. He believed it had but one end —the greatest possible sum of well-being

for the individuals composing it. The ideal destiny of mankind was something which according to Jefferson's philosophy, the individuals composing society, need not concern themselves about. The enlightened philosophy which declares that society is established not by man but by nature itself, that it is a product of the supreme will, that the well-being of the moral world is promoted by the same means as the beauty of the natural world, by light and shade, by variety of parts, by order and proportion, would never have appealed to the Hermit of Monticello.

A Querulous Guggenheim

One of the Guggenheims was represented the other day as having said that fortunately for him he did not have to invest his money in this country, that there were other lands which afforded fine fields for investments and where investments receive governmental protection. From these observations it is to be presumed that the Guggenheims are displeased with the attitude of our government toward their enterprises. We may even be justified in suspecting them to be on the point of threatening to withdraw their capital from the channels of industry and going where reformers cease from annoying and the predatory plutocrat may propagate his money-bags to his heart's content. But if they think to affright us with the prospect they are doomed to disappointment. We are unalterably committed to the divine task of checking the lust of our captains of industry in the interest of a remote posterity. For the present we wish none but the politician to flourish, and him we shall exalt till he rises like the eagle that builds his nest among the stars. What care we for filthy lucre and vulgar afluence? The bane of this country is its riches which ought to be permitted to grow nowhere but in hell. Too long have we nursed the infant industry, too long have we worshiped the golden calf, too often have we made obeisance to the full dinner pail. It is one of the inspiriting signs of the times, one for which we are indebted to our philanthropic politicians that wealth is rapidly becoming less abundant. The country is waving with yellow harvests, the cities are thick-studded with workshops, but the stuff that corrupts is much less obtrusive than formerly, and we must be getting better, more refined and decent, purer in a civic sense, for it is in the midst of plethoric plenty that people perish of their sins. The truth is that Midas with his long ears has already departed in quest of greener fields. May he never come back. And those deadened souls seared with the brute idolatry of wealth, let them follow the long-eared one into exile and leave us to facilitate the coming of the millennium with the initiative, the recall and the referendum.

The National Hobby

That most vital of all our perennial problems—What shall we do with our trusts and how to constrain them to eat out of our hands?—is about to be solved. As to the exact formula of solution we have not been informed, but we know, as everybody might have guessed, that the formula is to be applied by commission. In this instance it is to be an interstate trade commission. According to a deep-rooted notion of the American people in this day and generation the commission is God's best gift to mankind. Our motto is, Whenever you're in doubt appoint a commission. And as we are always in doubt commissions are multiplying with vertiginous rapidity, much to the joy of the job chasers. The best proof of political wisdom is the discovery of a new object for the employment of a commission. And so let us applaud Senator Newlands, for it was in his massive brain that the idea of an interstate trade commission was conceived. With the birth of this idea the trust problem, we learn from the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, himself a commissioner, was virtually solved. Listen to this brilliant statesman while, in the language of one of his panegyrists, he takes "a broad view of the situation": "Every dollar invested in a great enterprise is placed there to do a public service, and every man who is engaged in labor is, in the last analysis a public servant." And so, everything being public property "The most constructive men in public life, who watch the trend of events most closely," are saying: "Let us not prohibit those great combinations of capital invested in enterprise. Let us say to them: So long as you do not discriminate, so long as you treat your competitors fairly, so long as you show a conscience and do not advance prices unduly, we will permit you to operate unmolested." How generous of these "most constructive men in public life"? Where, naturally you ask, are these geniuses concealed? They are to be found in the several commissions which have been constructed by constructive men for the benefit of constructive men. They, too, are public servants, just the same as "every dollar invested in a great enterprise" and "every man who is engaged in labor." And by what tests will they determine when prices are fair and when a conscience is or is not shown and when competition is or is not just? Are they to be depended on to act conscientiously and honestly without reference to political expedient, or are we to have a commission to regulate commissions? Perhaps it may be well for us to take a broad view of these questions. We are always studying how to regulate men in business, but we never give any attention to the regulation of our politicans and job chasers. The consequence is that when almost any one of our statesmen takes "a broad view" of anything he utters himself not unlike Franklin K. Lane, expressing a judgment that might have just emerged from the dim twilight of an almost human mind. The average American statesman is an industrious person who has not been able to make it go at anything else. The Hon. Franklin K. Lane is himself a fine specimen. He started in life as a journalist, and in his profession he exhibited only mediocre ability. Then he became a lawyer and ran for a lawyer's job, and he has been a public servant ever since. As such, of late years, he has been regulating the business of the big transportation companies, in not one of which could he obtain a job higher than that of fourth assistant in a law department. Yet, as commissioners go, Mr. Lane is a very good commissioner; and the probability is that when we have an interstate trade commission there will not be a member with half the ability of our former city attorney. As a matter of fact our Mr. Lane ranks high among the constructive statesmen who have dislocated the business of the country. These statesmen have a fine instinct for politics, but very little taste for the science of government, very meagre knowledge of the principles of political economy. If the ship of state were a deep water craft piloted by any of our constructive statesmen there isn't one of us that would venture aboard.

The Portent

Pale shadows, one by one, about my bed
Came trooping, with bowed head;
And sad, and calm dead eyes,
Like frozen lake-water
No wind can stir;
And looked on me a while
Like those faint forms of the beloved dead,
Some dream has won out of their paradise:
A little while, and then
Faded away from me.
Ah, surely thus,
And with such eyes looked sad Eurydice;
When, from the arms of Orpheus,
And from the dawning of glad golden days,
She sank down suddenly again
To that cold throne
In Lethe's sunless ways.
So they went vanishing away, but one
More sorrowful than all
Returned to me alone;
And looked on me as if it would have stirred,
But feared, with some dread word,
Silence more terrible,
And stood a while in doubt
Swaying about,
But came to me half-whispering, "She is dead."

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

Perspective Impressions

According to a Sacramento text-slinger "the crawfish in pants" is the Eastern person who comes West and forgets to keep up the church-going habit. Although the preacher does not specify, it is to be presumed that the "crawfish in pants" is both masculine and feminine.

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock says the new slogan adopted by the fair committee is the worst ever. He quoted:

"Hand in hand
In the Western land,
For California
We all stand.
What? California!"

And then he added disgustedly: "Why, James Henry MacLafferty could do better than that standing on one foot. And mind you, Jim's no poet."

We are usually best men when we are worst in need of a political job.

English is to take the place of Greek in German universities as a compulsory subject. Might it not be well to introduce it in American universities?

Experts say the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor is still good for a hundred years. Now will somebody kindly overhaul the Ship of State?

The Examiner is having another spasm of virtuous indignation induced by the opening of gambling clubs. But white lottery hasn't affected the Examiner's emotions at all. There is nothing so soothing to the nerves of a big daily as a lively appreciation of the value of its advertising columns.

Does any sensible person care whether Mrs. Ogden Mills or Mrs. John R. Drexel becomes social leader at Newport?

As he that wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick, so he that wants to let a fugitive go soon finds an excuse.

Zeal is fit only for wise men but is found mostly in reformers.

Gambling will never flourish openly in San Francisco until the newspapers are as complacent as the police.

A Massachusetts pseudoscientist has proved "to his own satisfaction" that the soul weighs three-quarters of an ounce. Of course, being a pseudoscientist he is easily satisfied.

Correspondence

Voicing a Protest

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: May I have a little of your valuable space to voice a protest against an article in one of the morning papers last week? It was headed "Among the Swells and Belles" and it described the ceremony of taking the veil at the Carmelite Convent in Hyde street. The writer began by wishing that David Belasco, "that adventuresome lover of the ultra-dramatic" could have been present. Then the writer made much of the fact that he or she was present by invitation, "for the Carmelites are as exclusive as the royal family itself." The ceremony, the writer says, "was awesomely impressive. The entrance resembled a sepulchre and the interior was more like a sarcophagus than a chapel. Candles lighted the cold twilight. The shadows flickered ghostily. When you wished to speak to anyone of the convent, you said your words through three screens, an iron grating like prison bars, and a black curtain. Whispered voices came spookily to you from behind panels." The "novitiate" (the writer evidently means "novice" but knows no better) is next described in the approved style of yellow journalism. "We were all hypnotized to a state of ghostly piety" says the writer. When the ceremony was over everyone "was in a state of coma and passivity." Speaking as a Catholic mother who has given a daughter to the religious life I wish to say that it is a long time since I have read anything quite so offensive as this article. To compare a convent where saintly women consecrate themselves to a life of prayer and contemplation, to a prison, a sarcophagus; to harp on the "ghostliness" of the beautiful ceremony of taking the veil; to insinuate that piety is induced by some sort of hypnotism; and to pretend that a state of coma was the result of witnessing the ceremonial—all this is to degrade religion to the level of vulgarians and to insult the holiest sentiments of Catholicism. I wonder if the writer ever stopped to think how a mother feels when she gives her daughter to the religious vocation? or how the hundreds of mothers in this city whose daughters have dedicated themselves to the life of religion must have felt when they read this heartless article? I could name a dozen loving mothers whose daughters have entered convents in San Francisco, Oakland and San Rafael within the past year. I know how I feel and how they feel about the sacrifice they have made. Religion is our only consolation. Must we then be subjected to insult by an unfeeling writer who wishes David Belasco could have seen the ceremony of dedication? David Belasco! I suppose the writer would have him introduce such a scene into one of his melodramas! I cried when I read that article. I hope the writer of it may never know such tears. Sincerely,

—Mrs. K. W. L.

A Query

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I learn from the Bulletin that the Board of Control has decided to cut the luxuries out of the bills of fare of the officers of State institutions and insist that the inmates of those institutions shall be given as good food as the officers. For this the Board of Control deserves our hearty approval. But I would like to know whether this principle is to be applied all along the line. Are no officers of the State government deserving of luxuries? I ask this question because I have heard much gossip about the cost of feeding an official and his family at Sacramento. Sincerely,

—A Taxpayer.

A Plea for Troy

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Some time ago you suggested that E. P. E. Troy should be invited to address the Commonwealth Club. It occurs to me that now is the time to issue the invitation, for I read the other day that the Commonwealth Club had listened to an address by Mr. Barclay Henley. Here is a gentleman in Mr. Troy's class, and not half as well qualified as Troy to discuss the subject of the delinquencies of our street car system which was the theme of the Henley discourse at the Commonwealth luncheon. Mr. Troy has been studying our street car system for twenty-five years. He knows all its imperfections. He knows the history of every franchise and of every road. He has abused the railroads before every board of supervisors that has been in office since he attained his majority. It was Troy that proposed the hanging of supervisors as a popular diversion to discourage the granting of franchises. Several times he has been in favor of tearing up tracks. Always he has been in favor of reducing fares and providing seats for everybody. When did Barclay Henley begin to take an interest in traction matters? Not till the promise of a municipal road seemed about to be realized. What is the explanation of Barclay's interest? Judging from his performances one is justified in suspecting that Barclay, who is our opportunist, is about to nominate himself for general manager of the municipal road. For Barclay has never broken out except at the prospect of a job. He has been chasing jobs intermittently all the time that Troy was unselfishly conducting his propaganda for improved street car service. I submit that it would be unfair to Troy to give the railroad job to Henley. Yours Truly,

—Thomas Mannix.

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Varied Types

XXXII—HARRY LEON WILSON

By Edward F. O'Day

It was all right until Harry Leon Wilson mounted his hobby-horse. We had been sauntering along the byeways of conversation, picking our steps (though not too carefully) when we came to rutty places and lingering lazily in spots that held out promise of entertainment. We had no fixed destination and our words, like knights-errant, pricked hither and thither in quest of easy mental exercise. And then suddenly, without a word of warning, Harry Leon Wilson leaped into the saddle, plunged the rowels into his hobby and tore madly away. I panted after him, but it was no use. I simply took his dust.

It may have been one of his little jokes, at that. One never knows, with these professional humorists. Their subtlest witticisms are hidden in serious guise, as everybody who reads the funny papers will testify. Harry Leon Wilson does not seem to be a humorist. It is true that for ten years he was an editor of Puck, but perhaps that doesn't prove anything. At any rate, when he mounted his hobby he looked as serious as Don Quixote perched on Rosinante.

As I say, the conversation was flowing serenely. Even the astonishing fact that he was born in Illinois instead of Indiana came from Wilson without a vestige of excitement. He was perfectly calm when he told me about his writing career, calm to nonchalance.

"After I had been ten years on Puck I decided that I could write a successful novel which would get me out of New York. So I wrote 'The Spenders' and I've never lived in New York since.

"Why don't I like New York? Because it's a city and I want the hills. Since then I've lived in Italy and Paris and the Ozark Mountains and the Canadian Rockies and Carmel."

There you have the full sweep of Harry Leon Wilson's life. From Puck to Carmel! The progress of a humorist from humor's self-conscious to its unconscious abode!

Wilson wrote other novels besides that best-seller of yesteryear "The Spenders."

"There are five or six more of 'em," he confessed vaguely, specifying "The Boss of Little Arcady" and "The Lions of the Lord."

"I went into playwriting," he went on, "through meeting Booth Tarkington. He suggested one day that we rent Elihu Vedder's villa at Capri and we did. Then one day he suggested that we write a play. I had never tried one, but Booth had had some experience with 'Beaucaire.' So we sat down and wrote 'The Man From Home,' fighting out every scene between us. I suppose 'The Man From Home' might be called a success. We wrote it in 1905 and the original company has been playing ever since in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia."

I agreed that with such a record "The Man From Home" might be called a success.

"We wrote five plays after that, but none of them was as successful as 'The Man From Home.' Still, they were all produced."

Two of the five, it is not amiss to state, are "Cameo Kirby" and the delicious "Your Humble Servant" which Otis Skinner enjoyed playing as much as his audiences enjoyed seeing him play it.

Despite these theatrical successes Wilson has gone back to novel-writing. The reason for this he phrased much as Gertrude Atherton did.

"A novel is easier to do. When you've written a play your trouble has just begun. You still have the producer and the players to deal with. But when you've finished a novel your trouble is all over.

"So now I'm writing a novel at Carmel. That is to say, I'm thinking it out at Carmel. I haven't put pen to paper yet. But it's not a California novel and there's no reason why I should be writing it at Carmel except that I like Carmel and I like Carmel because at Carmel the woods come down to the sea."

These things Harry Leon Wilson recited languidly, as though the writing of novels like "The Spenders" and plays like "The Man From Home" furnished topics too insignificant for the smallest of small talk. Gladly would I have continued along these lines, but it was not to be.

With a gesture which swept personalities into the dark backward of conversation Wilson suddenly announced:

"Let's talk about Arnold Bennett."

He was on his hobby.

Just at that moment I was much more interested in Harry Leon Wilson than in Arnold Bennett, but what could I do?

"I'm a missionary of Bennett," he announced. "He's a mania of mine."

"Ever met him?" I asked suspiciously.

"Never," he replied, "except in his books. And that meeting was accidental. I picked up 'The Old Wives' Tale.' It was like finding a tower of pure gold fifty miles high."

He saw I was astonished at the vehemence of his praise and no doubt he thought the moment to stagger me had come.

"Arnold Bennett," he declared, fixing me with a domineering eye, "Arnold Bennett—," and he pounded the table in heavy emphasis, "has written two of the greatest novels ever written in English."

Remembering that he had confessed to ten years on Puck I suspected that he was trying out a new joke on me. So I regarded him with proper severity.

"What are they?" I demanded.

"'The Old Wives' Tale' and 'Clayhanger.'"

I remained stonily silent.

"Bennett has all the virtues of all the Englishmen who wrote novels before him," he rushed on. "He has all the gifts that the masters of the English novel ever had and has added to them all that the French and Russians possess. A thorough Briton, he has not confined himself to the study of the British masters. With all the form of the French—the English novelists never had any form, so he had to get his from the French—he combines all the humanity the English ever possessed. Suppose that there had been a son of Thackeray who married a daughter of Zola and that they had a son who inherited the genius of his grandfathers. That son would be Arnold Bennett."

By this it was easy to see that Harry Leon Wilson was not joking. He was grim, almost terrible in his determination to ram Arnold Bennett down my throat.

But I would not give in without a struggle.

"Is Bennett greater than Fielding?" I challenged.

"Tom Jones!" he scoffed. "A beautiful example of an eighteen-year old boy with a thirty-year old skill writing a novel!"

"Goldsmith then? 'The Vicar of Wakefield?'"

He slew it with a deprecating gesture.

"How about Stern?"

"Tristam Shandy bores me to death."

"Well, Jane Eyre?"

"A wonderful and beautiful thing, but—," and again he killed with silent kindness.

"How about Jane Austin?"

"A genius, but I can't read her."

Then I wheeled out my heavy artillery.

"Oh, but Scott!"

"I wasn't allowed to read him when I was twelve and I was unable to read him when I was thirty."

"You weren't allowed?" I parleyed.

"No. I was told that I ought to be reading the Historical Works of Josephus which weighed nine pounds and which contained a reference to our Savior now, I believe, admitted to be fictitious."

I resumed hostilities with Thackeray.

"Vanity Fair and the rest, all wonderful," he conceded without giving up an inch of ground.

"And Dickens?"

"I read 'em all when I was fifteen, but nowadays David Copperfield is the only one I can read through."

And then, sweeping the field:

"Hardy's a great man and Meredith was the greatest Englishman up to the time of Bennett!"

There is no doubt about it, I was routed, but I made one last weak resistance:

"Bennett's novels are too long."

"That's no criticism," he decided. "If 'Clayhanger' is too long, is 'Harry Richmond' too long, and 'Barry Lyndon' and 'Richard Feverel'? Just take a page of Bennett and see what you could cut out of it."

As Wilson dismounted from his hobby I asked him whether he thought the American critics had treated Bennett properly.

"We have no literary critics in America!" he rapped out.

"Not even in New York?"

"No!"

There was finality in the word.

"And the only theatrical criticism is in Chicago!"

An ex-editor of Puck can say such things. One never knows just how far old habits have persisted. Then of course there is dogmatism in the air of Carmel. But take it as you will, you must admit that Harry Leon Wilson rides his hobby well.

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Monks Win Right to Chartreuse

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lencontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

Opening a Diplomatic "Conversation"

Commenting on the explanation adduced in some quarters that Germany's action in Morocco was intended to bring about a diplomatic "conversation" with France, the London Nation cites a number of the most approved conversational openings practiced in diplomacy. There is the famous Chamberlain opening, which begins with a violent speech at a garden party on the Minister's own lawn. There is the celebrated Russian opening, which consists in sending to the press before you have spoken an exaggerated summary of what you would have liked to say, if you had been brave enough to say it. There is the much admired French opening, which begins with an operation on the Bourse. But it is the Germans who of late have contributed most copiously to the list. There is the Kaiser Opening (Telegraphic) and the Kaiser Opening (Oratorical), and now comes what might be described variously as the Panther Spring, the Gunboat Opening, the Atlantic Gambit, or, "in the plain prose of the catalogues," Morocco No. 3. "You send a gunboat to a distant spot by way of concentrating the thoughts of yourself and other parties to the game. It serves to localize discussion and to give actuality to talk. When the gunboat has arrived, you dispatch a cruiser in its wake. The next step is to announce that you intend by this symbolism to indicate your desire to initiate a conversation."

Closeting the Bogey Man

The renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, with the proviso that neither party to the compact is to be called upon to take the field against a nation with which it has concluded a general treaty of arbitration, opens up many interesting points of view. The one that most immediately concerns us is that the bugaboo of Japanese invasion will be laid to rest for a good many years to come. Japan attacking us single-handed and, by implication, against the wishes of its ally is a possibility which even to Capt. Hobson and John Temple Graves cannot but seem remote. In the future politics of the Far East, diplomacy will now have to make all its calculations on the axiom that among the three Powers, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, or between any two of them, armed conflict is out of the question.

Our New Explosive

Much has been written and said about the explosives used in the various navies, a good deal of which has been to the detriment of the United States navy. During the Russian-Japanese war, much was made of the so-called shimose explosive used by the Japanese. As a matter of fact, shimose was nothing more than the English lyddite or the French melinite. The Japanese have yet to invent anything really new in war materials, but they sometimes show a faculty of carrying forward the invention of some other country. As to the merits of shimose, lyddite, or melinite, whatever it may be called, military men have no hesitation in saying that it is too sensitive. It will be recalled that the Japanese had two guns on the battleship Mikasa put out of use in the running sea fight off Port Arthur on August 10, 1906. Both were the result of the premature explosion of shimose in the shell before it left the bore of the gun. Furthermore, all of these explosives are likely to explode on the impact of the shell against the armored side of a vessel and before penetration. The United States navy has an explosive of a nitro-cellulose composition, which, if any criticism can be made of it, is not sensitive enough. It is designed, however, to explode by means of a fuse after the shell has penetrated through the armor of a ship. The effect of such a shell under any circumstances is equal to the best now used by any navy, and, if exploded after penetration, the effect is terrific.

South Africa's New Peril

The position of white women in South Africa has become appalling since Viscount Gladstone commuted the death sentence in the Umtali case. In that instance a native was sentenced to death for an attack on a white woman, but Viscount Gladstone reprieved the man on some technical point. Since them similar cases have been reported from all over the country, and public feeling in the dominion has expressed itself strongly in public meetings of protest against the lack of firmness exhibited in dealing with the offenders. A Rhodesian woman now in England states that even in broad daylight in Salisbury two of her friends in the main street of the town had to use their revolvers to defend themselves against the natives. Crimes of this type are occurring every week in one or other part of the land. Throughout the whole of United South Africa the black peril has supplanted every other question. It is discussed wherever men meet, and the strongest protests are being made against the commutation of the sentence which is held to have given the natives an idea that they would not be hardly treated even if convicted.

"Irish Week" in Dublin

Dublin has just passed through what is known as the "Irish week." The "Irish week" is now an established institution in quite a number of Irish cities and towns. It is a week in which a great effort is made to advertise Irish-manufactured goods, to show them in the shop windows and bazaars. Ten years ago, when the Irish industrial movement was started, a great many people, especially in the North, thought it was only a fad which would work itself out very rapidly. The fact is, however, it has grown steadily since its inauguration, and has long since captured Belfast, which has now a better annual "Irish week" even than Dublin. Various influences and associations are helping towards the success of the movement. One of the important functions of the "Irish week" in Dublin this year has been the all-Ireland industrial conference, which met in the council chamber of the city hall. It was attended by many delegates, not only of the industrial associations, but also of the public bodies of the country. It was a real parliament of Irish industry. The association has done a great deal during the last few years to put a stop to frauds in England and elsewhere, in regard to Irish-manufactured goods. The report of the association states that in each case in which legal proceedings were taken by the association during the year against firms selling goods bearing misleading Irish titles or designs they were successful.

The Germans in the Holy Land

Tourists who visit the Holy Land note the progress of its Germanization. On the road to Nazareth most of the inns are kept by Germans. Nearly all the streets of Jaffa have the aspect of a Prussian village. The houses have red roofs and are surrounded by the little garden so dear to Gretchen. Traces of the Teuton are everywhere. The Syrian has been supplanted by the Berliner, who has migrated from the banks of the Spree to the borders of the Jordan in order to make his fortune. German is spoken everywhere. The American Consul himself is a German. Souvenirs of the Kaiser abound everywhere. Here one shows a fountain that he erected to furnish water to the pilgrims dying of thirst; there is a road that he levelled to lighten the fatigue of the journey. Enthusiastic guides show on the Mount of the Ascension, beside an imprint attributed to the Christ or to Mahomet, according to one's faith, a human foot, well marked in the rock, of which he will confidentially murmur in the ear of the tourist: "William II. stepped there." In a hundred years this will solidify into the legend of William II.

Maud—What excuse have you for doing such an unmaidenly thing as proposing to Jack?

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The Black Medico

By Daniele Marrama (From the Italian)

It was a soft, fair evening in May and a glo-
ious sunset tinged the summit of Mount Tiberio
delicate pink. The terraces were luxuriant with
lossoms, the slopes strewn white with the
oquettish villas of Capri. A shadow moved
azily over the shore and the sea, a slender violet
hadow that was like a veil of gossamer.

"What a marvelous scene!" exclaimed Fabio
Pinedo.

He was a novelist; like myself, the guest of
Captain O'Nell, and we were on the splendid
errace of the graceful Villa Laura.

"Imagine the Roman Emperor here," he went
n dreamily. "How it must have appealed to
Nero's artistic temperament! Brute though he
vas, he adored this enchanted island."

"Captain," I added, sweeping with a glance the
eautiful landscape spread at our feet, framed in
lossoming cliffs of broom and roses, "the witch-
ry of a moonlight night seen from here must
e beyond all words!"

Our host slowly shook the ashes from his
ipe and passed his hand over his red whiskers
hat were already sprinkled with gray. Then he
eplied in a low voice:

"Really, I cannot tell you."

We gazed at him in amazement. It was such
curious answer, and so utterly unexpected.

"What!" exclaimed Fabio. "You have never
pent an evening here on your own terrace—you,
lover of the beauties of Capri?"

The old sailor gazed at us for a moment and a
hade of sadness passed over his honest, open
ace. He rose to his feet.

"Never, gentlemen. I dread the twilight. As
oon as the sun goes down I retire to my room.
For eighteen years I have never seen the stars
hining, not even through the window-panes.

"Eighteen years—it's an old story now, a pain-
ul memory."

We also had risen, conscious of something
nysterious in his words, a hint of tragedy.

"If you would like to stay," he went on, "by
ll means do so. The place is yours and I should
ot wish to deprive you of a sight that must
ndeed be superb. With your permission I will
ow retire. It is the hour for—bats."

This strange word sounded almost like a sigh.
The sunset was dying away and a pale shimmer
f Byzantine gold spread over the surface of the
ea.

Fabio Pinedo gave me a glance. The writer's
nstinct for all that is fantastic, unusual and ex-
raordinary was aroused in him, in the face of
he enigma which he surmised from the words
f our host.

"No, no, captain," he cried eagerly. "We will
etire with you. If the twilight has unhappy
ecollections for you—"

"Very well, then, come into the drawing-room,
entlemen," said O'Nell, bowing slightly, with
he calm dignity of the Irish patrician. "Let us
moke a cigar and chat together."

I had turned once more to give a last glance
t the sky and the sea, when, all of a sudden,
felt a strong hand seizing my arm and dragging
ne towards the glass doors of the drawing-room,
vhich opened on the terrace.

"Quick, quick!" murmured a smothered voice.

The captain, pale and agitated, pushed me into
he drawing-room, rushed to the glass doors, shut
hem hurriedly and with trembling hands lowered
he curtains. As they fell I was conscious of a
vhirr of black wings against the window-panes;
omething flashed past and vanished in the dusk.

A lamp was burning in one corner of the draw-
ing-room. It was crowded with heavy hangings, fantastic weapons of all sorts and Eastern trophies, as bizzarre as the vision of delirium. In the light, the face of O'Nell seemed calm again, almost rigid with the fixed look of a statue; only his long red whiskers, sprinkled with gray, were trembling perceptibly.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he began suddenly, breaking the silence that had begun to weigh on us all like a nightmare. "Above all yours, Luca Doria—" and he turned to me, gazing at me with imploring eyes—"if a moment ago I behaved in a violent, strange manner—which must have seemed inexplicable to you."

He stopped, passed his hand over his forehead slowly, as if to free himself from some benumbing thought; then, as neither of us spoke, he went on:

"I feel that I owe you an explanation. The facts are so terrible that you must know them in order to understand and forgive me. And you shall hear them; I will tell you what no one else in the whole world knows—what I have tried vainly to hide even from myself—to forget."

The lamp was large, opal-colored, with an amber transparency, which seemed to exude rays of blood. By its flickering light the quivers and spears, the pipes of the Pellirosse and the idols of the Maori looked like live things lurking in the shadows.

We were silent, oppressed by the surroundings, the hour, the mystery that the captain's words had just revealed. Meanwhile he resumed in a low voice, staring straight before him, speaking as though to some one in the far end of the room, where the light of the lamp could not penetrate:

"Eighteen years ago I was a rich and happy man, with a high rank in the British Navy, newly married to a beautiful girl. We adored one another. I had nothing left to wish for. Laura Cavalcanti and I had become acquainted during one of my voyages to Italy and we were married a few months later. Her aristocratic name, together with her exquisite physical and mental charms, were to me the best guarantee for our future happiness—a happiness that truly never failed me in those first months of our marriage. Alas, I look back on them now with never ceasing regret and anguish.

"After spending our honeymoon in Italy, we traveled about some time in France and Spain. Finally, just before my leave of absence expired, we turned our faces north to take possession of my estate, the gray and ancient Towers of Greencastle in the County of Kildare, where she was to reign, the last lady of the house of O'Nell.

"I was afraid that the bleakness and solitude of the country, with all its splendor and sadness, and the dark, grim aspect of Greencastle, shrouded in its climbing ivy, would depress my little Italian, accustomed as she was to blue skies and sunshine. But after a journey of three or four hours, across steep ravines, and through forests of firs and pine, when the outlines of the old castle loomed out of the gray September twilight, Laura was filled with childish enthusiasm and clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"'Oh, how solemn, how beautiful it is! Am I really to be the mistress of these woods and towers?'

"'Yes, you; who else, my sweetheart?' I cried, delighted with her admiration. At that moment a single ray flashed out of the great black cloudbanks, encircling the castle as with an aureole. An omen, as I thought, a lucky omen!

"That evening she was in great spirits. We dined together in the large hall with its ceiling of carved oak, waited on by Patrick, the old servant who had brought me up. He had begged for the honor of serving his young mistress, looking upon it as a matter of personal pride, that this fair young lily-branch should be grafted on the ancient trunk of the O'Nells; and his old legs, that had once been the handsomest and straightest in all the First Regiment of the Irish Guards, fairly quivered with joy and satisfaction.

"The following morning we dedicated to exploring the castle. Laura was up at daybreak, impatient to become acquainted with every corner of the great, grim pile. Each new discovery was a charm to her, and her childish gaiety was irresistible. We circled the entire ground floor, the armory, the enormous kitchen with its tombstone hearth, the guards' chamber, the great hall of honor, the corridors joining one wing of the castle with the other.

"Then we mounted to the upper floor, visited the guest chambers, climbed the turrets, crossed the bridges, inspected the servants' quarters. Not a nook escaped her, not a cranny into which she did not thrust her graceful, curly head, full of childish glee and curiosity. For the last I had reserved the great portrait gallery on the first floor. There I finally led her, pointing out the four interminable walls hung with the portraits of the O'Nells. Row after row of warriors, magistrates, abbots, ladies and canonesses rose out of the black backgrounds of the enormous gold-framed paintings.

"'Behold your predecessors in the rule of Greencastle!' I announced with a low bow, leading her by the hand in front of the first portrait, a grim cavalier clad in armor, with a cross upon his cuirass.

"She insisted on seeing them all, one after the other, demanding explanations, making little comments, smiling and opening her big black eyes at the various physiognomies. We had just finished when Laura suddenly exclaimed, pointing to a small door:

"And there—what is in there?"

"'Some old paintings,' I answered. 'Nothing of any value.'

"'Let us go and see.'

"She slipped her hand into mine and drew me toward the little door, which I threw open. We found ourselves in a circular room, lighted by an opening in the vaulting—a room, judging from the disorder, little frequented by the household of Greencastle. On the floor were scattered some empty frames and a few tattered canvases. The walls were thick with cobwebs and there were a few paintings.

"'Landscapes,' I explained; 'insignificant rubbish that has been lying here for centuries.'

"She glanced around and was just about to turn back, convinced, when she exclaimed:

"'No, no! There is a portrait. Look!'

"It was indeed a portrait, but blurred and in the dim light almost indistinguishable. We approached nearer, both of us full of curiosity, and finally I was able to make out the subject.

(Continued on Page 20.)

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The Spectator

The Dream City of the Pacific

Now that the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition have solved the site problem one feels like felicitating them on having taken so long in coming to an agreement. For if the impatience of the public had driven them to a speedier conclusion they would not have had the benefit of the veritable inspiration that brought them together in rapturous accord. If the plan hit upon does not excite us all to the highest pitch of enthusiasm it is because it almost seems too good ever to come through. It requires an imagination of more than ordinary power to picture an exposition city on the colossal lines laid down by the men who conceived the plan that has been adopted. The carrying out of the plan will be an achievement commensurate in a sense with the prodigious engineering feat which the Exposition is to celebrate. Of its kind it is the biggest thing that was ever conceived. But a city that has already astonished the world by its enterprise and its grit, by the resourcefulness and elemental energy that enabled it to "come back" after almost complete annihilation, may be depended on to accomplish whatever it undertakes. The chief merit of the plan is not so much its comprehensiveness as the permanent benefit that it insures. For a time it was feared that this consideration would be neglected. Some of the most enthusiastic site boomers were not at all concerned about the benefit to be derived from permanent improvements. All they wanted was a fair that would make things hum in some particular section of the city. It was of no consequence to them what proportion of the money to be spent would go to waste. Now we are assured of permanent improvements that will make San Francisco physically the most attractive city in the United States. As a result of the exposition we are to have a real city beautiful, not the least important feature of which will be a park and boulevard system so far surpassing anything of the kind in the world as to be in a class by itself.

Great Times Ahead

It is like painting dream pictures on the cloud-curtains of the future to fashion for ourselves at this early day visions of the new San Francisco which has not yet taken definite form even on paper. But not all is fanciful in the prospect as it already exists. We know that one hundred and forty acres, now a desolate region, once a cemetery, situated on an elevation that commands a panoramic series of marine views which globe-trotters have pronounced more bewildering and fascinating than any they have ever seen, are to be transformed into a beautiful playground connected by boulevards with the Presidio and Golden Gate Park. We know that the North Beach section, now one of the ugliest in the city, is to be converted into one of the most beautiful of harbor fronts. We know that we are to have a superb civic center, and we know that Golden Gate Park is to have many new features some of which are to be contributed by foreign exhibitors, notably by the Chinese and Japanese who already give promise of a keen rivalry that will result in vast expenditures and the creation of an atmosphere unique in the history of world's fairs. So we may well feel assured that there are great times ahead here where the wedding of the oceans will be celebrated in that high-domed dream city that is already looming huge on the chart of Time. Here a great change in intrinsic conditions is soon to be wrought, a new era soon to dawn.

When Hammon Overfed

Wendell P. Hammon of the Natomas Consolidated, the Northern Electric and other big Californian interests, is a very busy man. So busy in fact that, like the late E. H. Harriman, he has the bad habit of thinking in bed. Another bad habit of his consists in transacting business at luncheon. He dispatches an oil deal and a salad chiffonade at one and the same time, discusses a chop while he is discussing the terms of a loan, stirs his small black while he is buying a block of stock. As his appetite for business is as healthy as his appetite for food and drink Hammon suffers neither mental nor physical indigestion as the result of this commingling. There is naught of the dyspeptic about Hammon. But one day last week he carried the dual role of businessman and luncher too far. He was sitting in the Palace grill with two other men of affairs, Robert Cords Jr. and Al Guberson, the oil man. They had just completed a hearty luncheon and were bringing an important deal to a close with cigars and demitasses. Enter a bell boy paging Hammon. The busy man signalled his presence and buttons presented a card. Hammon looked at it and uttered an exclamation of chagrin. "By Jove," he told his companions, "I forgot that I had a business luncheon with Mr. Soandso at this hour. It wouldn't do to let him know that I forgot the engagement. There's nothing for me to do but to eat another luncheon." And it is of record that he did.

"I've just been reading about the power of the will. It's a wonderful thing." "Yes; a millionaire friend of mine left will that makes six children and seventeen grandchildren be good."

A Recipe for a Thoroughbred

The modern claims agent is employed not so much to settle the damage claims of yesterday as to prevent the accidents of tomorrow. Still, accidents will happen and one of the most difficult duties of the claims agent is to persuade farmers that every bull slain by a railroad is not a prize Holstein and that every nag run down at a crossing is not a Sysonby or a Norfolk. Joseph H. Handlon, the claims agent for the United Railroads, recognizes this fact; so he was tickled the other day when a Los Angeles claims agent with whom he corresponds was inspired to express the truth in epigram. "If you want to know how to produce a thoroughbred horse," wrote this claims agent to Handlon, "cross an old plug with a street car."

"Woman is a riddle," remarked the Wise Guy. "Yes," agreed the Simple Mug, "she keeps us guessing and we hate to give her up."

Cruel and Inhuman Punishment

Judge Brown of Oakland revived a very unbecoming practice on the occasion of the sentencing of Henry P. Dalton to the penitentiary. Instead of performing nothing but his duty he availed himself of the opportunity which the situation afforded for a lecture compact of moral reflections and biting reproaches. The judge who does that sort of thing takes a very mean advantage of his fellow man. It is like applying a rawhide boot to one who has been struck prostrate with a club. It is a performance in which judges of refined sensibilities never indulge because they don't have to. There is no authority in law for it. The precedent for it was established by one of the most despicable characters in history—Lord Jefferys of the Bloody Assizes—who, according to Macaulay, induced in himself something of sexual ecstasy by raging against the helpless victims of his tyranny.

By Way of Self-Applause

Why should Judge Brown have lectured that miserable wretch Henry P. Dalton? Surely it was not for the purpose of awakening in the prisoner a sense of his shame, a consciousness of his awful plight or a realization of the depth of his degradation. No man in the courtroom was more keenly sensible of his wrongdoing and its consequences than the prisoner at the bar. It was certainly not for Dalton's benefit that Judge Brown delivered his lecture. Was it for the purpose of holding the prisoner up as a horrible example? If so Judge Brown arrogated to himself a function that does not belong to him. The machinery of the law makes a very positive example of wrongdoers, and there is no call for adventitious aids from zealous judges. Perhaps Judge Brown wished to hold himself up as an example; that is, as an example of indignant righteousness. If so he was a failure. To be incensed against a convicted felon is not a very creditable claim to admiration. True worth does not rail against the delinquencies of others; nor does real goodness seek for a foil in the misery of vice. As a matter of fact between the unfortunate wretch in the dock and the judge who reviles him that he may heighten the contrast to his own advantage, the difference is such that "a feather may turn the scale of their avoirdupois."

An Anti-Climax

"No punishment by imprisonment that the law may inflict on you, Henry Dalton," said Judge Brown, "is so great as that which has been already inflicted on you by your conviction." This was probably the sincerest and most truthful utterance that emanated from His Honor. Judge Brown then, it appears from his own statement, appreciated the fact that Dalton was no ordinary criminal. He understood perfectly that in Dalton's case the consciousness of shame, the sense of a great downfall, the humiliation and sorrow incident to a most unhappy transformation and the blighting of a career, were the ingredients of a tragedy that had reached its profoundest depths. Yet at this point we are treated by Judge Brown to an outleap of indignation which he might easily have checked by sober reflection on his own kinship with the frailties and vices common to his species.

A Bit of Self-Portraiture

Judge Brown constrains me to a few moral reflections which, naturally, I regard with much greater favor than those that were employed to aggravate the anguish of Henry Dalton as he stood at the awful judgment seat in Oakland. Judge Brown reminded Dalton that he had been his friend. He spoke of their intimate acquaintance, of their almost daily association for years and he said that by reason of their former rela-

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ions the pronouncing of sentence was the most ainful duty he had ever been called upon to erform. The speciosity of this talk is hardly ubtle enough to be misleading. It is the cant f the stern, unbending patriot who wishes it to e known that he is not to be swerved from the ath of duty by any consideration touching his eelings or his interests. Of all the cant in this anting world this species of cant is the worst. f Judge Brown had been Dalton's friend he ever would have tried him except for the purose of giving him some advantage, and that is omething a conscientious judge would not care o do. If he knew himself to be the kind of riend that he has proved to be then it was hardly reditable for him to have tried Dalton, for riends of that character in their eagerness to indicate their impartiality are constrained to do o at the expense of the person whom they wish ot to appear to favor. Judge Brown has put imself in the category of friends from whom ensible men wish to be delivered. Such is the idgment of this court after a careful review of idge Brown's testimony wherein he affirms the nwelcomeness of the task that he took on himlf, and then, not content with performing that sk, went back over the record for a pretext to nsure Dalton on account of the nature of his efense and to find him guilty, without the aid f a jury, of perjury for which crime, as he said mself, he lengthened out the term of imprisonent. A charming judge is Brown of Oakland s pictured by himself in the full pride and inoply of his office!

Contrast

Let us contrast Judge Brown of Oakland with iram Johnson of the gubernatorial office. Vith Judge Brown in the role of friend we are ow familiar. Witness Hiram Johnson in the me role. Hiram Johnson has for a friend one ewis J. Wilde of San Diego, formerly of Portnd, Or. Lewis J. Wilde is wanted by the auorities of Oregon. They would like to try m on a charge of embezzlement, but Wilde is y, and besides he likes the climate of San iego and abhors the climate of Portland, pecially at this particular time. Came to Calirnia a short time ago an officer of the State Oregon with extradition papers issued by the overnor of Oregon and addressed to the Govnor of California, by virtue of which a warrant r the arrest of Wilde was asked for. Did Govnor Johnson lament the task that he was thus lled upon to perform and then proceed with uch ostentatious display of civic virtue to perrm it? Not at all. Governor Johnson said thing about friendship, but that virtue he vincated by constituting himself a judge of the se and convicting the law officer of Oregon stupidity. Said the Governor of California the Governor of Oregon, "Nothing doing." ow it is not my purpose to acclaim Governor hnson for the inflexibility of his friendship this instance. Nor is it to be argued that he s set a good example as an Executive in chalnging the good faith of the authorities of a sis State and apparently shielding a fugitive from stice. Governor Johnson may be right, but adtting that he is not, at least it must be said him that he isn't making political capital out his friendship; that on the contrary he is inned to stick to his friend even at the risk of ing suspected of unfaithfulness to his trust. rhaps it is a sign of obliquity of moral vision prefer the attitude of Governor Johnson in the ilde case to the attitude of Judge Brown in e Dalton case. Even so I must confess the eference. But I am one who never could adre those heroic patriots of antiquity who oved their devotion to the State by decreeing e death of their friends.

Reporters Who Do Not Know

When J. C. Williamson, the veteran theatrical man, arrived here from the Antipodes, a reporter from one of the morning papers was detailed to interview him. Williamson was full of the old days of San Francisco and talked at length of the brilliant men and women who made stage history at the old California Theatre. "Where was the old California Theatre?" asked the interviewer. And Williamson nearly fell out of his chair. Times have changed in the local rooms of our dailies. A few years ago every newspaper had at least half a dozen men who knew San Francisco thoroughly; knew every lane and alley from the Portrero to North Beach and from East street to Twin Peaks and beyond; knew our prominent men and women, not only knew them personally but knew their family history as well; and knew the annals of the city too. But those men have been going their various ways, so that today only a few of them, a very few remain. Somehow or other the younger fellows don't seem to have inherited the unwritten history of the town or to have studied its recorded achievements. A great many of them are aliens who have come here from other cities and haven't had the time or the inclination to acquire the information which would make them valuable in the telling of local stories. The past of the city is a sealed book to them.

"Where can I hide?" gasped the mining-stock promoter, as he burst into his office. "The police are coming!"

"Get into the simplified card-index case!" cried the chief clerk. "I defy any one to find anything in there!"

Some Recent Instances

When Mrs. Gardner Williams was drowned in the wreck of the Spokane off Vancouver Island, there were even city editors in this city to whom her name meant nothing. Hence they failed to appreciate the importance of her unfortunate ending as a "local news story." When the husband of Mrs. "Ducksie" Rosenbaum killed himself at Atlantic City the accounts of Mrs. Rosenbaum's checkered past were wofully mangled. These instances are cited because they are typical of the change which has taken place in the local rooms. The reporters of a few years back used to have information of this sort at their finger-tips. Nowadays the reporter who can supply the innumerable details in the lives of prominent or notorious San Franciscans which were swept away in the burning of the newspaper libraries is a rare bird. And he is not always requisitioned because his superiors do not realize that "stories" which "break" in the East or in other sections outside of San Francisco have important local bearings. To cite another instance: One of the bavardes a few days ago had occasion to describe the Carmelite Convent at Hyde and Lombard streets. The Carmelites, as all newspapermen should know, are housed in the quaint home built by Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne after the death of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. The old house has an interesting history, but R. L. S. is in nowise connected with it. Yet the bavarde blithely wrote: "It was the dear old Robert Louis Stevenson's house and he used to sit and dream there as he watched the ships glide into port from all parts of the round world!" Was there none in that newspaper's editorial rooms to blue-pencil such a blunder?

"They say he's always dignified."

"He is. Even at a baseball game he'd rather admit that the umpire was right than make a scene."

Reporters and Journalists

Newspapermen number among their affectations a horror of being called "journalists" and this opprobrious term has been variously defined in terms of scorn. "A journalist is a newspaperman out of a job" you will sometimes hear the cub say in the local room. I was going to fashion a new definition for a journalist, to fit the conditions which I have just been alluding to—as thus, "A journalist is a reporter who doesn't know his town"—when my eye chanced to stop on a paragraph racily wrought out by Phil Francis for his daily causerie in the Stockton Mail. It seems that the Modesto News man, meaning no particular offense, had dubbed Phil Francis a "journalist." Thus doth Phil launch his philippic against the Modesto editor:

"Now, this is the most painful throb that has ever wrenched my young heart. I can stand it to have my lovely epic heads abused. Critical examination discloses the hideous truth that one of them is lame in the feet and several have ingrowing toenails. But what have I done to be called a 'journalist?' A journalist, as I understand natural history, is one of those heavensent geniuses who occasionally arise to adorn and embellish the chronological, biographical, perspicacious, polemical, pantographical and papilonaceous parturitions of the cerebrum periodically published in inconsiderable municipalities, and who, by a species of heterogenesis, reproduce diurnally paragraphical profundities which the progenitor confidently believes to be the apothegmatical, expositorical and exegetical expression of all wisdom. Think of my being called a thing like that! No, Great Journalist, there are but three of you extant—yourself, most noble gameogenetic propounder of polysyllabic ponderosities; Dunk McPherson, of the Santa Cruz Sentinel, Santa Cruz county; and her name was Maud."

Which leaves me without unum verbum addendum.

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The Metamorphosis of Jones

Time was when ex-Senator Jones of Oroville spent most of his waking hours making money. He was so busy at this pleasant game and so successful too, that he had small leisure for the frivolities of life. His time was money and he spent it making more money. But of late Jones' friends have noticed a surprising change in him. Business interests him very little; children interest him a great deal. He who used to measure time by stop-watch (almost) now lavishes it extravagantly on the youngsters. Recently he surprised his friends by gathering together a lot of Oroville youngsters and conveying them to Sacramento. He acted the role of cicerone. He took them to the Capitol and halting them before the statue of Isabella and Columbus, told them the story of the pledged jewels and the discovery of America. He told them all about the mighty statesmen whose counterfeit presentments in oil adorn the rotunda and the corridors of the Seat of State. He took them up to the Senate and the Assembly and gave them an expurgated explanation of how the laws are made by the good men who consent to sacrifice themselves on the legislative pie counter. And when they got back to Oroville they knew a whole lot more about State government than they could ever glean from their text books. When the birthday of the Nation approached Jones decided on an "insane Fourth." So once more he made a collection of Oroville kiddies with their mammas and papas and took them on an excursion to Jonesville, a desolate spot in Butte near the Big Meadows. There were giant crackers and cannons and all sorts of fireworks with no minions of the law to interfere in the celebration. To cap the climax of the patriotic entertainment the ex-senator read the Declaration of Independence and made a rip-roaring Fourth of July speech. Now all of this has surprised Jones' friends. They are discovering a new Jones they knew not of old. They demanded an explanation. And it was very simple. "I have been a successful business man," explained Jones. "I've made lots of money. I don't need any more. Henceforth I'm going to enjoy life. And I'm going to enjoy it by helping the youngsters to have a good time." Which is as commendable an ambition as I have heard voiced in many a day.

"Did Mrs. Brown take her husband's failure in the right spirit?"

"Oh, yes. Just as soon as she knew he was going to fail she went out and bought her entire winter outfit."

Is the Governor Sensitive?

Is Governor Johnson sensitive, just the least bit sensitive, about his stature? I asked myself the question after studying the pictures taken for the papers the day he went out to the Presidio to review the troops with Adjutant General Forbes. In all those pictures the governor seems to be as tall as General Forbes. Our course everybody knows that the doughty general towers over the governor. But you would never suspect the governor's deficiency of inches by those photographs. They were either taken when the governor was standing just a little higher than the general or at an angle which concealed his inferiority. Was this done by design or was it an accident? It is no use asking the photographers because of course they wouldn't divulge a State secret. It certainly looks as though the governor wants to look taller than he really is. 'Tis a harmless conceit which prompts the desire, a conceit shared by Dr. Munyon who always mounts a curb or a box or anything else that is handy when his picture is to be snapped in the company of a taller man. A conceit shared also by certain prominent cits of this town whose names it is unnecessary to specify. The newspaper photographers know the idiosyncracy and humor it. But when I saw those newspaper pictures of the governor marching shoulder to shoulder (seemingly) with General Forbes I thought of that old poem which used to be in the school readers, "How tall was Alexander, pa, that people called him great?"

Frank had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," replied Frank, "gimme the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."

Jack Wilson and a Hat

J. C. Wilson, our busy stockbroker, dined at Techau's with Louis Sloss a few days ago and hurrying away to catch the Lark for Los Angeles took Sloss' derby by mistake. Being absorbed in matters of important business, he did not notice the mistake. He wore the Sloss headpiece all day in the southern city and in the evening entrusted it to the hat boy at the California Club. After dinner when Wilson tried to reclaim his hat there was nothing doing. The hat boy proffered him a very good derby, but it bore the initials "L. S." and Wilson explained that it was not his. "My hat is initialed J. C. W.," he informed the boy. But in all the array of poll coverings in the cloak room of the California Club there was no such derby. So Wilson decided to wait until most of the diners had left and recover his own hat by a process of elimination. It was pretty late before the California clubmen had all deserted their beautiful quarters, but Wilson was determined to get his own hat and he bided his time in philosophic patience. Finally he sailed out to the cloakroom once more. There was only one derby on the rack. Wilson asked for it. It contained the gilded legend "L. S." And then Wilson got mad. He dashed the inoffensive derby on the carpet and trod on it like an Indian executing a war dance. There has been nothing just like that performance since the late poet Swinburne gave a similar exhibition, prompted by the same accident, in a London club. It was a sorry looking hat that the attendant gathered up and consigned to the waste basket. Wilson, unbonneted, taxied to his hotel and bought a hat the next morning. When he returned to the city it happened that the first man he told the story to was Louis Sloss. And when the story got about he had to crack enough bottles to buy a dozen hats.

A Life-Saving Coat

A life-saving contrivance which makes it almost impossible for a person to drown has been on exhibition in the Olympic Club for several weeks. It was invented, I am told, by a young San Franciscon, who, if he had as much talent for financing as for inventing a good thing would doubtless become rich in a short time. His life-saving contrivance is nothing more than an oil-silk coat such as hunters and boatmen wear. It is of the length of an ordinary sack coat, and does not look different from one though it has a kimono effect which is hardly apparent. Put this coat on and jump in the water and you immediately have a pair of puffed shoulders, and you float with your head and neck above the surface. The principle on which the shoulders are inflated is not easily apprehended. The air gets in through two small holes near the lower rim of the coat, but how or why it gets in when the coat touches the water nobody has yet been able to explain to my satisfaction. I have seen the device tested in every imaginable way, and always with the same result. I have seen men wearing the coat jump in, fall in and dive in and always pop to the surface and float. One great advantage of this contrivance it that it may be worn in the water by a person fully dressed who may swim in it with ease. Another advantage is that it does not become water-logged like a life-preserver. Besides it is cheaper than the cheapest life-preserver. Some experiments were made with the coat a short time ago at Fisherman's wharf, and the inventor sold six of them on the spot to Italian fishermen.

A Near-Fight at Carmel

This is the story, necessarily a rather tame story, of what might have been, but wasn't, a terrific personal encounter between two scribes in the placid literary village of Carmel. The personal encounter might have taken place during the pageantry of the Fourth of July celebration which was the high-water mark of Carmel's histrionic achievement. If the en

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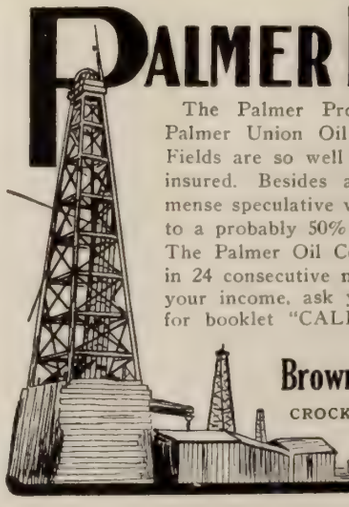

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counter had taken place doubtless gore would have been spilled, an eye or so blacked, a head broken and, who knows? a nose dislocated. The contestants would have been George Kenneth Turner and Herman Whittaker, familiarly known to his friends as "Jim." Turner, it may be remembered, wrote a series of magazine articles entitled "Barbarous Mexico" wherein Diaz and his minions were unmercifully lambasted. Whittaker is the author of a novel of Mexican life called "The Planter" and also of a series of magazine articles dealing with conditions in the republic just below us. Turner, it seems, sets himself up as a judge of all things written about Mexico; and in this capacity he fully approved "The Planter" but emphatically disapproved of Whittaker's magazine articles. In fact he went so far as to say that the author of those magazine articles must have sold out to the Diaz government, at the time, of course, when there was still a Diaz government. Now that was not a nice thing to say and Whittaker's friends who know his integrity, resented it exceedingly. Also, they repeated the remark to Whittaker. Turner has been living at Carmel and Whittaker went to the literary settlement for the pageant. One of the first things he did on arriving at the hub of world culture was to go out looking for Turner. A dangerous man is Whittaker when he goes out hunting for anybody, a maitre d'armes, as his friends will tell you, and with a reputation writ high in the records of the British army. However, common friends of the two kept Turner out of the way and the personal encounter did not take place. A tame story, as I mentioned before.

Walter Morosco's Protest

At a Press Club jinks the other night Senor Joaquin Wanrell sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" and sang it as he always sings it, with splendid effect. "I never hear that sung," reminisced a well know theatrical man, "that I don't think of Walter Morosco. Walter Morosco, you remember, was running the old Grand Opera House when the Metropolitan Opera Company gave their first season of grand opera in this city. 'Pagliacci' was given on the first night and Walter Morosco sat in a stage box with Peter Robertson, Alice Rix and other well known newspaper writers. It was a great night for Walter and he was resplendent in perfectly new dress clothes, a perfectly new crush hat and the whitest of new white gloves. A hush went over the big audience when the great Scotti appeared to sing the prologue. Morosco listened for a few moments, fidgeting all the while. Then he rushed back of the scenes and confronted Max Hirsch. 'Say,' he shouted, 'when you want to make an announcement to the audience why in hell don't you get somebody who can talk English?'"

One Day of Freedom

Early in the morning of the Fourteenth of July, the day all Frenchmen celebrate, a convict escaped from San Quentin. He had not been long beyond the confines of the prison when the alarm was given. The guards beat the hills surrounding the prison point but could find no trace. All day long the man-hunt continued without avail. The alarm was spread through Marin County, but no one had seen the prisoner and his cell was still empty when night was merging into the witching hours before dawn. At that time two guards, travel-spent and disconsolate after their all-day search stopped at Escalle's, that place of refreshment just above Larkspur. They were thirsty. Then too, they were curious, for there were signs of unusual revelry at Escalle's. Small wonder! for the Fall of the Bastile is always celebrated with hilarious enthusiasm at that place of resort. They entered and mingled with the merry-makers. And there they found their prisoner! He had been celebrating his precarious freedom by drinking bumpers to the French Republic all day long and he was very drunk. He was mellow too, and offered no resistance when the guards packed him off to San Quentin. One day of freedom only! But he admitted that it had been worth the risk.

La Follette's Lone Supporter

From one of the Washington correspondents I obtain the interesting news that Congressman Bill Kent of that ilk thinks La Follette will get the votes of the California delegation in the next Republican presidential convention. Bill seems to be quite certain on this point. It would be nice to know on what he bases his opinion. From present indications it looks as though no other Progressive leader in the State will be for La Follette. Even Chester Rowell is wavering in his allegiance to the pompadour statesman from Wisconsin. Governor Johnson, I am told, has withdrawn his assurances of support and is now convinced that Taft must be renominated. The governor is also said to be hearkening with pleasure to the buzzing of the busy little vice-presidential bee. Of course if the governor should decide to become a candidate for the second place on the ticket he would not obtain the support of Kent, for Bill and Hiram do not speak as they pass by. They have not been friends since Kent decided that it was more important for him to stump the second district in his own behalf than to make oratorical pleas for the governor. The governor never forgave him that decision, not even when Bill contributed liberally to the Johnson campaign in San Francisco. Of course if Kent should decide to give Johnson and the other Progressives a battle for the control of the California delegation there would be an interesting scrap, but that Kent might carry the delegation for La Follette against Taft is beyond the bounds of probability. It looks as though Bill is solitary in his stand.

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Interviewing D. O. Mills

After congratulating San Francisco for obtaining the services of Colvin B. Brown in the publicity department of the World's Fair committee, the Santa Cruz News grows reminiscent and relates a quotable story about Brown's early newspaper days in Sacramento. (For a long time Brown was the New York agent of the California Promotion Committee and like most successful publicity men his training had been that of a hustler for news.) It was, says the News, on the occasion of one of the late D. O. Mills' infrequent visits to his bank at Sacramento. All the old newspapermen know that he was the "toughest proposition" any newspaperman ever ran up against. He would congeal a steam pipe, so glacial was his manner. When he entered his bank it became one vast, substantial cold storage plant. Nobody knew this better than Editor McClatchy. That is why, with malice aforethought, he sent Collie Brown down to the bank to get a "hot talk" out of the frigid multimillionaire. For Collie was new on the job; and so self-confident! "Trust me," were his parting words, and the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, was not more radiant than was Brown when he broke into the bank and demanded to know where was the big chief. "Mr. M—Mills?" timorously whispered the cashier. "Oh, he's in the private office and under no consideration must he be disturbed." "But he will want to see me," said Collie undismayed; and tramp, tramp tramp went his ample soles over the parquetry ffooring that led into the holy of holies. The glass door proved no barrier; Collie was there to get a story, and he was going to get it. The heart of every clerk was in his mouth as before the door slammed shut he heard Brown's sonorous greeting: "Well, how do you do, Mr. Mills? I'm glad to see you." After that, silence. Silence inside, silence outside, Silence that outsilenced the tomb. The glass door reopened. Tramp, tramp, tramp, and Collie was gone; gone without a word of an interview! It takes a genius, continues the News, to snatch a victory from defeat. And Collie Brown is a genius. While the whole Bee office was secretly chuckling at his supposed discomfiture, Collie, undaunted, sat him down to his typewriter, and thumped out a story that was copied all over the State. He gave a fancy description of the room in which the "interview" with the mighty man of millions was held; told how, with the thermometer at 100 in the shade outside, the frost trickled down the plate glass windows so that if threatened to peel off the gold-leaf signs; gave such a semi-humorous, semi-serious account of his "throw-down" that it made the Bee sought for that night as it had not been for days.

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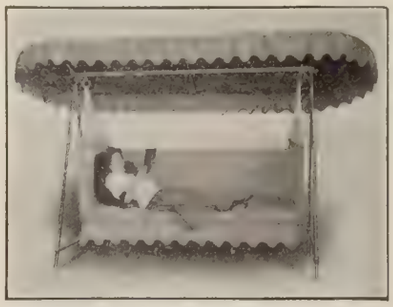

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The Gambler of a Night

By Paul Bourget

When I came into my atelier one afternoon I felt no little astonishment to find a long letter from Ladrat in which he asked me for not less than two hundred francs. It had been at least six months since I had seen him, and he told me that during these six months he had struggled against his vice, had not been drinking, had wanted to work, but that his strength had given out and his wife was ill. In a word, it was one of those begging letters which are such pitiful things to get. Of course, a successful painter receives any number of them, with only two or three genuine appeals in the lot. But it is better to risk deception all the other times than to fail the two or three. Besides, I had no doubt of the sincerity of Ladrat, at that moment.

It happened that I had just received fifteen hundred francs for my picture "Ophelia." I've always been exceedingly careful in money matters. I had no debts, and I was keeping a sum almost equal to the other in a drawer. My atelier was fully equipped, and I had a wardrobe complete enough to last a year. I remember that I made a mental schedule of my financial conditions while I was brushing my evening clothes to go to one of my first society dinners—one of those dinners to the conqueror, to which you carry the keen appetite and the self-esteem of a schoolboy. You have equal faith in the genuineness of the wines and that of the compliments. I compared my fortune with that of my former comrade of the Latin Quarter and I had one of those good impulses which are as natural to youth as is grace or gaiety.

I took ten louis which I enclosed in an envelope, wrote the address of Ladrat, then called the concierge. If he had been at home, my comrade would have had the money that same evening. But the concierge was out.

"I can attend to this tomorrow," I said to myself, and hastened off, leaving the envelope all ready on my table. My resolution was so firmly made that I felt in advance that little tickling of vanity which comes to us from the consciousness of a generous action. That vanity was not particularly charming, but it was quite human; and there are so many others who have not this noble pretext.

I was soon seated in the house where I was to dine, between two very elegant ladies who were in rivalry for my flattery. Well, I left about eleven, the prey of one of those spasms of folly in which one feels himself the lord of the earth. I stopped at my club, which was then located in the Hotel de la Place Vendome, attended by one of the guests, who offered to do me the honors. As I knew scarcely a person there, I hadn't set foot in the club during the six weeks since I had joined. Two painters had acted as sponsors for me, and the prospect of the annual exposition had made me resolve to stand for the club, in spite of the dues, which had seemed rather steep.

We entered the great hall. I was so unsophisticated that I asked my guide the name of the game which a crowd was gathered around the table to play.

He began to laugh, and told me the rules of baccarat in a few words.

"But it doesn't tempt you, does it?" he quizzed.

"Why not?" I retorted, a bit nettled by my own ignorance. "But I haven't any money with me."

He explained, still laughing, that it was sufficient to sign a voucher, cashable within twenty-four hours, to get any sum up to three thousand francs. I took my place at the table, saying to my companion, "I'm going to sign a check for five louis, and if I lose I'm going."

My tempter, who was seated near me, told me wait for my hand. I obeyed. Well, I bet on the nine. I had ventured my five louis.

"Repeat," whispered my coucilor to me.

I bet on the eight; then repeated, bet on the seven—and won each time. Finally, on the seventh round, constantly prompted by my companion, I laid only one louis. I lost. But I had about three thousand francs before me.

My guide, who had won almost as much, rose and hinted: "If you're wise, you'll do as I do."

But I wasn't listening just then. I had experienced emotions too keen to be able to leave. I am not one of those whom you call analysts—and I call egotists, "people who carefully listen for their own sneezing." I don't pass my life in watching myself think and fell. Pardon me, then, if I express only in the large, and by pictures what went on in my brain.

During the brief moments when I had been winning, the subtle power of intoxicating pride stirred me. I have felt a like sensation in swimming on some great sea. This vast surge which threatens you, balances you, which you overcome by your own strength, this is indeed the exact image of what the game meant for me in the first period, that of winning. For I won again at the same rate as before, then won a third time. Each time I touched the cards, my good luck seemed so overwhelming that there was silence about me; then, while I was betting, came something like a shiver of admiration. Perhaps I should not have had the courage to go on, without that admiration. Unfortunately, I've always had a devilish lot of self-esteem.

That childish pride was the reason for my not wishing to give way before bad luck when I divined its approach, after I had been parading my good luck. For I did feel its approach. Then the sort of triumphant lucidity which had made me take the cards with an absolute confidence vanished at once. At one sitting I was passing through all the emotions that gambling brings its devotees. For, after having known all the intoxication of good luck, I now experienced the keen intoxication of losing. There is one. "In gambling, next to the pleasure of winning comes that of losing." I can't think of any other saying to explain that sort of poisoned eagerness, that mingling hope and despair, of cowardice and

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discouragement. You see, you count on beating Fortune—and are certain she's going to beat you!

You lose the faculty of reasoning and make plays which you know to be absurd. Your winnings go—and you sign checks. Although for years you've had to stop and consider a matter of six sous for tramway fare, you risk five hundred or a thousand francs without hesitation.

I had gone to the club at eleven, and at two I came home minus three thousand francs—nearly all I possessed.

When I awoke the next day from the heavy slumber which followed such emotions, the scene of the evening came to my thoughts, and I had only two ideas—that of getting revenge in the evening, and of following the experience which I had gained, in making my wagers. Mentally I went through certain plays which I had lost and which I ought to have won.. Suddenly I noticed the envelope with Ladrat's address, left on the table the evening before. An involuntary calculation made me see a senseless sacrifice in the gift of this money. To get a sum which would permit me to go back to the gambling on that evening—and I knew that I should not be able to keep from returning—I would have to get some money out of a picture dealer, to barter some studies. I would probably gather fifty louis in this way, and of this fifty I was going to dissipate ten for this parasite, this drunkard, this liar!

For I tried to prove to myself that his letter was merely a web of falsehoods. I took it up and reread it. As a matter of fact, its tone fairly tore my heart. But I did not wish to recognize this tone, and I flung myself down on my bed, then rose to write a hasty letter refusal. I made it curt and dry, to sink an irreparable chasm between my comrade and my compassion. Naturally, I felt a little shame and remorse when my letter had gone, but I deafened the inner ear as well as I could to the business which I had to do.

"Besides," I excused myself, " if I win I'll be in time, and send the sum to Ladrat tomorrow—and I'll win."

Well, I did win—more than five hundred louis; but that "tomorrow" was too late. As soon as he had received my letter of refusal, Ladrat, who had not lied, was gripped by the madness of despair. His sick wife and he resolved to asphyxiate themselves. They were found dead in their bed, and it was I, I myself, who had their door broken in. I had come with the two hundred francs—yes, it was too late. Do you understand now why the mere sight of a card horrifies me?

You may say that if I had sent him the money on the day before this would have saved him only for a month or two, after which he would have fallen again; his vice would have mastered him again, and he would have ended in the same way.

Yes, that is possible, but in this life, you know, it is not nice to be the drop of water which makes the bowl overflow.

She Was Packing

How she ever secured time on the circuit the vaudeville manager of a Western town didn't know, says the theatrical man, who tells the story. She was only about 17 years old, and her songs were not only bad but she delivered them in almost an amateurish manner. So after her specialty the first night the manager called the stage manager on the house phone.

"Tell that girl to pack up," was all he said.

The stage manager went to the little girl's dressing-room and knocked.

"Pack up!" he said.

"Yes, sir," she replied timidly. "I'll begin right away."

She went to the next town. There she did her specialty.

"Have that girl pack up," phoned the house manager to the stage manager after her first appearance.

He knocked at her door. "Pack up," was all he said.

"Yes, sir," came the timid reply, "I'll begin right away."

It happened twice more, and then they canceled all her time. She returned to New York, very blue. For a couple of weeks she remained in her room and cried most of the time. Then she took heart again and secured some new songs. As luck would have it, they suited her exactly.

Then one day a vaudeville firm phoned her. An act had disappointed at a big house, and in desperation it was planned to put her on. She hurried over to the theater and worked. She was a knockout. Without realizing what a hit she had made she retired to her dressing-room. The manager got on the phone immediately.

"Grab that girl," he shouted to his stage managed. "Don't let her go out the stage door. Go and tell her to come out through the front of the house, and go right now."

The stage manager hurried to the little girl's dressing-room and knocked. There was a very slight delay, and then the same timid voice was heard.

"Yes, sir," it said. "I'm packing."

That girl is earning big money now. Her name shall be withheld, but she is the same unassuming, even timid girl she was when she went into the business.

Marshall Wilder and King George

Marshall P. Wilder who has been entertaining royalty and directing the coronation, is back in New York. "I had the pleasure of meeting his Majesty, King George the Five Times," said Mr. Wilder, "and broached the subject of king's jestering. I asked him through the press agent in charge of the bon mot department if the job of king's jestering was still open. He answered that it had been abolished by one of his royal predecessors. I thereupon expressed my regret, saying that I had hoped that I might be able to spar for an opening there, having a fine job lot of jests not any more ancient than those used by their distinguished majesties in the days of my illustrious predecessor, Col. Joe Miller. The king smiled and remarked that Mr. Austin, poet laureate, was the only Briton in the game in literature, which was the nearest thing to jesting that he could think of, especially when he thought simultaneously of Bernard Shaw. Of course there was Rudyard Kipling, who held no official post, but was a pretty good hand at a ject, especially when he was younger. But Mr. Kipling, the king said, had become a defender of the Crown, and thus had more or less lost his distinction as a humorist. In regard to my own aspirations the king declared that I could not hope to be officially recognized even if the job of king's jestering was restored, unless I became a British subject. I told him I could not think of waiting a whole day to get recognition of my jokes. He remarked that the only way out of it that he could see was to post my jokes a day ahead in the Court Journal so my audiences would be prepared with the laughter and applaue on time. He asked me for some specimens of my wit. I told him that at the great parade I noted that Marshal Robert's horse seemed to be a bit skittish and that the Marshal appeared to look a bit wild, but that I was Marshall Wilder. The king did not appear to be feazed. He said he would get the royal master of the horse, the equerry, I think he called him, to look into the matter and report before the end of the next fiscal term. I really regret that there is no longer any official or unofficial jester or jesting in London. They are still pondering out jokes of last season and the season before. Yet they have a five day boat from Liverpool. Now why is it that a Briton cawn't, as they say in London, be as fast as his ships? Perhaps I shall have to put that up to the royal equerry."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

As to the Coming Winter

With that mania for anticipating things which is characteristic of the smart set of our parish in common with lesser mortals, everybody who is anybody is either making plans for the winter or finding out what other people's plans are. Already one hears the familiar prediction that the coming winter will be the liveliest in many years. One hears that prediction every summer. It is made with the utmost regularity and with equal regularity one hears, when the winter is half over, that the gayeties have not come up to expectations. Which is the most natural thing in the world. Even in the charmed circle of society where magic is supposed to be worked by those superior beings, our social leaders, the realization is always inferior to the anticipation. But nevertheless, the usual prophecies are being made. The big public and the little private dances are to be more brilliant than ever; the stunts for charity are to eclipse in artistic and financial success all that went before; the dinners are to be more numerous; the gowns are to be miracles; and so on and so on. As a matter of fact one season is pretty much the same as another. The buds of course think that their first season is the most wonderful of all, but the more experienced recognize that there is not much difference from year to year. And yet, in the enthusiasm of planning, this is usually lost sight of. And that's a good thing. It it were not so, the unutterable monotony of society would crush its victims and they would seek some other form of diversion. We must have society, I suppose; so it is just as well that the season which is forever coming looks brighter in its prospects than that which is forever slipping away into the past.

Photo. Bushnell

MRS. CLARENCE O. PATTEN

Formerly Miss Lottie Ransome Porter, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter of Nevada whose wedding to Dr. Clarence O. Patten of this city took place last week. The bride and groom will make their home here.

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Society's Prime Business

Of course we all know that the most important function of society is to provide grist for the slowly grinding mills of the matrimonial gods. Whatever comes and whatever goes, girls of marriageable age must be provided with husbands. These husbands they are taught to seek in the particular subdivision of humanity known as "our set." The husband-to-be must have money and he ought to have good social position, using the term in its strictly relative sense. To have a good social position means to have standing in "our set." Money is the prime thing and if both money and social position cannot be had, the social position may be sacrificed for the sake of the money. The sacrifice is regarded, of course, as a temporary sacrifice, for money, judiciously used, may always be counted on to buy social position. I do not know why I have taken the trouble to set down these platitudes. Everybody knows them, although they are not always expressed in the terms which I have used. The point I wanted to make is that with the approach of the winter season the mammas are beginning to look about for eligible young men. Throughout the sumer, naturally, they have not been idle. Their plans are pretty well matured and during the months devoted to town gayeties, the game of making some suitable man feel that he cannot live without marrying darling daughter will be prosecuted with grim determination. When the roll is called at the end of the season it will be found that a lot of mothers have succeeded and that a lot have failed, as they failed last season and the season before last. But never mind. While there's life there's hope and while there's hope father simply must pay the bills.

The Winter's Promise

The summer season closes officially when the sports at Del Monte and Santa Barbara are brought to a close and our aristocrats come flocking back to the town houses that have been so long closed and silent. This year the opening of the winter season will witness the return of a number of people who have been coronating in dear old Lunnon. Among these Miss Jennie Crocker must be mentioned. Not to mention Miss Crocker would be to slight an important factor in our parish set. Then too, Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Talbot Walker will return from their honeymoon trips abroad—I believe "wedding tour" is considered a more elegant term. They will undoubtedly do a lot of entertaining. Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough is already in her Broadway home and is expected to enter actively into the pastimes of the winter. Our Burlingame matrons of perennial youth will come skipping up to town. To see their dear familiar faces in the newspapers is always a delight, even if the photographs are very old. If one or two of these radiant Blingumites should decide to have a new picture taken for publication, a positive sensation would ensue. And then, the sweet debutantes! Already they are preening their feathers in a fine fuss of rosy expectation. How the pretty dears are going to enjoy themselves! Bless their hearts, and may they all be "rushed" to their souls' content! But let them not hope for too much gayety. We are going to be prim this season, my dears. The edict has been nailed to the castle gate. Joy rides and slumming parties are tabu. Champagne is to be for the elders only. No bright young eyes are to flash their irresistible challenges over the bubbling beakers. Nous avons change tout cela. Yes indeed! And there must be no associating with certain naughty young blades whose escapades of last season are neither forgotten nor forgiven. Their names have been stricken from the lists that count. Things have been altogether too lax. Believe me, 'tis to be a winter of discontent for some I wot of!

Photo. Bushnell.

MISS MARIAN RHOADES

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rhoades of Alameda who is affianced to Mr. George Crawford Davis. The wedding will take place in the Fall.

Our Picturesque Doctor

Reposing somewhere in a pigeon-hole, I am told, is the resignation of Surgeon General J. Winslow Anderson of the National Guard. What a calamity is here impending. Dr. J. Winslow Anderson is as fine a type of national guardsman

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as we have, so far as appearance goes, and in time of peace what more do we want in a guardsman than picturesqueness? If Dr. Anderson had nothing but his whiskers to set off brass buttons and gold braid with, it would be a captious critic that would ask for more. In his self-complacency and his spick-and-spanness he reminds me of that darling hero of old romance, Sir Charles Grandison. But recently returned from Europe our stylish surgeon-general has of late had his luxuriant whiskers on exhibition along the Park drives, sometimes on horseback, sometimes between two ladies fair in a beautiful carriage drawn by mettlesome steeds as handsome as the doctor himself. The doctor, his equipage and his companions compose a spectacle harmonious and fascinating. It has excited curiosity and admiration. Dr. Anderson may not be a man of action in the tented field, but they tell me he is soothing in the sick room, and as he is certainly ornamental for national guard purposes I hope his resignation will not be accepted.

Mrs. Martin Disapproved

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was among those present at the Columbia on Monday night when Mr. Henry Miller gave us our first opportunity to enjoy "The Havoc." Mrs. Martin, as everybody knows, is a confirmed firstnighter. The first nights which she does not grace with her presence are unimportant. For years she has been conspicuous at the opening performances of all sorts of dramas. Hence it follows that Mrs. Martin has a nice taste in plays. Her judgment is much more mature than that of our dramatic critics, because it has been improved by more years of theater-going than the dramatic critics can boast years of life. Mrs. Martin's taste in plays is catholic but extremely discriminating. For problem plays she does not show an unmixed enthusiasm. For plays like "The Havoc" she does not exactly bubble with approbation, if indeed Mrs. Martin may be said to bubble with approbation for anything. I happen to know that Mrs. Martin's critical opinion of "The Havoc" was unfavorable. How? By the simplest means in the world. I glanced at Mrs. Martin's expressive countenance several times during the performance and every time I looked I saw unmistakable signs of her distaste. Mrs. Martin's eyes were closed. And that is an infallible sign with Mrs. Martin that the business at hand is not of sufficient interest to woo her from drowsy meditation.

Ernest Wiltsee's Infatuation

Ask any of a dozen men or women who pay frequent visits to Caesar's who is the best customer Caesar has and the answer is sure to be, "Ernest Wiltsee"! And so it is. Ernest Wiltsee is not only the most regular but the most conspicuous visitor to that resort of the hour. For his conspicuousness there are two simple explanations: he is the tallest man who goes there and he is always dancing. Wiltsee is infatuated with the turkey trot. He has a mania for ragging. He never misses a dance, no matter how appetizing his dinner or how crowded the floor. His friends are in wonderment at his enthusiasm which shows no signs of flagging. I was talking to one of Wiltsee's friends the other day and he confessed that he could not understand it. "Why, only yesterday," he told me, "I met Wiltsee and he was as excited as a boy. It seems he had spent the best part of the afternoon teaching a young woman to dance the turkey trot." For a man of Wiltsee's years and experience, the case is remarkable. Some psychologist may be able to explain it.

Mrs. Huse is Naive

Mrs. Charles J. Huse's explanation of her possession of a lady's cigarette case, alas no longer in her possession since its loss!—is naive. The fair and sprightly young Chicago matron, who was known to local society as Juanita Wells, took the cigarette case to the St. Francis to lunch. In the dressing-room she laid it on a table while her attention was riveted on powdering her nose. When she turned to pick it up the cigarette case was gone and forthwith Mrs. Huse advertised its loss. To the reporter who inquired details of the supposed theft, Mrs. Huse explained that on the tour of the Orient whence she had but a few days returned with her husband she had carried the case to supply his smokes, no "makins" being procurable. It became a habit to carry it that she could not overcome when the land of "makins" and cigars was reached and she carried the case, a handsome bronze article inlaid with gold, in San Francisco. She feels badly over its disappearance and has offered rewards for its return as she values it as a souvenir of her travels and is loth to give it up. However Mrs. Huse retains possession of her chow dogs and may be seen in the vicinity of the Fairmont leading her two Chinese canines attached to one leash. They cost Mrs. Huse a pretty penny in custom duties but their mistress declares they are worth it.

Mrs. Whitney and Her Sister-in-Law

Little Mrs. Vincent Whitney spent a day or two in the city on her return from Yosemite and appeared wearing a chapeau of St. Patrick's green that was vertiginous on her pretty blonde tresses. Mrs. Whitney's hats are worthy an epic. A cherry red concoction I have seen her wear is truly magnificent in color and she has donned royal purple on occasion. Mrs. Whitney and her dashing sister-in-law Mrs. Parker Whitney Jr. are summering at Del Monte and I am told Parker Jr. travels from Rocklin where his duties on the Whitney ranch require his presence, to Monterey at frequent intervals to see his wife. Such connubial devotion ought to set at rest once and for all the absurd rumors of domestic infelicity in the household.

Mrs. Martin in Paris

I noticed Peter Martin at the Columbia Monday night. He sat in an upper box with John Lawson and occasionally wigwagged affectionately to his mother, Mrs. Eleanor, who sat downstairs with a party of friends. Peter looked lonely. And he has every reason to feel lonely, for his wife is away. Mrs. Peter Martin is in Paris, having quite a good time, according to all accounts. She has been attracting a lot of attention with her gowns, some of the most striking of which were made in this city. To excite Paris with gowns made in San Francisco is no mean achievement. Royalty has graced some of the entertainments to which she has lent her presence. The Duke of Sparta who is the Crown Prince of Greece and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia whom we know out here, are among those who have attended entertainments at which she was an honored guest.

King Edward Complimented Her

Miss Muriel Steele who is going to marry Wesley Gallagher, a prominent official of the steel corporation, is one of our very handsomest girls. When Miss Steele sits in a box at a theater nobody looks at anyone else in the playhouse. Her blonde beauty is irresistible and her queenly air in repose is simply superb. Her sister Mrs. Thomas H. Williams is also a very beautiful woman, but not as beautiful as Muriel. When the latter was presented at court in London the late King Edward who was a connoisseur, was enthusiastic. "That," he said, "is the most beautiful American girl I have ever seen."

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A Reunion of Old Friends

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau of St. Louis who are visiting in this city where their daughter is now living as the bride of Theodore Murphy, were guests of honor last week at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kingston. The dinner was given on July 17, the date of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Garneau. The wedding of pretty Miss Frances Loughran and James Garneau took place in Old St. Mary's Church in California street. Her bridesmaids were Maud James, now Mrs. Walker Graves, Miss Minnie McNally, now deceased, Mamie Loughran, now Mrs. Jasper J. O'Farrell, and Mamie Jennings, now Mrs. Paul Kingston, the hostess of the other evening. The Loughran family were well known. They lived at Fourteenth and Howard streets. The young girls of the family attended Irving Institute. The dinner of Mrs. Kingston proved a happy reunion of early day friends. The father of Mrs. Garneau was of the firm of Breeze and Loughran, early day merchants. Prominent members of the Merchants' Exchange gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mr. Garneau. Mr. and Mrs. Garneau will spend several months in California.

Cruel to Genthe

Arnold Genthe has departed the local field of endeavor and the camera artist who came from San Bernardino to study his methods has returned to his studio opposite the courthouse. But during his absence the door of his place of business bore, so a correspondent informs me, a lovely notice, written on brown wrapping paper as follows: "Gone to Frisco to study art under Arnold Genthe, the celebrated German color artist and (h) air brush artist at his school." An irrevent boy had added the "h".

An Unusual Concert Tour

The Baroness Anna von Meyerink leaves soon for a most unusual concert tour. She goes to give a series of vocal recitals in Alaska with Miss L. Gwin as her accompanist. She will sing in Juneau, Dawson, Prince Rupert, Nome, Fairbanks, Wrangle, Circle City, Skagway, Sitka and St. Michaels. Mr. S. H. Friedlander who has booked the tour for the baroness tells me that this will be the first concert tour in Alaska and he adds that the Alaskans are enthusiastic over the chance to hear good music.

Gray—I'd like to dry that fellow up.

Bray—Well, there's only one way to dry him up and that is to soak him.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy drove down to Del Monte Sunday accompanied by Miss Marjorie and Charles S. Mauzy.

Charles H. Turner and F. W. von Schroeder were among the well known San Franciscans who spent the week end at Del Monte.

Mr. Gustave Sutro is at Del Monte with a party of friends which includes Miss Porter, E. Tunning, Miss Myra Hall, E. P. Pfingst and Mrs. Porter Pfingst.

S. M. Bond of the firm of Goodwin & Bond, Boston, is renewing acquaintances in San Francisco and vicinity, and incidentally doing some fishing, his favorite pastime. While in the city he is stopping at the St. Francis.

Major McLaughlin of Fort McDowell is one of the representatives of the "Service Set" who are at Del Monte just now.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson and Mrs. Minor Terrill of Stockton have taken apartments at Del Monte for a long stay.

Dr. D. P. Fredericks of the Claremont Country Club has gone to Del Monte for a few days' recreation on the links.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Flood went down from Menlo Park to Paso Robles last week for an extended stay. Mrs. Flood is a regular visitor to the golf course every afternoon and with other San Francisco ladies is enjoying some splendid rounds. Miss C. J. Flood with Miss Mary Emma and Master James made a briefer visit, soon departing for the south.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Okell, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boeleck, Edward Chambers, Miss Helen Chambers, H. E. Chambers, R. L. Chambers, Walter Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Schmidt, Mrs. J. S. Newman, Ella T. Hallahan, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Davis, John P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown, Willard Chamberlain, Robert Knighton, Edwin Parish, Miss Weigle, W. D. K. Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckeley of Ireland who are making a tour of this country, have gone to Southern California after a stay of one week at the St. Francis.

Dr. Hugo Von Noot who is interested in the steel industry of Austria, is registered at the St. Francis while in San Francisco. He is making a tour of this country inspecting the different steel plants.

Frank Berry, well known gold mine operator from Fairbanks, Alaska, is at the St. Francis with his wife.

James Morley, former owner of the Los Angeles baseball team and general promoter, spent several days at the St. Francis while in San Francisco on business.

D. R. Reynolds of New York is at the St. Francis prior to his departure for Manila, where he has taken the management of the new Manila Hotel. Mr. S. W. Thompson, his assistant, joined him here and they will travel to their new home together.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Elias of New York stopped at the St. Francis for a rest before starting their sightseeing trips throughout the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sahlein and Mrs. L. Grothwell arrived last Sunday at Paso Robles for a leisurely sojourn and to enjoy the baths.

Thursday last a party of sixty congenial people from the Carolinas and other South Atlantic States stopped at Paso Robles and took the beautiful drives among the oak-dotted hills and canyons, to the Santa Ysabel Ranch, the hot water lake, etc. Many of the party also indulged in a refreshing swim in the plunge in the big bath house of the hotel. The excursion planned and conducted by Rev. Mr. Black of Charlotte, S. C., travels by special train and is making all important points of the coast.

Capt. A. Chesebrough is a guest of Paso Robles Hot Springs

Mr. Chas. A. Bauer from the great mining camp of Cananea, Mexico, has gone to Paso Robles for a season of complete change and rest after the strenuous life of the border.

Mr. and Mrs John Shorrock of Blackburn, England, are spending a number of weeks at

Dr. G. Bernard, Mayor of Marosvasarnely, better known as "The Royal Free City of Hungary" together with Professor Y. Pfeifer of the Polytechnic University of Budapest and S. Hayman, a civil engineer of New York, are making a tour of investigation of the oil fields and natural gas wells of this country, and while in San Francisco are stopping at the St. Francis.

Paso Robles Hot Springs. The climate, baths and waters are greatly benefitting Mrs. Shorrock who after traveling half the world finds here at last relief from her rheumatic troubles.

Senora R. E. de Bustamente with her two charming daughters are interesting guests at Paso Robles. Though registering from that cosmopolitan city, San Francisco, the Senora is at home in Guatemala and is just now visiting the springs for the benefit of Senorita Maria's health.

Mr. A. Phillips of Arroyo Grande was a visitor last week on one of his recent trips to the new oil fields.

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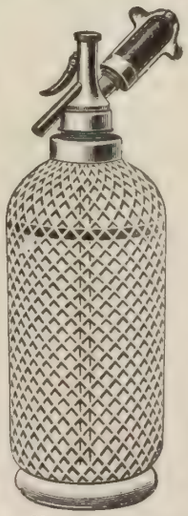

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Henry Miller in "The Havoc"

By Edward F. O'Day

Mr. Sheldon got along swimmingly when he wrote that first act of "The Havoc"—up to a certain point. The characters of the husband, the wife and the boarder flowed from his pen, swift and vigorous delineations. The husband, wrapped up in business, fond of his wife in an absent-minded way and too trustful to have his suspicions aroused by her mood of depression. The wife, weakly emotional, blind to the repulsive selfishness of sensuality, an admiring reader of erotic novels. And the boarder, a smooth talker with the commonplace cleverness that knows how to disguise amorous approaches in the high-falutin of so-called advanced philosophy. These characters are placed before us by the easy manipulation of dialogue and action that marks the experienced dramatic craftsman. They absorb our attention instantly. We know that something exciting is going to happen. And it does. The husband is to leave town and has started for the depot. This is the boarder's opportunity. The scene in which he breaks down the last scruples of the foolish wife is splendid—and pathetic. Men have talked as he talks to this weak vessel since the beginning of the world. And no doubt women will succumb to such pleadings until the millennium comes and frees us all from carnal caprices. When the flesh is willing the arrant nonsense of highflown phrases about the right of love to untrammeled expression is never apparent. Of course the scene ends with the wife and the boarder locked in each other's arms. The curtain descends and the theater is darkened to allow for the passing of a few hours. When we are shown the sitting room again the husband has returned for a book. He finds the door to his wife's bedroom locked, an unusual thing. She comes out, extremely nervous. She lies and allays her husband's suspicions. He is as blind as the traditional cuckold. The boarder, she says, has gone out. He believes. We know that the boarder is in the bedroom. Finally his wife goes back to her bedroom and he prepares to leave. But he finds the boarder's hat and coat and he hears the boarder's voice through the locked door of the bedroom. The truth comes to him. He is conscious of his horns. I suppose most men would break down the door of the bedroom and have the thing over with at once. It happens that there is a revolver handy too. But this husband is different. He pretends to leave the house and hides. The bedroom door opens and the wife and boarder come out. He confronts them. Up to this point the action is thrilling, sensationally so. It is a very long time since there has been anything quite so frank on the stage. A lot of people in the audience gasped at the baldness of it all. But most of us, I imagine, were too interested to be shocked. As I said before, Mr. Sheldon got along swimmingly up to this point. So far he had constructed tense, thrilling drama. But at this point he fell down. The cuckold compromises with the adulterer caught in flagrante delicto. There is a great deal of talk and some of it sounds the depths of banality. "Your wife loves me and does not love you," says the adulterer, or words to that effect. "There is no accounting for tastes," airily replies the cuckold. And then there is an amazing line which sounds like a line from a travesty. It runs something like this: "How do you explain your licentious conduct in the house for which I am paying the bills." Imagine any husband in such a situation speaking of licentious conduct and bills! But of course this husband is very different from most husbands. For the purpose of the play he has to be different, so different that we cannot conceive that he ever existed or ever will exist. He makes a compact with the adulterer. The wife shall have her divorce and shall marry her lover. The cuckold shall come and board with them! It sounds quixotic, but in reality it is macchiavellian. The two have played havoc with his happiness and he intends to play havoc with their lives. And so it turns out. The two, we find, are miserable together. The macchiavellian cuckold revenges himself to the top of his bent. When he has given the adulterer an opportunity to steal and has caught him at it, he gets one-half of his revenge. When the wife goes back to the position of stenographer in her first husband's office, where she had started, he gets the other half. You see, he is a down-to-date Edmond Dantes. But whereas Dantes, set in the midst of romantic surroundings, fooled our instinct for verisimilitude, this modern husband living in a flat and working in a railroad office fails to score on the imagination. Just the same, "The Havoc" is a play of unusual interest and superior to most of the new plays. It is not as good a play as "The Easiest Way," for instance, but it is entitled to serious consideration. And in the hands of Henry Miller and his three associates it commands that consideration. They do it splendidly. If such a man as Richard Craig ever existed, he would act as Henry Miller acts, with a few exceptions for which Mr. Sheldon and not Henry Miller is responsible. He would not be banal at the crisis of his life and Miller would not so represent him if Mr. Sheldon had been able to carry along that second half of the first act on the high plane on which the first half proceeded. Miss Crews adds another success to those in which she has already participated. She is an actress of mobile sympathy. That vivacity which we have seen in her at other times is banished for the purpose of a role that admits of no brightness, no gayety. Mr. Byrne as the adulterer who becomes the second husband of the weak wife is not expected to excite any sympathy, so his is a difficult part. But the characterization is fine throughout.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Big Pantomime at the Orpheum

A big pantomimic production, with all the flavor and fineness of a Parisian success, will be offered next week at the Orpheum in "The Darling of Paris," brought to this country by Morris Gest. The star of the performance is Mlle. Mina Minar, an artiste in pantomime. The twenty people in the act include a number of beautiful girls. "The Darling of Paris" tells a tragic story of love, hatred and revenge. A marvelous acrobatic Apache dance is introduced. There are other stunning dances, ensemble and solo. There is also a thrilling duel and a sensational fall down ten steps of stairs. An important feature of the performance is the incidental music by M. A. Salvini who is directing the orchestra en tour. A jolly lot of fun is promised by "The Dandies" in their musical melange and burlesque "Our Audiences." The three men and two women who appear in it are capable entertainers and Henry J. Corner, their head, is famous in England as a producer of laughable features. "The Dandies" has been presented by royal command before the King and Queen of England. A particularly refreshing and neat singing act will be offered by Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, a "sweet voiced duo" who have the happy faculty of pleasing both the eye and ear. "Liepzig," the famous magician who is known abroad as "the Royal Conjurer" will also be at the Orpheum next week. M. Nederveld's Simian Jockey "Seppel" who will appear in the coming bill is a natural comedian and cleverer than others of his species. Next week will be the last of Dan Burke and his Wonder Girls, Fay, Two Coleys and Fay and also of that splendid actor Wm. H. Thompson in "The Wise Rabbi."

Another Week of "Arsene Lupin"

Having scored one of the most emphatic hits in Alcazar annals, "Arsene Lupin" is to be retained at that theatre throughout the coming week. For this success there are two causes—the play's sterling merit and the splendid acting of Richard Bennett as its principal character. Few finer examples of ingenious dramatization than "Arsene Lupin" are in existence. Folk who have read Maurice Le Blanc's book and appreciate the difficulties of effective adaptation are surprised by the fidelity with which the play adheres to the original sequence of scenes and preserves the mystery of the captivating criminal's identity until the auditor unacquainted with the plot is steeped in perplexity, which gives way to astonishment when the disclosure comes. To thoroughly relish the play it is best to abstain from reading the tale beforehand, for doubt as to the plot's outcome is a most important factor in the magnetism of any play, and in "Arsene Lupin" this element of suspense is strengthened by the development of an unusual love tale. And while the characterization is rather unconventional, it does not overstep the bounds of probability. Those are the things that most heavily contribute to the play's uncommon appeal. But without the charms of Mr. Bennett's personality and art the Alcazar's current offering would be considerably less attractive than it is. His leading woman, Miss Mabel Morrison, was quick to capture the favor of the Alcazarans. Her stage methods are reflective of the competent schooling she has received from her father, the late Lewis Morrison, and that other lamented master of stage art, Richard Mansfield. And she is blessed with personal graces. All the members of the stock company—notably Louis Bennison as the bewildered detective—apeparto good advantage in "Arsene Lupin." There is no possibility of the play being continued a third week. Contract necessitates the presentation of "Pierre of the Plains" on Monday evening, August 7.

Miller in a New Play

Henry Miller will begin his second and last week in "The Havoc" at the Columbia next Monday night. Mr. Miller will remain here for a third week to produce a new play, "The End of the Bridge" by Florence Lincoln.

The Black Medico

(Continued from Page 9.)

"It was the portait of a man in the early thirties—a pointed face, thin, pale, framed in a black beard. The eyes were blue as turquoises and glittered like twin points of steel. He was dressed entirely in black, with a broad, black hat on his head, in the fashion of medical men of the seventeenth century. He held one slim, white hand against his breast; clasped in it was a bat with wide-spread wings.

"'Oh!' I exclaimed, smiling, 'now I recall it! The portrait is unknown and has been here about two hundred years; we never could discover its origin. He is neither one of our ancestors, nor any connection of the family, so far as we know, for two hundred years back. The type is not even Irish. From his dress I imagine he was either a physician or a naturalist. My old nurse, Betsy, used to call him the Black Medico.'

"The sentence was hardly out of my mouth when Laura, who had been bending over the portrait while I was speaking, suddenly gave a suffocated cry and staggered back, clutching at my shoulder.

"I caught her in my arms and carried her hurriedly out. In my alarm the entire household was thrown into a commotion. What possible reason could there be for a swoon? The doctor was immediately sent for and I knelt by her bedside, pale with anxiety. After a little she opened her eyes and smiled at me; with her head on my shoulder she murmured:

"'It is nothing, dear, only a little giddiness. Don't be anxious. Don't you see—don't you see it has passed?'

"I kissed her on the forehead. My peace of mind was restored, and in my relief I believed her without question.

"Two days passed without any further incident of importance; at the same time I was conscious that a certain change had taken place in the character of my wife; naturally as gay and vivacious as a tit-mouse, she was now almost invariably silent, distraught, as if absorbed in some persistent, tormenting thought. I was afraid to broach the subject, however, for fear of making matters worse, until one morning, after having searched everywhere, I suddenly caught sight of her emerging from the little door of the circular room. The moment she saw me she turned swiftly and gliding close to the wall, veered around at the door of the great gallery, hoping evidently that her previous movements had been unnoticed; but in this little stratagem I saw nothing more than the device of a child, surprised half-way in some innocent caprice. I began to reproach her gently:

"'Laura, my dear, why did you go there? Have you forgotten that it was in that room you were taken ill the other day? You ought not to tire yourself. Every day you get paler and paler, as if you were unhappy about something.'

"I caressed her black, curly locks with a fatherly air; and she threw herself in my arms, hiding her face against my shoulder.

"'What makes you so melancholy, dear? Is it the loneliness of this old castle, or these gloomy pictures? Or is it perhaps that strange portrait of the Black Medico?'

"Hardly had I spoken these words when she started, stared at me with wide open eyes and pressed her hand over my mouth.

"'No, no, hush! Why do you say that? Let us go away—let us go away quickly, I implore you?'

"Her face was colorless, her voice agitated and trembling. She glanced around, almost as if she feared someone were listening. Then, clinging to my arm, she repeated in a low, agonized tone:

"'Let us go away, I beseech you.'

"The shade of the park and the fresh, cool air of the September morning quieted her somewhat. We walked about for a while under the magnificent pines; and then finally I ventured a question that had been hovering on my lips:

"'Well, Laura, have you nothing to tell me?'

"She interrupted me, twining her arms about my neck, resting her head on my breast:

"'Don't ask, I beg of you. It is so foolish of me—so terribly foolish—'

"She seemed so little, so helpless, clinging to me, like a frail, drooping lily lost in a dark pine-forest.

"'But is there anything at Greencastle to frighten you?' I asked after a time, slowly raising the little face, that the pure air of the park had flushed to a delicate pink.

"She gazed at me out of her black gazelle eyes, smiling.

"'As long as you are here,' she said, 'I am not afraid of anything in the world.'

"The answer startled me. Was she ignorant, or had she forgotten, that within four days I should be obliged to leave her to join my ship and the British Navy?

"Needless to say, those four days were very difficult for us both. I had already resigned myself to the thought of leaving my young wife alone for a time in the great castle, relying on her child-like temperament and the vigilance of the servants, especially of Patrick, the major-domo, who adored his little mistress as he had always adored my father and myself, the last of the O'Nells.

"But this unexpected turn of events, these strange phenomena of timidity, almost terror, on her part, made me look forward to my near departure with the keenest anxiety. It was only too evident that some power of suggestion was controlling my wife, holding her by some extraordinary fascination. She grew paler and paler, more and more silent. Her eyes had a frightened look, like the reflection of some terrible dream. I determined to find out who, or what, was responsible for this evil influence; but I dared not ask for fear of precipitating another shock.

"Finally I spoke to Patrick about the matter. Feigning indifference, I asked him if, by any chance, his mistress had ever remarked in his presence, that Greencastle was too sad, too oppressive for her Italian spirit. He reassured me, telling me that, on the contrary, his mistress had always expressed herself as delighted with the place. 'Only,' he added, 'she seems to fear the dampness from the trees, for she has given orders that every window should be shut at nightfall.'

"Such an order, given in a season that was still exceptionally warm, seemed to me rather odd, until I recollected that her Italian blood would naturally shiver under the shadow of our Irish forests.

"In this way I endeavored to quiet my fears. I had offered to take Laura to Dublin to stay with relatives there until my return; but she had refused emphatically, insisting that as an O'Nell it was her duty to stay at Greencastle, where every O'Nell was born and buried. Nor would she hear of anything different.

"Thus I was torn in turn, one moment reassured, the next oppressed with agonizing doubts; now hoping that the worst was over, now dreading—what, I could not say.

"It was my last night but one at the castle. I was suddenly awakened from a short and restless sleep, that had been more like a nightmare, by a light in the room. Springing up I saw Laura, a dressing gown flung over her shoulders, standing in the center of the room with a candle in her hands. She held it high and was gazing up at the ceiling, as if she were seeking something, her eyes wide open and full of terror.

"'Laura!' I exclaimed, hurrying to her side.

"She started, turning very white, and the candle nearly fell from her hand.

"'Laura, what are you looking for? What has happened? Speak, my dearest.'

"She stared at me a moment in silence; then she murmured:

"'Nothing. I thought I heard—a sound; but I must have been mistaken. Go back to bed, dear.'

"She was trembling all over, but whether from cold or fear, I could not tell. To soothe her I threw something on, and taking the light and a revolver, I searched the entire room and the neighboring corridors, while she waited, huddled under the blankets. When I returned she gazed at me with a fixed, anxious look, almost like a question; and when I shook my head and smiled at her, she brightened up, and murmured with a wan little smile:

"'I am still too much of a baby to be an O'Nell.'

"The following day passed in preparations for my departure. I had written to one of my relatives, a cousin whose husband had left her in somewhat restricted circumstances, inviting her to Greencastle as a companion for my wife; but owing to the bad weather, a drenching storm that had been deluging the forests of Greencastle all day and all night, she had not yet arrived. I was obliged to leave in the morning, and for that reason it seemed better not to go to bed at all, but to spend the night in looking over my various pieces of luggage that the domestics were to carry the next morning to Kingstown. Laura was eager to sit up with me, but yielding at last to my insistence, she consented to retire to her room, leaving the door ajar that communicated with my sitting-room.

"The last pattering of rain had finally died away and the night was very still, when suddenly I heard a little cry from her room. I listened, doubting my own ears; but almost immediately the cry was repeated. Even as I leaped to the doorway she was already there, dishevelled, with staring, frightened eyes, her whole body trembling.

"She clasped my arm: 'Tell me,' she cried, 'tell me, did you hear it? Or was I mistaken again?'

"I stared at her in dumb amazement, and she continued, drooping her head, as though ashamed:

"'I must have been—dreaming, then. Are there no bats at Greencastle?'

"The word 'bats' struck me, and a sudden wave of intelligence came over me.

"'So that is it!' I exclaimed. 'Now I understand. You can't get that horrible portrait out of your mind, or that loathsome creature painted on the canvas. For a temperament so sensitive to suggestion as yours, it is enough to have seen it to have it take possession of you. Don't be afraid, my dearest; within a quarter of an hour the portrait shall be destroyed and everything will be all right.'

"'No, no,' she broke out impulsively. Then, as I gazed at her in utter bewilderment, she lowered her voice and continued coaxingly: 'Let it be taken away and carried to some out-of-the-way garret, in one of the towers; surely that will be enough. How do you know whose portrait may be painted there!'

"The relief at having finally solved the riddle, that until now had seemed so inexplicable, calmed me somewhat. As she too became more composed, we assisted one another in the final preparations for my voyage.

"Several hours later my carriage was waiting in the court to take me to Kingstown. I bade

(Continued on Page 23.)

Bal Masque at Castle Crags

A bal masque was the pleasure enjoyed by the guests at Castle Crag Farm during the past week. The costumes which excited the utmost admiration and merriment were all originals, each guest perfecting his own from materials on hand. Miss Ruth Winslow was voted the most attractive masker in the hall. She was a "Mohammedan lady," her costume being fashioned from all the sashes and veils at the Farm. The prize for the most original costume went to Miss Florence Martin, who was a completely decorated Christmas tree. Cowperthwaite in a Cannibal costume of black and white carried off the prize for the men. Black tights, a black bathing suit, black arms, a shirt made of the straw envelopes for bottles, and a black mask with white circled eyes and mouth were combined for the savage costume. Livingston Baker was a French doll, and a most attractive one. Miss Marian Baker, Miss Evelyn Waller and Miss Helen Keeney were an attractive trio of babies, with their nurse mammy, Lawrence Waller. With their toys they joined the party, and in true baby fashion began to cry at first sight of the other guests. Gertrude Hopkins and Marie Louise Winslow were Indian maidens. Mrs. H. K. Defendorf was a cowboy. Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Avis Sherwood were little girls for the party. Miss Carol Olney was a log cabin. Her costume included a skirt and waist, made of the lace curtains from her cabin room. These were covered with strips of bark and a headdress made of bark was a miniature log cabin. A wide strip of bark at the front and back of the bodice were tied in place with a wide white satin sash, which bore the "Castle Crags" name. Several of the Crags Farm folders were hanging from the skirt and the bodice. Miss Stella Benedict of New York, who with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Benedict, is at the Crags Farm for the summer, was a little girl in short white dress, white socks, and a lingerie bonnet. She carried a doll. Mrs. C. C. Kinney was a suffragette, with the "Votes for Women" banners for decoration. Miss Kathleen Kinney was a ferocious "Captain Kidd." J. W. J. Byrne appeared as "Monsieur Beaucaire," and Mrs. Byrne was a hoosier doctor. Miss Constance Byrne's costume was a "Four Seasons" affair that was decidedly pretty. Miss Dorothy Pillsbury was a beautiful Spanish dancer, and her mother, Mrs. A. C. Pillsbury of Berkeley, was the "Dryad of the Oak." Her costume was decidedly picturesque. Miss May Spencer's costume suggested a "Game of Chance," a black foundation being covered with playing cards. Miss Volkmann who with Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann and Miss Edith Treanor is a guest at the Crags Farm wore a Pine tree costume. A Chinese costume was worn by Miss Elizabeth C. Keppie, and Mrs. J. E. Crew, as Jack Tar, and Mrs. Waller as Nancy Lee attracted considerable admiration and attention. Miss Jeanette Sessions was a "Southern Pacific" girl. Lyman Sargent as a darkie minstrel, Hugh Miller as a darkie girl, and Warren Allen as darkie mammy were a jolly trio of blackfaces. Mr. Keirulff as a French chef completed a most original group of "personages."

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Southern Californians motoring along the coast and stopping over at Paso Robles last week include: Mr. R. C. Chambers, Mr. R. C. Chambers Jr., Mr. H. C. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Los Angeles; Dr. S. S. Crow, Mrs. W. C. Smith, Robert Smith, Castleman Smith, Evelyn Smith, Pasadena; Mrs. R. W. Balch, Miss Hafford Porter, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Boruff, Mrs. M. Murray, B. F. Porter, James Threlkild, San Fernando; A. E. Linquest and wife, Santa Barbara; Mrs. E. R. Kellam, Mrs. W. L. Clark and child, Pasadena; M. A. Kerr and wife, Miss Kerr, L. L. Colom and wife, Mrs. Allen, Miss De Brusse, Santa Maria; Dr. W. Jas. Barlow and wife, Los Angeles.

Among the arrivals at Aetna Springs are: Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Lewitt, Dr. F. C. Lewitt, Lewitt Allison, Chas. O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Miss Blanche Davis, Miss Lola Davis, Ignace Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Robert H. Bowles, Philip Galpin, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dibert, Wm. Fitzmaurice, Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, H. W. Franck, Miss Clara Franck, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wheeler, Mrs. J. E. Van Amringe, E. Verne Van Amringe, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Prout, Miss Florence Prout, Herbert B. Whitton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cumberson and P. T. Cumberson.

Among the recent arrivals at Castle Crag Farm are: From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, J. J. Lerman, J. J. Lerman Jr., Mrs. J. W. Keeney and maid, Miss Helen Keeney, Miss Ruth Zeile, Mrs. Franklin Rohner.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Last week's stock market touched the low point of activity for the year. Trading for a full day was the smallest in more than two years. The movement of the averages on the week was slightly upward in the railroad stocks and a trifle more irregular in the industrials, but not in either case considerable enough to have any ascertainable meaning. Sellers of usually active stocks like steel reported that their offerings were taken, and that the market gave them the impression that there were plenty of buying orders on a close scale down, even if there was no disposition to bid prices up. All available bear news seems to have been exploited for what it was worth, and this apparently was not much. Anything like liquidation of long stocks failed to materialize. With some principal crops assured, and with Congress and the New York State Legislature out of the way, it would seem to require an expected change in the general situation to produce anything which could be described as a bear market in stocks. General business not unnaturally is in a condition of midsummer dullness, and the changes from week to week can hardly be called important. The United States Steel Corporation is operating rather more than 70 per cent of its capacity, easily surpassing the product of the independents, except in highly specialized lines. Some slight improvement is shown in the textile line, but upon the whole the country has a large amount of productive capacity lying idle. The coal business keeps dull, with no demand for anthracite or bituminous coal such as would in-indicate an improvement in the industrial demand for fuel. It is this which will take our most serious efforts to adjust before we can look for anything marketwise.

Wheat—The terminal centers have witnessed during the last week the largest run of receipts of winter wheat that has been seen in years, and a large percentage of it has come to Chicago. Such a great volume of wheat has given us a draggy market because there has not been a corresponding consumptive demand to meet this heavy movement. Accordingly, with old stocks in farmers' hands well cleaned up and a new crop of no excessive proportions, we have the anomalous condition of a glut of supplies which apparently no one requires. The general depression is aggravated to a certain extent by the free marketings of wheat by the farmer. He reads so much about reciprocity and cheaper bread that he feels like selling his wheat while he can. But more particularly the demoralization of the market proceeds from the fact that millers this year departed from their usual custom of laying in a supply at the beginning of the harvest. They are waiting to buy their wheat when the tariff bars are taken down between the United States and Canada. The effect of the departure from established custom at this season of the year is best understood by remembering that there are 10,000 mills in the United States and that the purchase of three carloads of wheat, on an average, by each mill would more than exhaust the visible supply. When this is supplemented by the conservatism of thousands of distributors of flour who are following along the same lines as the rest of the trade, it is not surprising that the market is depressed and that stocks are piling up at the terminal centers. Wheat in many sectioins of the country is cheaper for feed, pound for pound, than oats; so the market may be said to be on a feed basis, and the fact that sales are made daily to Europe shows that the market is on an export basis. The private advices from the Northwest show a big reduction in the spring wheat crop, so this year's yield of winter and spring wheat will be a moderate one.

Corn—The corn market during the last few days has demonstrated what a good rainfall will do to a market that has been overbought and inflated on drought, and prices have reacted three to four cents. However, the crop is not yet made and numerous reports were received telling of damage that had already been estimated as high as 50 per cent. General heavy rains during the month of August will be needed to make a fair crop. As long as the weather is the dominant factor in the market it is well to take the long side on any fair break.

Cotton—The favorable weather of the past week has brought about drastic and continued declines in the cotton market, the leaders on the long side having entirely abandoned their position. The technical situation has been strengthened by the elimination of stop orders and the selling of weak holders. The short interest has also increased materially. The weak point in the technical situation is that there are still a number of scattered long accounts which show severe losses and which might come on the market at any time. The technical situation alone is not powerful enough to bring about any very extensive rallies under present conditions and unless crop prospects change recoveries will be limited a couple of dollars a bale almost. There are still few people who believe in materially lower prices. However, the fact remains that the bumper crop of 1904 gave us a big crop of 6.39 cents; low price of 8.35 cents. There is no doubt that commodity prices are advancing and that the normal level is higher from year to year but this change in basic value is a matter of slow evolution, not of immediate revolution. It would be very nice to make a 14,000,000 or 15,000,000 crop and market it at 14 or 15 cents, but that would be an entirely unnatural hypothesis; it would conflict with all the laws of supply and demand. In view of the lack of speculative support on the long side and a disposition of trade interests to buy only for immediate needs, we continue to advise sales on all rallies.

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The Black Medico

(Continued from Page 20.)

my sweet companion goodbye on the grand staircase, which had seen many other warriors starting out for distant enterprises, and the tears of many brides. Embracing her, I whispered:

"'Be brave. Patrick will watch over you and my cousin Matilde will arrive some time during the day. Be courageous, sweetheart, and worthy of our name.'

"She clasped my hand for the last time, smiling at me through her tears.

"'I will try to be an O'Nell.'

"A moment later the four strong horses harnessed to the heavy traveling carriage dashed at a gallop into the rough main road, and the towers of Greencastle disappeared behind the tops of the trees."

The captain buried his face in his hands and was silent. There was a long, sad pause. The lamp burned on, casting weird flashes and reflections on the weapons and other Eastern trophies.

"If only I had never gone!" he went on with a half sob. "If only those old Towers of Greencastle had held me prisoner and we had both been struck down together."

He raised his head, gazing at us in a dazed way, as if surprised at finding us still there listening to him. Then he remembered and continued:

"I had been twelve days at sea when the first letter reached me. It was a quiet little letter, in which she spoke of many intimate and personal things. It was a great comfort to me. Only one sentence in a postcript struck me as rather odd. It said: 'Be sure to return for the twenty-sixth of November.'

"The twenty-sixth of November, I thought—and why that date? It means nothing to me nor to her. I replied, giving her good news of myself and exhorting her to be patient. As to my return, there was not the slightest hope before January, as we had started on a four months' cruise.

"Twelve more days passed; and then came another letter, delivered en route—the fatal letter, the letter with the confession."

O'Nell rose wearily, unlocked a small ivory chest that stood near him, and took out a sheet of paper, yellow with age.

"Here it is."

We were waiting, silent and anxious. He read aloud:

"My Dear Husband: I dare not conceal the truth from you any longer. I want to confess everything, before his vengeance shall have made it impossible; before I die, here in your own castle which I shall leave only when I am carried away dead; before I shall be killed, far from you and away from any human power to help.

"Listen, my dear one, and don't reproach me. Remember, I have committed no fault towards you, not even by my silence.

"Before I knew you, at least a year before, among a circle of friends at Fiesole, I met by chance a young foreign physician; a Spaniard. He was pale, with a black beard and extraordinary eyes, that exercised a strange fascination. I was attracted to him at once. He used to tell me of his dreams and fancies and painted his future in the most glowing colors. I saw him again in Florence. He became a friend of the house and confessed his love to me. I could not resist him—I could not. His means were not sufficient, however, to marry, and as he was too proud to receive my dowry without offering something in return, he made me promise to wait for him. He was to go on a scientific expedition to the Tierra del Fuego, and counted on making a name for himself through his studies of the poisonous plants of those wild outskirts of far America.

"So I promised him. He clasped my hand, staring down into my eyes.

"'Remember,' he said, 'men like me can never be forgotten. Never. They know how to revenge themselves on treachery—on desertion—by the use of weapons that no one else in the world knows.'

"I shuddered even while I reassured him; so it seemed to me I was more certain of myself, as well as of him.

"He went away. For a long time I heard nothing from him. He never wrote to me, nor did I write to him. Little by little the various incidents of life blurred my memory of him. Gradually there remained only a vague recollection of his love for me, a memory that was like a burning sensation, a wound, not entirely healed.

"One day, about nine months after his departure, my mother, who was reading an English paper, started suddenly and exclaimed:

"'Oh, our poor friend!'

"I don't know why, but I felt a sudden chill, and springing to my feet, I cried: 'Who?'

"She handed me the paper without speaking, pointing to a paragraph in the foreign news column. I read that a company of scientists in Tierra del Fuego had had the misfortune to lose two of its members, who had died after horrible agony in consequence of an inflammation developed from certain wounds which had been found on them after a night spent camping in the open. There was no doubt about its having been the work of vampires, the vile, pernicious bats of South America—and here the paper went on to describe the habits of these dangerous and loathsome creatures, concluding with regret, above all, for one of the victims, a young and courageous Spanish physician, whom the natives in the escort had venerated as a supernatural being; calling him, because of the color of his hair and beard, the Black Medico.

"There was no room for doubt. It was he.

"The pain that the news of his death gave me made me feel at the same time that the bond between us was broken; and this thought, I don't know why, gave me a feeling of relief, as if I had escaped from some powerful, irresistible influence. Then, for the first time, I realized that my love for him had been the result of some magnetic impulse, that this influence now was over and that I was free and at liberty. A month afterwards I met you, my dearest. Your kindness, your chivalrous loyalty and devotion showed me that there could be a different love from that other, a love noble, great and self-forgetting. That love, after seven months, led us to the altar and gave me the name of O'Nell.

"And now, my dear husband, listen to the rest: My death is approaching. I am in the power of some pitiless, unrelenting force, something terrible, extraordinary—I can tell no one but you.

"I believed that after his death the bond between us was broken and my promise canceled; but I had forgotten his vengeance. One day I was reminded. He reappeared to me here, in your own castle, in that portrait that we looked at together, that blurred, unknown portrait.

"It was his pale face, his black beard, his eyes glittering like points of steel: and you remember—he held clasped in his hand, his slim, white hand, the loathsome beast that had killed him.

"You saw nothing then, you heard nothing.

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But I saw, I saw—do you understand?—the wings of the bat fluttered. And I heard the man's motionless lips utter a date: November 26. It was the date of my punishment, the fatal day of his vengeance. Out of that canvas that has been there two hundred years, out of that unknown portrait, he spoke to me. From that moment, my dear one, I knew that I was lost. From that moment his revenge began. You saw nothing, you heard nothing; but that night in our room there was a fluttering of wings, something flew about the room in great swooping circles, invisible, a silent menace—the terrible instrument of his vengeance.

"I tried to deceive myself. It is a dream, I said, an illusion; it will pass. But little by little I could doubt no longer.

"You guessed something, although I told you nothing, that night before you left, when you had the portrait removed in order to reassure me; but it was useless. The voice of fate had already spoken.

"The bat, the horrible beast, came again, in the night; in spite of the fact that I had ordered every door and every window shut; although Matilde, your cousin, slept in the room adjoining and Patrick and the servants in the corridor and ante-chamber. I said not a word to any of them.

"Still it came. Every night the circling grew lower and lower. I felt it always nearer and nearer my face.

"November 26! On that date it will all be over. That is the date he has appointed, and nothing will save me. Oh, my dear husband, if only you were here—if only—! And yet I know there is no power on earth that could be of any avail—no power on earth. But come, even if it is only to see me on my death bed, for the last time before the tomb of the O'Nells receives my body. Come and kiss me once more on the forehead. I shall wait for you.

"Your unhappy and innocent Laura, who will love you always, in death as in life—your own

"Laura."

As he read aloud the last words of the letter the captain's voice was choked with sobs. He was motionless for a while, gazing down at the sheet in his hand. Then he said in a weary, low voice:

"The letter was too terrible, extraordinary, vibrating as it was with truth, to be taken as a mere hallucination. Even if it had been written in a fit of temporary madness, it was still my duty to return to the side of my afflicted wife. And it was clear to me that I must return to Greencastle with all possible speed.

"November 26! The fatal date rang in my ears like a funeral knell. If only I could arrive in time!

"At the first port, where we touched on the following day, I sent an urgent despatch to the admiral, asking leave of absence for the gravest family reasons. For eight hours I waited in the greatest agony until the answer came, with the permission. Already a schooner was engaged and waiting to take me back to Kingstown, a solidly built vessel, guided by an able captain. What I went through during that interminable voyage no one will ever know. I could not describe it. I was mad with impatience, and yet I was afraid—afraid to land. And always that fatal date, 26th of November, rang lugubriously in my ears.

"When finally the lighthouse of Kingstown appeared, the port, the houses on the shore, it was like a dream. It was at daybreak, a misty November dawn. Having lost all notion of time, I asked the pilot, staring at him with bloodshot, bewildered eyes:

"'Tell me, friend, what day is it?'

"'Friday, my lord, Friday the 27th of November.'

"The 27th! I was twenty-four hours late.

"Patrick met me with the great traveling carriage. What he said to me, what I said to him, how I passed the hours of that ghastly journey through the forest, I don't know. Only one sentence stood out clearly in my mind, one sentence that had felled me like a blow from a fist:

"'Too late.'

"It was indeed too late. Matilde, who received me at the entrance, had nothing to say; she could only sob out the words:

"'Come and kiss her once more.'

"She lay all in white upon the great carved bed. A smile was on her pale face, the last smile that she had worn for me. In that smile was her goodbye to love, to life, to the sun, to all things beautiful, the smile of one who leaves life resigned, a victim to fatality.

"After the first outburst of grief had passed I rose to my feet. A terrible necessity urged me, impelled me to learn everything—a necessity that was stronger even than my grief, stronger even than my agony.

"Matilde stammered to me through her tears: 'How shall I ever tell you the strange thing that happened? And yet I could swear, that last night I was awakened by her weeping. She grieved a good deal after you left; but whenever I went to her she was calm again almost immediately. I went to the door as usual. That night, cousin, I heard distinctly the rustle of wings striking against some object. I threw open the door. No one was there. I called. She was silent. It was all over.'

"That was all I was ever to discover except for one last indication that came to me just at the last, as I bent to kiss her for the last time. Then, shuddering, I saw what had killed her. Just above her breast was a slight reddish mark, almost invisible, like the imprint of a winged claw.

"Two days afterwards I hurried to the tower where the fatal portrait had been left. Then a servant told me that three nights before a sudden gust of storm and wind had blown over the half-ruined wall, burying the portrait under the debris. I flung myself upon the heap. There was nothing left; only a tattered fragment of canvas and, on that fragment, two eyes, blue as turquoises, glittering like twin points of steel."

"Was it an exaggerated case of suggestion?—one of those bizarre facts that can never be explained? The problem with which I found myself confronted in those hours of the tragic finale had no answer."

There was silence. Even Fabio Pinedo had nothing to say in the face of this mystery. We sat gazing at the glass door of the drawing-room, at the reflection cast on it by the lamp, that was now burning lower and lower. The captain sat with his head in his hands.

A profound peace rested on the terrace. Capri slept in the shadows. Above the shimmering surface of the sea, the stars were shining.

Sheridan's Wit

Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterward she met him sneaking out alone.

"So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up."

"Just a little, madam—enough for one, but not enough for two."

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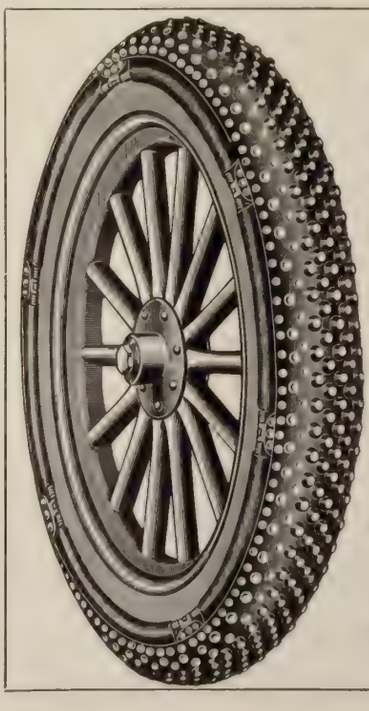

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Auto Notes

The Lozier Motor Company have announced that Lozier cars will, in the future, take no part in races or contests on dirt tracks or horse tracks of any character, unless they have been rebuilt and re-modeled for the express purpose of automobile racing and shall have received the approval of the proper A. A. A. Committee. The fatal accident to Basle at the Hawthorne track in Chicago recently and the accident to Strang in the Wisconsin races proves that racing on these tracks is dangerous and entails a useless sacrifice of human lives. It gives one more opportunity to sensation-mongers to decry all form of automobile racing as dangerous, when as a matter of fact, racing on automobile speedways and properly guarded roads can be made as safe as any other sport or form of athletic contest in which it is generally admitted a certain element of risk or danger exists.

Ralph Mulford, driver of the Lozier car who is now in New York, is authority for the statement that he will not drive in the twenty-four hour race at Brighton Beach, owing to the fact that the Lozier Company have announced their intention of competing only on regular automobile speedways or guarded road courses. Furthermore, Mulford has won two of the big Brighton Beach twenty-four hour events and finished second in two others and believes he can afford to let one or two twenty-four hour races go by. There was only one twenty-four hour race ever held at Brighton in which he did not take part and he still holds the twenty-four hour world record for stock cars.

Among recent deliveries, W. B. Cochran of the Haynes Auto Sales Co. reports that of a foredoor five passenger touring Haynes to Milton Esberg of the Esberg, Gunst Co.

The development of Chicago's automobile center, located on Michigan Boulevard, seems likely to take a new direction through the removal of the headquarters of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company of Illinois, distributors of Rambler Motor Cars, from the heart of the row on lower Michigan Avenue to one of the finest salesrooms in the city, just one block and a half south of the Blackstone Hotel. On the top of the building will be erected the largest single word display electric sign in Chicago. The word "Rambler," forty-eight feet long, will appear in red electric bulbs, each letter of the word being twenty feet high.

Mr. H. W. Westphal writes the Pacific Motor Car Company from Zurich, Switzerland: "We have been over high mountain passes with our Stevens-Duryea, far above the snow level. We intend to go over St. Gotthard Pass in a few days." That Mr. Westphal is an enthusiastic Stevens-Duryea owner is evidenced by the following extract, "The only trouble I have experienced on the entire trip has been with tires and I would advise all Americans touring in Europe to have their rims fitted with the European sized tubes as American sizes are hard to obtain; the cost is high and the delay is annoying."

Colonel A. W. Bradbury, president of the Pacific Motor Car Company, accompanied by Mrs. Bradbury and party of friends, spent the week-end in motoring in a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea along the Russian river. The roads in most places are fine and the trip was a most enjoyable one.

Much interest is taken by the Cole representatives on the Coast, the Pacific Motor Car Company, in the trip of two Middle West physicians who are taking their vacation in a Cole "30" and are coming across the Continent; about this time they are passing through Utah and are expected to reach San Francisco in the near future.

The Diamond Rubber Co. has received this interesting letter from Oakland: "It may be as pleasing to you as it is gratifying to me to know of the excellent results I have received from the use of four Diamond tires and tubes on my 45 H. P. seven passenger Rambler touring car. Up to date I have run this 12,160 miles on the original tires without any trouble whatsoever, having covered California thoroughly over all kinds of roads and sometimes under hazardous conditions and the four original tires still look good for 5,000 miles. It is needless to say that I am positively convinced that Diamond tires are beyond the question of a doubt the best tires manufactured today, and I assure you it would be pleasing to me to be referred to at any time. Sincerely yours,

HUNT, HATCH & CO.,
(Signed) W. H. Wheeler."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Wm. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WM. D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES R. GADSBY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased.

CATHERINE JANE PUCKETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of James R. Gadsby, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administratrix.
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11,730; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. Condon, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, July 15, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Executor,
901-906 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES DELAUTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles Delautel, deceased.

LOUIS BEZ,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Charles Delautel, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks, thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

Myopia and Literature

Brander Mathews once pointed out the necessity for a "Devil's Advocate" in order to check the tendency to undue laudation of authors, more especially of those who, having once been securely planted on pedestals, cannot be dislodged because no one is brave enough to be the first to question their supremacy. Three in particular he singles out as unchristian. ill-mannered and conceited, and whatever their merits, enjoying fame which is not theirs by right of their literary achievements—Samuel Johnson, Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin. He credits Ruskin with "an exchequer of words" and quotes Stevenson against him as possessed of "large declamatory and controversial eloquence," while John La Farge points out that his "use of Biblical phraseology hypnotizes us until we believe that beneath such words there must be some graver message than could be contained in forms of ordinary speech; indeed the use of clear, ordinary speech would have made many of his appeals collapse in ridicule." The late Ellis Yarnell of Philadelphia used to tell a story illustrtative of Mr. La Farge's point. Ruskin was once declaiming in his impassioned way at a public meeting against the cheap, tawdry, flimsy modern buildings as compared with the massive and beautiful structures of the past. "Modern buildings won't endure!" he cried. "Where will you find one modern building that has lasted as long as the ancient ones?" Some one once wrote complaining of the price of Ruskin's books, which was prohibitive to persons of small or uncertain incomes. Mr. Ruskin made reply: "My Dear Sir—I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine that you have not read. Be content with that at present, and Carlyle. Have you not Shakespeare cheap, and the Bible, nowadays, for nothing? What good do they do you? Faithfully yours, John Ruskin." That may be true enough in the abstract, but the singular point about all such advice is the blindness of authors to their own advantage. If the day ever does dawn when the polloi take to reading Shakespeare and the Bible and make a point of never reading anything that has not had the stamp of approval of at least two generations, the class who today make yearly pilgrimages across the water and spin from city hotel to country residence in their high-priced autos on their royalties will be following some occupation more arduous than piloting a pair of youthful lovers through three hundred pages of print.

A Modest Novelist

Ellen Glasgow whose recent novel, "The Miller of Old Church," is, like each of its predecessors, a book of the hour, is a remarkable young woman, as much for what she does not as for what she does. In the first place, she has withstood the bad example of her predecessors and contemporaries, and despite the procession of Helens, Helyns, Aileens, Elaines, Elinors and Lenores, she is content with the old fashioned baptismal Ellen. Her first novel was written at the age of seventeen, or thereabouts, but whether it was good, bad or indifferent no one may say, for with true courage, its author burned it herself. Her first published work, "The Descendant," which was brought out anonymously when she was but nineteen, attracted universal attention and was attributed to various well known and experienced writers. "Some Phases of an Inferior Planet" followed, and then in rapid but not hurried order came "The Voice of the People," "The Battleground," "The Deliverance," "The Wheel of Life," "An Ancient Law," and a volume of poems. There is less beating of drums and blaring of trumpets in connection with the work of Miss Glasgow than is the case with almost any other writer. She lives quietly in Richmond, Virginia, and employs no press agent. When she has a new book ready for her public they can rest assured that it will be well worth reading but meanwhile no one knows whether she prefers cats to dogs, runs a poultry farm or competes for golf championships, or whether she is a suffragette or a reactionary. Neither church nor charity has the benefit of her as an advertisement and her photograph is not displayed side by side with that of the pepsin gum and talcum powder men. No one knows whether she goes abroad and none can say when she returns, a conservative and dignified attitude which some of the lesser lights might copy with advantage to themselves. None of Miss Glasgow's novels are primarily love stories, but all deal with some phase of the struggle of life itself.

Book Note

We are indebted to Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the English publisher, for the encouragement he extended to Thomas Hardy at the beginning of his literary career. "Under the Greenwood Tree" was passed over virtually unnoticed. It was a second-hand copy which attracted Mr. Greenwood's attention, and that only because it happened to contain his own name. He bought the book out of curiosity and discovered Thomas Hardy. It was another Greenwood, James Greenwood, editor of the St. James Gazette, who was the moving cause for James M. Barrie's production of "My Lady Nictotine." When Mr. Barrie first went to the St. James offices he detected the odor of cigars and discovered that Mr. Greenwood was the smoker thereof. In order to please his principal he wrote articles on smoking though he was not himself a user of tobacco, and these contributions, gathered into a volume, became "My Lady Nicotine." Happening to reread the volume at a considerable interval after its publication, Mr. Barrie had the unique experience of converting himself, for he then began to smoke.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, August 5, 1911 | No. 989

HALF DOME AND GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Phone, Douglas 2612

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Novelist's Successor

Speaking of Thackeray the Examiner says that the newspapers are doing and will do much more effectually what he did so entertainingly. The newspaper, the Examiner tells us, "has supplanted the novelist"; also, "the news item and the editorial go out in a single day to hundreds of thousands of readers whom Thackeray could not reach in many months." By way of illustration let us consider a great but characteristic achievement of the press. Last week the newspapers learned that a murderer who had been sent to the penitentiary under the assumed name of Chisholm, had deserted a wife and six children now living in a distant State, where nobody had any knowledge of the terrible disgrace that had been brought upon them. This was a piece of news apparently of no value to anybody. Society nor a single individual could be advantaged by giving this news publicity. There was nothing to come from the printing of this news but harm. At first blush it would seem that none but a malevolent person actuated by the spirit of vengeance or some other mean passion would be disposed to add to the misery of the abandoned mother and children by informing the world of the relations existing between them and the monster in San Quentin. On second thought this appears to be an erroneous conception. This news that the murderer was a husband and father had a value keenly appreciated by the press whose function it is to do "more effectually what Thackeray did so entertainingly." The newspaper is above all things a tale-bearer. Its first duty, as must be presumed from what predominates in its columns, is to give currency to scandal. It is on the eagle wings of the press that immortal scandals fly. Now the human-interest story of the existence in a distant State of six children sired by a murderer is distinctly scandal and nothing else. It affects nobody but the innocent mother and her offsprings into whose lives had already come a blasting tragedy. To give publicity to that story required something of the same cruelty that enabled Dr. Chisholm to become a cold-blooded murderer. This species of cruelty seems to be essential to success in American journalism. A Thackeray would revel in the depiction of it. What a fine portrait the creator of Becky Sharp would have given us of a twentieth century American editor if he had known one!

The Scoring of Van Fleet

How important it is in these days, resonant with the ominous warnings of the emancipated multitude and all its tribunes, for judges to maintain an humble attitude toward litigants and weigh their language and mind their p's and q's, is shown by a recent experience of United States Circuit Judge Van Fleet. In the course of his opinion in a case affecting the interests of organized labor Judge Van Fleet said that "if the suggestion of counsel were intended to advance the idea" that defendants' acts were lawful because they were in accordance with the rules of their organization, they should be reminded that "the Constitution of the country was still paramount." This language excited the indignation of the California State Federation of Labor which adopted resolutions expressing its resentment of sentiments "reflecting upon the intelligence and law-abiding character of the labor movement." Of course it is obvious that Judge Van Fleet's language doesn't reflect on the character of anybody. He merely asserted a truism, and the assertion was not made on the assumption that organized labor was ignorant of its obligations, but because it seemed that possibly the attorney for organized labor, whose language was not clear, might have intended to advance an idea manifestly erroneous. The incident shows the need of caution on the bench and of the great care that should be taken lest the feelings of somebody be wounded. Judge Van Fleet is fortunate that the recall cannot yet be applied to the federal judiciary.

The Safe Deposit Box Act

As time runs on we are able to appreciate the masterpieces of legislation that bear testimony to the genius and zeal of the progressive intellectual giants who spent much of their time and our money at Sacramento last winter legislating on the principle that government is not made for the people but that the people are made for government. At that much celebrated session steps were taken to make theoretical democracy actual and absolute. Among the many curious pieces of legislation contrived at Sacramento was a statute giving to the controller the open sesame to the safe deposit box of every citizen. The purpose of this beneficent statute is to prevent the sequestration of personal property subject to the collateral inheritance tax. In the case where a husband and his wife have a joint interest in a safe deposit box, on the death of either the box must be sealed and access to it barred to the survivor until it has been opened and its contents examined by some politician employed by the controller. To Mr. Nye, temporarily at Sacramento, the people of California are indebted for this exquisite bit of police legislation. It was he that initiated it, and the referendum in this instance was exercised by a righteous band of reformers that ate out of Governor Johnson's immaculate hands. Henceforth it will be harder than formerly to cheat the State out of its just dues from collateral inheritance, but the privacy of the home remains yet to be invaded. Controller Nye neglected to procure authority over the family stocking. He has yet to be vested with the privilege of sending his gumshoe agent into the house of mourning to pry into bureau drawers and between the mattresses of the joint domestic couch or the twin beds. But we must not expect too much of democracy at one bound. The wide-open house which Cato boasted, into which all Rome might look whenever it pleased, will probably in the course of time become the style of residence prescribed by law. Meanwhile let us be satisfied with the privilege obtained by Nye from a progressive legislature.

The Perennial War Cloud

Again the European dogs of war have been straining at the leash much to the disgust of the apostles of eternal peace and the delight of those astute American editors whose specialty is the unmasking of the designs of foreign statesmen. What these editors pronounce a "crisis" and a "situation of extreme gravity" had its inception in the first week of July when the German gunboat Panther was sent to the Moroccan port of Aguadir for the purpose, it was explained by the representatives of the German government in the capitals of Europe, to protect German subjects, "a certain ferment" having been observable among the natives. The pledge was given that the vessel would be recalled "when order had been restored in Morocco." Neither the explanation nor the pledge was taken seriously. It was understood that both were merely by way of concession to the conventions for such circumstances made and provided. In all the capitals of Europe it was understood that the diplomatists of Germany were practicing the gentle art of prevarication in strict accordance with the rules of the game as universally played among Christian peoples. The only difference between German diplomacy and that of other nations is temperamental. German diplomacy is characteristic of all things German. It is as heavy as German philosophy, as free from subtlety as the odor of German cheese. That the Panther was not sent to Aguadir to protect German citizens everybody knew because Aguadir is about the only place in Africa where there isn't a single German. What then was the reason of the German move? It is conjectured that the manoeuvre was designed to serve as "a conversational opening" for discussions with France and Spain regarding the future of Morocco. Though France has long asserted a peculiar political interest in Morocco, and though its claim has been recognized by all the Powers since the Algeciras convention of 1906, it has so neglected its interests of late that Morocco has been continually in so disturbed a state as almost to invite foreign interference. Recently France began to show so much energy as to occasion suspicion, especially as but a short time ago Spain, which is believed to be on friendly terms with England, had the temerity to rush in and complicate matters. It may be, as has been suggested by the Saturday Re-

view of London, that Germany thought a scramble for the spoils was beginning and was determined to have her share. The Tory journal would like to interest the United States in the situation. It observed several weeks ago that Aguadir is most conveniently situated for an Atlantic voyage and added, "As things are today New York is by forty-eight hours nearer sailing distance of Rio than is Kiel. Were Aguadir to become a German coaling station, the United States would lose this advantage. If Germany means to remain, it may be that this is the secondary if not the primary cause of her presence there." Nevertheless there is no likelihood of Uncle Sam's butting into the mixup. The Moorish question will have no interest for us except in so far as it may stimulate commerce in the event, which is hardly probably, of its becoming the pretext for the long-deferred contest of supremacy between Germany and Great Britain.

Criticism from Oregon

At brief intervals we are reminded by some passionate advocate of the recall that the device in all its hues and tones having been adopted in Oregon is no longer in the experimental stage. The impression has been created that the recall as proposed in California is of the Oregon brand. This of course is not so. The California plan of recall is peculiar. There is nothing like it even in Oklahoma. Nothing short of the composite genius of an Earl, a Lissner and a Johnson could have invented so ingenious a scheme for the bedevilment of politics as the recall amendment which is soon to be submitted to the emancipated people of this great commonwealth. This masterpiece was expounded not long ago in the columns of that progressive journal, the Portland Oregonian, which has had considerable experience of modernism in government. "If the proper kind of recall," says the Oregonian, "is one that will make it impossible for an officer to hold his position in the event a small proportion of the electorate dislikes the cut of his hair, the size of his foot or the tone of his voice, California is purposing to adopt the only genuine article." Then follows an exposition of the difference between the Oregon brand of recall and the California variety. Under the Oregon plan twenty-five per cent of the voters may institute a recall election, and the name of the officer sought to be recalled may be placed on the ballot as a candidate for retention in office. If the officer receives a plurality of the votes cast on the issue he is retained. Under the California plan twelve per cent of the voters may call an election. The name of the officer sought to be recalled is not to go on the ballot, but the names of all other candidates for the office are printed. Unless a majority votes "no" on the recall issue the officer is removed, and whoever receives a plurality of votes for the office is elected. In other words it is proposed to allow twelve per cent of the voters to force an election and to subject a man in office to an unequal contest at the polls. The viciousness of this feature the Oregonian illustrates with the case of Councilman Ellis who was recently recalled in Oregon. The issue was decided not on Ellis's record but on the personal popularity of the several candidates. Ellis was beaten by a plurality of 22 votes. He received 1163 votes, but had be received 1186 he would have been retained in office. Had the election been held under our plan it would have been necessary, in order to retain his seat, for Ellis to receive 2622 votes, or nearly 1500 more than were sufficient to elect any of his opponents. The Oregonian points out that it would be very easy under our proposed plan to recall Governor Johnson who, while he was elected by a plurality, fell 15,635 votes short of a majority. At a recall election Governor Johnson would have to get a majority of the votes in California in order to complete his term. The Oregonian pronounces the Californian plan vicious, and though it believes in the principle of the recall, declares that even the Oregon plan as shown by experience "is too ready a weapon for persons actuated solely by whim, spite or political ambition." It wonders whether the plan proposed in this State is the "product of blind radicalism or political machine manipulation in the Legislature." Both guesses are wrong. The plan is the product of vindictiveness. It was designed to punish men who are hated by our most eminent reformers, and who are so short-sighted that they never perceived the possibility of the whirligig of time bringing in its revenges for the other fellow. Even now the instrument of vengeance is beginning to look pretty good to the men against whom it was to be used.

The New School of Politics

The Chronicle observes that it is evident from all that has been said and done since the fatal complication of the affairs of the Shasta County Bank that certain persons were desirous of discrediting the former superintendent of banks, Mr. Alden Anderson. "The whole mess," says the Chronicle, "shows the degrading influence of politics." It certainly does show that, but it shows also what is much worse: it shows that in this day and generation there are men in public life capable of the same mean and cruel intrigues that mark the revolting history of the most corrupt and depraved peoples. The case of Alden Anderson is not peculiar. What happened to Anderson has been happening to men all over the country. It is the fruit of the teaching of the new school of politics founded by Headmaster Roosevelt. This is the gumshoe school whose faculty is composed of pharisees, whose cardinal principle is that familiar mark of a mean spirit and a base soul—always to think the worst of others, to be suspicious of everybody. In whatever period of history this school flourished it produced atmosphere conducive to intrigue and especially to the poisoning of minds as well as of bodies. With the rise of this school we began to put confidence in men who put confidence in nobody. Under their tutelage the squint of suspicion has become so habitual as to make the whole nation cross-eyed. For some time we have been influenced by principles in the selection of leaders of public thought and action that are in conflict with all the maxims deduced by philosophers from the study of human nature. As a result political conspiracies have become of daily occurrence. Nobody has been the object of more of them than the President himself. It is no wonder that he uttered himself in the impassioned tone of his message of last week on the subject of the controversies touching the development of Alaska. Speaking of the Dick-to-Dick letter he said: "Its only significance is the light it throws on the bitterness and venom of some of those who take active part in every discussion of Alaskan issues." Observing that the matter was "full of a lesson that ought to be taken to the heart of every patriotic citizen," he went on to say that the wanton recklessness and eagerness with which attempts had been made to besmirch the characters of high officials "presents a condition that calls for condemnation and requires that the public be warned of the demoralization that has been produced by the hysterical suspicions of good people and the unscrupulous and corrupt misrepresentations of the wicked." There can be no misapprehension regarding the persons alluded to by the President. They are persons of the same character and temperament as the persons who are today inspiring the administration of State affairs in California; nay, they are the political allies of our reform sanhedrim. Gifford Pinchot, the head and front of the Eastern aggregation of scandal-mongers, is the bosom friend of the leading spirits of the current dispensation that hates Alden Anderson because he happened to be the standard-bearer of their opponents at the last election. It may strike one as preposterous, the idea of political partisanship going so far as to attempt to ruin a defeated opponent. Is political prejudice so venomous in this twentieth century? There is much available data to justify an affirmative answer. The truth is that California is now expiating excesses that produced one of the bitterest feuds in American history. California is ruled by men made up chiefly of antipathies, more eager to pay off the scores of enmity than to do anything else. It was but the other day that their prejudices, rancorous and inveterate, marked the proceedings of the regents of our State University, at a meeting which the Governor of the State presided over and ruled with that mighty club which, like Grim Despair of the Pilgrim's Progress, he swings round him like a flail. At that meeting was inflicted on the university one of the severest blows in all its history that one man might gratify that ugly passion which is described by Juvenal as the abject pleasure of abject minds. It is a sad spectacle to see a man whose finer qualities have been crushed out of him by the hydraulic pressure of his savage instincts giving rein to the ugliest of his passions, but when this spectacle is presented by one raised to high authority it is enough to fill us with terror and dismay. Consolation is not to be had even from the reflection that revenge is the most unerring boomerang that ever returned to smite the head of an employer.

Perspective Impressions

Too bad the police can't locate the port of missing girls.

A Chicago preacher says horses will go to Heaven. If the preacher ever gets there we shall know that asses are not excluded.

The "lid" has the temperamental volatility of the late lamented Finnigan.

The Blue Laws got Upton Sinclair for playing tennis on Sunday. Too bad he can't be punished for breaking the laws of taste by his novelization of the obstetrical manual.

Many are called at Santa Barbara who are not chosen in San Francisco.

Is there no way of squelching the pest who knows how the election would go if it took place tomorrow?

The chauffeur's union card will not distract the attention of the customer from the busy taximeter.

There are only two San Franciscans who can survey the Fair site at a glance: Aleck McAdie and the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

The dirge for defeated supervisors: "Nobody knew his number, nobody knew his name."

The Eastern scientist who says that Suffragists are sexless probably has no empirical acquaintance with the facts.

Senator Owen's proposal to apply the recall to the federal judiciary will receive the hearty approval of all the apostles of New Nationalism if they are really in favor of going the limit.

The wisdom of appointing a newspaper reporter to the board of control is now evident. When the board has anything to say it says it like a yellow journal, and thus the Administration is kept in the public eye.

"None of us," says Harbor Commissioner Dwyer, "proposes to be here in the capacity of drones." And in the next breath he regrets that the $9,000,000 for which the State has been bonded is not yet available. Depend on Joe to spend it when it comes in, for he's certainly no drone.

David Starr Jordan is going to Japan to lecture on peace, taking with him the most formidable of the weapons of war—a tongue that is perpetually unsheathed.

In the Examiner of Tuesday much of the space on the third page is devoted to a discussion of the failure of the police to stop gambling. On the sixth page is printed the winning numbers of the Original Little Cosmopolitan Company. This high priced advertisement was withdrawn from all papers sent through the mails. Why doesn't the chief of police stop newspapers from aiding and abetting the lotteries?

Wonder if the Geary street line will be completed in time for the Fair?

Or if the New City Hall will be started by the time the last visitor to the Fair has returned to his home?

Correspondence

The Wilde Case

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: It occurs to me that you were a little premature in your comments on Governor Johnson's loyalty to his friend Louis Wilde, the fugitive from the justice of Oregon. I also think that in the light in which your comments were written you hardly said enough. Had Governor Johnson been as loyal to his friend as you supposed, his exhibition of loyalty might have been considered especially notable in view of all the reflections that it naturally inspired. Governor Johnson, you will remember, has stood rather vehemently for the principle that a man charged with crime should always be eager for trial. His attitude in the Wilde case indicates that he has abandoned that principle. But in justice to Governor Johnson it should be suggested that he must have viewed Wilde's plight with mixed emotions. For the governor had a personal interest in the matter. The governor, you know, appointed this man Wilde a commissioner to handle $250,000 belonging to the State. Isn't it natural that he should be reluctant to bring scandal on his own Administration? When you think of it it's a pretty tough thing to have it proved that Governor Johnson appointed a man under a cloud, a man suspected of having robbed a bank, to an important fiduciary position in which he was to handle not Johnson's money but the money of the people of the State. This Wilde scandal from whichever angle you view it is a pretty nasty mess. But fortunately Governor Johnson, on his own testimony, according to admissions made by him from one end of the State to the other, is a really truly reformer, and therefore not subject to the suspicions that attach to ordinary mortals. If he had been elected governor as a practical unblushing politician, the odors of this Wilde scandal would be stifling the whole State. Which shows how important it is in politics to start out with a definite resolve to purify somebody or something. There's really no necessity of purging oneself. One may be a must-eat Johnson in private life for more than fifty years and then jump into public life and become a Johnson-for-reform by word of mouth and get away with it just as easily as falling off a log.

But to return to the Wilde case. You weren't really wrong at all, Mr. Editor. When Governor Johnson said he'd abide by Attorney-General Webb's decision he thought it was a cinch that Webb would stand pat out of deference to the gang. But Webb turned the corner. It's a great game, Mr. Editor, this game of politics. I've been watching it for fifty years, and it's full of entertainment for me. I know it so well that even now I can draw you a perfect picture of the governor as he will look the day he gets out of the job. I can even compound you a dish that will smell like the Administration before the end of it.

Sincerely yours,
William Higgins Jr.

San Francisco, July 31.

A Mission Optimist

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: So they're going to put it all over the extreme north end of the peninsula! And they call it a compromise! What about the Mission? Where do we get off? Seems to me that this is a case of south-of-the-trolley getting it in the neck. I have a neighbor with whom optimism is a matter of religion. Show him a cloud without a silver lining and he'll swear it isn't a cloud. He has a store out near Bernal Heights, and he says that the site selected is the most advantageous one for the Mission that could be found. He points out that the Mission begins right at the civic center—Van Ness and Market. Can you beat him?

Sincerely yours,
—A Missionite.

The Sexless Suffragist

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: That scientific gent. in the East who thinks he has discovered that Suffragists are sexless is probably a reader of Balzac. You remember that in his Beatrix the great French novelist introduces George Sand as one of his characters giving her the name of Mademoiselle des Touches. He said of her "that she familiarized herself with ways of thought and action which are held to be exclusively the province of man." She was therefore a suffragist at heart. And according to Balzac she had with all her charm and beauty many of the physical characteristics of the male biped, resembling Bacchus rather than the Venus Callipyge. But George Sand was sexless only in the sense that maternity was repugnant to her. She was in fact quite a lovable and passionate woman, as attractive to some men as are many of our suffragists who have the masculine mind in the female body. In George Sand according to Balzac "the natural animal was so complete, so self-sufficing, of a nature so leonine, that a man, however little of a Turk he might be, regretted the presence of so great a mind in such a body and could wish that she were wholly woman."

Yours truly,
John Barry.

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Varied Types

XXXIII—CHARLES C. MOORE

By Edward F. O'Day

"When two men ride on one horse," says Charles C. Moore, "one of them must sit in front and hold the reins."

Which, being interpreted, explains satisfactorily to the mind of Charles C. Moore the action of our World's Fair directors in selecting him as their president.

Moore is a modest man. Among the men of eminent and acclaimed ability whom it has been my good fortune to meet I doubt whether I have ever known one so sincerely modest. Perhaps 'modest' may seem a peculiar adjective to apply to a man in public life, but that is because in the push of public life too many men lose their heads and forget their sensible ideas of comparative values. But as Moore has been drawn rather unwillingly into the hurly-burly he has been able to avoid this loss and remain modest. Not that Moore is a humble man. There is always a point where modesty degenerates into humility. (I say 'degenerates' advisedly, for there is only one sort of humility, the religious sort with which we are not concerned, which can be regarded as a virtue.) Certainly Moore's modesty has never reached and never will reach that point. He is not oppressed, as weak men sometimes are, with the sense of his own unworthiness. But he is strong in the modesty which places a just, a conservative valuation on personal worth the while it expends its energies in hearty appreciation of the good qualities belonging to the other fellow.

And so it is that while Moore, to use his own figure, has been chosen to hold the reins, he does not therefore conclude that he is a better horseman than the rest. He sincerely thinks that a man may be chosen to hold the reins because others are better equipped for more important though less showy services. And he is prepared with equal sincerity to admit that the man who is allowed to hold the reins may learn many valuable points of horsemanship from the men who help him into the saddle. And if that isn't modesty, what is it?

When you talk to Moore about the World's Fair you are not allowed to overlook the capabilities of the men with whom he is associated. He thinks that no body of World's Fair directors was ever superior to the San Francisco body. He doubts whether as representative a body could be gathered together in New York. He is quite certain that the average of ability is higher in San Francisco than it was in Chicago in 1892. He finds inspiration in his association with these men. And he is so eloquent when discussing their various fitnesses for the tremendous task they have in hand that he has no difficulty in communicating his enthusiasm. To talk with Moore about the World's Fair directors is to realize that our plans for entertaining the world are being shaped by master hands; is to be settled in the conviction that San Francisco has a body of men who are devoting themselves unselfishly, untiringly and at no small personal sacrifice, to the service of California; is to get on the trail, perhaps after many years of hoping and trying, of that elusive, that too often illusory thing called public spirit.

Moore told me of a characteristic incident which bears this out. One of the World's Fair committees was to meet and it happened that two of the members were separated by the bitterness of that internecine strife which has for so long been the ordinary condition of San Francisco life. One of these men swore by all that was forcible that he would not sit down in committee meeting with the other. Moore did the best he could to prepare the way for a reconciliation, but he hadn't a great deal of confidence in his diplomacy, for the case was an extreme one. And yet when that committee met, the two men shook hands; when the committee sat down the two men sat down side by side.

"That's the spirit in which everybody is working," Moore explains.

There is one point, naturally, on which it is useless to seek enlightenment from Moore. How much of this esprit de corps is due to Moore's personality? The directors of the World's Fair do not constitute a mutual admiration society. Far from it. They are nearly all hard-headed business men who have no time to decorate one another with posies. Yet those with whom I have held conversation are free in their praise of Charles C. Moore. They were not conferring an empty honor when they chose him president. They had been studying him ever since the fire.

Moulin photo, copyright.

CHARLES C. MOORE

Previous to the fire Moore had devoted himself almost exclusively to his private affairs. His affairs had prospered. His was one of the great engineering concerns of the West. Equipped with the knowledge of engineering imparted in the curriculum of St. Augustine's at Benicia where he was educated, he had come to this city as a youth and obtained a position with the San Francisco Tool Works. In time he bought out that concern and thenceforward his rise was rapid. He extended the field of his operations till he had offices in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake and Los Angeles. He built some of the biggest power plants of the Coast. All the world of engineering knows how he put up the great power plant at Redondo under the terms of a guaranty from which most engineers would have shrunk and earned a bonus of $365,000, the largest bonus ever paid. When the fire came Moore was not as hard hit as many other big men of business. So he had time to think for others. Our business relations with Nevada were not what they should have been, so he induced Henry T. Scott, R. P. Schwerin and Mark Gerstle to accompany him on a missionary trip to that State. The mission was successful and a new era, an era of what might be called organized good feeling, dawned for San Francisco business. Moore was elected president of the moribund Chamber of Commerce and started that series of junkets through the State which has been of inestimable benefit in drawing the business men of the interior close to the business men of San Francisco. The Chamber of Commerce was revivified and has been a potent factor for good ever since.

The men who went on one of those excursions will tell you a typical instance of Moore's modesty. In appreciation of his hard work to make the excursion a success the members of the Chamber made up a purse of $500, intending to buy him a token of their regard. But when Moore heard of this he put his foot down. Perhaps he saw dangerous possibilities in their kindly intent. Perhaps he felt that there might be jealousy. Or that his subsequent activities might be set down to the lively expectation of similar rewards. Or it may have been his modesty. (One of the most charming things about modesty is that it endows a man with a superior kind of diplomacy.) At any rate, Moore refused to accept a gift. He suggested that he be allowed to add his subscription to the fund and that the sum be expended for the Chamber of Commerce in a lasting memorial of the pleasant excursion. So the Chamber acquired a splendid relief map of the Panama Canal. And if any of the men who didn't know Moore well had suspected him of a desire for personal aggrandizment, they changed their minds.

When the good fellows of the town got together to plan the Portola celebration, they selected Moore for the most audacious work of the whole affair—to enlist the cooperation of foreign governments. Our government refused to recommend the project to European powers. But the Portola committee wanted to have the flags of all nations flying from battleships in the bay and Moore went abroad to do what he could. He was told that the project was without precedent; that such requests were continually coming from all sorts of local celebration committees and were automatically refused. In London Ambassador Reid confessed that the case was hopeless. Three times the ambassador made formal request on behalf of Moore for a conference with Reginald McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, but without success. Finally, when the case looked desperate, the hearing was obtained through the influence of Balfour, Guthrie and Company. The result was that three British battleships honored the Portola celebration. If the Clemenceau ministry hadn't fallen in France he would have been equally successful in Paris. But we all know that Italy, Holland and other powers were represented and that this international recognition made the Portola a glorious success beyond our wildest dreams.

"It was sentiment that did it," says Moore; "sentiment for a city that could so quickly rehabilitate itself. And it is the same sentiment which is going to play an important part in making our World's Fair a success."

As I have said, the public-spirited men of this city had been studying Moore ever since the fire. They knew he was disinterested. They knew that his capacity for service was unburdened

(Continued on Page 20.)

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

England and Our Canal

Major W. Cyprian Bridge of the British Army, in an article that appears in the July issue of The United Service Magazine, which is to the British services what the journals of the military and naval institutions are to the United States Army and Navy, says that the approaching completion of the Panama Canal will endanger the superiority of the British Navy more than that of any other country. He also finds an excuse for Great Britain's acquiescence in the fortification of the canal in what he terms the moral effect of the War of the Revolution, which resulted in the independence of the United States. In the effort of the United States to lease the Galapagos Islands, Major Bridge sees only a step toward bringing about their ultimate cession to this country as a sort of "canal head" for the defense of the Panama waterway and as an excuse for our bringing more pressure upon the South American States. By fortifying Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, and by their ability to concentrate rapidly the fleet by means of the canal, the United States will have the command of the Pacific Ocean insured to them. He also thinks the United States is seeking to acquire a naval base in Liberia, which would expose the British trade lines with South Africa and South America to complete severance in case of war from the direction both of the Caribbean Sea and Liberia. But the determination of the United States to fortify the Panama Canal and the acquiescence of England in that decision especially fills him with gloomy apprehension as to Britain's future. "The possession of the canal," he says, "by the United States does undoubtedly seriously reduce the relative superiority of the British Navy in a far greater degree than it does that of any other navy, for it not only renders it practically impossible for us to attain to the command of the Pacific Ocean, for which we are or ought to be striving, but morally insures it to the United States." The indifference of England to our fortifying of the canal he believes is due to the moral effect of the War of Independence, "which still inspires Great Britain with a wholesome awe."

He Stole from Edgar Saltus

What would the English literary pundits say if they caught an American stealing from an English book? We should never hear the end of it! But it is not likely that London will give undue prominence to the fact that an English writer—an Oxford man at that—has been stealing from our Edgar Saltus. Recently J. Stuart Hay of St. John's College, Oxford, prepared a coat of whitewash for the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus. The book, "The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus," was published by the Macmillans, but now it has been withdrawn from circulation. The reason is that the publishers discovered that Hay had cribbed by wholesale from several works of Edgar Saltus. They found some sixty odd passages, lifted bodily from Saltus, without quotation marks or other means of identification. They were taken from Saltus' "Imperial Purple," "Historia Amoris" and "The Pomps of Satan." In the preface to Mr. Hay's work occurs this passage: "I have to acknowledge with sincere thanks the permission of Mr. E. E. Saltus of Harvard University to quote his vivid and beautiful studies on the Roman Empire and her customs." And in a long bibliography at the end of the volume Mr. Saltus' "Imperial Purple," "Historia Amoris," and "The Anatomy of Negation" are mentioned. Beyond these references neither Mr. Saltus' name nor the title of any of his books appears in Mr. Hay's work, notwithstanding the fact that the latter fairly bristles with excerpts from the American author's writings. It is worth noting besides that Mr. Saltus is never known as "E. E." Saltus, and that he was not educated at Harvard. Asked as to the statement made by Mr. Hay in his preface, Mr. Saltus recalls that he received from that gentleman sometime ago a request for permission to quote from his book in his forthcoming Life of Heliogabalus. This permission was accorded by Mr. Saltus, who thought nothing more of the matter until recently when some proofsheets of Mr. Hay's book were sent to him. In a cursory view of these proofs, he says, he recognized numerous passages written by himself and incorporated in Mr. Hay's work without quotation mark or footnote to identify them. When the book itself appeared Mr. Saltus went over it and found that there were more of these passages from his writings than he had at first imagined, and that with four exceptions they had all been used in a way that left the reader to suppose they were written by Mr. Hay. The four exceptions were inclosed by quotation marks, but without giving credit to author or book. As Mr. Saltus now puts it: "Mr. Hay doesn't quote from me; he simply absorbs me." In a letter to his publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, Mr. Saltus comments humorously on finding himself in Mr. Hay's book: "One passage particularly," he writes, "pleased Mr. Hay. He used it twice. On the second occasion he prefaced it with these quite noble words: 'As we have already said—' We! There is a plural which is singular. There, too, is his saving grace. When he picks my paragraphs he is very readable. When he does not, he is very dull. A detail. His final paragraph, which in part is a gem, is in that part mine."

Preserving Our Big Game

Those who have been laboring for the preservation of the big game of this country will find some comfort in the report that has just been issued by the Biological Survey. The wild elk are slowly increasing in Colorado and the number in that State is given as 2,150. The same favorable report is received from Oregon and Washington, the Roosevelt elk in Olympic National Forest of the latter State being estimated now at 3,500. In spite of the dire prediction regarding the herds in Wyoming the loss there is said to have been normal, "wholesale losses being averted by an unexpected March thaw." Although antelope are protected in all States their condition remains unsatisfactory; the reasons given for the decrease in number are encroachment of sheep upon their former ranges and the rapid settlement of the West. Moose are increasing in the northern Rocky Mountain regions; in Yellowstone Park the number is estimated as 1,500, in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana about the same. The number of pure bred buffalo in the United States is today 2,108, as compared with 1,917 in 1908. Only one State, Wyoming, makes a report on the number of mountain sheep killed. In Colorado, where there has been no open season for this game in twenty-five years, the sheep show a satisfactory increase. Deer hunting is permitted now in thirty-seven States, elk hunting in three, antelope and caribou are protected throughout the year, and an open season for moose is provided only in Maine and Minnesota. The agitation against the destruction of big game has apparently had the effect of shortening the open season and of a stricter enforcement of the existing game laws.

China's Attitude Toward Russia

China's special mission which is to try to come to an understanding with Russia over many frontier and treaty difficulties is now gathered in St. Petersburg under the presidency of Lu-Tscheng-Hsyang, a diplomat of European education, who is married to a Belgian. An expert on the Russian side who is taking part in the negotiations has given the Novoe Vremya an outline of the position as he sees it. China, he says, has really altered very much in the last few years. Apart from the indifferent masses there is now a powerful educated class, which interests itself specially in political questions affecting Russia and Japan. After the occupation of Corea the Japanese proceeded to establish a firm foothold in Manchuria and showed clearly that they had no intention of quitting. The Chinese tried to resist at first, but lately they have evidently convinced themselves that the fight is hopeless and that the loss of Manchuria is inevitable. The long and undefined frontier between Russia and China and other questions have already produced much friction, yet the hundred year friendship between the two empires is not irrevocably endangered. China, it is true, distrusts Russia and feels that her treaty privileges are oppressive. Along with her growing spirit of self-defence is a fear of Russia. Russia is not nearly ready to take a strong stand, in spite of real progress with her army. The Chinese know that and have shaped their diplomatic methods accordingly. They have yielded on the Manchurian question but they will not yield on any other. The new Russo-Chinese commercial convention which they have prepared shows this. They stand out for a scheduled tariff and the abolition of the fifty verst frontier zone of free trade. The negotiations are expected to last all summer.

Too Many Statues in Paris

The Paris Municipal Council last week took a remarkable step, which will be universally approved. It has made a stand against what it describes as the "statue mania." A resolution has been brought in and favorably reported on that no new statues shall be erected in Paris for ten years to come, no matter what may be the claims to immortality of the candidates for honors in bronze or marble. Of late years there has been an epidemic of statues, busts, bas reliefs, etc., commemorating the virtues of obscure individuals, of whom their fellow-citizens often first heard when they were perpetuated in some public square. The custom became so scandalous that the late Armand Sylvestre (who has since then himself got his monument) proposed that the city should erect a few hundred pedestals, on which the "celebrities" (?) would be exhibited each in his turn for a week. Thus fifty-two local glories could be brought to the memory of their fellow-citizens once a year. The ten years' term now proposed will, of course, excite discontent among the sculptors, who have alone been the gainers under the present state of things. Half the persons who would today get monuments will be forgotten when the half decade is past.

An Hidalgo

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Tall, wry-necked, and awkwardly built, with a nose like a lamprey and feet like coracles, Don Saturnino Vargas y Arispe was a type of man that you can only see in Spain, or, as he would have said, "the Spains," and perhaps apologized, then added, "but all that ended with the war." It may have ended as he said, but, none the less, even before the war, the type was never so complete in Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines, as in the mother of the Spains. In the lost colonies, perforce, men came in contact with the affairs of life, and thus became more like mankind at large, and less original. In Spain, and especially in Asturias, Don Saturnino's native land, they had become beings so much apart that it was easier by far to make a European out of a Russian, Turk, Armenian, or Jew, than of a native of the land, over which flies the blood and orange flag.

Timid and arrogant at the same time, and quite devoid of any kind of fear, except of being thought ridiculous, which naturally was the one thing he never could escape from, he had inherited from a long line of hungry ancestors a certain uprightness of thought, which neither training nor his false view of every side of life could quite eradicate. If fate had been more kind, he should have lived in some old house, buried in chestnut trees, deep in the hills of Santander. His arms and those of his illustrious ancestors, illustrious by never having done much harm to anyone, would have been sculptured in a creamy, yellowish stone in high relief above the door. The maize fields would have flowed like a great sea of green (yellow in autumn) almost up to his gate. There would have been a wild, neglected garden, in which some aloes, a bush of blue veronica, some purple irises and a few ixias strove with the weeds for life. A great magnolia would have reared its dome of flowers, just at the end of the long, glass-covered passage, which led out from the sitting-room, and the domain most likely would have had an old, grey wall, bulging and full of chinks, from which peered lizards, and with great tufts of Venus' navelwort and mullein, springing from out the stones.

A patch of oak copse and a patch of vines would have formed part of the Asturian paradise, and in the little plot of kitchen garden great pumpkins slowly would have ripened in the sun. Outside the wall there would have been a pine wood, at the edge of which in the sparse grass, blue gromwells twinkled, and at the top, where the wood ended and the heathy plain began, a little Calvary, with its three crosses and its winding stair, would have alternately been sealed in icicles, or sweltered in the sun. Sleek, yellow oxen would have ploughed, swaying about just as a man sways walking, muffled in a cloak, whilst the rude, wooden carts with wicker sides, passed lazily along the sandy tracks, with a harsh screech as the great wooden wheels, which never had been greased, slowly and painfully revolved. Men would have trodden out the grapes in the great tank under the trellising of vines, and women washed upon the river banks. High in the silent air a quavering song would have ascended from the fields, to be re-echoed from the wine vat or the river bank, and haunt the mind just as the croaking of the frogs on a hot night within the tropics, once heard, dwells in the ear for life. This sort of world would have been just as suited to the Hidalgo as is a stone to an apothecary's eye, as he himself might have observed sententiously, but an untoward fate had ordered differently.

Sent to the "court" in early youth, to a small clerkship in the Custom House, by slow degrees he had risen to be chief clerk, and then had been promoted to full charge in little towns, such as Mondonedo, Lugo, Branuelas and Astorga, places in which he had passed a melancholy life in lodgings, eating at the hotel, but which experience gave him the opportunity to remark that he had seen a good deal of the world. This he believed most fervently, although the little towns were as much like each other as are two Arab groups of low, black tents out on the plain; but he belonged to that old-fashioned, fast disappearing class of Spaniards, who never traveled during the whole course of their lives more than a mile or two beyond the place where they were born. Just as a mule's fate is to drag a cart, so the Hidalgo was one of those destined to sit upon high stools, and pass their lives in entering figures in a book, till their hair falls and their teeth decay, at the same dreary task.

In the same way, a willing mule receives more blows than any other in the team, so does the good employee have less opportunity to rise, and the Hidalgo was no exception to the rule. At forty, after long years of faithful service, and a life passed in boarding-houses, he found himself head of the Customs in a little town upon the coast. His pay was miserable, his outlook circumscribed, and even that still more restricted by his excessive patriotism and his religious views.

Needless to say he was a Catholic, not that he troubled much about the dogmas of the church, or his religious duties, so that, had he not been a Spaniard, he might have found a way out of the prison in which his spirit was confined. As it was, like many of his kind, to him religion was so much a part of the one country in the world (that is of course the country where he lived), that to discuss it would have been as strange as if one morning he had found himself unable to speak Christian, or heard that he was rich.

Everything new was painful to him, and though he saw at once that the electric light was better than a wick floating in a brass cup in evil smelling oil, and that a train was far more comfortable than was the cart and its long train of mules, its tilt of straw, and hammock swinging underneath the axles, with a dog sitting in it and snarling at the passers-by, in which he first had come up from Asturias to Madrid, he did not reason the facts. Thus he assumed, not without profit to himself in some degree, all that is most material in progress, but took good care that not an atom of the soul of the condition of affairs, out of which progress grew, should ever enter to his mind. So does an Arab pass at a jump from a long, flint-lock gun, hooped around the barrel with silver or with brass, to a repeating rifle of the most modern kind. He buys the rifle, which to him is the sum total of European culture, while steadfastly rejecting everything of our life, which is at variance with his creed. So the Hidalgo still remained as far removed from modern thought, when seated in the train, as he was in his youth, jogging along the roads upon a mule.

In some respects he was still further off, for in his youth he did not hate that which he never heard of; but now he loathed that which he felt was stronger than himself, though he would sooner far have died than have admitted it. He used to praise the writers of the "epoch of our glory," though without reading them, as when he did, their realism was a rude shock to his alambicated taste. Novels, in which the men were brave, the women virtuous, and Spain appeared set in a haze of glory, midway between the heavens and the earth, were his delight. From them he took his views of life, of art, and everything. The heroes in his books all praised Murillo, calling him divine, but of Velazquez they spoke slightingly, calling him too mechanical and a mere "practicon," that is a man proficient in his art, but not original. The Hidalgo did the same, although it is likely that he had never seen the works of either of them, except in oleographs. Still, in the course of time, as he was not a fool, he saw that even Spain was altering, and an uneasy feeling grew on him that it was possible, he was on the wrong road. He might have changed his point of view had not the war with the United States thrown him back on himself, bringing out in him all that was best and worst.

Chief of the Customs in the land-locked town, with its long winding harbor, shielded by islands at the mouth, remote in the northwest of Spain, on every side were memories of the past. Memories of Spain's departed glory rose upon his view, in the grim citadel, under which the lichen-covered roofs of the old, slab-paved town nestled and straggled up the hill. In the decaying stone-faced forts upon the shore, brass cannons lay beside their carriages, around their barrels clustered serpents, cast in relief, about the touch-holes were the arms of Spain, with an imperial crown. Far up the harbor, under the heath-clad, vine-edged shores of the great inland lake, slumbered the fleet of the galleons from Cartagena, sunk by their admiral to save themselves from Drake. In the clear waters of the bay, they just were visible, after a long calm, lying like sleeping sheep out on a moor, beneath their mounds of sand. Tradition had it that their commander had perished at his post, going down standing on the poop, alone, waving the flag of Spain.

On holidays, mounted upon a mule, which he rode gravely, as it had been a war horse, and shielded from the sun and wind alike in his brown cloak, he used to ride out to the spot, dismount, carefully make a cigarette, light it, drink down the smoke, expel it with a rush from both his nostrils just as the vapor issues from a solfatara, and reconstruct the scene. It stirred him powerfully, and as he sat, watching the vessels sink, whilst the false heretics were baffled of their prey, his sordid life was blotted out, and he felt sure that once again Spain would prevail and God be glorified. The old world province and the decaying town, the country, with its legends of the past (did not the Tardo, that strange lubber fiend, still issue out at sundown, to fright the youths and maidens if they loitered over-much upon the roads, returning from the "romerias"?), must have done much to strengthen his beliefs, and stir his patriotism. Were-wolves and witches filled the people's talk, and as he walked under the arches of the Plaza Consistorial, he must have almost felt he was at home, with his old memories of the Iberians and the Goths. In his position, fortune was secure, had he but cared to grasp it, for from time immemorial the Custom House had been a gold mine to anyone appointed to the post.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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The Spectator

The Activity of John J. Barrett

While I am not obstinately committed to the practice of seeking the ulterior motive in the actions of our public men, there are times when I do not disdain to scratch at the surface of conduct to see what lies beneath. And I am just now tempted to do this in the case of the Hon. John J. Barrett, ex-newspaperman, ex-minister to Siam and present director general of the Pan-American Union. John J. Barrett arrived in San Francisco at a happy moment. Had he timed his advent he could not have come with more auspicious opportuneness. He burst into our midst just when the directors of our World's Fair had settled the knotty problem of a site and were engaged in mutual felicitations on their success. Their overflowing good humor bathed the radiant person of the honorable John who promptly caught the contagion of the occasion and amiably permitted himself to be the guest of honor at a Palace Hotel banquet. By so doing he excited my admiration. John has a genius for seizing the psychological moment; opportunity which, on the word of an eminent American authority, knocks once at every man's door, never has to rap loudly at John's portal. He is forever standing at the threshold, ready to rush out and welcome the gilded visitor. And so it is in the present case. I make the prediction that John will not be overlooked when the plums are distributed by the directors of the World's Fair. How do I know? Merely by reading the lesson of the past. The honorable John dropped into St. Louis when the Hon. David Francis and others were preparing for their World's Fair and was rewarded for his appearance by being made special envoy to Australia in the interest of the St. Louis Exposition. Unless I miss my guess John will be some sort of an envoy from San Francisco.

Like Solomon in Wisdom

When the honorable John spoke at the banquet tendered him by the Chamber of Commerce he proved himself a very Solomon of wisdom. A man of foresight is John who knows how to cloak his burning messages in the drab garb of platitude so that they may not startle and confuse. He gave us a deal of good advice when he arose to address the banqueters. "There are several positive things," he pointed out, "which should be done by the commercial organizations and the business interests of the Pacific Coast and the United States without delay in order that this preparation for the canal may be effected." Naturally his audience, like Ancient Pistol, "heard with ears" when he sprang this announcement. "The first general step which can and should be taken," he continued, "is that of passing such resolutions and taking such other action as will bring powerful influence to bear upon Congress to enact at the earliest opportunity the needed legislation for the administration of the Canal following its completion." There you have the pompous verbiage of the typical bureaucrat, saying nothing in polysyllables. "Pass resolutions," says John who is of that strange order of men who think that with a few whereases and a thumping be-it-resolved you can move the world. "Such other action" is also recommended with the delightful vagueness which doesn't pretend to know what "such other action" will be, but knows the expediency of embracing everything in an empty phrase. Hamlet might have been thinking of John when he sighed, "Words, words, words." But John has another suggestion. "The second step is that of taking such practical action by commercial organizations and shipping interests and individuals as will not only bring about adequate knowledge of all the conditions of trade developed by the canal, but provide all those shipping and other facilities and instrumentalities which are necessary to use it to advantage and compete successfully with the rest of the world." Any shipper who is inspired by that sentence to see possibilities in the Panama Canal which he did not guess before, will be rewarded with a year's subscription for the best weekly paper on the Pacific Coast.

Roasting a Chestnut

Before he launched forth into his set speech the Hon. John regaled the banqueters with some personal reminiscences. Among other things he told how, a young boy from the North, he arrived "at Sixteenth street, Oakland, on the sixteenth of the month, with sixteen dollars in his pocket." A Chicago man who was one of the listeners leaned toward his neighbor at the board and remarked disgustedly: "That's the sixteenth time I've heard that story at sixteen different banquets."

Mr. Cleaverton—You saw some old ruins in England this summer, I suppose?

Miss Struckett-Rich—Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me.

The Rolph Sign

An old-time politician called my attention the other day to a large piece of cloth stretched on a frame attached to a building in Market street opposite Grant avenue, bearing this inscription: "Elect James Rolph Mayor. It will be a world-wide advertisement for San Francisco in 1915." He asked me what I thought of it. It inspired in me no thought whatever. "Well," said the politician, "that sign proves to me that Mr Rolph has some tenderfoot running the publicity end of his campaign." Then he plunged into an entertaining discourse on the importance of discretion in candidates and their advisers and managers. "In campaign times," he said, "trivial things lead to fatal consequences. The case of Alexander Badlam will serve to illustrate. About twenty years ago Badlam was running for assessor. It looked as though he had a cinch. At a public meeting one night he made this remark: 'It's a cold day when I get left.' It was published in all the newspapers the next day, and the people thought it would be a good joke on Badlam if he got left. He was badly beaten, and the morning after election a load of ice was dumped on the sidewalk in front of his home. This Rolph sign reminds me of Badlam. People who don't know Rolph are likely to say, 'Well, that chap has a pretty good opinion of himself. He thinks he's able to make San Francisco famous.' Of course Rolph isn't that kind of a fellow. He's green in politics and he has some greenhorn handling publicity for him."

Starr Jordan's Memory

When David Starr Jordan was the president of Indiana University he used to pride himself on knowing all the students by name. Like Themistocles and Julius Caesar who are reputed to have known the names of all their soldiers, Starr Jordan would exhibit his proficiency on all occasions with extreme delight. Recently an Indiana man who had been a student under Jordan in the Hoosier college stopped him on the campus at Stanford and asked, "Doctor Jordan, do you still make a point of knowing the names of all your students?" The president of Stanford paused, passed a hand reflectively over his chin and answered slowly: "No, sir. I have given that up. I found that every time I remembered the name of a student I forgot the name of a fish."

Gaffey the Bohemian

John T. Gaffey of Los Angeles came to town the other day en route to Bohemian Grove to attend the midsummer jinks. No sooner did he strike town than he became the center of interest in clubdom, where at least a score of his old friends were eager to make him the pretext for fanning the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship. Gaffey is one of the few surviving connecting links between the Los Angeles of today, the hustling tourist-coddling city of reformers and regenerators, and the Los Angeles of the nineteenth century, the half-Spanish, half-American, lackadaisical village of the laissez-faire, manana temperament. In Los Angeles Gaffey is a has-been. He is wholly devoid of the spirit of the modern community. He finds but few men of his tastes and proclivities among the citizenry. The social principle is inseparable from Gaffey's person. He doesn't like to talk business or bolt his meals. He loves the hours that usher in the dawn, and he is so well-informed and so skilled in the art of conversation that he can talk entertainingly on history, war, politics, poetry, morals and metaphysics. From the world before the flood to the intermediate state of the soul there is no subject too musty for him to burnish or make to glisten. To meet Gaffey and his cronies at the club is like getting back to the days of the Mermaid and the Mitre. No wonder he gets lonesome and comes to San Francisco occasionally.

The Making of a Reputation

Years ago Gaffey had an interest in a newspaper in one of the growing villages of the south land. The editor was a weakling who had threatened to quit his job after one week's experience owing to the numerous threats that had been made to beat him up. He complained to Gaffey, who advised him not to be afraid as he

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would give him a reputation for great courage. At the next meeting of the town council a petition was received by mail from Rufus K. Donaldson for a franchise to build a street railroad through the center of the village, along a beautiful boulevard, the pride of the community. The next day the petitioner was severely criticised in the village journal for presuming to ruin that beautiful residence street. The editor intimated that the petitioner meditated a corrupt deal. A few days later Rufus K. Donaldson was asked in a leading editorial if he didn't represent the Southern Pacific Company. Incidentally he was asked what he had been doing since he got out of the penitentiary in Nebraska whither he had been sent for shooting a neighbor. Just before the next meeting of the town council the editor dared Donaldson to make his appearance. "We," said the editor, "shall be at the depot tomorrow, and we shall meet every train that arrives, and we should like to see Mr. Donaldson, late of Nebraska, and have him explain what his sinister purpose is." Needless to say Mr. Donaldson did not put in an appearance. Nothing more was ever heard of his petition. But thereafter nobody ever threatened to assault the distinguished editor. He became a power in the community and he always had a very high regard for John T. Gaffey, his resourcefulness and his ingenuity.

Schussler on the Job

Now that Hermann Schussler has volunteered his services to the city in aid of the Twin Peaks' tunnel project we may rest assured that so far as the engineering problem is concerned the best possible results will be achieved. Schussler is the one man in San Francisco capable of making this project a success and achieving the highest benefits for the whole city. In this connection I am reminded that there is something of a coincidence in the circumstance that Schussler has volunteered to design the subway. One of the largest tracts of land to be enhanced by the tunnel is that of the Sutro estate. This tract of land was bought by Adolph Sutro with money that he obtained from the sale of the stock of the Sutro Tunnel Company. And it was Hermann Schussler that gave that stock a market value. The Sutro tunnel project was conceived by Sutro, himself an engineer, and he started the work of boring the mountain for the purpose of tapping the rich mines of the Comstock. He had made but little progress when he met and formed the acquaintance of Schussler in a Virginia City barber-shop. The next day Schussler was engaged to take charge of the work, and Sutro went to London. Schussler soon discovered that a big blunder had been made. The tunnel was taking the wrong route. He rectified the blunder and the day that the tunnel and the shaft met he cabled the news to Sutro who forthwith began to unload. That was the laying of the foundation of the Sutro fortune.

First Physician—Can you make anything out of the patient's trouble?

Second ditto—I think if we manage right we can make about $500 apiece out of it.

The "Bloomer" of "Bloomey"

That was an interesting story in last Sunday's Call about the exciting European experiences of young Alfred C. Blumenthal, known to his familiars in this city as "Bloomey". Since his hasty departure from this city we had not heard anything of "Bloomey" and were gratified to take up the record of his experiences where we had left off. For "Bloomey" is worth following. His ways are bizarre, his personality enigmatic and in his life there is much that lends itself to curious speculation. When last I heard of "Bloomey" he was cutting a wide swath in New York. I knew it was inevitable that he should find his way to the larger field of Europe and now that the summary of his European experiences has been placed before us, the most eager expectations are more than fulfilled. "Bloomey" has been going some. Only the high places knew the tread of his little feet in London and Paris. In London he renewed his friendship for Edna Goodrich and was accounted a millionaire. He was conspicuous at the theatres and restaurants and we learn that "the Savoy Hotel found itself the unwilling host at all of Blumenthal's entertainments, for his bills were unpaid." There are times when nothing appeals to "Bloomey" quite so much as a change of scene. Hence we next read of his appearance in Paris where Edna Goodrich found a formidable rival for his favors in Elsie Janis and the rivalry for his favor became so intense that the mothers of the two actresses joined in the contest. Blumenthal, we are told, was armed with a check book and a fountain pen but "in his ardor evidently became forgetful of the extent to which he had arranged for overdraft at his London bank." When a crisis came, as crises have a way of coming where "Bloomey" is concerned, we are informed that Henry Ach acted the part of deus ex machina.

An Interesting Spender is "Bloomey"

I am not surprised at anything that happens when "Bloomey" sallies forth to ensnare the attention of a pretty actress. For "Bloomey" has a weakness for footlight favorites and was never deterred from cultivating them by the fear of sharing their notoriety. He has two ways of endearing the charmers; by the lure of an engaging personality and by his princely extravagance in spending. He is a very little chap with a chubby face crowned by a pompadour and there surely can be no guile in the soft eyes that look out upon the world on a level with the average man's midriff. He is an excellent pianist and wears evening clothes with the grace of a Max Hirsch. To see him in formal regalia, flirting a clouded cane, is to participate in a ceremonial of elegance. To hear him talk is to be mightily impressed. To watch his expenditures is to be convinced that he is a millionaire. And yet "Bloomey" is no millionaire.

A Friend of Maud Allan

"Bloomey" first flashed upon the consciousness of the town when Maude Allan brought her bare tootsy-wootsies back to the home of her childhood. Blumenthal and Miss Allan met at San Diego and speedily cemented a friendship. In San Diego "Bloomey" did not take the trouble to deny that he wrote his fortune in seven figures. He had two motor cars and a valet. One of the motor cars was placed at Miss Allan's disposal during her stay in San Diego. When she started toward San Francisco she consented to make a great part of the journey in one of "Bloomey's" motors. In this city the same car was at her disposal all day long and at any hour of the night when she felt disposed to ride. Whenever she was not otherwise engaged she was "Bloomey's" guest at dinner. A pactolian stream flowed in her entertainment. Finally, just before leaving San Francisco, Miss Allan gave a supper party in the red room of the St. Francis to the dramatic critics and others. It began at eleven and ended at five in the morning and the wine bubbled unceasingly during those half dozen hours. The bill for that little affair came to $350 and in the exuberance of his admiration for Miss Allan "Bloomey" paid it. Later however he regretted the precipitancy of his action and allowed Miss Allan to reimburse him. It seems that some word of his friendship for Miss Allan had travelled to England and excited the jealousy of one of Miss Allan's English friends. At any rate Miss Allan induced him to moderate the ardor of his attentions, though "Bloomey" was in no wise disturbed by the possibility of an international mix-up.

Almost an Entrepreneur

"Bob" Johnson, Maud Allan's manager, was one of those who shared the belief that "Bloomey" was a millionaire. Canny manager that he was, he resolved to profit by "Bloomey's" admiration for the dancer. So he fired "Bloomey" (who was nothing loth) with the ambition to break into the theatrical business. The result of his representations was a contract between Johnson and Blumenthal by which Blumenthal agreed to bring Maud Allan out to the Pacific Coast in 1911 for a series of twenty-five dancing exhibitions and to pay Johnson $1,000 per exhibition. Sometime ago Johnson wired out to "Bloomey" to send $5,000 on account, but just about that time "Bloomey" decided that he had no desire to engage in the business of an entrepreneur. At about the same time he went to Los Angeles as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin and lavished attentions on Edna Goodrich Goodwin. When the divorce came some time afterwards it was gossiped that "Bloomey" was going to marry Edna, but this he strenuously denied. One of those difficulties with his inn-keeper to which "Bloomey" seems to be temperamentally inclined occurred while he was in Los Angeles, but nothing of it ever got into the newspapers. Even a San Francisco paper which tried to "land" the story found insuperable obstacles. This was one of the curious things about "Bloomey;" he had a way of avoiding disagreeable publicity. How he did it was a mystery which was not solved when a similar difficulty arose in this city just prior to his leaving for New York.

"Bloomey's" Past

When "Bloomey" was first conspicuous about the hotels of San Francisco, everybody asked: "Who is he; where does he come from; and where did he get his money?" There were not many who could answer these questions. It was known that his father was a butcher in San Rafael. It was known too that he was a stenographer in the office of William Hood of the Southern Pacific. But stenographers do not

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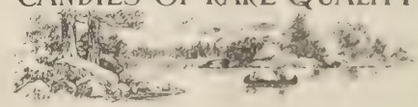

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usually sport automobiles, valets and secretaries, and "Bloomey" had all of these. Then it was said that "Bloomey" had taken charge of a big real estate transaction for Baron von Schroeder and had made a lot of money out of it. It was also said that he shaved salary warrants to the amount of $25,000 a month in the offices of the Southern Pacific, having financial backing from a man of wealth. Undoubtedly that would be a profitable financial scheme—profitable enough to enable "Bloomey" to make a splurge with the favorites of the footlights on whom he lavished money. At one time it was expected that Blumenthal would make a brilliant match. It was a case of mutual adoration between him and the daughter of a prominent clothing merchant of this city. But the family of the girl, including her uncle who was one of the leaders of our bar and died a millionaire, opposed the match and it was broken off. The young lady married a prominent St. Louis man, leaving "Bloomey" free to philander with actresses.

Startling Earthquake News

William F. Humphrey, president of the Olympic Club, who returned from the East last week, tells of a great shock he received in Pittsburg on the day of the earthquake which occurred in this city last month. The first news received in Pittsburg that day was that the earthquake was more severe than the one of 1906 and that San Francisco was again in ruins. Humphrey had an engagement to dine at the Pittsburg Athletic Club that night as the guest of Governor Toner of Pennsylvania. He called off the engagement, and went to the telegraph office and the newspaper office, to get news of the disaster, but could get no further information. He was told that the whole State had suffered and that the wires were down west of Carson, Nev. That night he went to New York, and it was not till the next day that he learned the truth.

He Began in San Francisco

By the press agent of Charles Frohman I am informed that Hubert Henry Davies, the author of "The Mollusc," "Cousin Kate," "Lady's Gorringe's Necklace" and other comedies, is about to visit the United States as the guest of John Drew. Drew is soon to appear in a new play by Davies called "A Single Man." This serves to remind me of something which may be generally forgotten. How many people know that Hubert Henry Davies began his career as a playwright right here in San Francisco? It's a fact. Davies was a clerk for Balfour, Guthrie and Company, broke into newspaper work by writing fugitive verses and finally became dramatic critic of Town Talk. He was ambitious to write plays, but had no success until he wrote the charming vaudeville sketch, "Fifty Years Ago" for our old friend Lilian Burkhart. After that he wrote a sketch for the charming Pilar-Morin and she used it for her debut in vaudeville. His first big success was when he wrote "Cynthia" for Miss Elsie de Wolfe. Ethel Barrymore afterwards played this in London. Then came "Cousin Kate" for Ethel and Davies' efforts have been big successes ever since.

BONDS

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His Jade Bracelet

While he was living here Davies started the craze for jade. He wore heavy rings, cuff buttons and skirt studs, all made of the green stone. Now and then he even sported a jade bracelet that excited the envy of his feminine friends. He wore it one night at a little musicale and Pilar-Morin, the dainty pantomimist, made a wager that within a week she would be sporting it on her own arm. Her friends laughed at her, but sure enough she soon exhibited the jade bracelet triumphantly. They asked her how she managed to get it. She explained that she gave the young dilettante a rousing lecture on effeminacy in young men, at the conclusion of which Davies handed her the bracelet. They became good friends and that was how he happened to write a sketch for her.

Ruef and Older

My attention has been called to the San Francisco correspondence of Franklin Hichborn in the Sacramento Bee of July 20, wherein the story, which first appeared in these columns, that Mr. Fremont Older and others were behind a movement to set Abe Ruef free is the subject of comment. Mr. Hichborn wrote as one incredulous. He assumed that it was the higher ups who were eager to get Ruef out of San Quentin. Evidently the Bee's correspondent doesn't read the Bulletin. In the editorial columns of that journal some days ago Mr. Fremont Older told us how greatly his feelings toward Ruef had changed and to what extent his sympathy had gone out to the man behind prison bars. Mr. Older pictured himself as a man of very generous feelings, and apparently he was intensely pleased with himself in his role. The truth is that Older and Ruef have become warm friends again and that the editor is doing all in his power to induce the authorities to parole the former boss.

"You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serepta," spoke her husband, nerving himself to say something at last, "for fifteen years."

"I've done more than that, Volney," snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn; "I have made you turn the grindstone."

Keeler to Circle the Globe

I am told that Charles Keeler, the Berkeley "pote," is going to take his poetic locks, his soulful expression and his "pomes" to the far corners of the earth. He is going to make a trip round the world and pay his expenses by reciting his verses to the elect of all nations. 'Twill be an interesting journey and, I trust, not an unsuccessful one. Homer who is sometimes regarded as a greater poet than our Charles, used to wander from place to place, reciting his epic lines for the delectation of the groundlings. Virgil tempted the sea on a journey which aroused the apprehensions of stay-at-home Horace. Dante strayed from his beloved Florence when they made it too hot for him there. Shakespeare is supposed to have travelled during those mysterious years between his departure from Stratford and his first known activities in London. Milton went abroad to see the "autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." So why shouldn't Charley Keeler follow these distinguished examples. I sincerely hope foreign nations won't mistake him for Raymond Duncan disguised as a "pote."

He Hobnobbed with the Great

Out on Market street, in front of a vacant lot, a venerable old man has a little stand where the stranger may apply for information about cheap lodging houses. Just how the vending of such information suffices to support this old man I am at a loss to explain; perhaps it doesn't. There was a time, however, when he didn't want for money. He is Henry V. Blatchford, an English barrister, and he used to be a noted lecturer. He knew most of the great men of his prime and when he lectured about Tennyson, Hugo, Zola and others, telling the intimate stories of them which the literary love to hear of their favorites, great crowds gathered to hear him. But Blatchford has fallen on evil days.

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

"Yes; and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."

A Tribute to Wilde

"If they do anything unpleasant to Louis Wilde in Portland, I'll be mighty sorry." It was a man from San Diego who was talking in the lobby of the Palace and he went on to explain. "Wilde is one of the livest men who ever came to San Diego. And he was one of the most generous. He made the city a present of a ten thousand dollar fountain. When a good show came to town he would buy blocks of seats and give all the newsboys a treat. But the greatest thing he did was to complete and open the Grant Hotel. He took hold of that project when everybody else seemed to be afraid of it. It was frely said that he would make a failure of it. Among others who knocked him was the president of one of our banks. This banker made derogatory remarks about Wilde which reached Wilde's ears. Wilde met the banker at the club and handed him his contract for completing the hotel with his personal check for ten thousand dollars pinned to it. 'Take this money as a bonus and relieve me of my contract, if you think you can do better than I can,' said Wilde. The banker backed down. Yes, sir. I shall be very sorry if Louis Wilde comes to grief."

She Had Misunderstood

"Marie, since I've been away you've been wearing my dresses."

"But didn't madam give me explicit orders that they should be aired?"

Woman's Immemorial Failing

Woman's passion to improve on the face which nature gave her by submitting to painful and dangerous operations at the hands of beauty doctors, is no new thing. The world has had its unhappy May Ilgs from the earliest ages of which we possess record. The beauty doctors of Babylon and Nineveh, of Carthage and Alexandria, of Jerusalem and Athens and Rome operated in very much the same way as the beauty doctors who pursue their faking careers today. In the early ages of the Church the Fathers launched denunciations at them, but with little effect. These men appeal to a vanity that is deep-rooted in countless silly women and they cannot be curbed by the menaces of religion. The classical writers have many references to the havoc wrought by the beauty doctors. Juvenal, for instance, has these lines in that terrible sixth satire of his:

But tell me yet, this thing thus daubed and oiled,
Thus poulticed, plastered, baked by turns and boiled;
Thus with pomatums, ointments, lackered o'er,
Is it a face, Ursidius, or a sore?

These lines portray a face that has been submitted to the very operation which drove May Ilg into the slough of despond.

"New" Sayings of Christ

Whatever may be the final determination of Biblical scholars as to the papyrus unearthed and translated by Boston scholars and found to contain a conversation between Christ and a chief priest of the Temple, the lay reader of the Gospels, applying a purely literary criticism, will not be impressed with its authenticity. He will not be willing to admit that the words quoted are the words of Christ. If he regards the Gospel as an inspired record and believes that the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, has been recorded substantially as it was uttered, he will be particularly loath to admit that this papyrus is to be treated reverently. Nowhere in the four Gospels does Christ make mention of a flute girl; nowhere does He refer contemptuously to the "unfortunates" of this class, as we call them nowadays. The spirit of the words quoted is very different from what we would naturally expect from Him who wrote a memorable message in the sand for the saving of the woman taken in adultery and accepted the humble attentions of the Magdalene. It does not seem to be the Christ of the Gospels who argues a question of ceremony with a Pharisee and says: "Woe ye blind, who see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast day and night, and hast cleansed and wiped the outside skin which also the harlot and flute girls anoint and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men; but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of eternal life. But woe unto thee!" A woman anointed Christ's head with precious ointment from an alabaster box and "wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her." This is the Christ of the Canonical Gospels.

But They Are Not New

Just why the newspapers should have published this conversation between Christ and a Pharisee as a newly translated document I am at a loss to understand. It is not new. It has been accessible to scholars since 1907 when it was discovered. It is part of the so-called "Logia" or sayings of Christ which were unearthed in 1897, 1903 and 1907 in the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, one of the chief early Christian centers in Egypt, situated about 120 miles south of Cairo. The "Logia" are written in Greek on papyrus or vellum and were translated several years ago by Professors Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hart. At that time this particular "Gospel fragment" which is now unaccountably published as a new discovery (perhaps to make a blue Monday sensation) excited a great deal of comment. It is supposed to date from the year 200. But it presents numerous difficulties. It implies that a Jew was required to wash and change his clothes before visiting the inner Court of the Temple, but this is quite unsupported by any other evidence we possess. Scholars are puzzled by the references to the "place of purification" and the "pool of David." They have decided that the local color it presents was due to the imagination of the author who was aiming at dramatic effect and was not really acquainted with the Temple. So the historical character of the episode is not admitted and the fragment is regarded as an aprocrychal elaboration of certain passages in Matthew and Mark. But this is not news. What enterprising Boston newspaperman tried to pretend that it was?

The Apocryphal Gospels

By the way, how many people who know their New Testament thoroughly realize what a lot of apocryphal gospels there are? They form a fascinating though difficult study. Most of them exist only in fragments. Some of them, while purporting to teach the gospel of Christ, are anything but Christian. Thus, the Egyptian is pantheistic. It teaches that the distinctions of sex are one day to come to an end, a teaching which makes the prohibition of marriage seem a natural consequence. But this gospel circulated among the Gnostics who, as Editor Percival Milnes of San Jose will tell you, were a queer lot. They had absolutely nothing in common with the spirit of Christianity, yet they profoundly influenced Christian art. There is reason to believe that the conventional cast of features ascribed to Christ is derived from the Gnostic artists. Another apocryphal gospel is that of James which, according to early Christian writers, was appealed to as proving that the "brothers" of Christ were sons of Joseph by a former marriage. Then there is the Hebrew Gospel which was written in the Aramaic which Christ is supposed to have talked. There are many others all with interesting historical peculiarities. But of course they lack importance as religious factors. When the Canon of the Scriptures was fixed they were swept into insignificance.

Three Well Met

When the man that winds the ferry clock heard of the appointment of Thomas S. Williams, the former tailor, to the harbor commission, he slapped his hand to his knee with an air of satisfaction and exclaimed, "Now that's what I regard as a happy choice." Then he beamed on me with an effulgent eye. "There's a harbor commission," he said, "that's hard to beat—every man an expert, a good judge." "A good judge of what?" I asked. The clock winder made answer: "Well there's Williams, he's a good judge of cloth, and there's Joe Dwyer, he's a good judge of horse flesh and there's Hill—let me see what is Hill a good judge of—oh, yes, Hill is a good judge of a soft political snap." And then my friend loaded his key on his shoulder and slowly wended his way up the stairs of the clock tower.

No Chance at All

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye micht like tae leave me a bob or two tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie.

Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna, A' my spare shullins I gie tae my auld mither.

Donald—That's strange. Because yer mither told me ye never gie her onything.

Wullie—Well, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance dae ye think you've got?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI MALATESTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Andrea Malatesta, Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased.

ANDREA MALATESTA,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Malatesta, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5, 1911.

T. J. CROWLEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 8-5-5

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Uncomplimentary to Berkeley

The following communication has filled me with a good deal of sorrow. I have an open mind as to the conditions it purports to criticize. If, as his name would indicate, the writer is related to the great German poet, he may be indulging poetic license. Or is he accurate? Some reader may know.

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I have of late become a resident of Berkeley and my son is to matriculate at your great university. There are several reasons why Berkeley and your university appeal strongly to me. In the first place, religion occupies an important place in my life and I read with pleasure in the recently published Encyclopaedia Britannica that "the inter-related" Berkeley Bible Seminary of the Disciples of Christ, the Pacific Theological Seminary, the Seminary of the Pacific Coast Baptist Theological Union and the Unitarian Theological School are "all associated with the University of California." This differentiates your university from nearly all the other universities of this country which are irreligious, nay, godless. In addition to this fact, I was drawn to Berkeley by my admiration for Doctor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, a scholar for whom I have had the most profound respect ever since he published that epochal work of his, "Der Griechische Nominalaccent." Of course you have other great scholars at Berkeley, such as Professor Dallam Armes (who recently caught Sidney Lee napping in regard to certain dates in the lives of Rabelais and Sir Thomas More) and Professor Morse Stephens to whose monumental work on your unfortunate conflagration I look forward with the utmost eagerness. (I trust that in your valuable paper you will give us due notice of the approaching publication of that exhaustive treatise, so that we may get in our orders to the booksellers before the first edition is snapped up by an avid public.) But I fear that I am wandering from my subject. Your university I would not presume to critize on short acquaintance, but alas! I am disappointed in Berkeley. I confidently expected to find it the seat of cultivation in California. I pictured its inhabitants as a superior class, aristocrats of the intellect. I counted on finding them raised above the ordinary American by grace of fine spiritual endowments. I thought that their mental gifts would be mirrored in splendid countenances and symbolized by quiet elegance of attire. And I have been greatly downcast to find that it is not so. I have been studying the Berkeley man and the Berkeley woman—in the Key Route cars, on the streets, in the shops and particularly in the Greek Theatre. I find the Berkeleyite (must I use an odious word?) common. He seems to me of superficial cultivation, the rough metal of him smoothed over with a lacquer of showy knowledge. He (and I am including the ladies) is not so much the product of university conditions, as the man of Oxford or our own Cambridge is, but is rather moulded by the ordinary circumstances of suburban life. In his views on the great problems he is even narrower than the commuter! He secretly delights in rag-time and Robert W. Chambers though he pretends in the presence of strangers to know Bach and Turgenev. He loves Idora Park, but prates of Aeschylus and Shakespeare. Do you perceive my drift? The Berkeleyite is so impressed with the importance of culture that he affects it, possessing it not. He is ashamed of his healthy inferior tastes and indulges them shamefacedly. He is a sham. He (man and woman alike) is dowdy in dress; or, if attentive to this important matter, is freakish and lacking in good taste. Most of all am I sorry to say that the Berkeleyite lacks good manners. At the Greek Theatre (the Sunday Half-Hour of Music I cannot too much commend) my appreciation has been repeatedly retarded by high-pitched chatter, by vacant laughter, by senseless antics, by the scratching of matches. Why must the Berkeleyite take his crying baby to the Sunday concerts? Why must his small boy be brought there and allowed the freedom of the diazoma? For these reasons I am disappointed in Berkeley. But of course they shall not drive me away. The man of real cultivation is irritated by such things, but he knows how to shut them out from consciousness. With President Wheeler's "Der Griechische Nominalaccent" open before me I can forget the world. It soothes my wrought-up nerves, calms my emotions, transports me to the land of abstractions where the Berkeleyite never bothers me.

Very sincerely,

—J. W. von Goethe Schmitt.

Berkeley, July 30, 1911.

Summer Resort Arrivals

Among the recent arrivals at the Casa Del Rey, Santa Cruz are: From San Francisco: Mrs. Herman Hease, Miss Lottie Hease, W. F. Crowley, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carrthers, Mrs. R. Backus, Mrs. F. Nagle, Mrs. W. D. Groff, Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwabacher and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gebhardt, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Boyd, N. S. Neudstater and party, Mrs. H. M. Wilden and family, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Alburn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leahy, Miss Blethen, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kriemler, Mr. and Mrs. Cotagas, R. H. McCay, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Peterson, W. V. Mayo, E. L. Gross, J. H. Follis, Louis Follis, Miss Tompkins, D. H. Harrison, Wm. Rayor, Mrs. H. Evernson, Miss Alice Schroth, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, B. W. Nicholas, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Morgan, A. B. Mann, Miss H. Palmer, R. Girwin, W. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Shelley, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Eichburger and party, S. W. Berteaux, F. W. Eaton, Mrs. A. Hudgear and family, C. J. Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wertzenber, Miss Teresa Hess, Miss E. Hunt, Miss Fannie Homoyer, H. H. Ware, Mrs. H. H. Ware and family, S. Mellbourne, W. T. Dunn, Milton S. Sprague, Miss C. Curtis and party, Hon. H. H. Greene, Dr. Arthur Beardslee, Chas. Bassine, D. F. Fredericks, Miss Evelyn Flussey, William Gavin and party, George W. Burnett, A. J. Levin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Walters and family. From Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley: Mr. and Mrs. Al. Koford and family, Mrs. W. I. Wilson, Miss Winterburn, Miss M. Wilson, Stuart Henshaw, Wm. E. Sharron, Miss Ruth Sharron, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Black, Mrs. Theo. Jenkins, E. V. Black and party, S. H. Johnson and party, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brooks and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyers, J. H. Lessor, F. H. Cassaway and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Martens, Miss J. Lilley, L. H. Lemmon, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mallock and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kessler, Burt Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weston and family. From other cities: Mr. and Mrs. H. Gould, Livermore, C. E. P. Lipp and family, Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Oakes, Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Cockrell and S. L. Lesser, San Jose, H. U. Frink and A. T. Spaulding, Santa Barbara, Miss Skelheimer, Miss Miriam Werner and E. Skelheimer, New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. Coombs, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. B. Mills, Los Angeles Miss E. Mills, B. D. Shaw, Stockton, J. P. Hinkman, Fresno, Edw. Sanger, St. Paul, Miss Romie Jacks, Monterey, G. W. McConnell and party, Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Amstutz, Harry Amstutz, Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, Gonzales, B. M. Price, New York, F. L. Dickenson, Boston, Mrs. G. Holtune, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Hickman, Master Richard Hickman, San Jose, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Miller Griffith, H. L. Evans and J. C. Keith, Ross, H. W. Lytle and Miss Grace Lytle, Idaho, J. H. Ross, Fresno, Mrs. C. L. Benton, Sausalito, Miss Creede, Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Miller, New York, Miss C. I. Newman, Los Angeles, George Carr, Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dennis and party, Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dallas, Merced, Mr. and Mrs. W. Forster, San Rafael, Miss Irene Miller, Oxnard, E. P. Chappel, Detroit, Miss M. E. Mack, Reno, Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Luven, Miss Van Luven, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Chamberlain, Quincy, Mass., Miss Clara F. Woodin, Boston Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Pomeroy, Porterville, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Burton, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hallett, De Moines, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Berkely, Los Angeles, Miss I. W. Hellman and party, Miss Hellman, Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary R. Lyon, St. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dennis, Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dallas Merced, H. A. Campbell and party, Petaluma, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Forster, San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Miller, New York, F. W. Eaton and party, Redwood, W. S. Macy, Santa Barbara, E. W. Schmabel and son, San Jose, Mr and Mrs. Edw. Howard and family, San Mateo, Fred S. Whittel, Boston, G. M. Howard Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, San Mateo, Edw. Lyon, Burlingame, Mrs. Heazleton and Mrs. Tilley, Washington, D. C., Harry White, Watsonville, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Monaghan, Frank Monaghan, Los Angeles, Miss E. Hussey, Pittsburg, Mrs. P. H. Frasse, Philip Frasse, Mrs. P. H. Argues, San Jose, Wm. H. Smith, Palo Alto, Mrs. E. D. Bush, Baltimore, Miss E. Hussey and Miss Johns, San Mateo, Mrs. R. B. Young, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. I. Moore, Los Angeles, R. C. Chambers, Los Angeles, A. S. Jones, Chico, Mrs. R. D. Sengal, New York, John F. Francis, Mrs. J. G. Mossier, Los Angeles.

Registered at Cottage City, Santa Cruz, are: From San Francisco: Miss Josie O'Neil, M. O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Grauman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Boland, E. L. Gross, Mrs. W. Finnigan and family, Miss A. Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hamilton, Mrs. F. H. Griffin, Dr. C .T. Griffin, Miss L. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Galindo, H. L. King, John Roach, August Hess, R. Hammargren, Mrs. C. Munson, Jas. N. Block, Jr., Oscar Wolf, Edw. Barry, A. W. Lawrence, R. C. Melcin, Mrs. L. Elkus, Stella C. Elkus. From Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and sorroundings: Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Williams and family, Mrs. J. J. Shannon and family, C. T. Regan, J. S. Spofford, Mrs. C. J. Ross, Mrs. M. Hall, Mrs. E. A. Moon, H. Ross, John Ross, Mr. and Mrs. F. Olace and family, E. W. Rawlins, Dr. and Mrs. V. P. Orella, E. Haswell, F. R. Haswell, Mrs. L. A. Konigshofer, Mrs. T. F. Hutching, Miss Martha Goldbaum, Mrs. C. J. Ross, Mrs. M. Hill and family, H. A. Moon, H. Ross, H. R. Christie and family, Miss Charlotte A. Hickel, Miss Ethel James, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Howell, J. E. Jacobi, Jr., From other places: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Shea, Newman, Mrs. F. E. Fowler, Coalingo, D. J. Ruhstaller and C. Boyden, Sacramento, E. Farren, San Jose, Judson Roache, Miss Edith Lee, Los Gatos, W. B. Clarke and family, Niles, Mrs. W. Vauderhaust and party, Salinas, Mrs. Henry Levis, Gilroy, Mrs. L. McCoy, Mrs. N. L. Dehan, Master Dehan, and J. R. Adler, Chico, Ernest Denan, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tiernan and family, Sacramento.

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The Story of the Bee

(From the Persian.)

Allah, always great and merciful—may his name be forever praised!—had gladdened the earth with a beautiful day. In the bright sunshine the birds flew hither and thither, the multi-colored flowers opened their petals to the light and warmth, and filled the air with the most delicate perfumes. All living things joined in a hymn of praise to the Almighty who had gifted the earth with the sunlight and many other blessings.

A little Bee flew busily from one flower to another, and sinking down upon each, extracted the honey, until it could hold no more.

"God be with you!" suddenly called out a voice.

The Bee stopped his work for a moment and looked around. He saw that it was an Ass who had spoken, and answered politely: "I thank you."

"What are you doing here, perched upon that flower," inquired the Ass.

"I am making honey."

"Honey? What is that?"

"Come here and I will show you. Stick out your tongue and you shall taste some of it."

The Ass opened his mouth, the Bee poised itself lightly upon the outthrust tongue, left there a drop of honey and then flew back to the flower. The Ass drew in his tongue and after a moment showed signs of great delight.

"Tell me, Bee, how do you make that honey?" he inquired.

The Bee looked at the Ass in great astonishment, wondering that he did not know how honey was made. He extended one of his antennae and pointing to the wide landscape, exclaimed: "Look around you, Ass, and you will see millions of flowers and thousands of trees in bloom which lift their branches up to the blue heaven. From heaven comes the God-like sun which fills with life every bud and causes the sap to flow in every stem. Together with beautiful flowers and healing plants there grow poisonous weeds, because the sun sheds its light alike upon the just and the unjust."

"What do I care about all that stuff?" asked the Ass, looking around and stamping his hoof impatiently. "What difference does it make what kind of grass grows in the fields? I eat my belly full every day and I have never been harmed by it. What I wanted to find out was about this honey."

"Thou shalt know that, O Ass," hummed the Bee. "From these flowers which are spread upon the earth like a carpet of many colors, I extract the honey and fill myself with it."

This statement of the Bee seemed to the Ass about the stupidest thing he had ever heard, and he replied in an offended way: "I never could have thought, Bee, that you would reply to my friendly salutation by a falsehood. Do you think that I am such an Ass that I cannot distinguish between the truth and a lie?"

"And wherein did I lie?" asked the amazed insect.

"Of course you lied! What you have told me is pure nonsense. You have doubtless forgotten that every day I eat many pounds of grass and flowers, and I have never made any honey yet."

"But remember, O Ass, that I choose only the most delicate flowers, and I extract only the honey and not a single drop of anything that is bitter."

"That's another lie," answered the Ass angrily. "When I daily eat grass and flowers I certainly get the essence of them. And why in me do they not turn into honey?"

"Because you eat haphazard and without making any choice," answered the Bee, but the Ass broke in angrily:

"You cannot make a fool of me. In return for my good wishes, you mock me. Come with me before the court and you shall be properly punished for your false statements."

The Ass and the Bee went together into court, which was presided over at that time by a shrewd Camel, and they submitted the case to the judge.

"I beg you, O learned Camel, to do justice and punish this Bee," began the Ass. "When I was in the field this morning, I saluted him politely and said to him: 'God be with you, what are you doing?' And he answered and said: 'I am making honey,' and let me taste some of it. It was delicious. I wanted to make some too and begged the Bee to tell me the secret. Instead of doing so, he lied to me and said he extracted it from the flowers. Now you know, O upright judge, that I eat flowers every day, good and bad, some with and some without perfume, but did I ever make any honey? You also eat flowers of the field."

The Camel reflected a long time, vainly attempted to arrive at some decision. Finally he shook his head. "I will not risk condemning an innocent person, and so I must refer you to some judges who are wiser than I am. It is true that I myself eat grass and flowers daily and like you, O Ass, I have never made any honey."

Shaking his head doubtfully the Camel walked away, and the Ass said to the Bee: "Let us go to the Lion."

They found the king of beasts surrounded by numerous other animals. The Ass stated his case again.

Many of the spectators shook their heads; they were willing to admit that the Bee did not feed on worms or dirt, yet they could not believe that he could make honey out of the same flowers they ate themselves. So a tumult arose and all called out that the Bee should be punished. The Bee tried vainly to explain to the Lion the manner in which honey was made, but the king of beasts shook his head.

"I understand," he said, and then he called out to the executioner: "Do your work, cut off the Bee's head!"

In answer to the royal command came the grim Panther, armed with a sword. The Bee sank down at the feet of the Lion and begged him to state why he had given such a judgment. The Lion wrinkled his heavy eyebrows, looked threateningly at the little insect and exclaimed: "You must die! I have understood you very well, but you must allow that neither the Ass nor the Camel nor the other animals here have believed you. It is beyond their understanding that you should be able to extract only the honey from the millions of flowers. You'll never be able to make the Ass understand (and the rest of them are all Asses), so if I should permit you to live they will all be dissatisfied and make a lot of trouble for me. No, it is better that you should die, and that I side with the Asses, so that life may go along in the old way. Then honey, and the method of making it, will be forever forgotten. Executioner, do you duty!"

The Panther swung his glittering sword and the head of the Bee rolled at the feet of the judge.

A Parthian Dart

There had been a terrific tiff and they had, as a matter of fact, parted for ever. However, he turned as he reached the door.

"Ah!" he said. "When I look at those eyes, those lips, those cheeks, that hair, those eyebrows—they recall to me what we ought to do."

"What is it, Rudolph?" she questioned, with a sob.

"Make it up."

And, oddly enough, that only added the petrol to the blaze.

True Sympathy

The thin man darted across the platform. "Will you hold the train a moment for my wife, conductor?" he gasped. "She is just crossing the street."

"Can't do it!" snorted the conductor, as he raised his hand to signal the engineer.

"B-but, conductor, she's going away to stay six months!" cried the thin man. "If she doesn't go now, she may change her mind."

"I'll hold it," replied the conductor.

"What is a miracle?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "Please, Miss," replied a little girl, "mother says it will be a miracle if you don't marry the new curate!"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Young Shortridge on the Stage

The Shortridge family is represented on the professional stage after all! When Vesta Shortridge Bruguiere announced that she was in training for her debut at the Alcazar, we all sat up and agreed that it would be decidedly worth while to see the temperamental daughter of the irrepressible sage of San Jose behind the footlights. And mightily disappointed were we when she suddenly scampered off to the East to engage once more in matrimony. But now our spirits are revived. For Maurice Shortridge, the brother of Vesta, is a member of the Alcazar company. The conqueror of Claire Payne is an actor. To be precise, he has been an actor for three weeks. He first graced the boards in "Sapho," appeared again in "Arsene Lupin" and is now heightening the ensemble effects of "Pierre of the Plains." How he managed to remain an actor for three weeks without betraying the secret of his histrionic ambition to the newspapers is beyond me. His name has been displayed in the programs. It is a name not ununknown to fame. In the annals of Del Monte it is writ among the names of those who are mighty with their fists. It is a name which Claire Payne remembers and shivers at the memory. But still Maurice Shortridge has been raising the standard of histrionism, elevating the stage in Sutter street for three weeks and the press agent hasn't got busy.

Dassonville photo.

MISS MARGARET COFFIN

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Coffin. Her mother, Mrs. Lilian Harris Coffin, is one of the foremost women in the local suffrage movement.

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An Actor of Temperament

I spoke to Edward Belasco about Maurice Shortridge's incursion into dramatics and he told me that he was going to make an actor out of the young man. He told me that Shortridge had temperament, that he showed the spark that can be kindled into the flame of dramatic genius, or words to that effect. I should not be surprised. I had the pleasure of seeing young Shortridge act in "Pierre of the Plains" on Tuesday night. He appeared as a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The second act was nearly over when Maurice first burst upon the scene, but he was worth waiting for. Attired in the natty khaki uniform of the service, he was an inspiring picture. His mobile Shortridgian features were hardened to lines of military severity. His chest burgeoned with the importance of the business in hand. There was not the least trace of stage fright, but stage fright was not to be looked for in a Shortridge. He appeared again in the third act and I examined his demeanor still more carefully to verify my first impressions. There could be no doubt of it. Maurice Shortridge looked, acted like an actor! As to his speaking voice, however, I am not prepared to offer an opinion. Let others say whether in his delivery of lines Shortridge bears out the promise of his demeanor. The fact is that I did not hear him speak. His part was a heavy thinking part.

Mirza Ali-Kuli Khan With Us

I noticed the genial countenance of the celebrated Mirza Ali-Kuli Khan in the lobby of the Fairmont the other day. He is here with his son for a short vacation. It is about two years since Mirza last honored us with his presence. His former visit was a notable one. He gave lectures which proved conclusively to his own satisfaction that Omar Khayam had spiritualized sufism, and society attended them. But as society hadn't the remotest idea what sufism meant and hadn't read its Omar for many years, society nodded in its comfortable chairs at the St. Francis where the lectures were given and even, in some instances, went to sleep. The distinguished Persian from Washington also signalized that visit by proclaiming the greatness of Carmel in an article contributed to the Carmel "Whirl," an unique publication of the literary colony. "I believe that California will be the centre of artistic endeavors in America," said Mirza; "also that Carmel will play the leading part in the coming age of art. Nature herself has created this destiny for Carmel and California." It is not often, even at Carmel, that a man who has inside information from Nature speaks so freely and "the vision of Mirza" excited something of a sensation. It would be interesting to learn whether he considers Carmel any closer to her destiny than she was two years ago.

Mirza's American Wife

Mirza's American wife has not accompanied him on his present visit to the West. She is from all accounts a very interesting and charming woman and has helped her Persian husband to a pleasant place in Washington society. Mrs. Kuli Khan was Miss Florence Breed, the daughter of a Lynn shoe manufacturer. Their courtship began in Boston where they were drawn together by their common belief in Babism. What is Babism? Well, it is a kind of pantheism professed by the Persian sect of the Babi which was founded some half dozen decades ago by Seyd Mohammed Ali. Babism is one of the fads of eastern society and has many adherents among the temperamental idlers of the New York and Washington drawing rooms and studios. Miss Breed's family objected to the attachment but the Persian and his romantic admirer eloped and married. They went to Persia where Madame Khuli Khan so impressed the Court at Teheran that she was made Moravehes-Sultaneh, which is said to be something worth while. Later they went to Washington where the Babists took them up and listened to Mirza's lectures. When the Persian Minister left Washington at the time of the Persian revolution, Mirza was left in charge of the ministry and he has been a big man ever since.

Scharz photo.

MISS MIRIAM POND

A popular belle of Oakland. Miss Pond was one of the bridesmaids at the Campbell-Beckley wedding which was celebrated Tuesday at St. Mary's Cathedral.

A Reunion of Honolulans

A reunion of Honolulu people was held at the wedding of Beatrice Campbell and George Beckley last Wednesday that made the reception seem like a family celebration. Colonel Sam Parker, step-father of the bride, was in his most jovial mood and there was no stint of champagne at the wedding dinner at the St. Francis. Toasts were drunk to bride and groom and to the absent Princess David Kawananakoa, sister of the bride, who is lingering in Europe after the cor-

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onation. The statuesque Mrs. Voorhies Henry who is her intimate friend was present, looking blonde and beautiful. Mrs. Whiting of Berkeley, wife of Admiral Whiting, U. S. N. retired, was there with her sister. They were two of the noted family of Afong girls in Honolulu, both married into the navy. Mrs. Whiting is part Chinese and part Hawaiian and is a pretty woman who might be taken for a daughter of sunny Italy. Walter McFarland and his wife were prominent Honolulans present. Mrs. McFarland is a leader of society in the islands, her husband being one of the well known family of McFarlands who own coffee plantations in the islands. One of them married Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton's sister, Miss Dunn. Mrs. A. D. Tenny and her daughter, residents of Honolulu who spend their summers in San Francisco, were there with Captain and Mrs. Matson of the Matson steamship line, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shingle who were best man and matron of honor respectively came from the islands for the event. Mrs. Shingle is one of the handsome Campbell girls, step-daughters of Colonel Parker, but she is not as well known in San Francisco as Princess David and the bride of Wednesday's wedding. The groom attended college here where he was nicknamed "Hilo" Beckley. He is wealthy, and with the bride's share of the Campbell millions they are well supplied with this world's goods. The bride, by the way, brought not only her wedding gown from Paris but the handsome costumes worn by her bridesmaids as well. One was of shell pink satin and the other of blue, embellished with gold embroidery. The floral parasols to match which the attendants carried, were Parisian in their daintiness. The bride also carried one. The enameled handles were twined with flowers, and the flaring lacy parasols half closed were filled with orchids and roses.

Two Chums to Marry Sailors

The two navy engagements, one of which was announced this week, will take two girls who have been chums since their school days into the service about the same time. Miss Lolita Burling whose engagement to Paymaster Gearing was announced several months ago will be a bride in November, and a few weeks afterward her friend Miss Janet Klink will marry Lieutenant Irvine. Since Miss Burling has lived in the southland with her parents she has often visited Miss Klink, and the two girls frequently made trips to Mare Island for dances and social doings at the navy yard. It was these trips that fostered the romance of Miss Burling and young Gearing which resulted in their engagement at Coronado where the young lady was visiting her aunt Mrs. John Evelyn Page, wife of Dr. Page, U. S. N., retired. Miss Klink met her betrothed at Bremerton while on a visit to Seattle a year ago. He is attached to the Yorktown. When his ship was ordered south he renewed his friendship with the fair San Francisco maid.

Another Naval Engagement

A third engagement of the week will take another local belle into the navy set when Miss Anna Weller, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller becomes the bride of Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., in September. Miss Weller is the grand-daughter of Mrs. John McMullin and a cousin of Miss Eliza McMullin and is also related to John Hays Hammond. Her paternal grand-father was the late Senator John Weller. She is a handsome girl and has been much sought socially since her debut. Lieutenant Shipp has been ordered to Annapolis but the marriage will take place prior to his departure for the Naval Academy where he will be instructor. It will be a small house wedding because of the death of several relatives of the Weller family in the past few months. The late Pay Inspector Stanton of the navy whose wife was Miss Lena Maynard was a half-brother of Judge Weller. The death of W. A. Hayes, husband of Mrs. Weller's sister, was a recent bereavement. The late Mrs. Francis J. Heney was the third daughter of Mrs. John McMullin and aunt of Miss Weller.

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Society's Intellectual Pretense

I notice that one of our ever delightful bavardes has announced that "literature is going to be a la mode this winter." This announcement leaves me cold and skeptical. Whenever society —our kind of society—shows signs of growing literary I shall look confidently for the millennium. Literature and society don't jibe. You can't serve society and letters any more than you can worship God and Mammon. Pink tea and erudition are mutually exclusive. These truisms will stand in spite of the illustrations offered by the bavarde to prove the literary tendency of the aristocrats of our parish. One young woman, we are told, has published a second volume of poems. But can the bavarde point to a single poem—using the word in its true sense—ever written by a society girl? Verses we have had in great quantity, but a poem? Never! Another young lady, I learn, is to form a class in which the girls will "study modern French in the original." One is puzzled to know how anybody could study modern French in any other way, but let that pass. Modern French is not an intellectual diversion for society girls, much less a literary one. Modern French is as much a part of social equipment for a young lady as a powder puff is a necessary article for her toilet table. After the bavarde's flight of fancy it is reassuring to learn that there will be "no dearth of dancing." Of course not. And I should like to learn the names of the society girls who will cut the dances to spend a quiet evening with the sonnets of Shakespeare! This season will be no more literary than any other. Literature is never "a la mode." It has nothing to do with winter fashions or summer fads.

A Dire Threat

Two charming young girls who have unusually good looks and something of a genius for dress, were chatting in great animation over their tea cups at the St. Francis the other day when two young matrons entered and sat down at a nearby table. These matrons were brought up in the same set with the two unmarried girls and yet when the latter saluted them, they returned stony stares. The cut direct is never so embarrassing as when it comes from those who have no good reason to administer it. But in this instance the two girls were no whit dismayed. "Just wait," said one of them loud enough to be overheard by the too exclusive matrons, "just wait till we marry our two millionaires and we'll make them eat dust." A fearsome threat. Naturally their friends are gossiping about the identity of the two millionaires.

Miss Rivas' Adventure

Mrs. Earl Cummings went to Los Angeles to greet her sister Miss Amelia Rivas on the young lady's arrival at the family home in the South after an exciting experience in the Mexican revolution. Miss Rivas was held a captive by insurgents for three days in Culiacan where she was visiting her brother when the town was sacked by insurrectos. General de Morelor occupied the house next door to the Rivas home. The story of the California girl's capture is thrilling enough for the pen of a fictionist. It was effected by means of an underground tunnel beneath the two houses and Miss Rivas was taken through it by her captors to the de Morelor headquarters where she remained three days. She was treated with respect and was held to secure the insurgents against hostilities from the residents of the district. Miss Rivas is a beautiful young woman of the Spanish type like her sister Mrs. Cummings and took a prominent part in the San Francisco Kirmess last winter.

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Therese Thompson Writing a Novel

Miss Therese Thompson who is living with her sister Mrs. Charles Norris in New York has been bitten with the literary bug, I am told, and while Kathleen Thompson Norris is making a name for herself with her short stories in the magazines Miss Thompson is said to be at work on a novel. She is a young woman of mental attainments and should write something above the ordinary. A few months ago she prepared to renounce the world and take the veil of the Carmelite order in England but became convinced that she was not suited for the life of prayer and meditation of the holy women. I shall await with interest a volume from her pen.

The Former Miss Sperry in Town

Arno Dosch, a one-time San Francisco newspaperman, is in California to write a series of articles on the State's resources for Pearson's, for which he is to receive, I am told, five cents a word. Dosch went to New York after doing local work on an evening paper, and entered the magazine field of the metropolis two years ago. His articles have appeared in the Pearson publications and he is looked upon as a promising figure among magazine writers. Mrs. Dosch, who accompanies him, was the beautiful Miss Elsie Sperry of San Francisco. When they married, her devoted admirers, who were numerous, were plunged into cardiac despondency.

Mrs. Wood is Home

Mrs. William S. Wood, widow of the well known attorney, has returned from a lengthy tour abroad and is now occupying her old home in Clay street where she recently entertained several of her old friends at an informal tea. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood who have been occupying the Wood home during the absence of Mr. Wood's mother, have gone to the Peninsula Hotel where they will spend the balance of the summer. Mrs. Wood brought many beautiful laces, pictures and rare works of art back with her from her wanderings abroad.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. William Simpson Lyle gave a dinner party in honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Howard Naylor, U. S. A., previous to the "Newlyweds' Hop" at the Officers' Club last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Naylor who was Peggy Simpson, has accompanied her husband to his new station at Honolulu.

Mrs. Heazleton and Mrs. Tilley, society leaders of Washington, D. C., were royally entertained at Santa Cruz by Mrs. C. C. Moore. Drives to the Big Trees and Big Basin were taken and a sail on the Fair president's beautiful yacht. The ladies were pleased at the reception and gave a tea in behalf of Mrs. Moore in the sun parlors of the Casa Del Rey.

Society from the peninsula is well represented at Casa Del Rey for week ends and the fair ones do their own chauffeuring. The Casa Del Rey's garage is now completed.

Mrs. J. H. Hough and Miss Helen Hough returned during the week from Honolulu, where they have been for several months. Miss Lynette Hough who accompanied them to the islands returned a month ago. Mrs. Hough and her daughters are down from their Stockton home for a short stay in town, and are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Dr. R. C. McChord, father of Lieutenant William McChord, has been spending a month in the Yosemite Valley with his son, who is on duty there with the troops. Dr. McChord is a Kentuckian, who has been traveling in California during the summer. He was a guest at the Victoria during his visit to San Francisco.

Captain E. C. Long, U. S. A., with Mrs. Long and their family are at the Hotel Victoria for an indefinite stay. Miss Marjorie Shepard, Mrs. Long's sister, is with them. Captain Long has been stationed in the north.

Mr. Jas. Rosenberg of San Bernardo Ranch, San Ardo, spent last week at the Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Hall of Boston are registered at the Hotel Victoria during a short visit in the city. The Halls have a beautiful country place near Livermore, where they spend their summers, and during their residence there they make frequent trips to San Francisco.

Many Los Angeles motorists are visiting Del Monte. Among the well known are Mrs. A. C. Balch with her guests Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Bryant. Mrs. Balch has taken apartments at Del Monte for quite a long stay and will visit her sisters, the Misses Jacks.

Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Miss Eugene Murphy, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Walter Stettheimer are going down to Del Monte about the twenty-fifth to enjoy the dog show which promises to be a most successful affair.

Golf enthusiasts are making all preparations to spend the first ten days in September on the links of Del Monte. The prizes are more beautiful than ever. Mr. P. W. Selby, Mr. W. P. Scott, Robert Y. Hayne, Vincent Whitney, R. D. Girvin and family, the W. H. Crockers, the Cuyler Lees, and many other Del Monte golfers will be there.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Miss Louise McCormick who are spending the summer at Paso Robles while Mr. McCormick is in the East, started on the twenty-first for a motor trip to San Diego accompanied by Dr. Frank W. Sawyer, manager of Paso Robles Hot Springs and Mrs. Sawyer. En route they visited Riverside, Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara and after a succession of delightful days returned to Paso Robles on the first inst.

Dr. and Mrs. Craycroft, accompanied by Mrs. Shaver and Miss Dora Shaver, motored from Fresno to Paso Robles last Friday and are spending a few days with their uncle, Mr. H. W. Swift who is at Paso Robles for the benefit of the waters.

Mr. John W. Twiggs of San Francisco is spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and her guest Miss McKinstry regretfully departed from Paso Robles after a sojourn of some weeks, going to Mrs. Scott's summer home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker of Salt Lake and Mrs. A. L. Radke of San Francisco were among the motor parties arriving recently at Paso Robles.

Among eastern guests at Paso Robles are Mrs. Mattie Kellogg, Houston, Texas, and Mrs. L. S. Frazier, Lampasas, Texas, accompanied by their sister, Mrs. Laura McKeogue of Los Angeles.

Mr. J. O. Galloway of Oakland made his weekly visit to Paso Robles last Thursday.

Among the motorists registered recently at Paso Robles are: Edw. Zobelein and wife, E. F. Ganahl and wife, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. McCreery and son, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Meserve, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Safford, Los Angeles; Miss Culbertson, Miss Kate Culbertson, Miss Margaret Culbertson, Mr. A. L. Thompson, Mrs. E. R. Kellam, Mrs. Clack and son, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Shaw, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eckhardt, Miss Gertrude Eckhardt, Mrs. T. C. Stockton, Mr. H. E. Heber, Mr. Clare Cardell, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eckley, Mrs. C. A. Stephens, Mr. A. Otis Birch and wife, Mrs. B. F. Conaway, Mrs. A. C. Balch, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Horsington, Bakersfield; Mr. and Mrs. Sebree and two children, Mrs. Warren Barnhart, Pasadena.

Some northern automobile parties at Paso Robles include: Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish and son, Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. Miles A. L. Dowler and son, San Francisco; Mr. A. K. Edwards, Palo Alto; H. O. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Graham, Miss Ethyl Graham, Mr. W. H. Chickering and wife, Miss Chickering, San Francisco; Miss Perrin, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Shepherd, Miss Phelan, Miss Dillon, San Francisco; Miss Sullivan, Paris.

The Majority Won

A physician, in declaring that insanity was frequently productive of sound logic tempered by wit, told the story of a patient he once met in an asylum. He came across this patient while strolling through the grounds, and, stopping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics, the physician said:

"Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied the man. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."

Bride—Were you very much embarrassed, dear, when you proposed to me?

Hubby—Only about $20,000, love.

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions, should carry in her purse a booklet of **Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves.** This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes. It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of 10 Cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

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The management is pleased to announce to the patrons of Techau Tavern, that hereafter, in addition to our vocal and instrumental concerts during luncheon, shopping hours and dinner, there will be a continuous vocal entertainment between the hours of 8:30 p. m. and 12:30.

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Regular Dinner with Wine, $1.00

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ALL CARS PASS THE DOOR — Next to Palace Hotel

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, DANTE?

She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the

Dante Restaurant

536 Broadway

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LUNCH 75c — REGULAR DINNER $1.00

Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

Gossip of the Theatre

"Pierre of the Plains" and Richard Bennett

That Richard Bennett was an unusually good actor we all learned when we saw him with Maude Adams in Barrie's delightful "What Every Woman Knows." That he is an actor of versatility is apparent to anyone who compares his acting in that play with his characterization of the half-breed Pierre in the play which Edgar Selwyn fashioned out of Gilbert Parker's story of the Northwest. A fine piece of acting is Bennett's Pierre. His accent seems to be the real thing, soft, purring and insinuating. Even when he made a curtain speech to the enthusiastic Alcazarans Bennett refused to drop it, a touch which heightened the illusion. The interest in Pierre is great from the moment he first appears on the stage and it becomes intense in the third act when he has his knife-duel with the villain Durkin. This is a bit of melodrama that delights the audience. The two men go at it hammer-and-tongs. They are both sturdy fellows and evenly matched. But of course virtue triumphs and Pierre deals Durkin two sickening blows in the chest, whereupon the ruffian plumps backward down the rocky slope and does a somersault into the footlights, a flip into eternity. Naturally the audience cheers Pierre to the echo. It is interesting to see the daughter of that good old actor Lewis Morrison and to find that she has inherited much of her father's talent. Miss Mabel Morrison (or Mable—the name is spelled both ways in the program), is the leading woman with Bennett. She has a pretty part and plays it very well. This young woman will probably go a long way on the stage. E. L. Bennison plays an important part, but makes it rather oppressive. Somehow or other he never seems to connect with the sympathy of the audience, an unusual thing with Bennison. Burt Wesner has a comic bit and does it well, as usual. The priest is played by Pietro Sosso (a brother of our old poetical friend Lorenzo?), but it is a very prosy character and not much can be done with it. The other parts are well distributed. As usual the mounting of the play is excellent.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The End of the Bridge"

Henry Miller will offer at the Columbia next Monday night a three-act play by Florence Lincoln entitled "The End of the Bridge." The actor-manager will have the role of a physician of the ultra-modern school. It is said to call for big acting ability. Mr. Miller will be supported by a remarkably strong cast chosen from members of "The Havoc" company and other well known players who have been specially brought to San Francisco. "The End of the Bridge" derives its name from an allusion in the play to the metaphorical bridge which one crosses in forming a momentous decision in the crisis of life. The character played by Mr. Miller, Dr. Garret, is a famous nerve specialist. On the eve of his departure for Germany to accept a call from a big university in Berlin to a position that will make him internationally famous, his plans are halted by the grave mental condition of the young daughter of his oldest friend. This young woman, Joan Mannering, has become a victim of psychoneurosis, superinduced by long vigils at her father's death bed and morbid brooding over his demise. A nurse who is detailed by Dr. Garret to take charge of the young woman's case, succeeds in diverting her mind from its melancholy trend of thought by the mental suggestion that it was her father's last wish that she should marry Dr. Garret. When the physician discovers the state of affairs he tries to avert a step which may prove ill-advised for the girl as well as for himself, but after the reactionary effects upon her mental faculties have driven her to an attempt at suicide, he falls in with the plan and they are married. The big clash of character in the play comes when the girl, after recovering her health, discovers the sacrifice that Dr. Garret has made, and believes that he married her only through pity and a keen sense of obligation to her father. Her attitude toward him is made more sensitive because of the fact that she has learned to love the man who gave her his name. And Dr. Garret, before his marriage an emotionless scientist, falls deeply in love with his young bride, but masks his feelings for her with an impersonal professional demeanor, convincing himself that she became his wife while in an abnormal state of mind and cannot care for him. The development of the narrative beyond this point offers an absorbing love story.

HENRY MILLER
In "The End of the Bridge" at the Columbia.

Scrooge and Tiny Tim at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have for a headliner Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in a dainty operetta "Mon Amour." Both artists sing extremely well, are attractive and act cleverly. Miss Stone is a handsome woman and dresses in smart frocks of the latest mode. Mr Kalisz is the composer of the music and lyrics and is a clever French musical comedy tenor. A special feature will be "Scrooge" as played with great success in Great Britain for the last five years. Its producers had the unique distinction of appearing before the late King Edward at Windsor Castle by special command. It has proved as great a hit in America as in England. The players are English and were brought to this country by Tom Terriss who adapted the playlet from Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Wallis Clark who plays "Scrooge" was a member of Irving's company. Miss Maude Leslie who plays Mrs. Cratchit was with Beerbohm Tree. The Original Four Londons, champions of the air, will be seen. Lou Anger, the German soldier, will deliver his monologue. Next week will be the last of Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich; The Dandies and M. Nederveld's Simian Jockey. It will also conclude the engagement of "The Darling of Paris" which is proving one of the greatest theatrical sensations this city has known.

"The Girl in the Taxi"

"The Girl in the Taxi" is announced for a return engagement at the Columbia, beginning Sunday night, August 13. Upon its production in this city last season it scored a financial hit. The cast will again be headed by Pearl Sindelar who will appear as The Girl, and will include Roy Summers, Phillip Branson, Isabelle O'Madigan, Cecile Breton, Charles Pierson, Richard Bartlett, Grace Walton, Estelle St. Clair, Jules Ferrar, Francis Gaillard, James Graham and others. The production will be on a lavish scale.

SCENE FROM "SCROOGE"
Tom Terriss' adaptation of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" — Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

"Arms and the Man" at the Alcazar

"Arms and the Man" with which Richard Bennett's third week at the Alcazar will be opened Monday evening, is a Shaw play mercilessly satirizing militarism and heroworship. Throughout its three acts it bristles with wit and subtle sarcasm, ridiculing war as an institution and playing tag with conventional ideals of human bravery. That it is admirably adapted to stage use has been variously demonstrated. It was one of the late Richard Mansfield's most profitable starring vehicles; its story forms the libretto of "The Chocolate Soldier," an exceptionally successful comic opera; and its revival last season in London was one of the few winning theatrical ventures. All of which was owing to its possession of dramatic elements that the majority of Shaw's other plays lack. In addition to its rare literary worth, "Arms and the Man" is rich in characterization, action, tense situations and picturesque scenery.

The New Cort Theater

The new and beautiful Cort Theater on Ellis street above Market is being rapidly rushed to completion and when it is thrown open for the first time Sunday evening, September 3, it is promised that a playhouse that would be a credit to any city in the world will be displayed. The attractions to be offered are the very best to be obtained and the opening will be "Baby Mine," the delightful comedy that ran for a whole year at Daly's Theater, New York.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

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Beginning Monday, August 7th—Six Nights
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

HENRY MILLER

Will Present for the First Time the New Play
"THE END OF THE BRIDGE"
By Florence Lincoln
Sunday Night, Aug. 13th—"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI."

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Aided by Mable Morrison and the Alcazar Players in

ARMS AND THE MAN

George Bernard Shaw's Delicious Comedy-Satire on Militarism
Prices: Night, 25c to $1. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

AMELIA STONE and ARMAND KALISZ, presenting the operetta "Mon Amour"; "SCROOGE," Tom Terriss' Adaptation of Chas. Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"; ORIGINAL FOUR LONDONS; LOU ANGER; HORACE WRIGHT and RENE DIETRICH; THE DANDIES; M. NEDERVELD'S SIMIAN JOCKEY; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES, Last Week of "THE DARLING OF PARIS," featuring Mlle. Mina Minar.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Varied Types

Concluded from page 7

by political ambition. So they drafted him for service as president of the World's Fair corporation. Drafted is the word. He didn't want to serve in that position. He was eager to continue in the work in a subordinate place. At first he refused to accept. But the directors knew what they wanted. The very fact that he was averse from stepping into the limelight proved him the man about whom all could rally. They needed his tact, his good humor, his abounding enthusiasm, his personal magnetism, his inexhaustible capacity for appreciation. In the end they got him And so far there hasn't been a murmur of disappointment.

Moore isn't any too strong physically, but he is working hard. He knows how to conserve his energy. Every Friday night he escapes to his beautiful place at Santa Cruz. He sails his yacht and plays golf and forgets all kinds of business—except farming.

"I want to be a farmer," he says. "I am prouder of the dollar I make out of my orchard than of the money I make from my business. The greatest ambition of my life is to raise the best artichokes in the State."

And when Charles C. Moore says that his brows lower whimsically and that winning smile of his beams from his clear blue eyes and plays about his lips. One can fancy Diocletian smiling just like that when they tried to lure him from his Illyrian cabbages.

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The Betrayal

By Jacques Constant

"At last, at last, Dmitri! Why do you frighten your Maroussia so? You leave right after dinner without saying a word, and I have been awaiting your return, mad with anxiety. Where do you come from so late at night? What were you doing? Whom were you with?"

"No, I am not reproaching you, only I have been so afraid—I don't know why."

"No, don't joke. I know there are no wolves in Helsingfors, but there are men who are more ferocious than wolves. I know that the hospital of Saint-Vladimir is filled with wounded; that every night the soldiers fire upon people who walk through the streets after ten o'clock. It is dangerous to be out after that hour."

"Sleep when you are absent, exposed to danger! You know I could not do it."

"How do I pass my time? Crying, darling, and praying to God. Don't laugh, don't blaspheme, heaven would punish us. As soon as I had put our little son, Sasha, to bed, I knelt before the image of the Virgin. My prayer was not in vain, for you have returned safely.

You say you are not thirsty? Take some of this vodka with water. It is true that I talk so much and I notice nothing. You are flushed, out of breath, covered with mud; you look somber and preoccupied. Dmitri, do you know that you have not even kissed me? And do you know that you went away without even kissing your son? Oh, bad papa! But, great God—I hadn't seen it! You are wounded! Your right hand is covered with blood."

"Not your blood? What? You were attacked? You fought? You struck your adversary? Perhaps you killed him? Speak, tell me what has happened. You see that I had good reason for being anxious!"

"Some terrible mystery, and I must not know it! There are things you keep secret from me now. Still, think well, I must know what you are doing in order not to compromise you. In these days a thoughtless phrase, an imprudent word, is enough to condemn a man to death or to Siberia."

"I understand now. I will say that you came home to dinner, and went to bed at ten o'clock as usual. If only no one saw you come in! I can guess that something very serious must have occurred. Why do you hesitate to confide in me, your wife? You know you can have confidence in me."

"I annoy you? You would not have said that to me two years ago. What has become of our loving intimacy, of those pleasant evenings we spent seated in front of the fire, while Sasha rolled at our feet on the bear rug, holding out his little hands and calling to us in his childish voice. You smoked your pipe, you know—the one that was carved in the likeness of Tolstoy."

"Dmitri, you are crying. Oh, why did you ever join this society of the Invisibles?"

"Don't deny it. I know it. A letter fell from your pocket one day with that horrible black seal. What were you preparing for? I don't know; but I do know that everyone lowers his voice and looks about him in terror when the name of this mysterious association is pronounced. Besides, since you have been frequenting these people you don't laugh any more, and you seem plunged in gloomy thoughts. You read books that speak of a better condition of society, liberty and justice, but counsel crime."

"Oh, it is possible that I do not understand. I have never studied as much as you have; only it seemed to me that Christ had already said these things more humanely, more lovingly. Don't be angry, Dmitri; if all the world followed the precepts of the gospel there would be less suffering and less iniquity. Laws were not to be changed by violence, but by love. He who strikes with the sword shall perish by the sword."

"What do I care about the universe, Dmitri? You and Sasha are all the universe that I have, and it is because of this that I am afraid when you leave me. My happiness may be selfish—much the worse. Swear to me that you will not risk your life! There are plenty of men who have neither wives nor children; let them sacrifice themselves first."

"No, all rich men are not bad. Look at that little toy horse over there that Sasha received as a present today!"

"Who? I dare you to guess. Well it was a present from His Excellency, Prince Ourivan."

"Yes, the Governor of Helsingfors himself. But what is the matter with you? How curiously you are looking at me. Don't you remember that my cousin, Fedora, is governess at the palace? We met her this afternoon when we were out walking and she insisted upon my seeing the apartments of the prince. She thought he would be away all day, but he returned sooner than usual and entered the great ball-room where we were standing in esctacy before the pictures and tapestries. But far from seeming to be annoyed, he showed us the greatest court sy. Sasha conquered him at once; he took him on his knees, kissed him and complimented me on his looks. He thought he was very big for a boy five years of age."

"Why do you object to my accepting the toy which the prince offered me so graciously? A refusal would certainly have annoyed him."

"He certainly looks more like an honest man than a cruel executioner. I imagine that a good many evil deeds are attributed to him that he is in no way guilty of."

"Killed? How? By whom? Oh, this must be the act of some member of your terrible society. Sooner or later the assassin will be discovered and he will be punished as he deserves."

"You say he is prepared for death and martyrdom? Then you know him? He is one of your friends? I am sorry for him. But—how stupid I am! This inexplicable absence, this secret which you dare not reveal, the blood on your hands!

"This man might have been a thousand times worse than he was, yet he was one of God's creatures and you had no right to take his life. Oh, my darling, I feel that a terrible misfortune is about to happen to us. You see, he who strikes with the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Yes, your excellency, I am the wife of Dmitri Propopov, lithographer, but judge, I swear to you that I do not know for what reason they have brought me before you.

This morning, when I awoke, the police brutally invaded our little house and compelled us to follow them. In spite of our protestations they took us to prison—my husband, me and even this poor little innocent boy who is now smiling at you.

"There must be some mistake, judge. I know you are good and just and I am confident that you will set us at liberty."

"The crime that was committed last night?"

"Prince Ourivan assassinated? It is horrible! I saw him only yesterday afternoon. He was such an amiable, good man."

"I met him because my cousin is governess at the palace. He gave my little boy a toy. Oh! this is a sad misfortune for Helsingfors! I suppose the assassins have already been arrested?"

"Dmitri suspected? But that is infamous, your excellency. A man so quiet, so honest as he is would be incapable of such an action. You're on a false track." ?

"Am I certain of that? Why, of course, I was lying beside him."

"You say my testimony is suspicious! Of course I have no one to corroborate it. My house is isolated and we know few people. No one saw him go out that night, that is certain."

"Excellency, this is my son. He was sleeping at the time, and then he is so little, he doesn't know. Sasha! Answer the gentleman! Do you love your papa?"

"Last night? Hush, Sasha, you're a bad boy. You do not know what you are saying."

"Judge, I will not allow him to annoy you any more with his babble!"

"It is false, your excellency, it is false! The child has invented all that. You are crazy, Sasha!"

"I have no intention whatever of intimidating him, judge, but you can see yourself that he is lying. How could I have exclaimed: 'My God! It is midnight and Dmitri has not returned!' when Dmitri was sleeping beside me? Oh, God! I tell you he was sleeping, sleeping soundly."

"No, you cannot, you must not believe what a child says. Your excellency will certainly not credit his statement. He is subject to hallucinations, to nightmares—and yesterday, now I remember, he was very feverish. He dreamed all that he has just told you. Oh, my God, believe me, he has no notion of time. Yesterday or last week are all the same to him. Silence, Sasha! Yes, yes, yes, you know you are sick. But he is repeating it again and with an accent of sincerity! Oh! Children, your excellency knows, are terrible, and could cause a catastrophe without knowing what they are doing. But do not believe him!

"It is useless. We are lost. My God! I do not believe in your goodness and mercy any more, since you have permitted a child to betray its own father."

The Financial Outlook

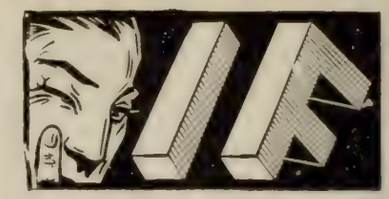
By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Extreme dullness and moderate re actions together with some further selling on foreign account because of the Morrocan situation resulted in a slightly lower level during the previous week. Yet the market had good support which checked the decline and indicated rather clearly that the bull cliques have the market well in hand. Pool operations continued in Lehigh Valley and Reading on the belief that a separation of the coal business of these companies from the railroad business will be adopted and will prove beneficial to stockholders. These doubtless will secure valuable rights to subscribe to shares in the new companies, made neecssary by this segregation plan of coal assets. No doubt the price for the two securities will aggregate higher than present prices of Lehigh Valley and Reading stocks. The apprehension caused by the Congressional investigation into the steel corporation affairs is being allayed somewhat and offset by information regarding larger bookings of orders and increase in the operation of plants. While this improvement is small it is steady. The only feature that is puzzling market interests is the possibility that this improvement may be temporary and the result of an accumulation of business during the recent period of extreme dullness. Initial losses the past week were heaviest amongst the northwestern stocks, where St. Paul and Great Northern sold off large fractions.

Wheat—Decline in the condition of spring wheat has been constant since the first of July. The brilliant prospect in North Dakota has been reduced to much less than an average at this period of the year. The dry subsoil was such that the shooting stage began to fail rapidly. Frequent showers failed to do any good as the little moisture was quickly absorbed and dissipated. The decline in condition was as rapid as a year ago in the greater part of North Dakota and in north Minnesota, outside of the Red River valley. The northernmost counties of North Dakota which had good snows last year and fair submoisture have held up well. The rust is prevalent over most of the country on both sides of the river, and even in the section where deterioration has been the greatest. Only a few sections thus far report serious injury. Canadian conditions are well maintained with a slight decline from the opening of the month. There too there has been a slower ripening of the grain on account of the cool weather. The adoption of the reciprocity agreement by the Senate puts the execution of the same up to the Canadian parliament, and it is not yet clear if it can be adopted by the present body, at least without some delay. The market thus far has assumed that the Canadian crop will be available for this year's handling in the States, and the price of wheat in Chicago has been holding close to an export basis, and likely to do so unless it becomes apparent that Canada's delay will last until later in the year. The wheat harvest has been completed and the yield bears out last month's promise. The quality of the grain is better in nearly every section. The marketings have been the heaviest in years following harvest, due to the tightness of financial conditions in many sections, as the result of liquidation in values the past year. With the probable dependence of the market upon the world's wheat crop, more attention is being paid to the crops of other countries. Russia and adjacent countries on the west have been hurt by a hot wave during the filling period and there are accredited reports of a much lower yield than a year ago. Europe closes the crop this week with total imports the greatest in history, seven hundred million bushels. With the French crop better than last year the continent will not require so much.

Corn—Good rains have fallen over the corn region, and allayed much of the fear existing ten days ago. The damage beyond repair has been great and under ideal conditions from now on the country could not be expected to come near the big crop of last year. The rains will give the fall grass a good start and in some sections will help the late corn. Reports of barren stocks are coming from a good many sections, but the real condition of the growing crop in the black soil States will show up around the middle of August. The nerthwest will have a fair crop. The market have had a good decline and prices have yielded easily on account of the very large long interest. The speculative element was largely confined to the market centers, the country not being in the market to any great extent this year. Prices are not apt to move far upward after the break unless damage reports begin to assume sensational character.

Cotton—Cable reports of a famine in India and further beneficial rains in the south where they will improve the already bright prospects for a very large crop, were responsible for the big decline in cotton the past week. Texas and Oklahoma received additional heavy rains toward the end of the week and it is probable that the total rainfall for July in Texas will be as heavy if not heavier than in 1906 when 4,056,000 bales were made on an acreage smaller than this year's acreage by 1,792,000. It is probable therefore, since all hope for an important reaction in the market has been lost, that the south will have to face conditions as they actually exist. There is every promise for a large crop this year, limited only by the date of killing frost, as all States report the best promise in years and a largely increased acreage. Morever, the crop promises to move to market at an unusually early date, as thus far Houston has received 1,266 bales of new crop cotton against 1030 bales to the corresponding date last year, and cotton is already opening up in some southern States.



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An Hidalgo

(Continued from Page 9.)

Men sent there poor returned home rich after a few years' service, just as a Moorish Caid enters his government on a thin horse and followed by a rout of starvelings, but leaves it wealthy and a made man for life. The Hidalgo's friends all thought his luck had changed, holding, quite naturally, that he would do as others did, and put his boots on, as the saying has it, in the established way. Once entered on the duties of his post, they found out their mistake. Accounts were audited, and every penny that came in had to be checked and then transmitted to Madrid. His critics were dumb-founded, and his friends said there was a cat of some kind shut up in the bag, for none of them believed in any honesty in public life, although in private all were honorable men. Had he but pocketed the money all might have passed without much comment, and men have envied him his opportunities, rejoiced to find that after all he was as they were, and giving them the chance to shake a moralizing finger and say, "We told you so."

Vigo became too hot for him when it leaked out that his sole purpose was to help the treasury with funds to carry on the war, not that the citizens were not imbued with patriotism, so far as shouting was concerned, or making speeches, but to send money to Madrid, where they knew that it would be stolen by the officials in the treasury, appeared to them both as a madness and a rejection of that local patriotism so strong in Spaniards' minds. Some thought him mad and quoted the old saw, 'Make yourself a redeemer and you will be crucified," and others thought he was a rogue who had hit upon some novel kind of fraud, and half respected him. After the truth about the miserable campaign had thoroughly leaked out, he went about dejected, in fashion of a man who has seen everything he once held sacred, fall crumbling to the ground.

Back in Madrid, for Vigo had become untenable after his ill-timed sally into patriotism, he found himself still entering figures in a book, although a little better paid. The miserable life of an employee at a public office, the only life that he had ever known, began to prey upon his mind, as it must prey upon the mind of every man a little different from the born pen-driving slave, the being who deserves most pity in the world. In the long hours of idleness which are inevitable in public offices, he set about to think. Having reviewed his life, he found that to be honest he would have to change all his convictions and ideas. The books he had admired he saw were rubbish, the pictures wretched, even on politics a doubt crept in and made him miserable. He saw at once the precipice on which he stood, looked down into its depths and turned away for good. Clearly he saw his view of life and faith would have to be remodeled, and felt himself unequal to the task.

For a brief space he plunged into what he called pecuniary love, but returned always from his execursions to the side chapels of the Paphian goddess, weary and sick at heart. Although his fortunes had improved a little, and he was recognized as an official to be depended on for work, but not of course after his escapade at Vigo to be advanced to be the head of a department, he still lived at a boarding-house, partly from lack of energy to change, partly for company, so as to have someone to speak to when his work was done. His chief delight was to sit talking with the keeper of the boarding-house—a tall and withered-looking woman from Galicia, who had been, according to herself, the daughter of a general, but had come down in life through the bad government prevailing in the land. This of course appealed to the Hidalgo, as it does usually to all his countrymen, who like to rail upon their government just as a man will rail upon his wife, but yet endure her to the last day of a long life. Hours used to pass as they sat talking about their ungovernable land, the dearth of patriotism, and the venality of those in place. At times the Hidalgo would take up the defence of one or other minister, but the general's daughter always was able to bring forward some damning vice to shake his confidence. Not that he was a fool, or really thought that every public man throughout all Spain was venal or a rogue, but the desire to talk to somebody was strong in him, after his dreary day.

How long the Hidalgo might have gone on, attending to his work by day and in the evening listening to his landlady's conversation, is difficult to say, had he not happened on an afternoon to look up to a window, on the way from his office to his home.

Leaning upon the window-sill and looking up the street he saw a girl. Her hair was black and coarse, but plentiful, her forehead low, and her eyes black and jetty-looking, so dark they were unfathomable, but yet giving the look of not perhaps having much to fathom, when you had sounded them. She wore a dressing jacket of white pique, not over clean, but open at the neck, and as she gazed into the street, biting the stalk of a red rose which she drew now and then almost up to her lips and then let fall again till it hung resting on her chin, she smiled at the Hidalgo and, opening her lips, let the rose fall into the street. Awkwardly enough, after the fashion of the shy, honest man unused to love affairs, he stooped and picked it up. So little practiced was he in such matters that he was half inclined to take it back to the fair, careless charmer, but then remembered that he had read in books that to drop flowers was a manoeuvre of the sex. So, drawing from his pocket a greasy note-case, he shoved the flower into it,

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just in the way he might have thrust a pair of boots into a bag.

In the balcony, he heard a sound of stifled laughter, but when the flower was safely stowed away amongst his cards and several old envelopes, he had the courage to look up, hoping his charmer would reward him with a smile, he found that she had gone. All the way home he walked as nearly upon air as was consistent with his temperament, and for a space forgot the ambition of his life, to make his office the most perfect in all Spain.

In future, as he walked to his work, he always took the street in which, for the first time in all his life, a girl had given him a rose. Any other man would have found out her name, or have got someone to present him to her family, but he, whether from shyness or from some strange romantic whim, never attempted to go further in his quest. Sometimes the girl appeared, and sometimes smiled as he went past. At other times she fixed her eyes on space and seemed unconscious of his passage down the street. Upon those days he used to return home with a vague feeling of uneasiness, as if in some way she had been unfaithful to him. Still, next day found him passing down the street as usual, eager and flushed with expectation, of what he did not know, as he had never taken any steps to find out if his admiration was returned. Months passed, and then a year, and still he walked and gazed up on the balcony, usually empty, and without ever once again receiving even the shadow of a rose, or any recognition except a smile on rare occasions, as he passed by upon his way.

The people in the street all knew him, and the fat woman in the "estanco" who sold cigars and stamps, would remark to her neighbor who sold small coal, as he stood at the door of his dark den, "There goes the madman of the daughter of Don Paco." To which he used to answer, "Yes, a madman, yes; but the girl sits too much at the window, and paints her face too thickly for an unmarried wench. Why does she paint, you say; ah, why indeed, 'why does the blind man's wife go well arrayed'? the proverb says," and they both smiled and winked.

The Hidalgo, quite unconscious that he had ever been remarked, still found the only pleasure of his life in his brief passage down the street, and might have gone on to extreme old age, without attempting to declare his love, if it was love he really felt, had not an unkind fate cut short his dream, waking him cruelly. One day as he walked to his office gazing upon the ground, but his heart turning towards the window where his innamorata generally sat, he stopped and rubbed his eyes. A little crowd was gathered round the door, and an unwonted air of festivity lit up the dingy street through which he had so often passed morning and evening for the last year or so. He asked with trembling at the estanco, foreseeing some misfortune in the air. The stout estanco-keeper, in her cotton dress, which left her great, unstable bust quite loose and unconfined, patted her glossy hair, arranged a side curl on her cheek, and looking at him with a smile replied, "This is the day on which Don Paco's daughter marries the captain of the Carabineers . . . her mother has good luck, for she is eight and twenty if a day, is getting, like myself, a little like a ham, and, as you know, has sat there in the window, like a canary in a cage, for the last seven years."

The Hidalgo thanked her, and having bought a box of matches that he did not want, walked out and stood upon the pavement to see the bride enter her carriage and drive away into the world. He had not long to wait, for, leaning on the arm of a stout captain, with a waxed mustache, a sword by his side, and a thick perspiration on his forehead as he struggled with his gloves, she stepped into the street. For the first time in all his life, the poor Hildago found his voice, and launched a "Bless you mother," so loudly that the bride stopped for a moment in surprise. Turning towards her husband, she smiled a little, then whispered something in his ear. The carriage door was slammed, and as it moved away a hand in a white glove threw a flower from the wedding bouquet to the Hidalgo, as he stood stupefied. This time he understood and, stooping, picked it up and pressed it to his lips, and it appeared to him that the white glove fluttered an instant at the window as the bride drove away.

All day he wandered up and down the streets, and for the first time in his life his colleagues missed him during office hours and thought that he was ill. The night he spent in the Retiro, walking about the alleys, named so grandiloquently, Peru, Nueva Granda, Honduras, Mexico, and Paraguay, and after all the other great viceroyalties lost to the flag of Spain.

An October frost had turned the leaves in the Retiro a light gold and a thin film of ice spread on the waters of the lake. The equestrian statue of the twelfth Alfonso, high on its pedestal, crowning the yet unfinished monument, had a light covering of hoar-frost on the side turned towards the north and a chill air from Guadarrama stirred the trees, making them shiver at the coming of the dawn. Men wrapped in blankets, their mouths well covered up, began to show themselves upon the streets; then carts with a long train of horses or of mules, led by a little donkey, and with a pole tied to the wheels to act as a rough break, jolted and rumbled on the stones. Next came men driving goats, and from the country creaked in bullock-carts, drawn by great brindled oxen such as those that the angel goaded to their work whilst the good husbandman, Isidro, slumbered at noonday in the shade.

Madrid woke up to talk, as other towns wake up to work, and the streets slowly filled with people, who at first sight were going nowhere, by the longest way that they could find. Daybreak still found him wandering aimlessly. Then when the sun rose fully, red and glorious, he seemed to feel the comfort of his rays, and after having smoked a cigarette pacing along the edge of the great pool, he wrapped his cloak tighter around his shoulders; and when the gates were opened, left his Gethsemane. After a frugal breakfast at a little cafe he sat an hour or so, smoking contemplatively, till it was time to go. He reached his office at his accustomed hour, and, taking up his pen, set himself resolutely to work, just as a horse with a wrung shoulder throws itself hard against the collar, so as not to feel the pain.

Expecting Too Much

A rather finicky old chap who was traveling off the beaten paths struck a somewhat shabby hotel, which was principally used by workmen from a nearby construction camp. He paid a dollar in advance for room and breakfast, the clerk remarking caustically that "a suitcase isn't a guarantee that the bill will be paid, especially when a guy has a room on the second floor." And just before midnight the indignant Mr. Smith piled down into the hotel office, almost dressed.

"What's the matter?" asked the sleepy clerk, shifting his pipe to the other corner. "Anything wrong?"

"Wrong!" gasped Mr. Smith, trembling. "Wrong! Confound your old dump, anyhow! I saw a pair of rats as big as hedgehogs fighting in the middle of my room."

"Huh!" said the clerk, closing his eyes and preparing to return to sleep. "What do you want for a dollar—a bull fight?"

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Auto Notes

Doctors Keel and Williams, two Middle West physicians who are spending their vacation in a Cole "30" and driving across the continent, reached Sacramento on Saturday. There they will spend a few days before coming on to San Francisco, and, on this strenuous trip the doctors express themselves as more than pleased with the performance of the Cole "30."

The Mais Truck which left the sales room of the Pacific Motor Car Company a short time ago en route for Winemucca, Nevada, is reported as making the trip in fine shape, and the owner is more than delighted with it. They climbed Slippery Ford where the grade is 1300 feet in about one mile.

The Pacific Motor Car Company sold to Mr. N. C. Pipher two Cole "30" motor cars, one of the runabout type and another of the touring car type.

Mr. L. I. Scott, with a party of friends, left here in his Stevens-Duryea car for the north, where he expects to do considerable hunting and fishing.

The Pacific Motor Car Company have just delivered to Mr. H. C. Tibbitts, San Francisco, a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea touring car.

The new Packard "Six" has arrived. The first shipments of the regular factory output were made this week to New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Before making the new model a manufacturing proposition, the company subjected it to 55,000 miles of testing. The experimental "Sixes" have left a trail of dust from the Alleghenies to the wildest parts of Wyoming where the roads are merely mountain trails.

The average motorist is giving more attention to his tires this year, according to J. A. Braden of the Diamond tire forces. "We know this to be true," says Mr. Braden, "because the majority of motorists who have written us this year have asked not only for our book of tire instructions but have put up to us experiences of their own and asked for specific advice. It wasn't so very long ago that we had to almost plead with motorists to give their tires the care they deserved. The present interest we attribute to the cumulative force of twelve years work along this line and twelve years spent in getting the individual motorist's experiences. Briefly—for Diamond tires or any other tires—keep them pumped up to eighteen pounds for each inch of cross section under a normal load. If your car is overloaded keep your tires full and round under the maximum weight. Repair small cuts and injuries before they can get larger. Other points may be of some consequence but the essence of the whole tire instruction book is in the two points named."

Among the Stevens-Duryeas which have recently gone out on delivery two will be used extensively for touring this season. A. Lachman of the Lachman Estate Co. took a little six Stevens with which he will cover a large part of California this summer. He also anticipates touring into neighboring States. W. H. Weilby, the well known Oakland contractor, also took a little six which he will drive down to Southern California for the purpose of touring that section of the State. His proposed route will take him south as far as the Mexican border. Among other recent Stevens-Duryea purchasers are Dr. F. B. Lane of this city who took a little six and J. R. Christy and Thos. Turner, both of Alameda. The latter two bought four cylinder machines.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,991; Dept. No. 4.

ALFRED L. PARKHURST, Plaintiff, vs. VIRGINIA A PARKHURST, LINNIE B. HART and DELL HART, Her Husband, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and MARY STYLES, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Virginia A. Parkhurst, Linnie B. Hart and Dell Hart, her husband, John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Styles, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Bank of San Jose Bldg., San Jose, Cal. 8-5-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Wm. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WM. D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES R. GADSBY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased.

CATHERINE JANE PUCKETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of James R. Gadsby, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administratrix.
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RICHARD WILSON, Deceased—No. 11,730; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. D. Condon, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the Executor at the office of his attorneys, Brennan & Lane, in the Kohl Building, California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Richard Wilson, deceased.

J. D. CONDON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard Wilson, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, July 15, 1911.

BRENNAN & LANE, Attys. for Executor,
901-906 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES DELAUTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles Delautel, deceased.

LOUIS BEZ,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Charles Delautel, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,894.

W. P. HASSELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BUNGE, LUTELLUS SMITH, E. M. HERBERGER, and BLACK TOM GOLD MINES COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: William H. Bunge, Lutellus Smith, E. M. Herberger and Black Tom Gold Mines Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 24th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. LAMSON and LEO. D. BYRNE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-3-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

A Pension for Joseph Conrad

The announcement that Joseph Conrad had been granted a pension of five hundred dollars a year from the civil list is another emphatic reminder of the rewards of literature, for Joseph Conrad is both well known and widely read, a master of English style whose books have lasting qualities. He is not a prolific writer as we understand that term in the twentieth century, but takes time to write well, several years often intervening between the appearances of his books. Every time that a new volume comes from the press there is certain to be expressed some wonderment that a writer of such pronounced ability has never written for the stage. Very few appear to be aware that he did dramatize one of his short stories, a few years ago, and it was produced by the Stage Society of London, but it was neither sugary-sweet nor salacious enough to please the critics. Commenting on the reception of "One Day More," Beerbohm Tree wrote: "It is a terrible and haunting play, as you may imagine. It is a powerful tragedy. And therefore I delight in it. What I want from art is some kind of emotion. It matters not at all to me whether the emotion be in itself one of pleasure or one of pain. In whatever way I be quickened I am grateful. I pity the critics who can find no esthetic pleasure in 'One Day More.' They ought to give up criticism." Though he has served at sea in every capacity, having been in the French navy until a new law excluded any but natives from the service, afterwards joining the British mercantile marine, and commanding both sailing ships and steamers before his retirement, Mr. Conrad is a man of education and cultured traditions. He is a native of Poland, his full name being Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. His father was the editor of a newspaper in Cracow. He was orphaned at about the age of sixteen, and instead of running away to sea, as is commonly believed, he was adopted by an uncle, and entered the French service after a six months' preparatory course in nautical astronomy with the full consent of his guardian. It was not until he joined the British mercantile service that he took up the study of the English language, almost perforce as a means of communication with his shipmates, and the surprising point is that though he has a pronounced accent and speaks with French rapidity, his English is academically perfect. When he began to write he debated with himself as to whether to adopt French or English as his medium. Two of his books, "Romance" and "The Inheritors," were written in collaboration with Ford Maddox Heuffer, and they are not only absorbingly interesting tales but remarkably successful collaborations. Mr. Conrad takes authorship as seriously as he did seamanship, in which he says there is but one right way to do anything and the penalty of imperfect craftsmanship is liable to be shipwreck. "It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never-discouraged care for the shape and the ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the author in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fulness of wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand; and perhaps, also, that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask." There is his creed, and how well he has lived up to it, let "Lord Jim," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Youth," "Falk," "Heart of Darkness," "Typhoon," "The Mirror of the Sea," make answer.

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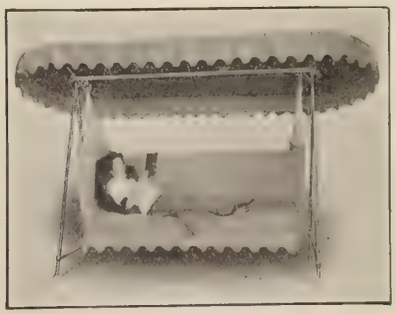

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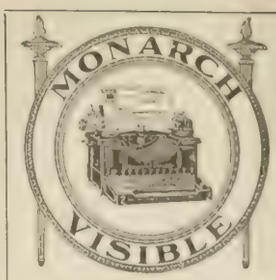

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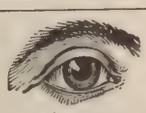

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX San Francisco, August 12, 1911 No. 990

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Motion Picture

Let us consider the potentialities of the motion picture. Here is a subject that invites to study and reflection, one that presents a vast field for speculative inquiry. The motion picture is in its infancy, but it has already taken a firm hold on lovers of amusement and effected a perceptible decrease in the business of the theatres that are devoted to the drama and kindred forms of entertainment. What the future of the motion picture is to be, to what extent it is to become a rival of the drama itself, we can but faintly conjecture. That it has entered the domain of the drama is obvious. There is a species of play writing peculiar to the motion picture, and it is susceptible of course of great development. As yet the motion picture drama is extremely crude. It is chiefly melodrama designed to introduce strange and interesting scenery. It is naked realism of a high order. The externals of the drama are depicted in the motion picture as they never can be depicted on the stage, and it is amazing to what extent there is compensation for dialogue. As the motion picture has given rise to a new school of dramaturgy so also has it introduced a new school of histrionics. The motion picture actor is in a class by himself. He must be a man of varied accomplishments, capable of hard riding and of many athletic feats. And one great advantage has this actor over his brother of the stage —he can see himself as others see him. The stage actor is ignorant of his own art. He has no means of judging of the effectiveness of his methods save the emotions of his audience, and audiences differ. In this respect the actor is at a disadvantage suffered by no other artist. When a painter has finished his picture he can determine quite by himself whether it is a worthy achievement. He knows whether it conforms with the eternal verities of beauty. So also the sculptor and musician. Each has within his own consciousness the power of measuring his own performances. But the actor must depend on a foreign intelligence. So the motion picture has wrought a miracle for the actor's benefit. How easy it is to study method in the motion picture one may see by noting the glaring difference between the artistry of a French performance in an imported picture and the lack of it in our home products. Perhaps in time the motion picture drama may be taken seriously by our critics, and perhaps both playwrights and actors may emerge from their obscurity and gain recognition.

What's To Be Done About Murder

"Jim" Langley's body was hardly cold in the grave when the Examiner asked, "What are you going to do about Conboy?" If the precedent established in the Langley case is to hold good we shall send Conboy some posies and let him go. But the Examiner, which is irrational at times, is in favor of convicting Conboy at the bar of public opinion and sending him to jail. The Examiner calls on San Francisco to reflect on the enormity of the Conboy case. Everybody connected with the Conboy case has been tried in the Examiner office and found guilty. The police are guilty of defeating justice; witnesses of perjury; jurors of violating their oaths; the courts and law officers of incapacity. This argues a pretty rotten state of affairs in our enlightened city with all its blessings of democracy and more to come. And when we consider the Langley case the situation becomes emphatically horrific. The Langley case is really worse than the Conboy case. For the facts of the Langley case bespeak an absolutely lawless state of affairs in this progressive community. While the homicide committed by Conboy was much more shocking than the one that earned for young Mrs. Langley the profound compassion of everybody, still in the Conboy case, concessions have been made to the spirit of law and order and to the institutions that conserve it. Conboy's experience does not teach others to go and do likewise. Conboy is undergoing harrowing suspense. Conboy may go to jail. And yet Conboy is not guilty of a deliberate murder. The worst that is charged against him is that on the spur of the moment, in a drunken frenzy, he killed an innocent man. We may be justly incensed against Conboy and feel that he should pay the penalty of his crime, but what about Mrs. Langley? It must be admitted that one cannot but compassionate her. True, Mrs. Langley's crime was marked by forethought and deliberation, yet for her, so young, so unsophisticated, whose tender years have been marked by so much of sorrow, so much of bitterness, so little of joy, so few of the blandishments of this world, how can we have anything but pity and commiseration? To the silent appeal of this miserable woman, though she violated a law written by God in the inmost being of man, it is but human to yield our softest emotions. But what about the State? When the newspapers become maudlin must the State turn sober judgment out of doors? According to the principle of the Langley case, as expounded in the columns of the daily press, and for which we have no authority but that of the reporters who are given to raptures, transports and flights of fancy, who are terrible romanticists in the matter of their sympathies, the processes of the law should be suspended whenever a wife who believes she has been treated ill sends a bullet into the heart of her cruel husband. Nay, the principle is that whenever a pretty woman slays her husband, the officers of the law must take the word of the reporters as to the facts of the case. "I didn't want to kill you, Jim," cried Mrs. Langley at her husband's bier; "why couldn't you be good." It was because Langley wasn't good that he was killed. The extract is from the Examiner, printed the very same day that the question was asked, "What are you going to do about Conboy?" And yet there is demand here for the British brand of justice. If we had that brand the Examiner wouldn't dare ask the question we have quoted, nor would the weeping newspapers be able to induce a grand jury, in the case of a desolate self-made widow, to condone the crime that nature abhors above all others.

Taft's Troubles

An editor who can see nothing good in President Taft tells us his Administration has been one series of mistakes; that he has been continually embarrassed by his Cabinet officers and kept busy explaining matters in which he should never have been involved. Some of which is quite true. Many a contretemps has disturbed President Taft's peace of mind. There has been much bungling in his official family, and he has frequently felt himself called upon to explain matters in which he should never have been involved. But President Taft is more deserving of sympathy and compassion than of criticism and censure. He has had a very hard row to hoe. Few Presidents ever found themselves in so awkward and unpleasant a position as the one to which Theodore Roosevelt's successor was elected. The moment President Taft revealed himself as his own master and made it apparent that he had no intention of playing the automaton he was beset with trouble. It was his misfortune to become President before Theodore Roosevelt relaxed his grip on the imagination of the people. He was expected not only to practice and promote the politics of his predecessor but also to supply water for the wheel of his predecessor's political machine, and failing to do these things he was threatened with the destruction of his party and harassed by every expedient that meanness and rascality can invent. His enemies have kept him busy. And those enemies have not failed to avail themselves of the joints in his armor or the follies of members of his official family. But all things considered President Taft has done pretty well. He has at least impressed the public with his sincerity of purpose and with his ability to do things, though it may be doubted whether it would not have been far more to his advantage had he done less and talked more. If we look back to the Roosevelt administration we shall perceive that promise is more heartily relished than performance. When T. R. was President there was so much talk to engage our attention that we had no time to note that what little

was being done was toward increasing the national debt. If there is anything that President Taft should be censured for it is for not adopting the most advantageous of all Mr. Roosevelt's policies, the policy of talking much and explaining little. Mr. Roosevelt, it will be remembered, had scandals of his own. But he did no explaining. The Harriman incident he disdained to discuss; likewise the "Dear Maria" letters, the steel trust merger, the steals of the sugar trust and other things too numerous to mention. Mr. Roosevelt took it for granted that the people believed he was the soul of honor and discretion, having told them so, and he emerged from every embarrassment without a scratch, even sometimes without using the short, ugly and always conclusive word.

Taft Puts One Over

All persons who have been following the Controller Bay controversy must be eager to know what Colonel Roosevelt has to say regarding a point touched by President Taft in his last message. Just a week before that message was received by Congress the Colonel criticised in the Outlook the action of the Administration in eliminating from the Chugach Forest Reservation and restoring to the public domain the tract of 12,800 acres which has figured in the Controller Bay controversy. The Colonel said it was the imperative duty of the President to hold this land and not permit the use of it except under certain conditions prescribed to prevent a monopoly. President Taft doubtless had this criticism in mind when he wrote his message, for he calls attention to the fact that the Colonel himself, when in the White House, eliminated from the Chugach Reservation 33,000 acres on the waterfront on Valdez Arm enabling the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate to establish a terminal at what is now known as Cordova. "Whenever the Bering coal fields are opened," says President Taft, "this company can readily reach them by a branch line, the construction of which has already been considered and is entirely practicable. Indeed its promoters have insisted to the Secretary of the Interior that this is the proper method of developing these coal fields, and that they would not be interested in building a direct line to Controller Bay where it would be necessary for them to duplicate terminal facilities they already have at Cordova on a better harbor, and where coal is not the only commodity seeking transportation." President Taft concludes: "If this position is correct, and it seems to have sound economic reasons behind it, the only effect of preventing railroad construction at Controller Bay would be to leave the field entirely to the Copper River railroad." From this it is to be inferred that T. R. has been (unconsciously of course) furthering the interests of the much abhorred Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. So naturally there are eager ears agape for the Colonel's explanation. Perhaps this was another instance of helping the people by conserving the interests of the occasionally good Mr. Morgan.

Our Beautiful Street Railroad

Though that blissful dream of municipal ownership of a street railroad is still far from realization we are able to get a foretaste of actuality and perceive what a vast difference there is between the pictures that fascinated the populace and the real thing. Long ago it was decided that the conduit system would be impracticable. Everybody that knew anything about electric railroads was aware of the fatal defects of the underground system even before the election at which the people voted to issue bonds for the building of the road. But the advocates of municipal ownership assured the people that if they voted for the bonds the municipal authorities would demonstrate the practicability of the underground system and forever confound the public service corporation that employs the dangerous trolley. Next came the promise that Geary street would be ornamented with beautiful poles of exquisitely artistic design. The poles are now on exhibition. They are just plain poles. What the building of the road will cost nobody would be so bold as to estimate, but from present indications it may not be unreasonable to suggest that perhaps another bond issue will be necessary in order to raise money to buy cars. The outlook is anything but encouraging to the advocates of a municipal street railroad system, but at present they are not saying much on that subject. Other matters of greater importance are now engaging their attention, and they are just as zealous as ever in guiding and enlightening the easy-marks that pay taxes.

Our Philistine Mill

Now comes Dr. Boris Sidis, one of the most renowned of living psychologists, with a message on education. The message is between book covers and is entitled "Philistine and Genius." Though it is a long message it adds nothing to what has been said a score of times in these columns. But Dr. Sidis is neither calm nor temperate. From meditating on our educational system, its follies and its absurdities, he has become incensed against the whole herd of professional educators. "Narrow-minded pedants," he calls them; "hopeless philistines" who "stupefy the intellect, stifle talent, paralyze the will, suppress genius and benumb the faculties of our children." He says we "give our students and pupils artisan inspiration and business spirituality"; "that in our schools individuality is crushed and mediocrity is at a premium." Dr. Sidis doesn't mince words at all. His indictment of our school system and our pedagogues is in language that sizzles. It is evident that he is bubbling over with disgust and indignation. But while he does a lot of ranting he also tells a great deal of truth that should command attention. It would be well were it to engage the attention of those temperamental busybodies, the reformers, who waste so much time and energy going about propagating futile ideals. There is nothing more in need of reform than our reformers unless it be our methods of education. It is because of these methods that we have so many reformers engaged in trying to alter the scheme of creation. Dr. Sidis says that our schools are turning out "commonplace individuals with strong philistine habits and notions of hopeless mediocrity." This is a pretty good description of the average reformer who is convinced that he is in the midst of a disjointed world and was born to set things right. The greater the educational facilities that we afford along the lines of current endeavor the greater becomes the proportion of philistines and the more numerous become the societies for reforming orthography, inventing new principles of government, proving that Bacon did it and settling all difficulties about Browning. "We shall in time," says Dr. Sidis, "become a nation of well-trained clerks and clever artisans." The truth is we are precisely that already, which explains why the people are so sure they are fit to rule. It is the well-trained clerk who rushes in where angels fear to tread.

Fragments of a Lost Memory

By Florence Wilkinson

Where have they gone, the unremembered things,
The hours, the faces,
The trumpet-call, the wild boughs of white spring?
Would I might pluck you from forbidden spaces,
All yet, the vanished tenants of my places!

Stay but one moment, speak that I may hear,
Swift-passer-by!
The wind of your strange garments in my ear
Catches the heart like a beloved cry
From lips, alas! forgotten utterly.

An odor haunts, a color in the mesh,
A step that mounts the stair;
Come to me, I would touch your living flesh—
Look how they disappear, ah, where, ah, where?
Because I name them not, deaf to my prayer.

If I could only call them as I used,
Each by his name!
That violin—what ancient voice that mused!
Yon is the hill, I see the beacon flame.
My feet have found the road where once I came.
Quick—but again the dark, darkness and shame.

Correspondence

Our Reactionary Daily

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Did you read the Call of Monday? If not, do so. Read the editor's "Word to the Apathetic Citizen," and then rejoice at the making of a convert to the propaganda which you have stood for I don't know how long but at any rate ever since I began reading Town Talk. The editor of the Call has seen the light. This distinguished journalist who but a short time ago was booming Gifford Pinchot to beat the band is now against "the propaganda of hate, suspicion and distrust"; against the wicked forces that have been assailing our government, that would change the republican form of government and the very "constitution under which we have lived and, as a nation, prospered beyond all others for more than one hundred years." He tells the apathetic citizen that there is a time coming when "he must face the vital issue that will involve government itself." He calls it "a day of repentance and regret," and he urges the apathetic one "to be up and doing and not be moved by hysteria or hate." This is all very much like applying a torch to a town and then rushing out and giving the alarm and blaming the citizens for not having anticipated the calamity. It was but a short time ago, you will remember, that the Call was very much incensed against standpatters and reactionaries. It was the Call that claimed the credit for having procured for us that greatest of all blessings—the direct primary. The Call was for the initiative and the referendum and for the election of the United States Senators by direct vote of the people. The Call, in short, was a fine example of the journal that expresses its own crotchets and hatreds in terms of moral disapproval and civic patriotism. I am glad to see that the editor of the Call has come to some of his senses, but I am amused to find that he doesn't yet realize that so far as this State is concerned we have already passed the time which he wishes the apathetic citizen to prepare for. We are now represented by a Senator who is distinctly the product of an innovation on the Constitution. Senator Works represents California in defiance of the Constitution. He is a product of the new democracy fostered by the Call and other populistic organs. To be sure there is a more critical time coming, but the fact is that "the dangerous tendencies of the times" mentioned by the Call are obviously the result of the populistic propaganda of which the Call's editor has long been a devout and industrious apostle. The most dangerous of all tendencies is the tendency toward a simple democracy such as will be effected in this State if we adopt some of the constitutional amendments that are to be voted on this year. But that we have already gone a long way in that direction nobody capable of appreciating the meaning and effect of certain principles has any doubt. As you recently observed, pure democracy is a fiction since the nearer you get to it the more closely you approximate an oligarchy. I perceived how true was this observation when I reflected on the effect of the direct primary in our municipal affairs. Here we have a little bunch of citizens nominating tickets for us and trying to place limitations on our power of selection. An oligarchy is now managing our affairs for us. Surely there was more of the spirit of democracy in the old convention system. Carlyle spoke the truth when he said that democracy means despair of finding heroes to govern you. How can you find heroes in a democracy when every man regards himself as the equal of every other man? when a man's merit and superiority can only be shown in industrial pursuits and in commerce?

I have said, Mr. Editor, that the editor of the Call has seen the light, but this observation should be amended. He has had only a flash of it. He says that "were it not for an abiding faith in the sound judgment of the American people," etc., he would "look with apprehension to a lowering future." To be really effective as a reactionary he must get rid of that abiding faith. It's a mischievous thing. The judgment of the American people is not sound. As a people we are well disposed, our intentions are good, but our judgment is dominated by our imagination. To tell us that our judgment is good is to flatter us, and it is the flatterers of the American people who are responsible for the tendencies of the times which the Call has come to deplore. To do the people good at this critical period their egotism should be discouraged. They should be told the truth. They should be warned against the frailties of human nature, and advised that they should depend on the once honored institutions of their country rather than on the soundness of their judgment.

Yours truly,

—A Republican.

The Hat-Check Pirates

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Why don't San Franciscans who lunch and dine at the big restaurants and hotels get into line with the Gothamites who are organizing a rebellion against the extortions of the hat-check-pirates. In New York the impertinence and pertinacity of the hat-check boys have become so intolerable that a number of young Wall-street brokers have started an insurrection which is spreading very satisfactorily. The evil is not as great here as it is in New York, but it seems to me to be getting worse every day. In New York you must stand and deliver your hat or they won't let you in. The only resource is to refrain from tipping as you go out and that's what the Wall-street brokers have agreed to do. Unless you've been in New York lately you can't appreciate the extent of the evil. Some recent cases will illustrate. A hotel proprietor, who went for a ride in his automobile stopped at a smart resort for a thirst quencher, and entered the place with his cloth motoring cap in his pocket. The argus-eyed boy on the door tried to seize it out of his pocket with the usual excuse of "the rule of the house." This made the hotel man mad and he refused to release his property. After an altercation he managed to get inside without injury. A theatrical manager was walking out of the Hotel Knickerbocker bareheaded recently when a boy ran after him calling out for his check. "Keep the hat," replied the theatrical manager. "I have spent three hours on Broadway looking for a friend today, and it has cost me just $3. I only paid $2 for the hat, so you can keep it and I will finish my search without one and save the money." A Professor Emeritus of Invertebrate Paleontology who had been to a matinee at the Metropolitan Opera House in a carriage entered a Times Square restaurant wearing a skull cap to protect his venerable bald head. He had written a book on Greek history that was full of sympathy for the people of that nation. (The hat boys in New York are nearly all Greeks.) His years and silver-white whiskers did not spare him from the door-check brigade. He pleaded that he would catch cold and perhaps pass away if the skull cap was taken from him. "Taka da check, dat's our business," was the order. A compromise was made by his taking a check for an imaginary hat and entering with his little cap. As the professor parted from his 10 cents on going out he said to a friend: "I think that I should like to write an appendix to my book on the Greeks.". The hat-checking privileges in the big restaurants and hotels are held by padrones who pay heavily for them; hence the pertinacity with which they hold up guests. In the Hotel Plaza the privilege is rented for $2,000 a year; in the Astor for $5,000; Martin's and the Knickerbocker get about $9,000 a year for the privilege; Rector's, the Cafe de Beaux Arts, the Cafe Madrid and Shanley's, about $3,000; Maxim's about $4,000; and Churchill's about $6,000. Is it any wonder the guests are held up? In San Francisco it is still possible to get past the door of some restaurants and hotels without being held up; and in others where your hat is invariably taken, you are not absolutely blacklisted for refusing to tip; but I know some places that are pretty bad. Why not imitate the courageous brokers of New York and eradicate this evil before it gets too strong to be handled?

Respectfully,

—A Traveling San Franciscan.

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Varied Types

XXXIV—ALEXANDER M. ROBERTSON

By Edward F. O'Day

In the mind of the ordinary man a publisher and bookseller is apt to be classed as a highbrow. He is thought of as one detached from the common activities, out of sympathy with the general interests of life. He is pictured as a myopic old soul whose horizon is bounded by learned volumes, whose nostrils perpetually snuff the musty odor of antique morocco, whose brow bulges with the lore of first editions and other loads of learned lumber. He is supposed to live only in the classic past, or if at all in the present, only in the present of literature. There is no doubt that lots of publishers and booksellers justify this notion. Lots of them are highbrows and nothing more. We have some such in San Francisco. But Aleck Robertson is not one of them.

It may surprise many people who never meet Aleck Robertson outside his bookshop on Union Square to learn that he is much more interested in politics than in book publishing or bookselling. It may startle them to be told that he would rather talk election than first editions. But that's the fact. If Aleck Robertson gets started talking politics, I defy anybody to switch the conversation to books. Broach the subject of William Jennings Bryan to him and then try to branch off to George Sterling. You can't do it. Poetry is all right in its place, but when it comes to discussing poetry to the exclusion of politics, Robertson is not with you. It would be a safe wager that when Robertson was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the fifth district he got more fun out of his defeat than he derived from the companionship of all the poets whose books he has published. Highbrowing is all right in its place, thinks Robertson, but man was not made for books alone.

But of course one doesn't go to Robertson to hear his panegyrics on the Peerless One or his opinion of the local campaign. The very difficulty of getting Robertson to talk books heightens the desire of drawing him out. The well nigh insuperable objection he has to dilating on his own publications makes it worth while to wring from him a few opinions about the men and women whose lucubrations carry his imprint.

Glancing over a catalogue of Robertson's publications—and he has probably published more original works than any other man west of the Rockies—one is struck by the unity of his output. With two or three trifling exceptions everything he has published relates closely to California. I asked him what rule governed his selections.

"I don't allow myself to be governed by the moneymaking consideration," he explained, "but it is my endeavor to put in permanent form, as far as I am able, the works of our men of ability. I try to publish nothing that is just for the day. I confine myself to bringing out books that might possibly appeal to people fifty or one hundred years from now. I try to avoid what is trivial and ephemeral. The books I've published, with three or four exceptions, have been written here in California. I strive in my way to benefit the State and to provide an avenue to the public for the authors who live in our midst."

What Robertson says about subordinating the moneymaking consideration is strictly true. Mrs. Lloyd Osborne recently told me of a characteristic instance. When she had prepared for the press her forthcoming book about Stevenson's life in California, she took the manuscript to Robertson and asked him to publish it. When he had read it he told her, 'This is a bigger thing than you realize. It is a work which ought to be published by one of the eastern houses with good English connections, so that it may receive the publicity to which it is entitled.' And he forthwith made arrangements for Mrs. Osborne to have the book published by McClurg. Needless to say, it would have been a moneymaker for Robertson.

Running through a list of Robertson's publications, many of them now out of print, one realizes what a representative gathering he has sponsored.

Among the poets are George Sterling, Daniel O'Connell, Louis Robertson, Joaquin Miller, Lionel Josaphare and Edwin Markham.

"We are too close to Sterling to know how big he is," said Robertson when I had induced him to forget that he was a publisher and to turn reluctant critic. "Men who ought to know say he is the greatest poet of today. He is certainly attracting more and more attention all the time. I think 'The Testimony of the Suns' is his greatest poem.

Genthe Photo.

ALEXANDER M. ROBERTSON

"Of all the poets whose works I have published it seems to me that the two who appeal most to the heart of the average man are Daniel O'Connell and Louis Robertson. O'Connell will always rank high in California literature. What could be more beautiful than his 'Chamber of Sleep' or 'Sweethearts and Wives'? Robertson was a master in the depiction of passion. He knew life from the topmost pinnacle down. Think of 'Ataxia' and 'The Dead Calypso.' Swinburne was a child compared to him.

"In the imaginative quality Josaphare is the greatest of our poets. Some of his best poems are in 'Turquoise and Iron,' such as the 'Sonnet to My Inkwell,' 'The Winged Heart' and 'The Splendid Earth.' The book is out of print.

"I published the first edition of 'The Man with the Hoe' which was written at the psychological moment and made Edwin Markham. I also published Joaquin Miller's 'As It Was in the Beginning' which is a remarkable work. Then there is Charles Keeler. I think his best poem is 'The Dreamer and the Doer' in 'Idylls of El Dorado.' Christian Binckley's 'Sonnets from a House of Days' was poetry of the purest sort. It didn't receive the attention it deserved. I published Herman Scheffauer's first poems. Then there was Grace Hibbard who wrote pretty verses, and Lorenzo Sosso who has gone into insurance. Stanley Coghill's 'Hathor' gave great promise and I published it at the request of Professor Kurtz. Coghill is now dead. Then there is Arthur W. Ryder's 'Women's Eyes,' translated from the Sanskrit. Benjamin Ide Wheeler who is himself a poet and a Sanskrit scholar told me when that appeared that I had published the finest verse translation from the Sanskrit that America could boast of. Then there are the poems of Dr. Taylor and 'The Soul's Rubaiyat' of Mrs. Truesdell."

This is a list of which Robertson may well be proud. But of course he hasn't confined himself to the poets.

"For genuine humor 'The Hoot of the Owl' by Behr of the Academy of Sciences stands first among my publications," he says. "For literature pure and simple there is Delmas' Speeches. The first novel of college life in California ever written was Joy Lichtenstein's 'For the Blue and the Gold.' The Boston Transcript reviewer said that nowhere had he ever read a better account of a football game. Then there is Peter Robertson's 'The Seedy Gentleman,' all that remains in permanent form of a lifetime devoted to dramatic criticism. I published two of Charles Warren Stoddard's books, 'In the Footprints of the Padres,' one of the best selling books I have ever had, and the novel, 'For the Pleasure of His Company' which is simply part of Stoddard's biography. Every character in it was taken from real life. Stevenson is there and Ina Coolbrith and some of the old 'Golden Era' people. Then there is a volume of Bierce and the work on our earthquake edited by David Starr Jordan which critics say is the standard book on the disaster. The contributors were all specialists on the subject. The Bibliography of the Chinese Question by Cowan and Dunlap is said to be one of the best bibliographies produced in America. It has gone into all the libraries."

Robertson mentioned many other works of more recent date, for once he is persuaded to talk about his publications he doesnt like to slight any of them, but I have referred to enough to prove that California owes him a great deal. Take away the books which I have mentioned and you leave a great emptiness in our literature.

Nearly all his working life Robertson has been in the book business, but his love for more active pursuits which finds its outlet in politics was inherited from his father. His father was a Scotchman of unmixed blood who came here in 1849 and engaged in mining both in this State and Nevada. Aleck was born in Ontario, but came here in 1863. He went to school on Telegraph Hill and afterwards attended the old Washington and Lincoln Grammar schools, both of which number many well known San Franciscans among their students. Robertson's father, by the way, invented the first track-laying machine ever used and demonstrated its practicability by laying track for the California Pacific between Suisun and Vallejo. When young Robertson

(Continued on Page 20)

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Potlatch and Promotion

Even when it plays Seattle cannot forget business. The voice of the boomer sounds in the midst of revelry. Listen to this from the address of King D'Oro during the recent Golden Potlatch:

We never saw the Garden of Eden and never will. We do not know where it was. Maybe it is only a sacred tradition full of meaning and wonder, but the mind's eye catches glimpses of a beautiful picture terraced with flowers and groved with sylvan nooks hung somewhere on a shadow wall away back in the night beyond the age of history. We never saw the Garden of Hesperides, whose golden apples were plucked by Hercules while the maids of Erebus slumbered on their watch and the sentinel dragon slept. We never saw that wonder of the ancient world, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which Nebuchadnezzar reared in graceful terraces high above the brazen gates of the city that they might remind his Median wife of her native mountains. We never saw any of these, but in our royal mind we dare look forward to the day when this favored city, whose shores are washed by the lulling tides of the Pacific, with its unparalleled possibilities will rival in grace and beauty the most far-famed cities of the past. Within the span of our own lives we confidently expect to behold on these seven hills, a city equalling, if not surpassing, in wealth, beauty, power and influence the famous principalities of Paris, Vienna and Berlin, and peopled by men and women who esteem just laws, civic honesty, manhood and womanhood more to be prized than great riches.

According to this royal pronouncement the show places of the world, ancient and modern, should evidently be listed thus:

Seattle
Garden of Eden
Garden of Hesperides
Hanging Gardens of Babylon
Paris
Vienna
Berlin.
Viva Potlatch and piffle!

"Lay" Baptism in France

To the ordinary mind it is difficult to understand why baptism should be practiced except as a religious ceremony; but in France a "civil baptism" has been introduced in deference to anti-clerical opinion, and is "said" to be steadily growing in popularity. The Paris papers give a description of the ceremony as performed the other day at Macon. The baby, its parents and its sponsors were received at the mairie, where the Mayor read the following formula, which was inscribed in a special register established for the purpose:

Marie Philiberte Seve, daughter of Louis Seve and of Philomene Charcosset, gardeners, of Flace, welcome to the great family of those who are free from the trammels of religious dogma.

In the presence of M. Philibert Seve and of Mme. Marie Claudine Bacot, who offer themselves as your sponsors, I, Antoine Corou, an official of the State and Mayor of the Commune of Flace-les-Macon,

In the name of the universal principles of free thought,

In the name of the glorious revolution of 1789, mother of the rights of man and of the citizen,

In the name of the lay and democratic French republic,

Baptize you and impose upon you three commandments, taking, publicly and solemnly, your sponsors, here present, as witnesses and as your guarantors:

I. You shall honor your country, your father and your mother and shall be dutiful to them;

II. You shall with all your power sustain truth and justice;

III. Your greatest fear shall always be that of doing any injury to your neighbor.

Now, Citoyenne Marie Philiberte Seve, return to the home of your parents to be their joy and to live in peace.

Vaccination for Typhoid

Following the example of the United States, the French Government has decided to establish the method of vaccination against typhoid fever in the colonial army, and Professor Andre Chantemesse, the inventor of anti-typhoid vaccination, left Paris recently for Oudyda, where he has been commissioned by the Minister of War to start vaccination among the troops stationed on the Algerian-Moroccan border. The decision of the Minister was based on the fact that cases of typhoid fever among American soldiers are now six times fewer than before the Chantemesse method was adopted. In late years statistics have shown alarming figures in deaths from typhoid fever in France. Since 1894, 140,000 have died, and 40,000 cases are recorded every year. It is curious to note that, although the vaccination is due to a French physician, France has been practically the last nation to adopt it, England having been the first to try it, in the South African war. England was closely followed by America, which took it up after the effects had been carefully studied by a special mission sent to Calcutta by the War Department. In India, Egypt, Malta, and Crete the Chantemesse vaccination is now as much in use as vaccination against smallpox. Besides establishing it in the army, the French Government is now encouraging civilians to try the new method, and Dr. Chantemesse has opened a special ward at St. Dieu Hospital in Paris, where everybody is vaccinated free of charge. Since the opening of the ward, eight weeks ago, the number of persons who have submitted themselves to the preventive measure has been on the average of eight a day.

Peasants Refuse Pensions

As has already been stated on this page, the Old Age Pensions act, which became operative throughout France recently, has met with a curious reception on the part of those it was intended to benefit. As in spirit and method of operation it is similar to Lloyd-George's Insurance bill in England, it remains to be seen whether the English farmers will give that measure a similar reception. In the agricultural districts of France peasants are holding aloof in the belief that it is some form of "official knavery" and that the Government means to collect additional taxes from them under the guise of contributions to the pensions fund. "It is too good to be true," they say. Consequently demands for pension books have not been very great. The Government is doing its best to popularize the measure and is issuing pamphlets broadcast to explain the provisions. At Troyes a violent protest was made the other day against the new law. A crowd of 10,000, made up chiefly of members of trades unions, paraded the streets, and inflammatory speeches were delivered. Later the gathering came into conflict with the troops, which had been called out to preserve order. The soldiers were stoned by the rioters, who had been beaten back in an attempt to storm the prefecture. The soldiers and gendarmerie repeatedly charged the mob to disperse it. A number of manifestants were injured, and thirty-five were arrested. The grievance of the rioters was the compulsory clause in the act; they hold that employees' contributions should be entirely optional.

Wealth in Savings Banks

There are about one-tenth as many savings bank deposits as there are persons resident in this country. This does not mean that one person in ten has a savings bank account, because some persons probably have several accounts. If the total amount in savings banks had been equally distributed among the population of the country the amount to go to each person would have been in

1820	$0.12
1830	.54
1840	.82
1850	1.87
1860	4.75
1870	14.26
1880	16.33
1890	24.35
1900	31.78
1910	45.05

The individual deposits in the Pacific States are larger than in New England or the Eastern States, but when we consider the average per capita the opposite is the case. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the average per capita amount of deposit is about $250, and in none of the New England States does it fall below $100. New England and the six Eastern States furnish over three-fourths of the total deposits of the savings banks of this country. The magnitude of these deposits in these States becomes more apparent when we realize that in half of the States of this country the per capita deposits are less than $5 It may be that farm owners find it possible to invest all of their surplus in improvements upon their property, while the wages class in the Eastern States place their surplus in savings banks.

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The Silver Ring

By Emile Solari (From the French)

The favorite retreat of Mlle. des Airelles, in the ruined castle wherein she lived with her mother and aunt, was an old garret which her father had formerly used as his library. The light was excellent, for there were broad windows in the roof, and the air was very dry, a circumstance fully appreciated by the former master, who suffered from consumption.

Since his death, nothing in the room had been changed. It was an immense apartment, and on two sides were shelves loaded with books. When Jeanne felt weary of her monotonous existence she would take some embroidery with her, climb the creaking stairway and shut herself up in this refuge.

Mlle. des Airelles was twenty years of age. Dark and robust she was, with a manner of rare distinction. In her large, black eyes one could read as in a mirror every thought. She was always dressed very simply, partly from taste and partly from necessity.

She was remarkably intelligent, and often felt the need of going off alone to work and think, when she could no longer stand the trivial tenderness of her mother or the annoyingly solicitous affection of her aunt, Mlle. Sidonie, who was always in motion, always inquiring about peoples' health, their needs, their intention. She was prodigal of her remedies, her assistance, her advice. Whenever she noticed that her niece was at all melancholy, she could not let her alone. Then Jeanne took refuge in the old garret, for her aunt was somewhat short of breath and could not mount the stairs.

One summer afternoon Jeanne was seated by one of the large, open windows, the sun shining in upon her, sewing mechanically and thinking. Every time she stopped to thread her needle she would look up and could see the little park and beyond it the woods and fields. While working she would indulge in all sorts of day-dreams, imagining things which might happen, to give some life or color to her monotonous existence. Soon, entirely lost in her dream, she let the napkin which she was hemming slide to the floor. Then she went to the window and leaning her elbows upon the sill, looked out. She saw, close to her, the roof of the building, badly in need of repair, and the brick walls, yellowed by age. On the right, at the extreme end of the building, there was an old, feudal tower which had fallen into ruins and was disappearing beneath the rapidly growing weeds and brushwood. The wings of the castle, one of which had been constructed in the period of Louis XIII, and another in that of Louis XIV, had become entirely uninhabitable for want of repairs. The central part of the chateau could be utilized, but nevertheless needed attention. The death of M. des Airelles had left his family in a very precarious position. The sale of part of the property had enabled the family to raise a small income and preserve the building and some land adjacent; but the lowering of the rate of interest on money and some unfortunate investments had reduced them to a position of want. The three women had often talked over their financial condition, but none had been able to suggest any practical remedy.

In front of the house there was a small park in which was a parterre of flowers which were well tended by the old gardener, Benoit. He, together with the woman who came in by the day, was the only servant they had. Beyond this park there was a vegetable garden, and beside it an old orchard. On the other side of the castle there was a small tarn in the middle of which stood a bronze lion from whose mouth trickled the water of a spring, conducted through a pipe from a neighboring hill. The rest of the property had been allowed to run wild and was a mass of weeds and brushwood as far as the old wall that cut the property off from the highway. From her window, Jeanne could see the fields, dotted here and there by clumps of trees, extending as far as the eye could reach. The light breeze billowed the wheat, which under the light of the sun looked like molten gold.

For the thousandth time Jeanne enjoyed the beauties of this landscape which she had looked out upon in all its moods, of calm and of storm.

After a few moments she turned from the window and went back to her friends, the books. She did not know them all, for sometimes she would take up one which was too technical and lay it aside, or another which her instinctive delicacy warned her was not fit for her to read. Now she took down a handsomely bound volume, but after glancing at it quickly replaced it, for it was an engineer's treatise on fortifications. Her second attempt was not more successful, for she opened an old law book of the sixteenth century. As she lifted it high up to replace it, a little piece of folded parchment fell to the floor.

For one in Jeanne's position this was a wonderful discovery and she had no sooner picked it up than her imagination ran riot. It was with some difficulty that she made out the irregular writing, faded by time. She managed, however, to decipher the following lines:

Year 1700, Sixth of the Reign

This day, the twenty-third of August, in accordance with the rules which I learned from the Moor of Algeria who gave me the talisman, and that I may preserve it for my grandchildren, I have hidden it in the tarn. And that it may not be lost in the mud, I have attached the said silver ring to a carp. Whoever may catch this carp will be certain to acquire great happiness, fortune and other things that men desire. And I have done all this, in order to avoid sorcery and witchcraft and evil influences, in the presence of the chaplain of this chateau and under his benediction.

There were two signatures below this and then some marginal annotations:

This parchment was written by Gerard des Airelles. To my knowledge this fish has never been caught. My revered father, Jacques des Airelles, saw the carp with the ring several times. I myself caused the tarn to be emptied of all its water, but the fish was not found, as it had probably hidden in some hole; for it was seen later.

Simon des Airelles, 1741.

A more skeptical hand had written:

This carp must have died long ago. Nevertheless a servant swears that he saw it once on the surface of the water. I do not believe it. My wife has often watched for this fantastic animal. It would certainly be interesting to recover the pretended talisman, if only as evidence of the credulity of our forefathers.

Louis des Airelles, April, 1821.

Jeanne was not superstitious, yet she had a certain taste for the marvelous, and in a measure she believed in this story of the carp, as well as in the alleged virtues of the talisman. She at once determined to find it if possible. She could not empty the tarn, for she did not know how this could be done, and besides one of her ancestors had tried it and failed to find the fish. The young girl decided to try to catch the carp with the silver ring; but while she was thinking how she would set about it she heard a voice calling her name. It was Mlle. Sidonie who was seeking her, for the sun was going down and the dinner hour was approaching. Absorbed in her dream, Jeanne did not answer at once, but after the call had been repeated several times, she hid the parchment in her corsage, picked up her sewing and went downstairs.

"Here you are at last," exclaimed Mlle. Sidonie as Jeanne entered the dining-room. "We are waiting for you. Your uncle has lost all patience. What were you doing?"

But Jeanne, without answering except by a smile, extended her hand to her Uncle Maurice, a retired sea captain, who often paid them a visit.

"'Pon my honor!" he cried, "you grow bigger and handsomer every time I see you! Come and kiss me. You were sewing?"

"No, uncle, I was reading."

"You would do better to walk out. If it were not for my gout, I would take you out for a run about the fields."

"Don't tell her that, Maurice," exclaimed Mlle. Sidonie, "she's only too inclined to vagabond."

"The fact is," said Mme. des Airelles, "that Jeanne does not resemble me in the least. She is always running about the country and is never quiet for a moment. I don't know where she gets the strength to do it." Mme. des Airelles sighed. She had a very timid and loving character, in sharp contrast with the fighting disposition of her brother-in-law and the nervousness of her sister.

"But mama, you know it is perfectly unnecessary to worry about me. I never met with the slightest accident of any kind. Has not M. Jamboise arrived?"

M. Jamboise, who was a small property owner in the neighborhood, with the priest of the neighboring church, composed their circle of acquaintances. They were both invited to dine once a week. The dinner was generally followed by gossip and sometimes a game of cards. The old priest followed the game and Uncle Maurice tried to swear as little as possible while he was present. M. Jamboise, who was somewhat vulgar, tried to appear a man of the world. Jeanne was generally very much bored.

M. Jamboise arrived somewhat late. He was short, heavily built, with a crafty expression in his blue eyes. He was over forty, though he did

(Continued on Page 19.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago. Western Union Code

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Perspective Impressions

Having kept the duty on lemons the Congressmen from California can now consider the other items in the Farmers' Free List Bill in a spirit of broadminded patriotism.

T. R. points with pride to his acquiescence in the steel merger. One of the many instances of his divination of the Greater Good and his advancement thereof while setting his face like flint against all the abominable practices of the predatory plutocracy. Which may serve as a reminder of the observation that necessity has ever been the tyrant's plea by which he excused his devilish deeds.

The Call is ferninst "the dangerous tendencies of the times" but for giving the franchise to the ladies—God bless them! And yet it is said that if you tap the barrel you must take the cider as it runs.

Vivien Gould, aged 17, having married Lord Decies, aged 50, and John Jacob Astor, aged 47, having affianced Madeline Force, aged 18, it would seem that the mating of tough old cocks and tender squabs is threatening to become the fashion in Newport.

Hetty Green's son says he wants to be married for "himself alone." Thus does he convict himself of vanity than which there is nothing more credulous in all the world. Get thee broke, good Mr. Green, for not otherwise may you marry and be certain that your vanity has been gratified by that great deceiver made by Allah of a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple and a handful of clay.

Now that Louis Glavis has been taken care of it is reasonable that curiosity should be excited as to what has been done for the stenographer who disclosed inside information during the Ballinger investigation.

Mr. Otto Wise says the Jews are in need of a deeper religious feeling. Something tells us that the Christians are in need of the same thing and, alas, that they are not likely to get it from a pulpit that spends all its time trying to expound God in terms of modern culture.

There is always a clergyman ready to perform the re-marriage ceremony for a divorced millionaire.

Hetty Green's son says he's not going to marry a clothes horse. Here's hoping that he may find some "sensible" woman with his own mother's refined taste in dowdiness.

"Attack of Gout Resumed" says the Examiner, speaking of the Pope's illness. Having resumed the attack, let us hope that the Pope will overpower the enemy.

Banned bans prevent no marriages, but are great agents of notoriety.

The lady mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas, who wants the whole city council fired because its views do not coincide with hers is a genuine progressive, strong in her faith in the monarchical idea.

The Spectator

China and Our World's Fair

There is some talk of China spending on exhibits at our World's Fair the amount of the Boxer Indemnity which the United States returned. It is to be hoped that this talk has foundation in fact, for no single nation can do more than China to help make our Fair a picturesque success, and if the Chinese government decides to manifest its friendship for the United States by splurging on its exhibits we shall have an Oriental section which will for the time being eclipse Chinatown. China seems to have a sincere friendship for the United States, a friendship which has been strikingly manifested ever since this country refused to profit by the penalty exacted for Boxer depredations. It wasn't "dollar diplomacy" which inspired the American government to make that surprising refusal, but it has been of inestimable benefit to us ever since. Owing to our geographical position the merchants of San Francisco are perhaps closer to the merchants of Pekin and Canton than are the merchants of other American cities. The ties of trade were tightened when our Chamber of Commerce made its excursion to the Orient. At that time the Chinese spent half a million dollars in entertainment. Next year they are going to return the visit and, it is said, will spend half a million more on the trip. That will be a most auspicious occasion for the formulating of plans for China's exhibit at our World's Fair. If we can get China to spend large sums Japan will undoubtedly follow suit for fear of contrasting unfavorably with her rival.

Our Treatment of the Chinese

With so much at stake a great deal of attention and serious consideration ought to be given to our treatment of the Chinese who enter the United States through this port. This treatment is open to serious criticism, and unless it is improved we cannot count much on China's friendship. It is as difficult for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle as for a Chinese merchant to enter this port. He is regarded from the first with the utmost suspicion; he is catechized and cross-examined till his head swims; he is treated in every respect like the coolie who is immeasurably below him in the Chinese social scale. With Chinese women it is even worse. One shed is provided for all of them, despite the fact that the respectable Chinese woman has the same objection to rubbing elbows with the prostitute which is entertained by Caucasians. All sorts of questions, many of them insulting, are put to these women. It is taken for granted that they are coming to the United States for the most dishonest purpose, and it is up to them to disprove the implied charge. Perhaps nowhere does bureaucracy operate with more mechanical indiscrimination than in the Immigration Bureau. If we wish to retain the friendship of the Chinese—a most valuable friendship—there must be some improvement in the method of handling Chinese visitors.

Our Municipal Campaign

The municipal campaign may hardly be said to have been opened though Mayor McCarthy's organization has been pretty active and his critics also. The issues will not be joined until Mr. James Rolph sets up his platform and takes his stand thereon, and this he will do before another week goes by. Mr. Rolph's friends promise that he will make things lively as soon as he gets started. They predict for him the support of all business men and all citizens who are opposed to a class administration of municipal affairs, and who feel that it is important that a world's fair city should have no tincture of union labor in its government. From this it may be inferred that the issue is to be distinctly drawn. Indeed so far as Mayor McCarthy is concerned it is already drawn. He stands for the closed shop, and he insists that by nothing short of his election can the maintenance of the closed shop be insured. There is much curiosity as to whether Mr. Rolph will meet this issue squarely and thus animate what might otherwise prove a sedate and prosaic campaign. Unquestionably the open shop sentiment has been spreading in this city. To the closed shop is attributed much of the commercial apathy from which we have suffered of late, but whether the industrial question should be made the issue of a political campaign is a problem of exceeding delicacy. The average political strategist regards it as the kind of problem to be let alone. But there are hot-headed business men who insist that the way to beat McCarthy is to meet him on the issue that there is to be no class administration. They recall that when Dr. Taylor was running for mayor though he was expected to wipe out class distinctions when elected he was found to be in sympathy with one of the factions of union labor and that in the midst of the street car strike he had as a member of the civil service commission Richard Cornelius, president of the carmen's union.

Some Reformers

So far the fine Italian hand of the public service corporations has not been revealed in the mayoralty contest. Apparently they don't care the proverbial tinker's imprecation whether it's P. H. or J. R. At any rate from present indications their interest seems no greater than that of the frontiersman's wife in the struggle between her husband and a bear. She didn't care a cent which whipped. Perhaps they will be pre-occupied with the aspirations of the large herd of self-sacrificing gentlemen who have con-

To People Who Know a reminder is enough, that Pears' Soap acts like a restorative balm upon the skin and that its low price makes it economical to use

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

descended to give the people the privilege of electing them to the board of supervisors. In this herd are to be found several gentlemen whose past performances occasioned the reaction that marked the wind-up of the Taylor administration. They are honest reformers of the "good dog" type—professional public servants who eat out of the hands of men renowned for their rectitude and snarl at everybody and everything disliked by their masters. If we elect these men they will give us an ultra-respectable administration and accurately reflect the antipathies of our only virtuous citizens.

The Clock Winder in Jeopardy

A correspondent writes me that the man that winds the ferry clock is very likely to lose his job on account of my paragraph of last week wherein I quoted his very interesting description of the members of the harbor commission. I sincerely trust that my correspondent is in error. It would grieve me deeply if the man that winds the ferry clock should lose his job because of my indiscretion in giving publicity to his remarks. If I had known that the harbor commissioners were so sensitive as my correspondent implies in his letter I should never have exposed the humble clock winder to their hostility. The commissioners are such amiable gentlemen it is incredible that they should resent the jocularity of that faithful servitor who for so many years has marked time in the ferry tower. Can it be that some reformer covets the job and that I have supplied a pretext for the removal of a man whom sentiment if nothing else should endear to the hearts of the people? Perish the thought. The custodian of the ferry clock key, the man who has made the whole town doubt its watch thousands of times, has long been supposed to be far above the muddy pool of politics, absolutely immune from the operations of the whirligig that brings in the changes of administration. This old man who has had charge of the ferry clock from the first hour that it struck, who has kept its face serene from that hour to this, has claims on the gratitude of this State which the harbor commissioners cannot afford to ignore. And is he to be thrown out of his job because he uttered his thoughts? How absurd! The man that winds the ferry clock impersonates Time, and Time, as Euripides tells us, is a babbler who speaks out even when no question is put.

Abe Ruef's English

Not long ago I suggested that Abe Ruef might well imitate the example of numerous illustrious men who spent part of their lives in duress to advantage doing literary work. I expressed confidence in Ruef's ability to produce something good in the literary way. I have just been reading the pamphlet he wrote on prison conditions and the best methods of improving the lot of the released prisoner. The pamphlet is a contribution to the science of penology, (a science too little studied in this State), but aside from that it has impressed me as an indication of Ruef's command of English. He swings a vigorous pen and has at his command a good vocabulary, perhaps a little over-burdened with adjectives. Thus he finds the prisons overcrowded and speaks of ways to reduce "such exaggerated prison inhabitancies." He refers to the "striped prisoners, snaky ghosts of their former selves, doomed and hopeless sepulchers of mind and soul." Here is a typical specimen of Ruef's style:

"These are not the expressions of an inconsiderate fanatic, or of a foolish enthusiast, but they are the sober, serious reflections of an ordinary man given the opportunity seldom granted or forced upon one to observe and study conditions from the inside. Yet in all the years which have passed, what practical things have been done to give these men a chance, to give society and the public a chance? Herded together in indiscriminate and conglomerate mobs in institutions like this, through a system, which in addition to the inevitable disgrace and depression of the imprisonment itself, surrounds them with all manner of debasing, deteriorating influences, which forces the best to associate with the worst, the young with the old, which deprives them of all initiative, and of personal individuality, and ever tends to pull down the best to the level of the worst, cheerless in the present, and facing a future black and without hope, what wonder is it that many go hence with minds deadened, morals weakened, physical and mental forces impaired, what wonder is it that after confinement here they are unfit for the struggle of the outside world; what wonder that they come back as recidivists, for second, third and more terms? Where else can they go, what else under present conditions can they do?"

Again I ask, why doesn't Ruef write something that will give permanent form to his varied experiences?

The Sob Squad on the Firing Line

Well! The newspapers certainly enjoyed their orgasm of sentimentality over the Langley killing. For three days the pathos purveyors bathed the first page in tears. I am told that half a dozen typewriters in every newspaper office are so encrusted with brine and rust as a result of the weeping spell that they are out of commission. The police reporters went about with red eyes and sodden handkerchiefs, not from cold in the head but from their irrepressible grief over the plight of Annie Langley who shot and killed her worthless husband. Never in my experience have I known newspapermen so responsive to the touch of sorrow. Their emotions melted and ran, for all the world like a dish of ice cream in the sun. They snuffled as they followed the case, choked up as they sat down to write it and burst into pearly showers of weeping when they arose next morning to read their own effusions. Little did I suspect that the rising generation of reporters was so full of heart that it was so ready to indulge in an orgy of grief. And yet somehow their pathos failed to affect me with a tugging at the heart strings. It occurred to me that there was a straining for effect, and that the whole was in bad taste. It's all right enough to have pity for a murderer, but it's indiscreet to enthuse over one.

A Few Unsympathetic Reflections

Let us consider this killing for a minute. It was done by a nineteen-year old girl who was brought up in the Potrero which is just as respectable a place to be brought up in as Pacific Heights or Noe Valley. Yet one of the reportorial sobsters finds an excuse for the crime in the fact that Annie Langley lived for years in the Potrero. She lived, we read, in "long reaches of tumbled desolation, ugly slashes of earth, turmoil and dirt." And again, "Nothing in the neighborhood could have taught her beauty but her parents, perhaps, and the sky." Nevertheless, she developed "an ingrained refinement of dress." This is pretty tough on the Potrero and I expect the improvement clubs over there to take it up. The poor girls of the Potrero are up against it hard for they must rely for their teachings of beauty "on their parents, perhaps, and the sky." If they surmount these obstacles they may rejoice in "an ingrained refinement of dress." How about the day schools and the Sunday schools and the churches of the Potrero? Don't they teach the girls anything? Don't they supplement the efforts of the parents and the sky? If they don't we shall probably have an epidemic of killings like the Langley affair, for the sky is a mighty poor moral teacher and "refinement of dress" doesn't make the observance of the commandments any easier.

Why Didn't She Leave Him?

When worthless Jim Langley wooed this young woman of the Potrero her parents pleaded with her and her friends advised her not to marry him. She disregarded all this and eloped with him, "went out of her window at night to marry him," as one sobster put it. So the girl at the bier of her husband was not putting the matter accurately when she said, "You took me from my mother when I was only fourteen years old, just a little girl." It was a miserable marriage, for he was a good-for-nothing drunkard who wouldn't work. His unhappy wife bore her troubles with a "granite-like pride" and a "wonderful patience," until they became unbearable. "He always beat me and abused me," she said, "and today he was leaving me." Now this statement cannot but suggest a query. If the worthless husband was leaving her on the day of the killing, why didn't she let him go? Why did she find it necessary to shoot him? His language was vile, it is true, but her life was not en-

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dangered. She says he had threatened to "get her," but there is nothing to show that he ever attempted to execute the threat. Certainly he didn't threaten her life in the quarrel which ended in his death. So we must suppose that it was a frenzy of temporary insanity which impelled Mrs. Langley to kill her husband. She had lunched with him only a few minutes before she pawned her watch to buy a loaded revolver. He had said to her, we are told, "You ought to be over there in the alleys. I've got more respect for those girls than I have for you. They help a fellow live right, like a gentleman." Mrs. Langley tells us that she thought, though she did not say it, "What are you trying to have me do?" Obviously, as he was going to leave her that day, he was trying to have her do nothing. But instead of allowing him to go, she shot him through the heart. "Oh God! I couldn't help it. He made me do it. Oh, how I loved Jim! Why couldn't you be good?" Thus the widow, while the reporters wept. The girl's plight is pathetic, but why make a heroine of her?

Judge and Jurors Weep

Police Judge Dan Deasy was very much affected by Annie Langley's tale. He leaned over to the weeping reporters and said: "This little girl was acquitted last night before a Tribunal where they get quick hearings and where our laws don't count." It was the same with the Grand Jury. The jurors cried at her recital. One "winked away his tears," others stepped to the window or to the telephone booth to hide their emotion. The stenographer couldn't read his notes. Afterwards eight grand jurors visited her and shook her hand. One brought her sweet peas. A limousine was provided to take her home. Decidedly, everybody rose to the occasion! It is no wonder that Annie Langley, as The Post tells us, soon began to behave like a petted actress who had done an heroic deed. No wonder that two days after the killing of Jim Langley occurred the shooting of Sophie Pape by Harry Dunphy.

Tear-soaked High Falutin

Like Police Judge Dan Deasy, the Examiner had inside information about the state of affairs in the other world. "If the tears of his wan little widow could wash away his sins," vouchsafed the Examiner, "Jim Langley would be white as snow before the mercy seat. But how useless they are." Thus we learn that journalism has penetrated the mystery of God's judgment. "The hoarse voice of a beer sot was Jim's requiem," we also learn, "unless the angels heard the sobbing of his wife." And so it went. "The sweet simplicity of the heartsick girl wiped the sting of sorrow from the crime," we learn from another account. Her voice held "infinite sorrow" and her "small white hand" was "a very sword of the avenging angel dealing out God's justice against all command." "The flush was in her face now. She was like a flame." And again, "To some far height her spirit had taken wing and was looking at her body below as if it belonged to someone else." We are told too that she had a "girl's heart made of many wonderful and tender things" and that "the mystery of brown yellow pools that lay at the bottom of this slip of a girl's eyes" was irresistible. And so the sobsters slobbered on. I wonder if they know anything about the psychology of suggestion? I wonder if it has occurred to them that in all probability it was their attitude toward Annie Langley that induced the killing of Sophie Pape.

Garnett's Play

There is a great flutter of curiosity in local art and literary circles regarding the Bohemian Club's grove play of the season of 1911, the reason being that the author is distinctly a critic. More than that, he's an all-round critic, is Mr. Porter Garnett, a man honeycombed with a knowledge of all the arts and the courage to episcopate about any of them to an audience of specialists. So the men that have done things in the arts have gone up to Bohemian Grove to defy Mr. Garnett to make good. If the play has any flaws in it the anvil chorus will be heard as far away as Carmel, nay, even to the outskirts of literature. As a matter of fact Mr. Garnett is something more than an academic person versed in the best traditions of all the arts. A connoisseur as well as a dilettante, he has not always confined himself to the discussion of what's what and who's who in literature, painting and music. As a fugitive poet he gets away occasionally with a little minor verse which might have been piped direct from the Pierian Springs. But the grove play, which is to be presented this Saturday night, is the most ambitious effort of his life. What it's about nobody knows save the author and the actors. Even the title of it has been kept under a lid. Dick Hotaling says the play is called "A Green Night, or the Knight's First Experience," but I'm told that there's a joke concealed in this title and that it's Hotaling's invention. The fact is Garnett has enveloped the child of his genius in an impenetrable mantle of mystery which is not to be taken off till the gong sounds. That the play is something very artistic is suspected by many because the playwright has caused the low jinks to be cut out so that the spell to be woven shall endure through the night.

Francis Burton Harrison Once More

Congressman Francis Burton Harrison of New York seems to overlook no opportunity of showing his contempt for California. Just now he has been proving his ingratitude by fighting tooth and nail against the California citrus growers who wanted to keep the duty on lemons. To curry favor with the Sicilians of his district in New York, Harrison tried to put lemons on the Farmers' Free List, but he didn't succeed. The last time Harrison paid his respects to California was when he voted to give the World's Fair to New Orleans. These evidences of Harrison's ingratitude are peculiarly galling to those who met him when he was wooing Mary Crocker. At that time Harrison professed the greatest admiration for all things Californian, but when his wife was killed and her millions were safely in his hands, he lost no time in revealing the inspiration of his previous professions. He insulted the memory of his wife by giving her favorite jewels to another woman.

The Disappearing Poppies

I saw John Gamble, the artist, at one of the clubs the other day. He was on his way from Santa Barbara where he has his studio nowadays, to the jinks at Bohemian Grove. Seeing him reminded me of a curious fact. The poppies are slowly disappearing from California. Of course there is no cause for alarm, as it will be years before the eschscholtzia becomes a rarity in our meadows and on our hillsides. But just the same there are not nearly as many poppies in California as there used to be. The increase in population and the bringing of more and more acres under cultivation are responsible. Just consider the case of San Francisco. The hills which used to be covered with popies are now half-covered with homes. Some day the Californian who wants to see the glory of a poppy field may have to study it in one of John Gamble's beautiful pictures! Which reminds me that there is an Englishman in town who says Gamble could win great wealth if he would indulge in a little business enterprise. This Englishman is named Watson and he is out here to consummate some big oil deals with Wendell P. Hammon. Watson is a connoisseur of art, and is always on the lookout for good things to add to his collection. He saw a Gamble canvas a few days ago and was mightily struck with it. He found that he could buy it for what he considered a very low price. "If Mr. Gamble would take some of his pictures abroad," said Watson to a friend, "he could sell them for thousands where he now gets hundreds."

Where the Poppy Got Its Name

Speaking of the poppy, I wonder how many people know where it got its name? Not its beautiful Spanish name of Copa d'Oro which explains itself but the outlandish name which floors so many youngsters in the spelling-matches —or used to, for I believe spelling-matches are out of date. The name of eschscholtzia was given to the poppy in honor of a German surgeon named Johann Frederick Eschscholtz. In 1815 Eschscholtz sailed on a voyage of discovery and exploration with Otto von Kotzebue, Louis de Chamisso and other scientists. The voyage, which was under the patronage of a Russian count, lasted three years and the scientists spent some time in this State. The naturalist of the expedition was de Chamisso, who in 1820 published the results of his three years' work. He gave drawings and a description of the poppy which he named in honor of his friend and associate "Eschscholtzia Californica." Most flowers are known by their scientific names to botanists alone, but this has not been the case with the eschscholtzia. Perhaps on account of the very difficulty of the word, it has come into pretty general use.

A Chair of Journalism at Berkeley?

There is some discussion at the University of California as to the advisability of establishing a chair of journalism. This I learn from one of the Berkeley papers which quotes Chester H. Rowell in seeming approval of the project. In his remarks Rowell refers to the lectures on journalism given at the University of Kansas. While California is no more enamored of the comparison between California and Kansas than San Francisco is of the compliment which Mary Garden paid this city by placing it on a level with Kansas City, yet would it be unjust to censure Rowell for lugging the Bleeding State into the discussion. Out of Kansas and its neighbor commonwealths have come most of the reforms which excite the Fresno editor's enthusiasm. It is interesting to note too that Rowell is mentioned as a journalistic specialist worthy to occupy the new chair. There is no doubt about Rowell's fitness. He is the only man in California who could, if he would, write editorials in umpty-steen different languages, ancient and modern. That he refrains

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from so doing is an indication of his modesty, though it must be confessed that he compromises at times by writing editorials in English which the plain people of the raisin belt find it impossible to comprehend.

Earl's Penny Paper

The newspaper contest in Los Angeles is holding public attention to the exclusion of all else. It is a pretty fierce contest. Millionaire Earl is spending his money like a drunken sailor and cutting into his hated contemporaries with a vengeance. If the Tribune, Earl's paper, has already gained a circulation of 65,000, as the old rebater claims, Hearst's Examiner and Otis's Times must realize that competition is keen and not to be despised. The affidavit of the circulation manager of a daily newspaper does not usually command quite as much reverence as holy writ, but in this instance there must be more truth than poetry in the sworn utterance of Earl's affidavit maker. The advertising columns of the Tribune afford proof that the paper has caught on. In last Sunday's Tribune there were five pages compact of classified advertisements. This is pretty good proof of circulation. Earl attributes his success to the evil character of his contemporaries, but of course this is but the characteristic cant of the self-righteous one. The people of Los Angeles know that Mr. Earl is really no better than his neighbors. The probability is that the people of Los Angeles subscribe to the Tribune not on account of the pharisaism of the proprietor but because he has reduced their household expenses to the extent of four cents a day. In Los Angeles there is as much zeal in the practice of economy as in the practice of religion. And Earl runs a penny paper.

The Death of Peter Robertson

Peter Robertson was the dean of our dramatic critics. He belonged to the old school of criticism which approached its task of appraising theatrical offerings in the most serious spirit, looking beyond the play for the tendency good or bad which it represented. For years Robertson's critiques in the Chronicle helped to form the judgment of a large reading public. His work has gone the way of most newspaper work which is for the day only, but the most characteristic of his Sunday articles were gathered together in a volume called "The Seedy Gentleman" which is now out of print. In the last two or three years the only work Robertson did was a series of papers on the actors and actresses who made theatrical history in this city, contributed to the Pacific Monthly. Robertson was one of the most respected members of the Bohemian Club. He was president of the club in the seventies. His death snaps another link that bound us to the past of San Francisco.

Vogt Opens a Studio

The many friends and former pupils of that excellent musician, Theodor Vogt, will be pleased to learn that he is to open a music studio next week. "Teddy" Vogt, as he is known to his familiars, is one of our most accomplished artists. He has not been engaged in professional work since the fire. In his new studio, in the Gaffney Building, he will devote himself to the cultivation of ensemble work and the development of symphony orchestra talent.

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At Paso Robles

Dove shooting continues to be the principal talk of the day at Paso Robles. The birds are plentiful, as usual, and many splendid morning and evening shoots are being had. Pot-pies are in evidence, besides the express packages being sent home, each duly labeled according to law, setting forth the name of the sportsman and certifying that the shipment is no more than the "limit." Mr. E. P. Dimond went to Paso Robles to shoot with Captain Chesebrough. They had no difficulty in bagging the limit. Captain Chesebrough has been at Paso Robles for some time, and regretfully returned to the city last week. Mr. E. R. Cuthbert and Mr. A. W. DuBray arrived with guns, and were later joined by Mr. E. L. Hoag. Fine sport was had for several days. All these gentlemen are well known San Franciscan sportsmen.

Mr. H. H. Kirby of this city took his mother Mrs. L. Kirby to Paso Robles last week for an extended stay. These interesting people have known Paso Robles from the early days, and have many stories of the growth of the resort, and the beginnings of its fame under the management of the James family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrington arrived from Los Angeles in their motor last week and enjoyed a restful stop at Paso Robles.

Rev. F. L. Nash and wife of Alameda are at Paso Robles for leisurely enjoyment and the benefit of the baths.

At the Hotel Victoria

Col. H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., accompanied by his wife and daughter, reached San Francisco on the Sheridan this week. Along with a number of army people the Bowens are established at the Hotel Victoria.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's wines are recognized as the one superior product of California's glorious climate.

Miss Dora Thayer has been in town during the week from her home at San Rafael. Miss Thayer is enjoying a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nye of Riverside who are stopping at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. O'Brien of Sacramento motored down on Tuesday from the capitol and are registered at the Victoria during their stay here.

Captain and Mrs. H. A. Smith and their family arrived on the Sheridan on Sunday last. They are in San Francisco for a short stay and are guests at the Victoria. Captain Smith has just completed his island duty with his regiment.

Professor and Mrs. Jerome B. Landfield are established at the Hotel Victoria for the coming week. They have recently returned from abroad.

Mrs. L. D. Baxter and Miss Lillian Duncan Baxter of Washington, D. C., are spending a few days in San Francisco. They have apartments at the Hotel Victoria.

At Hotel Del Monte

David Starr Jordan of Stanford was registered at Del Monte last week. Dr. Jordan is a frequent visitor and often goes farther down the Coast for some fishing.

Frank S. King, one of the well-known golfers of the State, was at Del Monte for the week-end. Mr. King finds Del Monte links very attractive and spends all the time possible at his favorite game.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Kiersted were the week-end guests of the George A. Newhalls who have been at Del Monte all summer. They will be joined soon by Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Marion Newhall who are at present at the Potter.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Here Come the Alexanders

That we are to have Mrs. Hattie Crocker Alexander and her daughters in our midst for the Fall social season is an announcement of more than passing interest. Mrs. Alexander moves in the most exclusive circles of New York and London society and her visits to her old home in the past few years have been rare. Her daughters have not been in California since their nursery days. Miss Harriet Alexander who was presented at court in London this year is a belle of New York's 400 but her younger sister Janetta who was also presented at the second drawing room of the season has yet to make her formal debut at home. The older girl is said to resemble her mother for whom she is named and has the Titian hair that is one of Mrs. Alexander's attractions. Mrs. Alexander is the aunt by marriage of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. who was Eleanor

Habenicht Photo.

MRS. JOHN GRIFFITH ROBERTS

Formerly Miss Dorothy Bryan whose wedding to the Modesto banker took place at the Palace on Wednesday.

Alexander of New York and it was at the former Hattie Crocker's house which adjoins the Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion that the young Roosevelts held their wedding reception. She will probably visit at the Roosevelt cottage in Pacific avenue though much of her stay will be passed with her niece Miss Jennie Crocker with whom she will journey to San Francisco, and with the William Crockers at Burlingame. The advent of the Alexanders will be the social sensation par excellence of the season.

A Deferred Romance

In Jewish society circles the one topic of conversation these summer days is the romance of a very prominent, wealthy woman and a distinguished physician. For quite a while now the devotion of the physician to this woman has excited the admiration of their many friends and now that their romance is to be crowned by marriage, as all well regulated romances should be, there is quite a flutter among those with whom they are intimate. As is usual in such cases, gossip has ornamented their romance with a number of frills. It is being said, for instance, that the physician conquested the heart of his lady love by means of hypnotism. But in reality this is nothing more than an oblique way of paying tribute to the strength of the sentiment which binds them together. That the romance had a most unusual beginning gossip also asserts and in this particular gossip seems to be right. The physician and the woman were first drawn to each other at the Chutes on the occasion of an unconventional marriage ceremony which took place there. The date for the wedding has not yet been fixed. In fact it cannot be fixed just yet, but there is no doubt that it will follow speedily when certain domestic complications have been disentangled. For one of the parties is married.

The Astor Affair

This time it's an Astor that causes Newport to sit up and take notice. A little while ago it was one of the Goulds, and before that a Vanderbilt. There's always something doing in one of the trio of first families of Manhattan. When it isn't a divorce it's an illegitimate love affair, or else it's a marriage that takes the plutocracy and the aristocracy by surprise. Colonel Jack Astor, great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, supplied the gossips with material for tittle-tattle just two years ago when he wandered from his own fireside intent on the exultations of the passionate life. Promptly his wife sued him for a divorce and obtained a decree. The decree was made final in March, 1910. It forbade Colonel Astor to marry again within his wife's lifetime, but divorce decrees in this country are effective only in the States in which they are recorded. Colonel Astor took the decree as a joke. He celebrated his divorce on the evening of the signing of the decree at dinner and dance in his Fifth avenue residence. And then he went cruising in the Caribbean on his yacht the Nourmahal with his son. A storm came up and nothing was heard of the yacht for two weeks with the result that the wireless was started flashing in every direction and the Government sent a vessel to look for the Nourmahal which all the while was lying snugly in the harbor of San Juan, P. R.

His Other Marriage

Colonel Astor's first marriage took place on February 17, 1891. Two children were born—William, now in his twentieth year, whom the court gave into the custody of his father, and Alva Alice Muriel, nine years old, who is in her mother's charge. At the time of the granting of the divorce it was rumored that Mrs. Astor had received a private settlement of $10,000,000, and there was another report that this settlement took the form of an annuity of $350,000. Since the divorce Mrs. Astor has spent a great deal of her time in England. Colonel Astor remained in New York, where rumor began to couple his name with that of Madeleine Force. The young woman with her mother was frequently seen in the Colonel's box in the horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House, and they have been frequently mentioned among the guests at the parties on Colonel Astor's yacht. Never before did Miss Force figure in the front rank of society. She is in her twentieth year. She graduated but a year ago from a seminary in New York City. The curious thing about the engagement is that it was made by the girl's father after he had had a talk over the 'phone wire with Colonel Astor. Mrs. Force appears to be very well satisfied with the conquest of her daughter. According to one New York paper, "The joy of mama is abysmal, cataclysmical, Cyclopean, cosmic." Of mama it is said, "No reigning queen of ancient times, gazing upon the prisoners chained to her chariot-wheels ever felt one-half the beatific and holy sense of power and triumph which will gleam from the eyes of Force Majeure when the Colonel leads Madeleine to the altar."

He Is a Patriot

Colonel Astor is the richest landlord in the United States. On the death of his father William Astor in 1892 he took over the management of the estate and immediately began the extensive building operations that have added vastly to the princely fortune entrusted to him. He built a big addition to the Waldorf Hotel on the

Habenicht Photo.

MRS. GEORGE BECKLEY

Who was Miss Beatrice Campbell, sister of the Princess Kawananakoa, before her marriage last week. It is being told in the circles where social gossip circulates and told with considerable awe that the floral decorations of the St. Francis ball room for this wedding cost five thousand dollars.

site at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue and later put up the St. Regis and the Knickerbocker. In his earlier manhood Colonel Astor displayed a strong mechanical bent and turned out a patent bicycle brake, a pneumatic road scraper, a patent turbine and several other practical inventions. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war Colonel Astor, who had achieved a military title by being put on the staff of Governor Morton, equipped a mounted battery at his own expense and presented it to the Government. He himself volunteered and was made Assistant Inspector-General of Volunteers and served as an aide on General Shafter's staff before Santiago. An enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. Astor is fond of hunting big game, of yachting and automobiling. He was once credited with the ownership of twenty automobiles at one time. He once made a venture into literature in the shape of "A Journey to Other Worlds." He is a member

of the University, City, Automobile of America, Riding, Delta Phi, Turf and Field, Army and Navy and Downtown clubs.

The Charming Harrimans

A few of our local lights of society who had the privilege of meeting Miss Carol Harriman at Del Monte were impressed with that young lady's quiet simplicity of manner. There are no affectations about this American girl who has inherited her father's practical common sense along with the prospects of many millions. She is not a beauty in the strict sense of the term, but has a face alight with humor and intelligence, regular features and the clear complexion that comes of an outdoor life. Like her mother Miss Harriman is greatly attached to Arden, the estate planned and built by the late railroad king who ended his days there. She is one of the most daring horsewomen in the country. Her sister Mrs. Charles Rumsey who as Mary Harriman accompanied the family to California on a previous trip some years ago, once led a New York coaching parade, driving her four with the skill of a professional. Mrs. Harriman did not make friends as readily as her daughters but for those she greeted she had a manner of simple cordiality. The local entertaining for the Harrimans was limited as they still wear mourning. Mrs. Harriman in her widow's weeds looked greatly in need of the rest she sought in California. The Schwerin luncheon was the largest function in their honor and it was informal, a few of the neighbors being bidden to greet the visitors who spent the day at Burlingame.

The Week's Most Important Wedding

Three weddings occupied society this week, first in importance being the one that united Miss Natalie Hunt and Herbert Baker at St. Luke's church Wednesday evening. The edifice was filled with a fashionable throng as both families are socially prominent. The bride, a daughter of Mrs. Randall Hunt of Pacific avenue, made her debut the same year that the Newhall girls were buds and has attended the Greenway balls and all the important entertainments of the smart set. She was a close friend of the groom's sister, Miss Helen Baker, before her marriage to Drummond McGavin. Herbert Baker belongs to a pioneer family of wealth and position. His father, the late L. L. Baker, was a millionaire merchant and built the palatial residence on the corner of Washington and Franklin streets that for two years was the home of the Pacific Union Club. Wakefield Baker is a half-brother and Miss Dorothy Baker who was a bridesmaid is a sister to the groom. His mother whose death occurred at the Fairmont last winter was the daughter of Reverend C. B. Stone, a clergyman who was identified with the early church and social life of the city. Leavitt Baker and his bride who was Miss Danner of Seattle came from their ranch in Northern California for the nuptials. Mrs. Baker wore her wedding gown and was warmly greeted at the reception after the ceremony, it being her first appearance among her husband's friends. The bridesmaids' gowns were dainty creations of pink satin and chiffon embroidered in silver and had short trains that the girls managed gracefully. The bridal robe had a long court train and was embellished with old lace, some of which had belonged to the groom's mother.

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Miss Bryan a Bride

At the marriage of Miss Dorothy Bryan and John Griffith Roberts celebrated at the Palace on Wednesday the decorations were particularly elaborate. The ceremony took place at high noon in a private suite in the hotel which had been transformed into a beautiful white and gold bower. Gilt baskets filled with white blossoms set on gilt pedestals or hung from the chandeliers made an effective setting for the bridal party. The bride's costume had a novel effect of flower garlands that became her slender form. She is not yet 18 years old and was a picture of girlish beauty with her youthful bridesmaids who were all in gold. Their costumes were made of gold chiffon over yellow satin. They carried their hats filled with white and yellow daisies. The bride's parents are Mr. and Mrs. George Laughlin of Fresno where they are prominent socially and financially and the groom is a well known young banker of the San Joaquin Valley.

The Meyer-Dray Nuptials

Thursday afternoon Captain H. L. E. Meyer gave his daughter in marriage to Dr. Franklyn Dray at a home ceremony at the spacious Meyer residence in Pacific avenue. Only members of the families were present but they formed a large company. The appointments of the wedding were on a lavish scale. A wedding dinner was served after the ceremony and some of those present were the H. L. E. Meyers Jr., the George Forderers of Menlo Park and the Walter Willitts. Mrs. Meyer is a daughter of the late millionaire A. R. Voorman and Mrs. Forderer and Mrs. Willitt are her sisters.

Some of the Debutantes

The debutantes of the coming winter will be mostly girls who are still in their teens, sweet and pretty youngsters who are far from being as sophisticated as some of the debutantes of recent seasons. Not that they are unfortunates who have lacked advantages, but simply because they are quite young and have not yet emancipated themselves from the elaborate control of their mothers. Most of them have been abroad, rejoice in a good deal of cultivation and possess a generous amount of good looks. The list is not yet complete, but some of them may be mentioned. Miss Isabel Beaver is considered quite a beauty. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaver and a niece of Mrs. Frank Madison. Her family have many friends in San Rafael society and it is certain that a great deal of entertaining in her honor will follow her formal bow. Miss Meta McMahon, the daughter of Mrs. Eugene Bresse, is another girl of considerable charm. Miss Marion Crocker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and it is safe to say that the family's many connections will do a great deal to make her first season memorable. Miss Louise Kellogg is the daughter of Mrs. Marmaduke B. Kellogg. Miss Ruth Winslow is the daughter of that popular matron who was one of the Stetson girls. Then there are the two Cunningham girls, Evelyn and Genevieve, the daughters of Mrs. J. Athearn Folger; they are unusually attractive. Finally I may mention Miss Marian Mathieu, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu. Here is a bevy of buds indeed and we may confidently look forward to their blossoming into beautiful ornaments of our social life.

Credit Where Credit Was Due

Some time ago a well known matron of this city who was not too burdened with adipose but nevertheless shared the general craze for extreme attenuation, placed herself under the care of a prominent Jewish physician. As the result of his treatment she was able to get rid of considerable flesh and to excite the envy of her more robust friends by the ultra-fashionable slenderness of her figure. Unknown to the doctor she combined his treatment with Christian Science and when she had banted to her heart's content, she rather ungratefully gave the credit to the mental exercises. She met the physician the other day and with pardonable pride he complimented her on her willowy appearance. "Yes, doctor," she replied, "it's due to Christian Science." "And to Jewish science too, if I mistake not," retorted the medico.

The Reids Shock Waldorf Astor

San Francisco and peninsular society will be enlivened in the Fall by the presence of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. They are coming here for the wedding of Miss Ruth Mills and Mr. Paul Fisk Yungling. Miss Mills is the daughter of Easton Mills and therefore a niece of the late D. O. Mills and a cousin of Mrs. Reid. Mention of the Reids reminds me that they recently administered a severe shock to the sensibilities of William Waldorf Astor. They actually invaded the grounds of Hever Castle, "Willy Wally's" country seat, in an automobile! Waldorf Astor has strong opinions on the subject of autos. He is quoted as saying that he would not own one himself in any circumstances and he could not see why any one else should. So visitors to Hever Castle leave their autos behind, journey by train and are met at the station by fine old fashioned landaus sent by their host. County neighbors who have tried to call at Hever in their motor cars have been stopped at the lodge gates and informed of Mr. Astor's rule, and in all England the Hever Castle estate stood out as the one place where the horn of the motor was not heard. At Mr. Astor's last week-end party, though, the record was broken. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid were guests, and Mrs. Reid did not like the idea of journeying down to the country by train, so at the last moment she ordered her car and telegraphed Mr. Astor that she and Mr. Reid would arrive by motor at 6:30 o'clock. History does not record what Mr. Astor said when he received the message, but by the time his guests arrived he was at the door to meet them, calm as though automobiles were his delight.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Molyneux Worthington have returned from their summer home on the Russian river and are now at their residence, 2984 Clay street.

The Eagles at Tait's

The Tait-Zinkand Cafe Co. are planning a unique form of decoration and entertainment for the Eagles, during their stay in San Francisco, beginning next week. No cafe in San Francisco will have a more unique entertainment for visiting Eagles than this noted and popular restaurant on O'Farrell street, opposite the Orpheum.

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A Prize Play from a Woman's College

A Few Brief Remarks About "The End of the Bridge," a Drama Which Came, Happily, Not From Harvard but From Radcliffe

By Edward F. O'Day

The time has not yet come when we must look to Radcliffe College for the salvation of the American drama. The machine for the uplift of our poor old stage is yet to be manufactured at a woman's school. Wherefore, let us rejoice! Boldly, brazenly, illogically if you will, let us lift our voices in hoarse hosannas of masculine glee. Self-preservation is still the first law of nature for the male, and after seeing "The End of the Bridge" we may still account ourselves safe from the dominance of the lades, so far as the stage is concerned. Perhaps this is a pitiable confession of weakness, but what then? We are weak. Woman is putting it all over us in so many other fields! The feminization of American life has gone pretty far. 'Tis the day of Woman, of Hermaphroditus and of Epicene! In the professions, in business, in politics the ladies and the near-ladies are getting our goats. So let us thank the gods and congratulate ourselves that lovely woman fell down when it came to writing the Great American Play! Not that any of us men has the present intention of writing that Great American Play. We don't pretend to be equal to the task. We don't even imagine that it can be done by taking thought and setting pen to paper. We leave that weird notion to the ladies and near-ladies aforesaid, the while we hug the notion that the Great American Play will come, if indeed it ever comes, as the spontaneous expression of some great national crisis when our blood is warmed and our intellect quickened by the pressure of large events. But we cannot help being self-conscious in the presence of the ladies of today. We're afraid of them and don't know just what they may do. Their potentialities are a good deal of a mystery to us. And so, when we were told the other day that one of them who bore the arresting name of Lincoln had come out of Radcliffe with a prize play and had succeeded in getting Boston to attach to it her great seal of approval, we were extremely apprehensive. What if, by some curious chance, this should be the Great American Play? Horrid thought! But we were unnecessarily apprehensive. "The End of the Bridge" does not humiliate us by excessive merit. Boston thought "The End of the Bridge" was great, we are told. Be it so. De gustibus we shall not dispute, even with Boston. Even if we were compelled to admit, (which we are not), that Boston was the hub of culture, it would be something to know that a woman was not perched there, dominating us poor spokes of the wheel. No, we need only admit that Miss Florence Lincoln has written an interesting play, nothing more. Certainly "The End of the Bridge" is interesting. In the first act interest is excited by the desire to learn what it's all about. In the second act interest is sustained by the curiosity to see how the author will contrive to make an evening's entertainment out of the meager theme. In the third act interest murmurs "Bless you, my children, bless you" and goes peacefully to sleep or to supper. There is a great todo in the first act. You have an uneasy feeling that you will miss something unless you keep your hand to your ear and absorb every word. Of course that attitude cannot last and gradually you convince yourself that you can easily let a lot of the dialogue slip without hurt to your comprehension of the general scheme. Such a lot of things have happened before the play begins! A father has died, leaving his daughter to grieve herself to the edge of insanity. He might have lived had it not been for his romantic love for an invalid woman. That woman is dead too, but her son, a great nerve specialist, feels a chivalrous responsibility for the well being of the neurotic daughter. You see, if the father hadn't loved his mother so, the father wouldn't have died, and if the father hadn't died, the daughter would not be on the verge of insanity. Pretty complicated, is it not, for explanation in a first act? And yet side by side with this main theme, there is another, quite distinct from it. A youngster had been unlawfully begotten thirteen years before and has now grown up to be a cripple who is working for the doctor while the doctor is engaged in curing him. Just why this boy should be the bastard son of the doctor's closest friend, it is difficult to surmise. For the purpose of the play he might just as well have been the legitimate progeny of the Man who winds the Ferry Clock. But that would have been so commonplace, so unibsenesque! When the play opens we learn that the neurotic girl has been mentally suggestionized by her nurse. She is firmly convinced that her dead father wanted her to marry the doctor. So she comes to his office to marry him. A very embarrassing situation, truly, especially as he wants to go to a chair in a German university and the Germans won't have him if he comes with any ties of affection. However, chivalry wins the day and as the first curtain falls the doctor and the girl are on their way to the City Hall for a license. Ophelia has literally kidnaped Hamlet! Surely you can guess the rest. Unconsummated wedlock brings the girl back to health. She learns that he contemplates divorce and Germany. She acquiesces in his plans. But of course before the play is over she wins his love. The bastard boy is used to bring them together, as lawfully begotten children have been used in many another play. Hardly a play to make much of a pother about. It is a bit like "The Witching Hour" in its use of mental suggestion and telepathy, but it hasn't anything like the merit of the Thomas play. Its principal defect is its lack of action. Hardly anything happens. Mr. Henry Miller is perpetually traversing the stage, his face set in lines of sacrificial pain and his mind apparently full of mighty thoughts which he doesn't utter. When anyone comes into the room he says "Pray be seated" and stalks about, the image of intensity. There is nothing else for him to do, except to wrest poison from the girl's hands in the first act and to clasp her in his arms in the last. Is it possible that he is content with a role like that? His lawyer friend is a good deal more active, but only because the author insists that he shall give tiresome proof of his wonderful affection for the doctor and for the boy who proves to be his son. In Boston and thereabouts one man may manifest his friendship for another by petting him, but that sort of thing is repugnant to our western notions. But perhaps it is too much to expect a woman to depict masculine friendship in manly fashion. The girl is a fairly good acting part and Miss Crews makes the most of it. Her acting is improving all the time. The most human part in the play is that of the boy, but he's a Radcliffe College boy. He speaks once of Prosperina dropping flowers from Dis' wagon! What marvelous creatures these Bostonians are! The incidental music by our own Herman Heller is beautiful. The intermezzo which divides the two scenes of the third act was composed in a mood of intelligent sympathy. The song is finely simple.

Gossip of the Theatre

Artistic Vaudeville

The bill at the Orpheum this week is the kind that appeals to lovers of what is refined and really artistic in vaudeville. It is the kind of bill that is hard to get. The booking-agent who could round up every week such talent as the Orpheum has this week would be worth his weight in gold. There isn't a jarring note in the whole show from "Scrooge," a miniature dramatization of "A Christmas Carol" to Lou Anger, the monologist. There is good histrionics, good singing, good dancing, as much to please the eye as to tickle the ear; there is pathos, there is wit, much that is ludicious as well as a little that is tragical. It's difficult to make up your mind as to what on the bill pleases most, whether the French pantomime or the colorful little bit of British drama. The only thing you may be certain about is that you must wonder why Amelia Stone is a member of a song-and-dance team. Not that Amelia hasn't the talent for that sort of thing but that she is so well qualified to hire herself out as a prima donna. There are prima donnas who do not sing so well as Amelia Stone. She has a voice of exceptionally fine quality, and she knows how to sing.

"The Girl" Taxies Back

"The Girl in the Taxi" is coming to the Columbia for a limited engagement beginning Sunday night, August 13th. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. This play needs little advance notice for its success when offered last season is well remembered by theatregoers. San Francisco was visited by "The Girl in the Taxi" for the first time shortly after the New York run and in a season of farce comedies it scored a most pronounced hit. "The Girl in the Taxi" is from the French of Anthony Mars and was adapted for American audiences by Stanislaus Stange. In Paris under the title of "Le Fils a Papa" the piece was the attraction at one of the big playhouses for 1,000 nights. The cast this season is practically the same as that seen here before. Pearl Sindelar has the title role as before. Roy Sumner, Phil. Branson, well remembered from old Tivoli Opera days, Cecile Breton, Isabelle O'Madigan, Charles H. Pierson, Francis Gaillard, Jules Ferar, Grace Walton, Richard Bartlett, Estelle St. Claire, James Ashley, May Hilda King and many others will also appear. The production is on a lavish scale.

Bennett in "The Lion and the Mouse"

Richard Bennett's farewell week at the Alcazar commences next Monday evening with an elaborate revival of Charles Klein's great play of love and finance, "The Lion and the Mouse," in which the clever actor scored one of his earlier successes. Bennett's impersonation of Jefferson

Ryder, the autocrat-millionaire's son, was the means of elevating him to stardom, for he originated the part and made so much of it that the New York critics gave him first honors in the cast and paid flattering tribute to his ability. In the cast with him next week will be Mable Morrison as Shirley Rossmore (her last role at the Alcazar), and the full strength of the stock company appropriately bestowed. Louis Bennison will be seen as John Burkett Ryder, Burt Wesner as Ex-Judge Stott, Roy Clements as Senator Roberts, Charles Gunn as the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, Davis Kirkland as Judge Rossmore, Pietro Sosso as the Rev. Pontifex Deetle, Annie Lockhart as his wife Adele Belgarde as Mrs. Ryder and Viola Leach as Kate Roberts. As each act demands sumptuous staging, some pretty pictures are assured.

Parisian Dancer at the Orpheum

Nana, the beautiful Parisian danseuse whose tempestuous performance created a sensation in Europe and New York, will be the headline feature of next week's Orpheum bill. She will be assisted by M. Alexis, a dancer of great distinction. Jack Connelly and Maraget Webb, a bright pair of entertainers, will contribute a musical absurdity, "A Stormy Finish." Miss Webb is pretty and dashing, wears handsome gowns and sings tunefully. Mr. Connelly is thoroughly at home at the piano. The most novel feature of the performance is the finale—a storm, which must be seen to be appreciated. Deiro, the genius of the piano accordion, will be a delightful feature of the new bill. Morny Cash, "The Lancashire Lad," one of the most popular and amusing comic singers in England and a great favorite there, will be heard in eccentric songs. Next week will be the last of "Scrooge," Tom Terriss' adaptation of Dickens "A Christmas Carol." It will also conclude the engagements of the Original Four Londons, Lou Anger and Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in the miniature operetta "Mon Amour."

COLUMBIA THEATRE

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

Dill to Reopen Savoy

The cosy and comfortable Savoy Theatre will be reopened under the management of Charles Muehlman, an experienced theatrical man, Sunday afternoon, August 20, when San Francisco's favorite German comedian, Max Dill, will begin an engagement of one week in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," that bright musical comedy which has occasioned so much glee in this and other cities. The jolly little funmaker who has just completed a most successful tour of the northwest, will be supported by a most capable company, including Lillian Coleman, the well known prima donna, last here with the Rogers brothers, Lucille Palmer, a fetching soubrette, Marta Golden, Edith Whitely, Melville Stokes,

PEARL SINDELAR
In "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Columbia Theatre.

Alf Goulding, Jack Pollard and Lou Chaney. The feminine portion of the chorus will be made up of thirty of the daintiest, prettiest, best voiced and most nimble footed girls seen here in many a day. Jack Raynes, one of the best known musical directors who ever came to the coast, will conduct the orchestra and the costumes will be many, gorgeous and costly. There will be three regular days for matinees at the Savoy, Sunday, Thursday and Saturday and the prices will be unchanging and popular, ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar, while the Thursday and Saturday matinee will be but twenty-five and fifty cents. Reserved seats will be ready Thursday morning and that Max Dill will be greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences for his brief season goes without saying. Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen and Theodore Roberts will follow "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" at the Savoy in an elaborate revival of "Jim the Penman."

Attractions for the Coming Season

The Metropolitan Musical and Literary Bureau of this city which Manager S. H. Friedlander established a short while ago, has been meeting with exceptional success. Among the leading artists and concert companies to appear in San Francisco are the following: Mme. Lillian Nordica and Company including Myron B. Whitney and Romayne Simmons; Mr. Cecil Fanning, America's great baritone (first appearance here); Mr. Mark Hambourg, the eminent pianist; Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, the basso; Mr. Paulo Gruppe, the great cellist; Miss Enid Brandt, California's gifted young pianist; The Royal English Glee Singers, (first appearance in America); Herr Holger Birkerod, the Danish singer; Miss Charlotte Lund, the Swedish prima donna with Inga Hoegsbro, the famous Danish pianist; Herr Jules Falk, violin virtuoso; Erl Elsa Ruegger, the cellist; Herr Erwin J. Feldes, German lieder singer; Miss Maud Morgan and Company, (the harpist); and many others.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Following the semi-annual adjustment there has been a little quickening in general trade, and the prospect of a fairly large harvest has had a reassuring effect upon sentiment throughout the United States. The greater demand for money in cities that feed the corn crop districts indicates that the harvesting preparations will soon become an important factor in the money market. Banks at many of the reserve centers are already fairly well loaned up, and while money rates are lower than usual for this season of the year, there is a healthy inqury, which is likely to expand as the crop movement advances. The much heavier receipts of wheat and the efforts of farmers to market their produce with as little delay as possible show that the early crop movement this year may exceed record proportions. The steel industry has shown signs of definite revival. Some of the railroads are making excellent headway toward reducing operating expenses and thus offsetting the falling off in revenue. While the July buying of bonds did not reach extraordinary proportions, the reinvestment of the semi-annual interest and dividend funds has become a definite factor in the bond market. However, the market the past week has failed to reflect the good news, sentiment being more inclined to lean to the bear side owing to the attitude of some of the large traders who are closely identified with Standard Oil and American Tobacco.

Wheat—The market has been firm the past week and in view of the short yield reported from the northwest, will maintain its strength and be under the influence of damage reports which have been more numerous the past week than previously. Extension of harvest northward will minimize black rust reports, and the threshing returns will be received with more than usual interest from the counties that have been reporting rust. The general condition is decidedly bullish on a domestic basis, but the reciprocity agreement is the back log to bearish markets. The delay in the Canadian agreement would have been followed by quite a price upturn, if it were not for the heavy stocks of wheat and the continued large marketings from the winter wheat region. The selling of new wheat in the northwest is apt to be heavy, as over the greater part of the crop region there has been a tight money market due to the failure last year. The Canadian crop will continue to be the important feature and with cool weather prevailing and slow ripening, the fear of frost will hold the market to a high level for some time.

Corn—The demand for corn is stronger than for some time, and the supplies in primary markets are decreasing. The southwest is paying higher prices than those that prevail in this market. Further crop damage would make a very bullish situation, and on the other hand frequent rains during the coming month will make for a larger crop. The big cotton crop will provide the southwest with ample feed and there will not be any demand for corn outside of the southwest if the present prospects do not go to pieces in the cotton crop.

Cotton—There was a hardening tone to the market at the close of the week owing to recent bearish developments having been fully discounted for the time being. In the meanwhile the weather is not altogether satisfactory, the rains lasting too long in the central and eastern part of the belt to permit the best results, and indications are that wet weather will continue in all sections for the next few days. The Mississippi valley states have been complaining of too much rain for some time, and Georgia is beginning to complain. The effect of these rains will be to retard the maturity of the opening of cotton east of the Mississippi river, and may give cause for complaint of the plant growing weed at the expense of fruit, perhaps of insect pests increasing and becoming injurious. Since the rains, or rather owing to the late rains, as the wet weather continues in north Texas, the boll weevil has made its appearance. This pest is a serious proposition and is hard to control. On the other hand San Antonio reports a heavy movement of money to country banks on account of the expectation of large receipts next week in south Texas. There is said to be a good demand in Texas from abroad and for the account of American mills for August and September deliveries. While offerings at the moment are limited, the interior is expected to sell more freely after the early demand is filled up. With a change to more normal weather conditions we think prices will turn to the down grade again as we consider cotton around 11 1-2 cents high this year and favor sales on any rally.

Hard on Rubbers

Dry, hot pavements under foot, dry, hot air sizzling overhead, and not a cloud in the sky, yet a South of Market shoe dealer had hung out the sign:

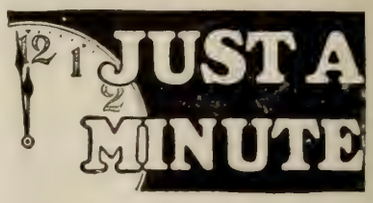
"Rubbers. Special Sale."

"That is for the benefit of the girls who work in the canning factory in the middle of the block," he said. "Maybe the factory ain't as sanitary as it might be, maybe conditions just can't be helped, but anyhow the juice splashes all over the floor and by noon the girls stand in little puddles of juice and water that make their feet wet if they don't have rubbers on. The juice is hard on rubber and the overshoes break soon, so every Monday, rain or shine, I advertise a special sale of rubbers."

"I think we can unload that rotten stock on Jones."

"I thought he was an intimate friend of yours?"

"I'm counting on that!"



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Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911	$44,567,705.83
Total Assets	$47,173,498.51

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells Fargo & Co.'s Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Officers—Pres., N. Ohlandt; First V.-Pres., Daniel Meyer; Second V.-Pres. and Mgr., George Tourny; Third V.-Pres., J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Asst. Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Asst. Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodellow, Eells & Orrick, Gen. Attys.

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The Silver Ring

(Continued from Page 9.)

not admit it, and very anxious to marry Jeanne. Mme. des Airelles, in whom he confided, did not refuse him but had advised him to try to win the affection of her daughter. The latter, however, had shown herself very cold toward him. She felt an instinctive repugnance toward this man, which would have been changed into absolute repulsion had she been able to analyze her own sentiments more clearly.

M. Jamboise made his entrance with a great deal of ceremony and announced that the priest was indisposed and could not come that evening. "Nothing serious, only a slight attack of rheumatism, and I myself advised him to rest," added the new arrival.

After dinner, each one found a comfortable chair. Uncle Maurice lit his pipe and M. Jamboise asked permission to smoke a cigarette. Mlle. Sidonie took possession of M. Jamboise, and began telling him extraordinary stories of things which had happened to their family in the past, in which she alone believed.

"The man I am telling you about," continued Mlle. Sidonie, "is not a very near relation. In fact we are sixth cousins, but he has no other heirs and is worth at least five millions."

Mlle. Sidonie continued pouring her gossip of family affairs into the ears of M. Jamboise. He liked to hear these stories of possible fortunes coming into the family. He believed they had more money than they admitted, and it was this consideration that had moved him to ask for the hand of Jeanne in marriage. He knew that she had a very independent character and he had a very independent character and he had made up his mind that he would tame the shrew from the very beginning. Jeanne, profiting by a moment when her aunt was entirely out of breath, said:

"You who pretend to know all about the legends of our family, my dear aunt, did you ever hear of the carp with the silver ring?"

Mlle. Sidonie thought for a moment. "A silver ring!" she exclaimed. "Why, I know about that. I heard your grandfather speak of it several times. Yes, now I remember it. A long time ago one of your ancestors attached a magic silver ring which had been given to him as a talisman to a carp. No one ever found it. Our old gardener remembers a servant who said he had seen the fish. He who secures the ring will win fortune and happiness. That is all I know about it."

Mlle. Sidonie, who was but little impressed by this family souvenir, took up again the thread of her discourse relating to the great things that had happened and were quite sure to happen to the family. "Just as I was telling you, M. Jamboise, this is not the only inheritence we can expect. In the year 1841," etc., etc. But Jeanne was tired and went to bed.

The next day, before the sun was fully above the horizon, Jeanne had risen. The trees of the park were still hidden in a bluish mist. The young girl, enveloped in a long cloak, rapidly descended the stairway and took from the closet a fishing pole and line which she knew were kept there. She crossed the garden and sat down on the bank of the tarn. There, half hidden by a bush, she threw out her line, after having baited the hook with a fly. All about her the flowers of the yellow iris emerged from bunches of long, sharp leaves. The floating water-lilies seemed to be yet asleep. Insects darted here and there over the surface of the liquid mirror. There was a delicious odor coming from the garden, for all the flowers were giving out their perfumes as the dew that had covered their corollas was slowly evaporating under the rays of the sun.

Time went on, and Jeanne dreamily watched the float. No fish had yet been attracted by the bait. She was becoming discouraged when she heard the voice of Mlle. Sidonie calling her. "Jeanne, where are you?"

Between the branches Jeanne could perceive her aunt standing on the piazza and calling to her. As soon as the old lady had gone in, evidently intending to carry her search elsewhere, Mlle. des Airelles came out of her hiding place and went up to the chateau.

While breakfasting, Jeanne was thinking it over. It was evident, she thought, that her failure to catch any fish had been due to her ignorance of the art. Suddenly she remembered having seen a book on one of the shelves of the library the title of which indicated that it was a perfect guide for fishermen. As soon as possible she ran to the garret. In a very few minutes she found the book and several others relating to the same subject. One of the oracles said: "The carp is characterized by four gills along the upper jaw, pharyngeal teeth in three rows. It is a very shy fish. The best bait to use is lumps of the soft part of bread, large beans well cooked, or bits of flour paste highly flavored."

Jeanne did not lose a second. She got a slice of bread from the kitchen and returned to the bank of the tarn. She baited her hook, threw it out and sat patiently waiting. Suddenly the float sank. The young girl, being inexperienced, had great trouble in bringing in her fish; the captive tried to escape by darting hither and thither and almost pulled the pole out of her hand. Ultimately, however, Jeanne conquered, thanks to the strength of her arm, and succeeded in landing the fish beside her. It was a common carp, of fairly good weight, but it was not ornamented by any silver ring. After having examined it as well as she could, Jeanne continued her fishing. In two hours she had caught four of these fish, one of which was nearly eighteen inches in length. In trying to capture the last one, she had nearly fallen into the tarn. Not one of these fish, however, had any silver ring.

Mlle. des Airelles carried the result of her fish-

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ing expedition triumphantly home. This was a resource for their kitchen which no one had ever thought of before. Mlle. Sidonie, who was an excellent cook, allowed the fish to live for a few days in a tub filled with clear water, for the purpose of removing their muddy taste, and then served them with a white wine sauce, a little pork and some mushrooms; it was delicious.

Jeanne started in to fish again. She had not given up her desire to capture the fantastic animal with the silver ring, but as she took out a fine carp from time to time, certain possibilities came to her. When they had eaten carp four times in succession, Mlle. Sidonie objected to any more, and Jeanne ordered the gardener to take six of the fish to the neighboring market, where they were sold readily. The old man brought back a louis. Other attempts were equallly successful.

Then Mlle. des Airelles devoted herself to fishing with renewed ardor. She now had two motives: one, to try to get the silver ring, and the other to add to their income by the sale of the carp.

The pecuniary problem which was worrying the family would have been solved at once had the little pond only contained an inexhaustible supply of carp, but her catches became fewer every day and by and by she did not get even a bite. But suddenly a new idea came to her. As it was possible to raise chickens and sheep, why could not one raise fish? They had the pond and if they could only stock it sufficiently, their income would be greatly increased. Besides the book which had given her the secret of catching the fish, she found two others devoted to pisciculture. She read them, studied them and as she was energetic she started to work at once.

"Now, father Matthew, we are going to make our sluice-gate at once, and it is not going to be an easy job."

For two weeks, Mlle. des Airelles, assisted by the old gardener, was busy carrying her plan into execution. Clad in a short skirt, her sleeves rolled up and a coarse apron bound about her, she had worked like a day laborer. Her object was to keep the water of the tarn always at the same level by regulating the overflow, and yet not allow the fish to escape. The old gardener, who worshiped the young girl, aided her with all his strength. With stones and cement they built dams, and the bottom of the brook was built up in a series of little platforms.

Jeanne's mother and her aunt were in despair. They had remonstrated, but without success. The uncle, called in to give his assistance, had positively refused to intervene. "You must let her do as she likes," he had said. "It amuses her, and after all her ideas are by no means stupid. In any event, she is not hurting anybody."

"But she is tiring herself to death."

"Do you think so?" And the old man shrugged his shoulders.

Mlle. Sidonie had no other person to whom she could apply excepting the priest, and this was useless, for he always agreed with the captain and M. Jamboise. The latter promised to intervene and one day started in on his campaign. Fashionably dressed, and wearing brand new yellow gloves, he made his way through the path of the garden to the tarn, where he suddenly discovered the object of his search.

(To be concluded next week.)

VARIED TYPES

(Concluded from page 20)

found it necessary to go to work, he was given a place in the bookshop of I. N. Choynski, the father of the pugilist, whom old timers remember as a remarkable man. There and in the book store of C. Beach he met the most distinguished men who lived or sojourned in San Francisco. In his hours of leisure he founded with Tom Geary and others the well remembered California Boat Club. Then there was an interval when he went adventuring into Arizona and New Mexico. On his return to San Francisco he opened a bookshop of his own and has been at it ever since.

Always he has taken a keen interest in politics. When Bryan became nationally famous by his "cross of gold" speech Robertson was one of the first Democrats in this city to hail him as a leader. He gathered together a congenial crowd of Democrats at the Bohemian Club and every day they made Bryan the piece de resistance at luncheon. Some of those enthusiasts, Robertson emphatically included, still look upon the Nebraskan as the leader of the party.

"I have always been opposed to bossism," says Robertson, intensely serious, tapping an accompaniment to his words with a lead pencil. "But I believe in political leaders. A political leader is one who uses his power for the good of the community. For example, Buckley was a boss, but McNab is a leader. Bell is a leader. But the greatest leader we have in the party is Bryan. Now there's a man who—"

And Aleck Robertson forgets books while he lays down the law of simon-pure Democracy as he has laid it down any time these last dozen years.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI MALATESTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Andrea Malatesta, Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased.

ANDREA MALATESTA,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Malatesta, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5, 1911.

T. J. CROWLEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 8-5-5

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Auto Notes

This season, according to W. B. Cochran of the Haynes Auto Sales Co., is developing a big country demand for automobiles. "A surprising volume of inquiries," says Cochran, "has been received by us this season relative to the Haynes car. A large number of these inquiries are coming from out-lying country districts where we are represented by no sub-agency. Often they are from people who have friends who have seen the car on their country roads and took a fancy to it and still others from people who have been attracted by our advertising. Taken as a whole these inquiries, from whatsoever source they come, evidence unusual promise of a big automobile trade in rural territory."

Mr. L. F. Spice of the Chalmers Motor Company received a letter from Mr. Roy W. Sanford, of Sydney, Australia, in which the following paragraph appeared: "Remembrance to Mr. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. and thank him for showing me Chalmers cars in San Francisco last year. I canceled another American agency for the Chalmers, and have since sold forty Chalmers cars."

"An automobile is not an extravagance," says E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co. "It is an economy. It increases your efficiency. It makes two minutes grow for you where only one grew before. Some extravagant people buy automobiles, but not very many. Only a few really extravagant people ever can afford to buy them. They spend their money for less useful things. Think that over. The automobile industry is now the third in the country in point of volume and is still growing. The everyday, sensible, careful-buying business man has made this volume possible. If the motor car was an extravagance he would soon find it out, and quit buying. But he goes on buying. He sees that the motor car is a necessity."

Lieutenant Eugene Ely, aviator, Coast Artillery Corps, California, who became famous by flying to the deck of the U. S. Battleship Pennsylvania in his eight cylinder Curtiss Biplane has just purchased a big six cylinder Stevens-Duryea car from the Pacific Motor Car Co., to be used in following his cross-country flights in the interior of the State.

Automobile enthusiasts who journeyed to Bakersfield on July 4 to see the automobile races held there, are unanimous in their opinion that the races were in a class by themselves as a severe test on tires because of the excessive heat, spongy condition of the roads, and the sharp turns on the China grade. Scarcely a lap was made but some car stopped at the pits for new tires. The Ford car, however, finished the 100 mile grind on the original air with which it entered the race. The Diamond tires with which it was equipped showed scarcely a mark of the gruelling service they had been through.

For the purpose of persuading Ty Cobb, champion batsman and the greatest drawing card in the American League, to enter the theatrical field at the close of the present baseball season, Paul Armstrong, the well known playwright, paid a four days' visit to Detroit recently. The author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and several equally famous American plays, believes in combining pleasure with business, and to that end passed up the stuffy Pullman car in favor of his Lozier car in which he traveled the distance between New York City and Detroit.

The fire truck recently placed in commission at North Braddock, Pa., shows what can be done in adapting a commercial vehicle to the requirements of public service. It is a Packard truck chassis with special body and equipment supplied by Albert F. Leuschner of Homestead, Pa. It is so designed as to carry additional tanks of larger capacity as well as standard fire hose. The cost of the special body and equipment complete is $1180. The chief or captain has the seat beside the driver and the other fire fighters are ranged on the running boards. Increased efficiency was the consideration which prompted the North Braddock Commissioners to displace horses with this truck.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,991; Dept. No. 4.

ALFRED L. PARKHURST, Plaintiff, vs. VIRGINIA A. PARKHURST, LINNIE B. HART and DELL HART, Her Husband, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and MARY STYLES, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Virginia A. Parkhurst, Linnie B. Hart and Dell Hart, her husband, John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Styles, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Bank of San Jose Bldg., San Jose, Cal. 8-5-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Wm. D. O'Kane, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorney, John F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary E. O'Kane, deceased.

WM. D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE SAADALLAH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elias Saadallah, Administrator of the estate of George Saadallah, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John V. Filippini, his attorney, Suite 1004 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Saadallah, deceased.

ELIAS SAADALLAH,
Administrator of the Estate of George Saadallah, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

JOHN V. FILIPPINI, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. F. BRUNBROOK, Deceased—No. 10,901; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, her attorney, Room 1404 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased.

ELIZABETH C. BRUNBROOK,
Executrix of the Estate of A. F. Brunbrook, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., 625 Market St., San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES R. GADSBY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James R. Gadsby, deceased.

CATHERINE JANE PUCKETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of James R. Gadsby, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administratrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES DELAUTEL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Charles Delautel, deceased, at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles Delautel, deceased.

LOUIS BEZ,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Charles Delautel, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 15, 1911.

A. COMTE, Jr., Atty. for Administrator with the Will Annexed, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

"The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs"

If we were always bent on improving our minds and storing up wisdom, as some of the literary censors appear to imagine we should be, such books as "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" would receive but a frigid reception. Luckily, our brains demand a vacation in the warm weather, and a light, bright novel, which makes no pretensions to be anything else but a bit of summer froth and can be read at a sitting, is as much to the purpose as thin clothing and a straw hat. The initial situation is simple. Two girls, Loulie and Josephine Codman, well born, well educated and comfortably well-to-do, though they have never moved in the millionaire class, lose, almost simultaneously, their father and the last vestiges of their fortune, and are left face to face with the problem of self-support. Josephine, the elder, has graduated from Radcliffe, and could teach, though she has no inclination towards that profession. Loulie has been something of a social butterfly and is apparently unfit for anything definite. In looking over the "Want" column of a newspaper she discovered an unique advertisement:

"WANTED—Companion. Wealthy woman recovering from nervous prostration, wants young, good-looking, well-bred, well-educated, well-read, tactful girl for companion. Must speak French, bridge, foot-ball, base-ball, automobile and golf. Prefer a musician who sings. Name your own salary."

This furnished her with an idea, for she not only applied for the situation advertised, but inserted another ad of her own, worded in much the same fashion. The result was more than could have been expected, for it caught the eye of Mrs. Crowingshield Hazard, a rich widow with a marriageable son and daughter, and a bachelor brother, to say nothing of a social season on her hands. The son had taken his affairs into his own hands and fallen in love with a girl six years his senior, without tastes or interests in common with his, and the daughter, who had not yet made her formal bow to society, seemed in danger of centering her young affections on a literary farmer as unsuited to her as Natalie was to her brother. Mrs. Hazard was a shrewd and sensible woman who, instead of commands and importunities, tears and storms which usually meet such conditions, planned a campaign which would furnish an abundance of counter attractions. Her interview with the Codmans satisfied her that she had in Loulie the very assistant that she needed, someone who could talk sport with her son and who, being pretty, well bred and interesting, would attract the attention of the young eligibles. Laura would only need to see the moths fluttering around some other candle to brighten her own flame for them, and for the rest, money was no object. She was willing to pay well, to assume all the expenses of dressing her assistant and to introduce her without reservations. If Loulie picked a plum from the pudding she would offer no objection. Meanwhile, a large share of the success of the summer house party was in her hands. She was to be ready for tennis or golf, bridge or motoring, though apparently with as much leisure as any of the guests. It is a position which is frankly recognized by the proprietors of both summer and winter resorts, where the "entertainer" is an institution, sometimes in receipt of a fair salary, sometimes only of board and accomodation. Usually in society it is some "decayed gentlewoman" like Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart who renders unpaid service now here, now there, at any one's beck and call. The Crowningshield-Hazard house party was a large and somewhat mixed affair. All the guests were "in society," which appears to be all that any one thought necessary in the way of guarantee. The crown and cap sheaf of triumph was the securing of a French count, the genuine article, with his retinue and his quaintly imperfect understanding of English, and the excitement of the season was a series of robberies, both in the Crowningshield-Hazard house and in all the other summer residences along the shore, with the usual mystification, suspicion and false clues. Jewelry disappeared from the persons of the wearers, articles were mysteriously carried out The "Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" being a stranger, was naturally one of the suspected, while circumstantial evidence pointed very strongly towards the ineligible literary-farmer, Winthrop Abbott, and before the mystery is finally unravelled it has assumed undreamed-of proportions, complicated with arrests, shootings, abductions and newspaper sensations. The "Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" was not by any means a frivolous girl and it was through herself and her sister that the gang of social bucaneers was apprehended but she carried out only half of her instructions with regard to the son of the house. It was her duty to attract him away from Natalie Agassiz, "just get him turned around so he can see other girls," but he turned only far enough to see Loulie herself. Similarly, his uncle, John Crowningshield, who had the reputation of never having looked at a woman, looked just once at Miss Josephine, while Miss Laura Hazard simply refused to turn her eyes away from her literary farmer at all, and there we are, at the end of the last chapter, with three weddings all coming off at once in the same family, while the commonsensible Mrs. Crowningshield-Hazard beams on the sextette of satisfied lovers. One wonders a bit how such a sensible woman ever took up the Count de Trouville and his accomplice. Jacques Futtrelle we all know as a writer of acceptable light fiction. Is May Futtrelle, the author of "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs," another of the same family? Bobbs Merrill are its sponsors.

Though it has been generally assumed that "The Grain of Dust" is the last work we shall have from the pen of David Graham Phillips, his publishers, the Appletons, announce that they have in hand another completed novel which they will bring out in the autumn, and three stories which will appear at intervals during the coming two years. The last work was a novelette, the finishing touches to which were given within a few hours of his murder. This is, perhaps, the only instance of a literary man dying without leaving any unfinished work. Mr. Phillips was a systematic and industrious toiler. It was his habit to rise soon after five in the morning and keep steadily at his desk every day and all day, for in his own estimation he was naturally lazy, and without establishing regular hours and rigorous conformity to rule he would never have accomplished anything. He was no believer in the plaint of unrecognized genius, but held that a great man is always recognized in his own day. His fame may expand after his death but if he is really great he will attract an audience in his own generation, whether his art be literary, musical or anything else.

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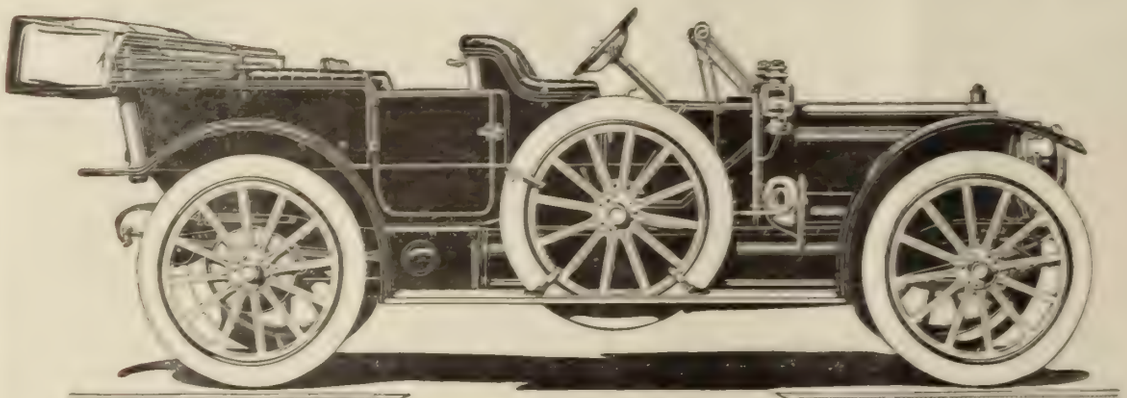

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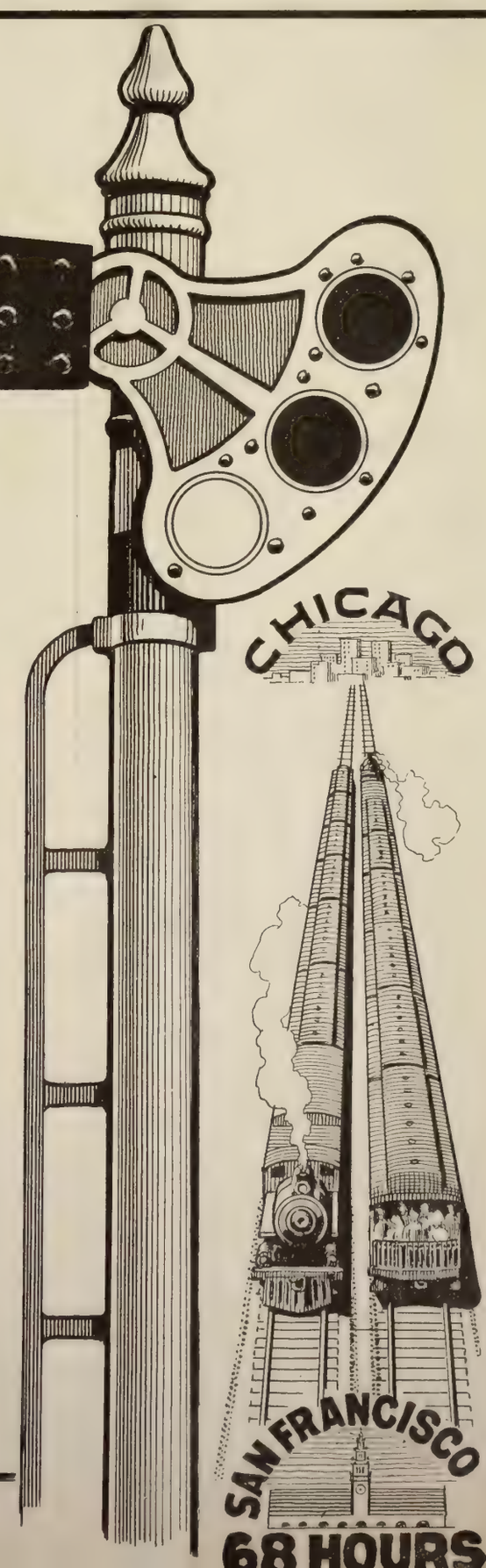

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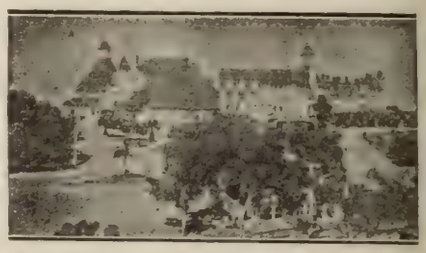

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, August 19, 1911 | No. 991

LILLIAN COLEMAN

Prima Donna Soprano, who will appear with Max Dill in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" at the Savoy Next Week.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Taft is Not Resentful

President Taft is coming to town to turn the first spadeful of earth on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition site. Thus will he serve notice on all the world that our fair is to be a national celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal. It was thought in some quarters that President Taft might find some excuse for not accepting our invitation to participate in the ground-breaking ceremonies. This was because the invitation was sent to him immediately after Governor Johnson appointed to his official family Louis R. Glavis of Seattle. If the significance of that appointment was not obvious it was thought to be so inasmuch as California does not have to import from other States the kind of talent possessed by the man who was dismissed from the federal service by President Taft himself for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. The work that Glavis is fitted for there are scores of men in California equally competent to perform. It seemed therefore that Glavis was appointed to gratify the vindictiveness of the Pinchot gang which never neglects an opportunity to sneer at President Taft. At any rate the appointment of Glavis served them as a pretext to revive a mean slander against the President and to glorify Glavis at the President's expense by intimating that the former bureaucrat suffered martyrdom on the altar of civic righteousness, which of course is very much at variance with the facts. Glavis was dismissed from the service not because he was faithful to Pinchot but because of what he did to injure his superior officer and the manner of his doing it. But is it likely that Governor Johnson would appoint Glavis to gratify the unscrupulous enemies of President Taft? To hold that he would is to imply that even in the exalted station to which he has been raised he has had no spiritual awakening. We are reluctant to believe that Governor Johnson would harbor so mean a motive as has been imputed to him in connection with the appointment of Glavis. We prefer to suspect that the appointment was made as a result of the importunities of "Weak Brother" Pardee and other peanut politicians who have been giving color and fragrance to the current dispensation, and who doubtless have represented that Glavis is the greatest authority on conservation in the whole world. These men are the apostles of Pinchotism. They hate President Taft, and they fondly hope to deprive him of the vote of California in the national convention. But fortunately our President does not hold the whole State responsible for the doings of the small-fry politicians who happen to enjoy the confidence and esteem of our indulgent Executive. President Taft is a man with that temper of mind which gives a superb character even to errors. That is why he wears so well. We earnestly commend the example which he gives in his public career to Governor Johnson, not only for that gentleman's sake but also for the benefit of the State and with an eye especially to the interest of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the management of which has already suffered from the machinations of the narrow little souls who are engaged in practicing pothouse politics in our midst.

The New Probe

A dazzled public is now permitted to look with utter amazement at the leaks in public office which have been exposed after laborious investigation by Governor Johnson's gallant wielders of the new probe. A thrilling spectacle, this, of militant righteousness entering the breaches of corruption and casting the fierce white light into the very midst of the misdeeds of despised predecessors and alien contemporaries. And highly gratifying is it all to the dear people, conducing as it does to the delightful realization that vigilant pickets of the public weal are on the job attending strictly to business. It is from the activities of these buoyant minds now experiencing all the excitements of epoch-making that we learn how important are changes of administration. It is characteristic of a new administration to vindicate its own virtue at the expense of its predecessor. This is the politician's favorite method of doing politics. The merit of it is twofold; it gives the impression of efficiency in office and diverts attention from whatever may not bear scrutiny. And of course from the standpoint of the public interest this zest for the exposure of the delinquencies of others is to be commended. It keeps alive enthusiasm for our system of government and inspires the hope that some day the man in office will be ever mindful of the fact that he is destined to be somebody's predecessor and so perform his duties as to be able to return to private life free from apprehension, assured of the flawless character of his record.

The Chair of Bosh

The Chronicle tells us Woodrow Wilson's inconsistency is of no consequence, the only question worthy of consideration being whether he spoke the truth when he argued against the initiative and referendum at college or when he argued for the initiative and referendum after becoming a candidate for President. With all due deference to the Chronicle's judgment we will suggest that there is another question equally worthy of consideration, this question being whether Woodrow Wilson has not betrayed a woful lack of reverence for the truth. By solving this question we may discover that it does not matter what Woodrow Wilson says he thinks about anything. For if it should appear that Woodrow Wilson has no reverence for the truth then his counsel ought not to be accepted in any matter. Woodrow Wilson himself says that he taught "bosh" for twenty years at Princeton University; that is he taught that the principle of the initiative and referendum was mischievous. He has no excuse to offer for what he did save that during those twenty years he never took the trouble to investigate. He admits that for twenty years he drew a large salary as a teacher inculcating a doctrine which he did not know to be true, the basis of which he had never made the subject of inquiry. Woodrow Wilson owed as much to the students of Princeton as he can ever possibly owe to the people of the United States, and from his own confession we learn that he had no conscientious regard for his obligation. So now when he tells us that after teaching "bosh" for twenty years he searched for the truth we do not scruple at suggesting the probability that he merely counted noses.

He's Beyond Price

California looks up to the Hon. Franklin K. Lane. It sees in him so striking an exemplar of all the qualities of mind and heart essential to ideal public service that while felicitating itself on having him as its representative in the arena of national politics, it cannot but sigh to think that he is not a Native Son. In this wicked age of many maladies and unmixed evils, with public principle gone and private virtue going, it ought to be a consolation and a moral strengthening to feel that whatever insidious wiles may be practiced by predatory corporations, whatever sinister designs they may breed, Mr. Lane is not to be diverted or lured or persuaded or in any way detached from the public service. The other day, we learn from Mr. Lane himself, a New York corporation, (nameless) invited him to become its legal representative in Washington. According to Mr. Lane he was asked to quit the public service and devote his talents to private interests in the very department he is now employed in. Of course Mr. Lane rejected the proposal. That he rejected it with scorn it is reasonable to assume, for if we have not misunderstood Mr. Lane the proposal was an insult. At least so it would seem to us in the somewhat dim light in which the story has been presented by the daily press. Mr. Lane has not said that the offer of employment was received by him as an imputation on his loyalty to his high trust, but Mr. Lane has never been inclined to parade his sensibilities. It is obvious, however, that if a corporation which has business before the Interstate Commerce Commission sought to lure Mr. Lane from his high station and make use of all the assets acquired by him as a member of that body, either its ethical principles are in need of repair or else it had a very mean opinion of a man whose record entitles him to the most favorable

presumptions. This view of the matter apparently is not shared by our contemporaries. They have mentioned the incident only that it might serve to assure us that Mr. Lane may be depended on to stick to the hazardous wild life of politics despite the money lure and all the manifold temptations to advancement in his other profession. Of course it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Lane with his reserve and surplus of approved wisdom is unfaltering in his adherence to high ideals, invincible in his willingness to guard the public interests, but ought we not severely reprehend the unscrupulous corporations that seek to convert to their own base purposes talents that have been developed and cultivated in the service of the people and consecrated to the national weal? Another question suggests itself: may it not be well to inquire whether the corporation that dangled the devil's hook before Mr. Lane's eyes really desired to employ him? We have in mind the experience of Delegate Wickersham who was recently kicking up a fuss in Washington, and who for years has been making disturbances in Alaska. In the midst of his bloviations and bombilations in Washington the truth came out that the Guggenheims had once taken his measure by asking him if he wanted a job. Alas, poor Wickersham! without batting a lid he swallowed the bait, hook and all the line. Of course the Guggenheims did not want Wickersham. They only wanted to know how much it would take to call him off. This is a favorite and ancient trick of the predatory corporations. It is an abominable trick, the effect of which is to tame those wild and cantankerous reformers who do us all so much good. Perhaps the New York corporation that asked Franklin K. to name his figure expected to wickersham him. But it is incredible that anybody should expect to hook Leviathan.

The Friend of the People

After receiving pearls of wisdom from the lips of Mr. Milton U'Ren, devout friend of the people and volunteer counsel for the multitude, the enlightened Commonwealth Club voted for the initiative and referendum. It would have been astonishing had the Commonwealth Club, dominated as it is by the average citizen, voted otherwise. The average citizen cannot hear Mr. U'Ren without suffering himself to be convinced. For Mr. U'Ren addresses all his arguments to the vanity of the average citizen and unfolds to his vision what is proximate, well knowing that what lies dimly at a distance is beyond the range of his perceptive faculties. Flatter the mob to the average citizen and he listens in ecstasy because he is a unit of it; but always call the mob "the people" for there is magic in the term. Mr. U'Ren spoke most reverently of the people at the Commonwealth Club, and he hammered the Founders for not having given the people more power and attested their confidence in the average citizen. He intimated that if the Constitution had been framed by friends of the people it would have been a quite different instrument. Which is quite true. If genuine U'Rens had framed the Constitution they would have made provision for the recall, the initiative and the referendum. But there were very few friends of the people in those days, the reason being that professional politics was not a paying business in the dawn of our history. At the time of the Constitutional convention there were no political parties, the jargon of faction was not heard in the debates. Nobody was intent on anything but the fabrication of a government, and everybody was in favor of the best kind of government for all the people that could be made. The only prominent man of the period in whom were to be found any of the potentialities of the type admired by Mr. U'Ren was Thomas Jefferson who was in France when the Constitution was in the making. But on his return, or rather long after his return, when he had studied the Constitution, he paid it the tribute of his most ardent approval. The man who had more to do with the making of the Constitution than any other individual was James Madison, and Thomas Jefferson thought so much of him as to make him Secretary of State. It should be mentioned, perhaps, that George Washington played no inconspicuous part in the Constitutional convention, but it is not to be suggested that in him were to be found any of the characteristic traits of a friend of the people, despite his claim to that distinction in his Farewell address. In that very address George Washington makes it obvious that he is no friend of the people, since he warns the people against innovations on the principles of the Constitution which Mr. U'Ren recognizes as the contrivance of real enemies of the people. Indeed in that address the wily Washington seems to anticipate one of the grand innovations recommended by no less a friend of the people than Mr. U'Ren himself. We allude to the recall. Washington actually warned his countrymen against "all designs to awe the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities." The truth is, of course, that Washington and his associates were rather sceptical about the sublime wisdom of the people. Instead of venerating the average citizen they acted on a maxim of the science of government which is shocking to the sensibilities of that divine creature. The maxim is that in contriving any system of government and devising constitutional checks every man ought to be supposed a knave with no other end so constantly in view as private interest. All the successful founders of government have acted on the principle of this libelous maxim. All the most learned philosophers tell us that to govern man effectively his ambition, his selfishness, his avarice, in short, the imperfections of his nature, must be kept in view, and that unless precaution be taken against the indulgence of his passions he will not be made to co-operate for the public good nor will there be security for individual liberty. Poor Washington and Madison and the rest! to them it never occurred that human nature had changed. They worked on an obsolete principle, and hence the necessity of reconstruction under the guidance of the u'rens of the people.

Perspective Impressions

What a lot a mother learns about her daughter when her daughter disappears!

Rolph starts with a rush as though he intended to come through on primary day.

There would be very little weeping if Secretary of State Jordan were to consign the whole job-lot of damphool constitutional amendments to his waste paper basket.

Jackasstor is getting more notice than he's worth.

Senator Works proposes a muzzle for the press of Washington, D. C. This is probably by way of diverting attention from the Open Mouth in Congress.

Lincoln Steffens says there is no finer field in the world for the muckraker than England. Let us hope that Steffens will venture to test the libel laws of that tight little island.

Speaking of the appointment of Glavis the San Bernardino Sun asks whether California is to become the haven of a certain class of political lame ducks? California is the breeding ground of political lame ducks.

William Rockefeller says the full return of prosperity awaits the cessation of agitation. O for the symptoms of lockjaw in Washington.

So the newspapers have been misrepresenting Ethel Barrymore! There must now be a fellow feeling between the distinguished actress and a conspicuous scholar of Palo Alto.

Now that the Commonwealth Club has supplied an auspicious occasion for the tearing of the Constitution to tatters might it not be well for the same distinguished body of patriotic citizens to call in a few anarchists to execute a Russian dance on the American flag?

Correspondence

Having "Brains as Well as Gold"

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: In the June 3 issue of Town Talk, the "Spectator" indulged in considerable ridicule at the expense of the proposition of a "Poets' Congress" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. May I ask just why that should be thus dealt with more than a Congress of Autoists, or Aviators, or Educators, or Scientists even, or any of the thousand-and-one which we hope to have with us during the Fair year?

Many months ago my humble self and my associates broached the subject of a Congress of Authors and Journalists (which would, of course, include poets) at our greatest of expositions; or rather, I—I am almost the last representative of the earliest literary movement on the Pacific Coast, in which Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, and others proved to the world that California possessed brains as well as gold—was delegated to take the initiative in the matter, thus as it were, linking the past with the present; for in its furtherance we have the assurances of co-operation from Gertrude Atherton, David Starr Jordan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, W. C. Morrow, Herman Whitaker, Joaquin Miller, in fact, all the leading writers of the coast . . . . and by what means could this coast (if it must be put upon a practical basis) be more ably and thoroughly advertised, so universally presented to the nations of the world, than by a Congress of its writers?

Respectfully,

—Ina Coolbrith.

August 13, 1911.

Gamblers and Gamblers

Editor Town Talk: I read in one of the daily papers this week that the enterprising managers of the local gambling games "have carried their advertising to the point of distributing their cards among the students of the night high schools" and that "some of those cards have found their way into the Young Men's Christian Association building." This is startling news. The faro and crap gamblers are going too far. But how about the advertisements of the white lottery dealers? You have alluded several times to the lottery business, Mr. Editor, and therefore I make bold to ask for a little space in your columns for a few comments and suggestions. When I read an editorial in a daily paper telling of the distribution of the advertising matter of gamblers in schools and among the members of a Christian association it struck me as odd, not that the gamblers should do such things but that a daily paper of San Francisco should object. For our daily papers our doing the very same thing. They are distributing the advertisements of the lottery dealers broadcast. They are the medium by which the lottery gamblers are able to conduct their games. Wherever a daily newspaper goes there goes also not only the advertisement of the lottery gamblers but the very machinery of the gambling game. The newspapers that publish the lottery numbers are lottery agents. Now, Mr. Editor, lottery gambling is the most demoralizing of all our gambling games. It is so because it corrupts one of the most important of all our moral agents—the press. It corrupts the press and makes a canting hypocrite out of it. How can there be any sincerity in a newspaper that takes the money of the lottery gamblers as the price of its acquiescence in lottery gambling and then pretends to be shocked at other gambling games and other forms of demoralization? The newspaper that publishes the winning lottery numbers violates one of the criminal laws of the State. It is a party to a crime that has been rooted out of every other State in the union. The newspaper that sells its silence to the lottery dealers is in partnership with the most powerful corrupt agency in California, for there is no other agency that has so completely deadened the conscience of public officials. And perhaps the worst feature of the lottery business is that much of it is a fraud as in some instances tickets are sold which represent nothing at all. And yet the whole business enjoys absolute immunity. The authorities years ago used to arrest a lottery agent occasionally just to pretend that the business was under the ban, but even this bluff is no longer made.

Yours truly,

—Thomas Francis Skinner.

Too Much Sloppiness

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Thanks for a little sane sense on the subject of the Langley murder. In these days, when a divorce can be had on a complaint that would not gain a spanking for a child, when every avenue of employment is open to women, and when a separation carries no stigma, a woman who is already the bread winner of the family and unhampered by the care of children has no excuse. When these girls get it into their heads to marry dissipated scamps heaven and earth and the horse guards cannot restrain them. No one need speak of youth and inexperience to them then. When the inevitable comes to pass they are "children," to be dealt with tenderly. Lola Montez, who should have been a pretty good judge, said that runaway marriages were like runaway horses, sure to end in a smash up. Severity of punishment would not prevent crimes of pure passion, but certainly would have a strong deterring effect on them. It is just the same with training children. Some are severely chastised part of the time, leniently dealt with at another, overlooked at a third, and though the reformer is apt to cry out against the failure of the severity, the real fault lies in the uncertainty. The culprits are always ready to take a chance that THIS is one of the times when nothing will happen. Others, who are SURE to meet with even a trifling penalty every time, will find the certainty too monotonous to risk. Since New York electrocuted a woman and New Hampshire sentenced one to hanging (though I am not sure whether the sentence was carried out), we have heard no more of "husband hunting" in that section of the country. A good many years ago I read a book by a Parsee, title and author both forgotten, but he took issue with the "Christian" critics who found the "uncleanness" and the ceremonies of purification in all the old religions foolish or trivial. The Parsee held that the laws themselves were instituted for hygienic purposes in the first place, but there were always those ready to neglect them if the penalty for transgression was to be paid in another world, while the present inconvenience they would suffer until they were ritually restored would restrain them, and that is what these women need. A good many years ago there was a double lynching somewhere in the northern part of our State, two brothers, young men and personable, held up a stage or something of that nature. They were arrested and held in jail for trial, with a fairly good chance of getting off with a light sentence. The women of the town had one of their hysterical streaks, and converted themselves into a fruit and flower mission. The men became exasperated, stormed the jail, and hanged the two youths on the bridge. Whatever use a man may have for firearms, one thing is certain: unless a woman has murder in her mind she has no use for a weapon. It is plain to even the most superficial reading of one of these affairs that the women are assiduous students of the newspapers, and when their own turn comes they have all the business and stage properties ready. What steady, calm, good sense and judgment would be displayed by the Annie Langleys in a heated election campaign! What is the matter with the daily papers, any way? To read John D. Barry one would suppose that the poor, dear convicts were saints on earth, and now, along with the Bulletin's glorification of the criminal generally, comes the Call to preach of the iniquity of the rest of us in having anything that a thief may care to appropriate. I don't believe in making life unnecessarily hard for those who have made a slip and paid the penalty, but just the same, if ex-convicts are to be exalted in this fashion what's the reward for keeping straight? In these days, when the laws are so full of loopholes unless evidence is purely circumstantial, the chances are that any offender who is convicted richly deserves his fate, and so-called first offenders are more apt to be confirmed rascals who have been caught at last. The fact that forty or fifty per cent of the inmates of penitentiaries are second termers is pretty good proof that their habits are confirmed. Josiah Flynt says that the criminal counts on spending a certain proportion of his time in confinement and reckons it as no worse than the period of enforced idleness of the mechanic or other tradesman who is apt to be out of work or ill, and one thing is very certain—that if the penitentiaries were such dreadful places as the sentimentalists represent them to be, any ex-convict would throw himself off the dock before he would take a second commitment. Our social system is suffering from fatty degeneration of all its vital organs. There is too much sloppiness, and it will be worse than ever if the men do not do their duty and vote down woman's suffrage.

Respectfully,

—S. C.

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Varied Types

XXXV—MORRIS MEYERFELD

By Edward F. O'Day

When Morris Meyerfeld comes back to San Francisco and the Orpheum after a jaunt through Europe, he is well worth talking to. Not that Meyerfeld isn't well worth talking to at other times. Far from it. He's a successful theatrical man and any time a successful theatrical man talks there is apt to be meat in his conversation. But Meyerfeld, like many experienced travelers, is a keen observer, an indefatigable maker of comparisons and a just appraiser of comparative values. So he is particularly interesting to talk to when intercourse with Europeans on their own ground has freshened his perceptions, broadened his ideas and deepened his appreciation of home.

Morris Meyerfeld prefers American to European vaudeville. Perhaps that statement will make the cynical snicker. "Of course he does," I can hear the cynic say. "Did you ever know a man who didn't think his child was better than anybody else's?" There may be something in that, but when such a man is prepared to justify his preference, not by boastful claims but by sound arguments, he is entitled to consideration. Comparing European and American vaudeville, Meyerfeld awards the palm to this country.

"In Europe," he points out, "vaudeville is a sporty proposition. The price of admission, for one thing, precludes the attendance of the middle classes and the poor. And on the continent of Europe the vaudeville houses are all connected with eating and drinking places. The rich spending classes and the strangers who are looking for something spicy are catered to. Hence the vaudeville houses are not family theatres.

"All through Europe the attendance of the women of the half-world is encouraged in the vaudeville houses. In many of the music halls of Paris they are admitted free; in the London houses they pay less than the other patrons. In London these women are not as objectionable as they are in Paris and on the Continent. But everywhere they go to the music halls for the same purpose—to make assignations. No effort to stop them is thought of. On the contrary their attendance is encouraged, fostered. The music halls couldn't do without them. If they were excluded the halls would have to reorganize on American principles. The men who go to the music halls know that they will find these women in their beautiful evening gowns, promenading up and down the foyer. They are a part of the show.

"Of course there is nothing like that in the American vaudeville theatres. Here vaudeville is a family institution. The sedate people patronize it. It is taken much more seriously. Husbands and wives attend with their children. We endeavor to attract children. We have an act or two on every bill to please them. But there is nothing for the children in the European music halls. They don't cater to the family there. People don't take their children. I don't believe I ever saw a child at a vaudeville performance in Europe.

Vaudeville is a much more serious institution with us. Think of the number of serious vaudeville sketches we have, like 'Scrooge,' for instance. But in Europe the serious sketches are few and far between. In the best music halls you don't see them at all. Seventy-five per cent of the acts are song and dance acts, acrobatic acts and musical acts. One reason for this is that those music halls cater to the traveler. When people are traveling they want to see something light, especially if they don't understand the language of the country they are in. European vaudeville recognizes that condition.

"The prices in our vaudeville theatres are much lower. In the best London houses the prices range from a shilling to ten shillings and sixpence and in the cheaper from sixpence to five shillings. And yet in America we pay much higher salaries, though our vaudeville theatres are smaller than those in Europe. How do we do it? The matinees enable us to. If it weren't for the daily matinees we couldn't get along as we do now. But we have fourteen performances a week against eight a week in London. In London the only matinees are on Saturdays and some big holidays. In Paris, Berlin and Vienna the only matinees are on Saturdays and Sundays.

MORRIS MEYERFELD

Matinees are for families, for women and children especially. So in our daily matinees you have another proof of the fact that American vaudeville caters to the family while European vaudeville does not.

"In Europe the audiences in the vaudeville houses stand for things which our American audiences wouldn't stand for. The songs and the jokes are broader there. Here we don't dare to let a performer say anything that will offend. You see, we have to think of the sedate women and the children in the audience. In Europe they don't have to think of the children at all, because they are not taken to the music halls. The women who attend realize that something broad may be said. They know what to expect.

"We send as many vaudeville acts to Europe as they send to us," continued Meyerfeld. "The most entertaining acts I saw in Europe were American acts. Most of them were comedy acts of the eccentric kind—grotesque dancers, blackface performers and so on. The European vaudeville audiences are very fond of such acts. The only American sketch I ever knew to be taken to Europe was that in which Cressy and Dayne have been playing in London. It is only a fair success. You hear of American performers revising their acts to make the jokes or the slang intelligible in London, but revision doesn't make much difference. If the Londoners like the act it will go; otherwise it will fail. Revision won't make an act a success. A great many American colored acts make big hits. The prejudice against the colored people doesn't exist in Europe and many colored performers are so successful that they stay for years.

"European vaudeville has one fine feature which American vaudeville lacks and that is pantomime. I regret to say that pantomime has never gone here except in a limited degree. We've tried it several times, but only with middling success. Just why it should be so, is hard to say. One country likes one thing; another likes another. There isn't an opera house in the English 'provinces,' but every town of any size in Germany supports opera. England likes pantomime and we don't.

"It's an unfortunate thing about the American vaudeville taste that it changes. Of course we managers must change with it. That's why we have to employ agents all over the world to dig up new stuff all the time. The average song and dance act doesn't go any more. The regular run of acrobatic acts are out of date. It's the same with animal acts. Only those that are extraordinary will go. Thousands of performers have been discarded by first class vaudeville and have gone into the ten cent houses to make a living. The plane of American vaudeville is getting higher all the time. When we book people like Doctor Wullner and Elbert Hubbard and they succeed, it shows how far we've gone. The tendency is continually upward. It's marvelous how the gallery now takes to refined acts. It's the most marvelous thing about the show business. We used to be afraid to book high class acts for fear they wouldn't appeal to the gallery. But nowadays we are perfectly at ease in the matter. The general character of the gallery has improved."

Meyerfeld allowed me to infer that in this respect too American vaudeville differs from the European article. The Wullners and the Elbert Hubbards rarely go into vaudeville in Europe. In the case of Hubbard this is easily explained. I don't believe there's an Elbert Hubbard in all Europe. Hubbards don't take in Europe.

But that is aside from the question. Meyerfeld started out to compare European and American vaudeville. His intention was to explain why he preferred the home product, as it is served at the Orpheum. Lots of people who have been in Europe and have made the comparison for themselves may not agree with him. But they must at least admit that his claims are not excessive. Personally, I think that he makes out a pretty good case.

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By Robert McTavish

Labor in South Africa

The question of immigration is rapidly becoming one of the most important in the South African Union. It assumes this importance because it involves the controversies over education and language, the relations of the white and colored populations, the dominance of the black race, and the demand for unskilled labor, in fact most of the problems before the new Government. While the introduction of settlers from Europe would go far toward disposing of some of the controversies, the readjustment, it is held, would be more favorable to British than Boer interests. For this reason the recent statement of Prime Minister Botha in London that South Africa needed immigrants of the type that laid the foundations of Canadian development was controverted by another member of the Cabinet, General Hertzog, who declared that he could not see what good immigration would do the country. The shortage of unskilled labor, which was met in the urgent crisis of the reconstruction period by the importation of indentured Asiatic labor, is already recurring, and will become more acute as development proceeds. To have remained dependent upon this labor would have been to help build up a colored nation instead of a white nation. The realization of this was what animated most of the opponents of Asiastic labor. They declared that they objected as much to Kaffir as to Chinese; they wanted to get rid of boss regulations and special measures which made control of the natives easy, in fact their purpose was to force employment of whites by making colored labor hard to get and difficult to manage. To have left the door open would have brought an Asiatic immigration that would have been a greater menace than the hordes of blacks, because the Asiastics are in many respects a superior race, and the nearness of South Africa makes it a natural outlet for the superfluous population. The colored labor of the country itself is becoming an uncertain quantity. The colored men, of whom there is a considerable number, especially in the Cape province, are, unlike the black natives, not contented with unskilled labor. They aspire to be artisans, and the threat of their competition with white artisans is considered with seriousness, for they are industrious and sometimes extremely capable.

Prohibition and Hypocrisy

That statewide prohibition in the South increases hypocrisy without decreasing drunkenness is made plain by a correspondent of the New York Sun who finds that "prohibition is being carried backward on the crest of a receding wave." It has been beaten outright in Alabama. The wets have won by a narrow margin in Texas. South Carolina has established the local option alternative. Georgia has prohibition "on paper, but the State is wide open" and money for revenue is raised "by rounding up the saloons at stated periods and fining them exactly as much as they used to pay for licenses." North Carolina is rich and doesn't need the revenue it might derive from the liquor business; but while it remains prohibition it has "broken out all over with lockers, social clubs and easy going drug stores." The correspondent sums up: "Altogether, prohibition is not nearly so strong in the South today as it was five years ago. The people are getting weary of its failures and their attendant demoralization. They have seen that it really prohibits nothing, but that the police courts and the calabooses are as full as ever, and that the only practical difference is to be found in depleted treasuries and a visible increase of degradation."

The Recall in North Carolina

Some time ago a great enthusiasm for reform came over the citizens of the town of Wilmington, North Carolina. A commission form of government was established and the blessed recall was made part of the town's organic law. But the enthusiasm for uplift died the death when the reformers tried to reform everything in sight. Wilmington had always been accustomed to the spectacle of cows grazing peacefully in the streets. As far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant reaches the squeal of the pig at the slaughter had been heard in the suburbs. But the new councilmen restrained the wanderings of the cow and went to the aid of the pig. So the community is tremendously agitated. Result, the recall has been put in operation. Twelve petitions for the recall of all the new councilmen are in circulation. The people, having discovered that they can hold elections as often as they please, are tickled to death over the prospect of continual excitement, which has been rare in humdrum Wilmington. They are going to work that recall for all it is worth.

Bibles and the Balkan Trouble

According to the latest report of the Bible Society, the distribution of New Testaments in the Balkans and the Levant may solve the problem of those "war clouds" that have been darkening European politics for lo, these many years. "There must be some divine purpose in the wonderful and unprecedented success which has crowned the work of Bible distribution in these lands during this period of uncertainty, ferment and danger," says the report. "It is quite conceivable that the Bible may become more potent in the general movement of events than the average man would be likely to suspect." And prayers are asked for the success of the Bible movement as a solution of the Balkan problem. The Bible as a pacifier of Europe may be "quite conceivable" to the pious souls who head the Bible society, but it may be stated with certainty that however much trust the nations of Europe put in the Holy Writ, they will take precautions to keep their powder dry when the Balkan "clouds" threaten rain.

The Morocco Pother

Those who analyze world politics are trying to get at the bottom of Germany's motive in stirring up the Moroccan hornet's-nest. Some think that Germany was testing the strength of Franco-British friendship. There may be something in this, for there is in France a considerable body of public opinion that favors a reconciliation with Germany. So Germany may have been trying to convey to France the notion that a desirable alternative to the Franco-British understanding would be a Franco-German understanding. Whether Germany was bluffing or was prepared to go to war, cannot be definitely known at this time. It is interesting to note what the New York Evening Post points out: "The War Lord and his advisers know very well that in war there is such a thing as a cause and such a thing as morale. They know that their soldiers are not automata who will fight with just as much devotion for Morocco as they fought for national unity and independence in 1866 and 1871. We may be sure that before the rulers of Germany set out for Armageddon, they will see to it that the nation behind them is inspired by something more than a few hundred square miles of Moroccan desert or a hundred miles of Kamerun coastline."

An "Epidemic" in Portugal

The special correspondent of the "XXme Siecle," a French journal, writes from Lisbon that "there is a veritable epidemic of sudden deaths now prevailing in Portugal, and strangely enough, this novel kind of scourge has the power of selecting its victims. It passes by good Republicans and attacks Monarchists." A number of cases are given where men of Monarchistic professions have died suddenly or gone mad. Poison has been used in some instances and it is known that two police agents boasted of having killed one of the victims. Families have demanded post-mortem examinations, but the Government has disallowed their claim, alleging reasons of "public order."

Justice Hughes and the Methodists

Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court had better look out for the Methodists. He has exposed himself to their ill-feeling and if we ever get the recall for federal judges they may yank him off the bench. It happened at the hearing at which many of the magazine publishers who are objecting to the proposal of the Postmaster General to increase the rate for second class mail matter were given an opportunity to present their case. The Methodist Book Concern was represented by E. R. Graham who testified that most of his publications would have to cease if the advanced rate were enforced. The profits of the periodicals, he said, went to pension superannuated preachers. And that was where Justice Hughes took a hand. "Should the Methodist Church or the United States Government be expected to support superannuated Methodist preachers?" he asked. Naughty Justice Hughes!

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The Silver Ring

By Emile Solari (From the French)

(Concluded from last week.)

II.

Matthew and Jeanne had just finished their famous sluice-gate upon which they had been working hard for six days. It had required almost incredible efforts on their part to get it into place. The old gardener was breathless and perspiring, and Jeanne, her face red and her hair flying in every direction, was clapping her hands and crying out in triumph. At this instant M. Jamboise came slowly forward and made a low bow to the young girl.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, mademoiselle. If I am, I beg that you will pardon me."

It was easy to be seen that he was shocked to find a person of her social position in such dress and condition. But Jeanne, wholly occupied with her work, paid not the slightest attention to these details.

"You have come to see our constructions, M. Jamboise? Our sluice-gate is finished. With the one over there on the other side and by means of an overflow pipe, we will be able to maintain the water here always at the same level. Our enterprise is succeeding, but it is hard work."

The man looked up, his ill humor plainly apparent in his face.

"A great deal too much work," said he, "for the result you will obtain."

"But I hope for a great deal, on the contrary. We will have fish, we will secure them without any trouble and whenever we wish; and the market in town will always buy them. Besides, with the assistance of the railroad we can always find even a better or surer market than the neighboring town."

"Theoretically that is very pretty, but practically it may be something quite different."

"In order to find out, you must try; I am trying."

"You are ruining your hands"

"What difference does that make? They'll get all right again as soon as I am through, and besides Matthew has been ruining his hands for forty-five years to grow flowers for us."

"That is not the same thing. Matthew has to work for a living."

"And so have I, M. Jamboise."

"But you have a big income!"

"A big income! With what income we possess we barely have enough to eat. The interest on money is growing smaller and smaller every year. We have just been informed that there will be another reduction. I don't know how we are going to get through next year."

"But the money you have saved will tide you over."

"The money we have saved? Not a shilling, not a cent, M. Jamboise."

This gentleman began to look surprised and was evidently very uncomfortable.

"But you have hopes, you may inherit a great deal of money."

"Utterly impossible. We have no relatives with the exception of my uncle, and you know very well that he has nothing but his pension."

"But don't you know about the fortunes you are going to inherit, that your aunt, Mlle. Sidonie, is always talking about?"

Jeanne burst out laughing. It was intensely funny to her to have a man with common sense take these stories of her poor old aunt seriously. When she could control her voice she said:

"But, my dear sir, you are certainly joking. My aunt knows absolutely nothing about business. The relatives she speaks of are cousins by marriage who have direct heirs; and besides, their fortune is much smaller than she thinks. My aunt has a very vivid imagination, and—" She began to laugh again. "You seem to me a little credulous."

M. Jamboise was overcome. Then this great fortune in which he had been believing so long existed only in the mind of Mlle. Sidonie! Without the money which he expected she certainly would have, Mlle. des Airelles appeared to the gentleman antipathetic in the highest degree. He was very angry, but tried to cover his retreat as courteously as possible.

"As it pleases you to to make fun of me, mademoiselle, I will go away. I am not accustomed to being criticized by—"

A haughty look from Mlle. des Airelles, who had ceased to laugh, arrested the impertinence upon his lips. He turned and walked away, his head bent and striking his cane upon the ground.

Jeanne looked at him contemptuously. She had guessed that he wished to marry her, but without having the slightest desire to encourage him, she had really believed that he cared for her. This conversation had enlightened her. "What vileness!" she murmured to herself, but brushing away all thoughts of him with a motion of her earth-stained hand, she cried to Matthew: "Now that the sluice-gate is in place, we must fix it solidly with stone. Then we will fill up the cracks between the stones with cement."

They started in to work again and a few minutes later Mme. des Airelles came up. She seemed much more excited than usual. She called out to her daughter: "Jeanne, what you are doing is senseless. You take up your time in ridiculous work and you also find the opportunity to antagonize the best friend we have. When he left today he gave me to understand that he would never come here again, and it was impossible for me to alter his decision. He says that you received him very impolitely, that you persist in your absurd projects and that you said some very disagreeable things to him."

"I can easily believe that," replied Jeanne. "Do you know what has angered him?"

"Doubtless some ill-humored thing you said to him."

"Not in the least. M. Jamboise is a man who only came here because he believed we had a large fortune."

"I never hinted to him in any way that we were rich."

"But he believed the stories that my aunt tells. He told me so himself."

Then Mlle. des Airelles related exactly what had occurred. Her mother joined her hands and looked upward.

"And I believed that he had a sincere affection for you!" she cried.

"I myself thought him a very decent man, but we have simply been mistaken, that is all. At least the work I am doing here will have served to unmask him, if nothing else."

The enterprise thus started by the young girl was successful beyond her hopes. In the beginning, however, she had a great deal of trouble and unforeseen difficulties arose. But each time Jeanne found some way of overcoming them. A rainstorm destroyed part of their work, and it had to be done over again with more care. Some ironwork, which had to be made to order, absorbed the last of the little money Jeanne had made by the sale of the fish.

It was hard work in the winter time to break the ice so that the fish could get air. When the spring had passed, marked by moments of enthusiastic hope followed by exaggerated fears, the summer began to show what results could be expected. Thousands of small fry were turned loose in the tarn.

Two years later the enterprise had met with the fullest and most complete success. The tarn was alive with fish. They could be caught by nets or by emptying some given part of the tarn by means of sluice-gates. Only the larger ones were kept, the small ones were at once thrown back. Carp grow quickly and hence it was not long before Jeanne could, with the assistance of the gardener, begin to sell her fish in the market.

M. Jamboise, true to his threat, had never returned. It is true that not the slightest effort had been made to cause him to change his mind. However, when he found out, indirectly, the income that was being made by the young girl, he began to regret his action, but it was too late.

One day when Jeanne was inspecting her fishpond, she saw her mother coming toward her accompanied by a stranger.

"My dear child, let me introduce to you M. Robert Cordier, who is an engineer in charge of the iron foundry in town."

Mlle des Airelles bowed.

"M. Cordier has noticed that there were more fish on the market of late and of finer quality, and wished to know where they came from, and so found you out. He has some ponds in a property of his own and desires to utilize them if he can and therefore would like to see what results can be obtained in a practical way and at little expense."

"I shall be delighted, mademoiselle," M. Cordier joined in. "My interest in coming here was purely commercial, but believe me, I have been greatly surprised to find that a young girl had conceived this plan and carried it out."

Mlle. des Airelles looked up at her visitor. He was young and well built, with brown hair and clear, frank, blue eyes. Jeanne immediately felt confidence in him.

"Since my work interests you," she said, "I'll be very glad to show it to you; but you must be indulgent, for you know I have done most of it with my own hands."

The two went around the ponds, followed by Mme. des Airelles. Robert Cordier examined each detail with the greatest attention. He asked questions about the sluice-way and the small pools in the brook where the eggs were waiting to be hatched. Before one of the sluice-gates he stopped.

"Someone must have helped you with that," he remarked.

"Yes, as I told you, the gardener helped me."

"You mean the old, lame man I saw when I came in?"

"Of course."

"But he couldn't have helped you very much."

"The two of us did all of this work."

"It is marvelous. I don't know how to express my appreciation of it. May I ask what revenue this tarn brings you in?"

Jeanne gave him the figures, telling him just how many fish had been sent to market.

"You must make different arrangements for

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Poems About San Francisco

(A series of poems dealing with San Francisco should begin with the most famous of them all. Bret Harte's "San Francisco" is known all over the world and has been accepted everywhere as a correct characterization of the San Francisco which Harte knew. Harte lived in this city for about fourteen years. In 1857 he went to work on the Golden Era as a compositor and soon afterwards began writing verses and short sketches in prose. He next went to the Californian in which was published the series of burlesques afterwards collected under the title of "Condensed Novels." In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the Branch Mint here, a position which he held for six years. During this period he wrote some of his most characteristic poems including "John Burns of Gettysburg," "The Phocene Skull" and "The Society Upon the Stanislaus." In 1868 the Overland Monthly was started with Harte as its editor. The second issue contained "The Luck of Roaring Camp" which made him famous and in quick succession appeared "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and other fine stories. Harte went to New York in 1871 and thenceforward his literary career was unconnected with San Francisco, although California continued to give him the inspiration for his best work. "San Francisco" was first published in the Overland Monthly.)

I—SAN FRANCISCO

(From the Sea)

By Francis Bret Harte

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy height, so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And, scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * * *

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast!

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and willful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O Fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O Fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies;

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision we
Who watch and wait shall never see;

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

The Spectator

Garnett's Knight

The Green Knight goes to heaven. That is the wind-up of Mr. Porter Garnett's grove play, the piece-de-resistance of the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club. If The Green Knight had gone to heaven like Elijah the play might have been a great hit. Or, if he had cast off his armor as the prophet did his mantle and made the journey unencumbered the play might have made a better impression. But, alas, the Green Knight on reaching the portals of heaven on the acclivity that towers above the grove was dead tired—and so were the spectators below. The Knight was so tired that somebody had to assist him into Paradise, which doesn't seem at all reasonable. It was largely due to this circumstance, in my opinion, that the Bohemians didn't think much of the play. The plain truth about it is the expectations of the Bohemians were disappointed. There was prodigious knocking in the grove after the show. The Bohemians tore Garnett's theme to threads. They chaffed at its extravagance, they damned it in sections, they pronounced the whole tommyrot. And singularly enough Joe Redding of "Natoma" fame was the leader of the anvil chorus. His emotions were so strong it seemed as though he regarded The Green Knight as a personal affront. He was for visiting summary punishment of some sort on the author, a pretty hazardous precedent for the man that wrote "Natoma" to suggest in view of the fact that he is to write the play next year. It is interesting to learn that he is trying to arrange for the premiere of a new grand opera in the grove with Nordica and Mary Garden in the cast, both of whom have volunteered. I hear that one of the most scholarly of American composers is to write the score.

Too Much Estheticism

Let it not be supposed that all criticism of The Green Knight is unfavorable. The author has some defenders who say that he made the mistake of writing over the heads of his audience. They explain that the play is Maeterlinckian in its mysticism and that to present it to the fat merchants of Bohemia was like throwing a tub to a whale—they didn't know what to make of it. The play unquestionably is distinctly high-brow. It is the quintessence of estheticism. It is vibrant with the glories of poetry, but it is as thin of substance as the air and its beauties are concealed from superficial eyes. All of which implies that nothing goes down with the gentlemen of Bohemia that is caviare to the populace. According to their standard of taste, in a grove play good use should be made of the magic of circumstance, of the atmosphere, the scenic distances and the glorious setting provided by nature. The Bohemians go in strong for music and illumination as accessories to beguile the senses even as the breezes of the grove that are as soft and sweet as those that blow from Hymettus. Garnett would have very little of these agencies. He depended chiefly on the magic of words and the poetry of his allegory, the meaning of which were uncomeatable to many every-day Bohemians who have no taste for the stuff that dreams are made of.

A Swat at Redding

"The Green Knight" is now between book covers. There is an introduction to it written by Mr. Garnett. Having read this introduction, which, by the way, abounds in the most naive pedantry, I think I understand why Mr. Redding seemed to regard the Garnett performance as a personal affront. In this introduction Mr. Garnett assumes an episcopal attitude and dogmatizes on the subject of "grove plays." He tells us that the grove play is "an art-work for presentation in a theatre completely and happily independent of all extra-esthetic considerations of popular or commercial success"; also that by reason of the "grove-spirit" the plays are "so

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shaped to the conditions of the theatre that a repetition elsewhere (even were it desired, which it is not) would be impossible." If this had been written in anticipation of Joe Redding's contemplated performance it could not have been more pertinently phrased; for the "Natoma" librettist wishes to write an opera for the club with the understanding, as it were, that it is to be tried on the dog at the grove and thence transplanted for commercial purposes. This idea is very much at odds with the "spirit of the grove."

"The Strumpet of Art"

Mr. Garnett argues in his introduction that "The Green Knight" is the real thing in grove plays. He maintains that it upholds the essential ritualistic character, and he informs us that the basic idea of his play is the result of eight years' study "of the grove play as a problem in esthetics." We learn from Mr. Garnett that he does not warmly approve the performances of his predecessors, and that he has taken a revolutionary departure from the earlier forms of the grove play. Here again he takes a swat at Mr. Redding. "I have obtained," he says, "a divorce (alas, only an interlocutory decree) from its mesalliance with opera, the strumpet of art." No wonder Mr. Redding was for visiting summary punishment on his Bohemian confrere. If the average opera is a strumpet of art, how shall we classify "Natoma"? But listen to Garnett as he pours in his verbal broadside: "It would be a work of supererogation at this time of day to state the case against opera. Voltaire called works in the genre, 'monstrous and unnatural productions,' and the majority of estheticians since his time have taken their flings at its fallacies." From this it would seem that Mr. Garnett went up to the grove with a chip on his shoulder. In the circumstances it is amazing that the Bohemians didn't witness a tragedy as well as a demonstration of a problem in esthetics. The explanation probably is that if our Joe hasn't kept pace with the evolution of art he has not at any rate forgotten the amenities of club life. Nevertheless it is not likely that he will permit the learned Theban who created "The Green Knight" to get away without a scratch. Surely he may be depended upon to combat the art views of Mr. Garnett. He is not to be awed by a citation from Voltaire. Pouf! What did the author of Candide know about art? Come to think of it, it was this venomous Frenchman who pronounced Milton and Shakespeare barbarians, who said of the immortal bard, "I have found a few pearls on his enormous dunghill." If you wish to find hypercriticism carried to the verge of stupidity read Voltaire on Shakespeare.

The Bad Sex Element

But Mr. Garnett does not rely wholly on Voltaire. Mr. Garnett is a prodigious reader. He quotes so much as to give one the impression that he hasn't a great deal of confidence in his own judgment. His introduction teems with citations calculated to prove that he is on the right track. For example after telling us that Gordon Craig says that "effectiveness" is banal and that "Beauty" is the sole desideratum, he says, "My purpose is to create an art-work that is entirely imaginative and that is informed with beauty—a drama that shall invite not the superficial emotive response but a response of the spirit." Which ought to make it easy for us to understand why the Bohemians failed to appreciate. Again, he assures us that in the "debauched theatre of commerce" (where Joe Redding parades his strumpet) human interest and sex interest (both capitalized) operate through sentiment and passion rather than through intellect, which, inferentially is a horrible state of affairs. Not so in "The Green Knight" which is true to Arthur Symons's idea, for Mr. Garnett shrewdly dispensed with the sex interest, much to the disappointment no doubt of his brother Bohemians. The abominable sex element according to the didactical Garnett, "has no place in the ritual of a man's club." Besides (as Mr. Redding should know) the sex element ought to be omitted because "in the grove play female characters must be figured by men." Which means that no Garden or Nordica need apply.

A Drama of the "Macroscosm"

With all Mr. Garnett's fondness for "authorities" he has not (he wishes us to understand) written in the fulness of his academic spirit. "I did not in preparing my scenario," he says, "measure the classic element introduced in the adjustments essential to form with the foot rules of Aristotle or Lessing, nor in writing the play did I weigh the romantic elements of suggestion and atmosphere in the scales of Plato, Rousseau, Novalis or Schlegel." With all his infinite resources, embracing the whole field of literature from Aristotle to B. Shaw, Mr. Garnett gave his own genius some play with the result, as he says himself, that there was ushered into the world "a drama of the spiritual macroscosm (macrocosm?) of which the spirit of the spectator is the microcosm," the arrangement of which is "objectified on the basis of the hypothetical psychoses of the ideal spectator." And naturally the low-browed Bohemians were bewildered. Briefly Mr. Garnett apologizes for the mystery with which he surrounded his masterpiece. He explains that it was to carry out the illusion, the importance of which he impresses on the microcosmic captains of industry by quoting Joubert for them, as though that were necessary. All Bohemia is an illusion to rich plumbers, and it is unnecessary to quote Joubert as translated by Professor Babbitt. Unfortunately I have not sufficient space to do this Garnett essay justice. It is probably the most erudite thing ever written for the Bohemian Club. It just reeks of the higher philosophy of criticism, and through it all runs the note of warning against reverting to the wrong type of grove play, against, as it were, indulging the low-brow proclivities of Mr. Redding. In the very last paragraph says Garnett, "The greatest danger is that they (the grove plays) will degenerate into more or less commonplace drama or opera." If you were Joe Redding wouldn't it make you mad?

The Poetic Charm

Whatever one may think of Mr. Garnett's principles of art as expounded in his anti-Redding essay, or whatever one may think of his drama as sheer drama, or rather as naked drama, it is not to be denied that he has woven into that drama some genuine poetry. For example:

Lo! down yon pathway steep
The silent moonbeams creep,
As from a languid cloud
The moon, with silver prowed
Sails on the searchless deep.
With noiseless feet they troop
Where topmost branches droop;
Thro' massy trees and tall,
See how they softly fall
Like petals on the ground;
Like petals wreathing round,
They fall without a sound,
Come, moonbeams silver white!
Come, moonbeams silver bright!
To woodland dark and dumb,
Come, moonbeams! . . . come! . . .
Come! . . . come!

The moonbeams may, but never again the Bohemians.

How Greene Got into Cananea

Two picturesque figures passed out of American financial life when Col. "Bill" Greene and "Bet You a Millionn" Gates died within four days of each other. They were associated in many Wall street deals of magnitude. Both men gambled in property for big stakes, losing sometimes but generally winning. It may not be generally known that Col. Greene made his fortune out of properties which were under the control of a syndicate headed by Senator George C. Perkins. In 1890 Greene was a prosperous rancher in Arizona near the Mexican line. Just across the line in the State of Sonora was a great tract of land which had been purchased by Senator Perkins and others. It contained several ranches and was of fair grazing quality. There is a peculiar law in Mexico by which grants of land

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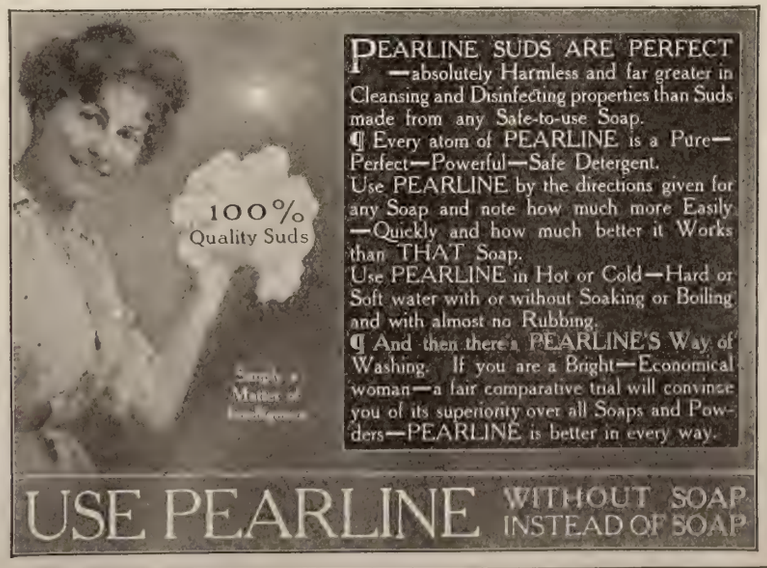
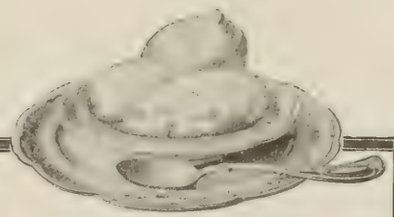


for pasturage such as the Perkins syndicate had obtained do not carry with them titles to certain minerals, gold, copper and silver, which may be found on the land. Any prospector may go on to private lands and locate for mineral, and if he finds it, all he has to do is to pay a fair price, based on its value as pasture. Greene frequently rode across the boundary to the property of his neighbors and in 1899 he got the idea that there might be copper deposits on the Cananea ranch. He prospected quietly, and in the end located eight mines. He put in his claim for the property and the Perkins syndicate, rather than fight condemnation proceedings and be beaten in the end, sold out. That Perkins knew what he was losing was indicated when he said: "I believe that the greatest copper mines in the world have been located there, and that there is enough copper now in sight to reduce prices the world over." In 1904, when Greene was at his zenith, the companies he formed as the result of those cross-the-border rides were capitalized at $100,000,000.

He Bluffed Harriman

It is related of Col. Greene that when he was struggling to hold control of his properties, he made a sporting proposition that bluffed the nervy E. H. Harriman. They were at lunch together. It was a critical moment in the miner's career, for a powerful clique in his copper company had shown its hand against him and boasted that it would block his plans and wrest control from him. "Are you going to sell your new stock?" asked Harriman. "They say in the Street the other crowd is going to defeat you." "Bill" Greene laughed. "They're riding for a fall," he said, "and I'm going to buy a bit myself. You see, here's a check for $150,000 I've just made out for my bit." "You're not afraid of risking $150,000?" asked Harriman. "Why, that's only spending money," replied the miner, tossing the check carelessly on the table. "I'll match you for it, heads or tails." "No, no," said Harriman quickly, "keep your check. You're pretty ready to wager a little fortune on the toss of a coin." One day in 1904 an investor who said he had lost $500,000 in Greene's mining enterprises, accosted him on the street, pressed a pistol against his breast and threatened to kill him. The colonel was not alarmed. Patting the would-be murderer on the shoulder, he told him he was acting foolishly and persuaded him to "come downtown and talk it over."



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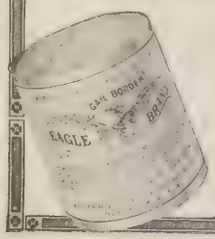

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Edna Goodrich's Novel

The first installment of Edna Goodrich's widely advertised novel has just appeared in one of the theatrical magazines. It is quite plain that it was not written by Edna but by some literary hack used to turning out fiction by the yard. But no doubt Edna supplied the material. Whether she is herself the heroine of "The Deynard Divorce" cannot be settled until more of the story is available, but it looks as though Nat Goodwin was drawn in the character of Nick Deynard, the husband. Here is a description which seems to fit him: "In spite of high living, not to say dissipation, he looked usually no older than his years. But as he emerged into the clear crystal of this cloudless midday, age seemed suddenly to have set her mark on him. His generally erect figure drooped. His face was not merely bloodless, but below the cheek bones, lacking its regular morning shaving, it was dead gray. His eyes were dull and bloodshot from anxiety and loss of sleep. Wrinkles showed at their corners and at the sides of his rather lascivious mouth from which depended an unlighted cigarette." We read that "he had the reputation of never letting a woman escape his keenly estimating observation." He eats "well-buttered, high-seasoned plover's eggs" for breakfast. Dripped absinthe is his morning drink.

A Chaste and Beautiful Heroine

If the wife Brenda represents Miss Goodrich it must be confessed that Edna has been good to herself. We read: "Brenda Deynard, unlike most women either young or old, looked her best in the morning. Her wakeful night had detracted in no way from her abundant beauty. If anything, it had merely served to soften—to tranquilize, as it were—the resplendent comeliness of vigorous health and youth. In type she was Oriental yet with the modifying charms of the Occident. Though her eyes and hair were gloriously dark, her skin was wondrously fair and delicate of texture, with an exquisite play of color, and she was endowed with a grace of contour that was like a masterpiece of Greek sculpture." We learn that "it was because of her rare, ripe loveliness that the stage had found her." It seems that Nick married her because he couldn't win her in any other way. "She had made successful defense against odds which at times threatened to overwhelm her, bringing him to see, eventually, that through marriage only was her capitulation to be secured." Obviously a paragon of virtue, so we are not surprised to hear: "More through sheer strength of character and an inbred repugnance for all that is vicious and vulgar than because of maternal watchfulness and circumspection, she had managed to escape the pitfalls of her hazardous profession." Nick, obviously, was not a pitfall, for she didn't escape him. For two years he "had laid siege to the white flower of her chastity"; had been happy with her for a time, but was now tired. From this first installment it looks a little as though Brenda has tired of him and has permitted her leading man to wear that "white flower" in his buttonhole. But no doubt subsequent developments will show that she is still as good as she is beautiful.

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Henry Miller Explained

The Press Club entertained Henry Miller last Thursday night. There were songs and stories and a cold supper with steins of beer and a travesty of the first act of "The Havoc," put together and acted by the newspapermen. Miller enjoyed himself hugely and made a happy speech. Among those present were Gilbert Miller, the actor's son, Francis Byrne and Daniel Pennell of the Miller company, Richard Bennett, the Alcazar star, Jimmy Britt, Armand Kalisz and Lou Anger of the Orpheum and Max Dill. A number of the delegates to the typographical convention were also the guests of the newspapermen. One of the singers announced as the title of his offering, "If a Miller's daughter met a printer's devil, what would the Havoc be?" To which Henry Miller quickly interjected the reply, "Obviously, a typographical error."

The Spirit of Emulation

What a cruel thing it was to lock up Mrs. Frances Rease Keane after she took a shot at her husband! The poor woman was compelled to do her weeping in a prison cell, and she was treated as though she had sinned against the general sentiment of this community. This was outrageous. Mrs. Keane is a stranger in a strange city. She knows nothing of our erratic temperament. Having read all about the killing

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of "Jim" Langley, and having observed that the newspapers regarded the murder as justifiable, it was natural for her to suppose that it was the privilege of wives in this gallant city to discipline their husbands with bullets. Mrs. Keane was a witness to the apotheosis of Mrs. Langley, and she perceived what she believed to be an opportunity to become a heroine. So she went gunning for the erring Keane, and she found him propitiously situated for her little drama. He was drinking at a bar, thus providing ample provocation for the heroic deed. But unfortunately her aim was bad. Mr. Keane received nothing more than a flesh wound, which of course was far from sufficient to rouse the enthusiasm of the reporters who are sticklers for all the essentials of genuine tragedy. Mrs. Keane can hardly be said to be in Mrs. Langley's class. Hers was a most miserable attempt to supply the press with a sensation. But if her aim was bad, her intention was good, and perhaps this circumstance ought to be taken into consideration. Yet of course while the spirit of emulation is rampant it may not be well to encourage bungling wives who have not the nerve to complete the job in workmanlike fashion.

"Belshazzar's Feast"

Down at Corona a doctor of divinity rejoicing in the pretty name of Wesley K. Beans has just thrown a fit of alliterative agitation for the benefit of "The Searchlight," the official organ of the Anti-Saloon League of Southern California. Wesley K. Beans trains his popgun on Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer who lives at Pasadena, and shoots that public spirited citizen full of adjectives for crowning his wife queen of his heart on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of their golden wedding. To the mind of Wesley K. Beans the joyful ceremony had a terrific import. "It is claimed by close observers of political movements," he says, "that this was an actual coronation and was intended for such, that this country had its first spectacle of the crowning of a queen, that this spectacular crowning is recognized as the firing of the first great gun by the liquor forces in an effort to drive from official position every man who would dare raise his hand against the liquor traffic." Well, well, well! So we are to have a really truly queen! Queen Busch of the royal house of Budweiser! But lest the good woman should unduly rejoice in her high dignity, Wesley K. Beans makes an elaborate comparison of this affair with Belshazzar's Feast and voices some very gloomy prophecies.

In Busch's Gardens

But this Daniel crying his warning to the Chaldean of Pasadena is most picturesque when he moralizes on Busch's famous Sunken Gardens. List to Wesley K. Beans at his best: "Who can look upon it without reflecting that every blade of grass represents a sigh of despair—and every tremulous leaf a quivering heartstring—and every drop of pearly dew glistening in the early dawn an anguished tear. If the hearing were morally attuned fine enough we could hear in every falling spray of the fountain the drip of blood, and in every sough of wind around the mansion the dying moan of a broken heart, and see in every blossom a flower of hope crushed and faded." And so on and on. Is't not terrible? It goes without saying that Beans has never soused himself in good old Budweiser. He utters himself like a man who fills his belly with nothing but the East wind. An occasional jag would do him a world of good.

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A Retort for Michael

The Hon. Michael Casey of the Board of Public Works who is running for supervisor, was making a speech before a lot of union men in the Mission a few nights ago. He was glorifying the lot of the working man. "You," he said, "are the trees, while I represent one of the branches." "Right you are, Michael, right you are," came the response from one of his hearers; "and the plums are all on the branches."

The Graft Cases

The District Court of Appeal did what was expected when it ordered Judge Lawlor to dismiss the cases of Calhoun, Ford, Abbott and Mullally. Mr. Garret McEnerney made it clear enough in his argument to the court that in refusing either to try the defendants or dismiss the indictments against them Judge Lawlor was guilty of a most flagrant violation of a provision of the Constitution of the State. No judge has the right to keep an indictment hanging over the head of an individual. The Constitution guarantees to the citizen a speedy trial, and the time limit in which a trial must be had is fixed by statute. To justify indefinite postponements there must be some good reason. Judge Lawlor's reason was that the most important witness for the State, James Gallagher, could not be reached by legal process, but there was no attempt to show that the witness would ever return; and the ugly feature of the whole matter was that the witness was permitted to leave the State by the Graft Prosecution. He had been at the beck and call of Detective Burns and District Attorney Langdon, and though the second trial of Patrick Calhoun had been started while they were still in office they never subpoenaed Gallagher. With all these facts Judge Lawlor was familiar.

Hearst Sends for Robert

William R. Hearst emerged the other day from the Balkans into which he plunged some weeks ago, getting beyond the reach of leased wires and all other means of communication. As soon as he got in touch again with his editorial staff he received news of the illness of Dent Robert, manager of his San Francisco and Los Angeles papers. Immediately he wired Robert to report for treatment at Nauheim, the German resort where all heart ailments are treated by specialists. Hearst himself, I believe, is to take a course of treatment at Nauheim. Robert has been ill for some months and his friends are very much worried over his condition.

Hearst for President

According to the knave of the Oakland Tribune "the topic of principal interest in political circles of California is the candidacy of William R. Hearst for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States," and, furthermore, "Hearst's campaign in this State may be said to have opened with the recent arrival of Andrew M. Lawrence" who is managing his campaign. Mr. Hearst may be a candidate for the presidency, but if Mr. Lawrence is managing the campaign he is making very little noise. Lawrence arrived in the State over a month ago, and he has been spending most of his time at fashionable resorts with Mrs. Lawrence and their daughter. For awhile they were at Del Monte. Now they are at Tahoe. Mr. Lawrence will return to town in about two weeks to be the guest of honor at a banquet at the St. Francis to be given in recognition of his services to this city when the World's Fair site battle was on in Washington.

A Trap for Fickert

It's just as well that District Attorney Fickert raided the San Marco gambling hell instead of another to which he had turned his official attention. The other gambling hell is high up in a big building not so very far from the San Marco and the district attorney made careful plans for raiding it. But these plans leaked out, as raiding plans have a way of doing, and the gamblers arranged to put one over on the district attorney. It was their scheme to trap Fickert in the elevator. It was all figured out that when Fickert and his raiders entered the elevator to ascend to the floor where the club is located, the elevator boy should run the car up a certain distance and then stall it between floors. While the district attorney was in this predicament the gamblers were to walk leisurely downstairs with all their paraphernalia. However, Fickert changed his mind and nothing came of the gamblers' daring scheme.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Temperament in Society

Society, as we know it in this neck of the woods, would not be society if it were not made up of the most widely differing temperaments. Among our society women there are some who turn aside only at intervals from the serious things of life. There are others who are devoted above all to amiable frivolities. I am reminded of this by what I have heard recently about two of our members of the smart set. Miss Lydia Hopkins, I am told, has recently turned the doll house of her childhood into a kennel for her eighteen toy poodles. The doll house is an elaborate affair with parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. It is equipped with electric lights, hot and cold water, stationary bath tubs and the most uptodate plumbing. All these conveniences have been adapted to all the needs of the eighteen toy poodles. Thus Miss Hopkins finds outlet for her temperament. Then, on the other hand, there is Mrs. Fred Kohl. She seeks satisfaction for her benevolent impulses in quite different fashion. Up on Lake Tahoe near her beautiful home "Idlewild" she has recently been engaged in building a chapel and a cottage for the Catholic priest who visit the lake as part of his parochial duties. Here we have a decided contrast in temperaments, but as I have already said, it takes all sorts of temperaments to make up our social system.

Miss Herrin Came Back Ill

Mrs. Fred Pickering with her daughter Miss Rhoda Pickering and Miss Alice Herrin, the daughter of the railroad attorney, returned recently from a tour of several months in the Orient. They had a very enjoyable time on the other side of the Pacific, but unfortunately Miss Herrin's health broke down before they started home and she arrived here in the care of a trained nurse. She has been rusticating a good deal since and has improved considerably.

The Geisha Fad

These ladies and others who have returned of late from the oriental tour have been talking a great deal about the Geisha girls of Japan. I am told that it has become quite the thing for people who are traveling in Japan to hire the Geishas to dance at private entertainments. And this suggests something. Our society matrons who sponsor big entertainments, whether for the sake of charity or otherwise, are at their wits' end for original features. They are forever hunting new stunts to fillip the interest of our rather blase smartsetters. Why should they not bring over here some of the Geishas? This would not be an expensive undertaking, and no doubt the girls would be glad to come. That they would make a big hit at some of the entertainments of the coming winter I make no doubt.

Our Own Dancers

Not that I am disparaging our own amateur dancers. We are unusually well supplied with young women who are gifted that way, as our kirmesses have shown. There is Miss Enid Gregg, for instance. This charming girl dances with the finish of a professional. She is particularly adept at toe dancing and some enthusiasts who have seen her foot it in ballet movements declare that they prefer her to Pavlowa. I am glad of the opportunity to offer my readers a picture of Miss Gregg in her ballet costume. It has never been published before. Then there is Miss Innes Keeney. Her clever dancing as queen of the fairies in Prince Napoleon will not soon be forgotten. Of course there are many others. They are proud of their proficiency and are taking lessons all the time.

Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MISS ENID GREGG IN BALLET COSTUME

The camera shows the charming young woman in the dancing costume she wore in Kirmess time.

They Will Be Seen Soon

We shall have an opportunity to see some of our best dancers in September when the often announced "Shopping" with book by Willard Barton and music by Herman Heller will be given for charity at Miss Jennie Crocker's home at Burlingame. Miss Kathleen De Young and Miss Enid Gregg, as clever amateurs as we have, will divide the honors of this entertainment. Of course their dancing will be a feature. There is to be a chorus and that its saltatorial merit will be considerable may be judged from the names of the girls who will take part. I need only name Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Dorothy Greaves, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Eliza McMullin, Miss Vera Havemeyer and Miss Marianne Mathieu to indicate what we may expect. Some of our staider folk may be a little shocked to hear that the "turkey trot" will be one of the offerings, but just let them contain their indignation and wait!

A Male Beauty Show

Another feature of this projected entertainment has already received some notice. I refer to the beauty contest for men. If it comes off as scheduled the contestants will don feminine gear for the occasion, arraying themselves in Parisian frocks, and passing in review before the judges who will be women. Among the entrants, I am told, are Peter and Walter Martin, Dick Tobin, Dr. Tracey Russell, John Lawson, Percy Selby, Stewart Lowry, Raymond Armsby, Mountford Wilson and Worthington Ames. This bevy of masculine beauties in feminine disguise may make a hit, but I am afraid I shall regard them all with mixed feelings. The spectacle of men decking themselves in women's clothes does not fill me with any particular enthusiasm. That ballet at the Bohemian Club last winter, for instance, didn't make a hit with me at all. However, we shall see what we shall see. Perhaps as the time approaches some of the more intensely masculine of the announced contestants will find their zest for the masquerade oozing away.

The Quiet Roosevelts

After greeting their aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York, the young Theodore Roosevelts betook themselves to Carmel last week. They eschew the society of our local smartsetters at Del Monte and are quietly enjoying young Teddy's vacation, taking long tramps in the country about the literary colony. The young Roosevelts have adhered faithfully to their announced determination to lead a simple life in the first years after their marriage and they are seen at few of the functions in town. When the fact that Miss Eleanor Alexander was one of the wealthiest and most prominent debutantes of a few years back in New York is considered, the life of social quietude she leads in San Francisco as a young wife cannot but be a surprise to her aunt and cousins. The Alex-

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ander girls are pretty and simple mannered maids who are enjoying every minute of their stay in California.

Miss Lutie Collier's Engagement

The announcement of Miss Lutie Collier's engagement to Bergie Beckett is of interest to that part of society which knew the young lady's mother, the late Mrs. William B. Collier, as one of the grande dames of twenty years ago. Mrs. Collier had a sparkling wit and great charm and long after her daughters were growing into young womanhood was one of the most sought after women in society. She never recovered from the shock of her little son's death. The lad perished in a fire that destroyed the Collier home on Clear Lake. It was believed he was safely out of the burning structure in the care of a nurse and when discovery of his tragic fate was made the mother was prostrated. Her death occurred a year or two afterward. There are five daughters, all of whom have a share of their mother's good looks. Miss Sara Collier is called the beauty of the family. She made a sensation in Washington when she visited her relatives the Hitchcocks a few years ago. One of the sisters, Maraquita, is Mrs. Atherton Macondray. She married when very young the son of Mrs. Selby, born Atherton, whose first husband was Macondray. Their children were Atherton Macondray and a daughter, Mrs. Percy Moore. Another daughter of her second marriage is Mrs. Frank Johnson Jr. of San Rafael who was Carmen Selby. The Atherton Macondrays lived in the Philippines after their marriage but are now living in San Mateo. Mrs. Roy McDonald of Oakland is another of the Collier family. Miss Lutie Collier's debut was made under the chaperonage of her aunt Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle. Her closest friends are Mrs. Germaine Vincent and Miss Hazel King. Beckett is an Englishman who has been in this country about five years. He is well liked but has not taken any prominent part in social gayeties. He "baches" with several friends including Campbell Whyte, one of the Ingleside Club's crack golf players.

There Will Be No Sensation

The Eaton divorce comes up next week, I am told, but there will be no sensational developments. Ethel Cooley Eaton who is suing her husband for failure to provide is a handsome blonde who has shared popularity with "Nobe" Eaton and he is one of the most popular men in clubdom. The differences that led to the divorce action were not, I am told, over money matters. Eaton was always a generous provider until of late when a separation was threatened. Mrs. Eaton was a much admired figure at social functions last winter, with her friend Mrs. Cuyler Lee. She is living in San Mateo pending the court's decision of the case. Eaton is an insurance man who makes his home at the Bohemian Club.

Pope's Fad is Autos

George Pope has a fad for automobiles, his friends declare. He has five machines in his garage at Burlingame which is built on the plan of a taxicab company's quarters and has just added a sixth. Mrs. Pope runs her own little electric car in to San Mateo and Pope makes the trip to the city every day in one of his machines.

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A Roast for Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger has written another book. It is called "From Fog to Sun" and it is a record of travel. Although Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger has not been Mrs. Cruger for a long time, she uses that name on her title page. When last heard from she was Mrs. Wade Chance, but whether she has regained the privilege of her more imposing cognomen I do not know. The last time I saw Wade Chance he had dropped down to this city from Reno for a little diversion. He was in Reno for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, but whether or not it was granted him I have not heard. Wade Chance used to be pretty well known in this city and if I mistake not he attended one of the Greenways last winter. When he married Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger in New York their romance was more than a nine days' wonder, for the widow of Stephen Van Rensselaer was forty years the senior of Wade Chance. The marriage was not a happy one. But this has nothing to do with Mrs. Cruger's book. My attention was called to the book by a review in the Saturday Review of London. A scorching review it was indeed, the reviewer showing no mercy for Mrs. Cruger despite her years and her sex. The review was entitled "I and My Maid."

Photo, Vaughan and Fraser

MISS MURIEL STEELE

Whose engagement to Mr. Wesley Gallagher, an important official of the steel trust with headquarters in the Orient, has been announced.

"I and My Maid"

Mrs. Cruger's travels took her to Biskra which has been a favorite haven of tourists ever since Robert Hichens wrote "The Garden of Allah." She tells how "I and my maid" alighted from the railway train at Biskra, thereby exciting the choler of the Saturday Reviewer. "When she tells how 'I and my maid' alighted from the railway train at Biskra," writes the naughty reviewer, "'with our very few bags and dressing cases, which paucity was made up for by an enormous surplus of luggage in the rear car,' we take her meaning to be that her trunks were laden mainly with those complimentary letters 'from the best Boston authors, including T. W. Higginson,' to which she elsewhere refers, and that if these had been addressed to her maid, and not to herself, she would in mentioning that person have given her the precedence which by any other lady would be given rather as a matter of course." In another place the reviewer exclaims: "How does Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger manage to be so clever?" He tells us too that "her erudition is profound. Such words as menage, flair, maitresse femme, regime, and tout ensemble, she uses as freely as though she really were the French countess whom the guides of Biskra awfully supposed her to be; and she even tells us of a Tunisian Jewess who had 'a huge ventre.'" And finally comes this blast: "Fools who write books do by that very act prove themselves conceited; and (if they are unlucky enough to find publishers for their twaddle) they will always, we hope, incur some such treatment as we have meted out to Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. When next this lady starts on her travels, let her, if write she must, forget any ridiculous compliments she may have received from 'the best Boston authors, including T. W. Higginson,' and ask her maid to collaborate with her. It would be a very strange coincidence indeed if the maid had a mind so vapid and so pretentious, and a style of writing so incoherent and so vulgar, as those of her mistress."

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. S. Collbran who have just made a round the world honeymoon trip arrived at the St. Francis a few days ago on their way home to the Orient. Mrs. Collbran was formerly Miss Mabel Farrish, daughter of John B. Farrish, a prominent mining man of Denver and Mexico.

Always Alive and Doing

Nowhere is there a cafe doing so much for the care and entertainment of its guests as the Tait-Zinkand Cafe, in O'Farrell street, opposite the Orpheum.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Scrooge" and Others

If you hadn't read your "Christmas Carol" lately, it brought the sweet old memories flooding back into your mind till your heart beat fast and your eyes were sort of dim. If you had read it again before going to the Orpheum, you were probably surprised to find how religiously Tom Terriss had kept to the text. Whole speeches were given word for word. And that is as it should be in an adaptation of this kind. Dickens' text cannot be improved on, for Dickens was a dramatic writer himself and many of his best scenes were cast in the form that the theatre demands. It was certainly good to meet old Ebeneezer Scrooge face to face, to watch the miserable old screw writhing in the torment of a prodded conscience and then to see him awake at last to generous Christmas impulses. The ghost of Jacob Marley was a fearsome spectre, fresh from the grave, with chin bound up and decaying garments. Bob Cratchit looked very natural and so did cheerful Mr. Fezziwig and poor little Tiny Tim was there to the life. When the vision of Christmas Present was given and Tiny Tim lifted his cup and drank to the health of Scrooge, saying "God bless us, every one," one of my neighbors, two hundred odd pounds of not too impressionable masculinity, echoed the benediction and when I stole a glance at him I surprised a tear in his eye. A fine piece of character work was the Scrooge of Wallis Clark, and a marvel of makeup. The other characters fitted nicely into the picture. Let us be grateful for this sketch of "Scrooge" and hope for more like it. They cannot give us too much Dickens in the theatre. The world is engaged in exalting Thackeray just now, which is all well and good, but Thackeray never obtained the hold on our affections that Dickens did. This is not the first time that Dickens has been taken into vaudeville. He is bound to be a success there because your vaudeville audience represents the varieties of human nature more fully than any other. Dickens appeals to the best of all sorts and conditions of men, so let us have more of him at the Orpheum! Judging from the applause Deiro was the most popular entertainer in the bill. Deiro crushed music out of the pleats of his piano accordion and the more music he crushed, the more the pit pounded its palms and the delighted gallery whistled through its teeth. They couldn't get enough of Deiro. Nana didn't please so many. It is a strange thing, but these French dancers rarely bring down the Orpheum. Some of us are inordinately fond of their eccentric gyrations, but we're in the minority. Yet Nana is a first rate dancer. Her feet disdain the stage. Her slender silken legs are forever flashing through the air. She dances, not so much with passion as with inexhaustible violence. The applause she wins is wholehearted, but it doesn't come from the whole of the audience. No wonder there is so much enthusiasm about Amelia Stone who appears with Armand Kalisz in what is called "a musical romance." Her beauty ravishes the eye, her voice scales every height of music with ease, her every movement is a picture, her smile would make you leave your happy home and her clothes are dreams. Where can you better that combination? Then there is Morny Cash from Lancashire who has some capital songs, Lou Anger with his funny "German soldier" monologue, the four Original Londons who take your breath away with some absolutely new casting feats, Jack Connelly and Margaret Webb in a musical absurdity and some splendid Pathe films.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Max Dill at the Savoy

The theatrical season will be opened at the cosy Savoy this Sunday afternoon when the favorite German comedian, Max Dill, will begin an engagement limited to one week in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," that bright musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander. The jovial little funmaker will be cast to perfection as the eccentric Hoggenheimer with the ponderous bank account and his support will be the best that he has ever been accorded. Lillian Coleman, his prima donna soprano, well known in San Francisco theatrical circles, will be Flora Fair and her splendidly cultivated voice will be heard to advantage in "Bye and Bye" and "In Vaudeville." Miss Coleman, who was with Rogers brothers for several seasons, will display several gorgeous gowns. Cecil Cowles, another San Franciscan, best known for her remarkable talent as a pianist, will make her musical comedy debut as the Duchess of Bedlam, introducing a song of her own composition, "Miss Pale Pink Parasol," which she will sing with Melvin Stokes, the eminent tenor, late with Lulu Glaser and Frank Daniels. Lucille Palmer is a dainty and piquant soubrette. Jack Pollard and Alf Goulding are talented young graduates from the Pollard Opera Company. Marta Golden, a great favorite here, will play Mrs. Hoggenheimer. The feminine portion of the chorus will consist of thirty pretty, well-voiced and limber-limbed girls. The costumes, scenic and light effects and general accessories will all be of the best. In addition to the Sunday matinee at the Savoy there will be afternoon performances on Thursday and Saturday.

Nance O'Neil at the Alcazar

Victorien Sardou wrote "The Sorceress" with which Nance O'Neil's limited starring engagement at the Alcazar will begin next Monday evening. After scoring a brilliant success in Paris, with Sara Bernhardt in the title role, the play was Englished by Louis N. Parker and Miss O'Neil added it to her repertoire. No better medium for opening Miss O'Neil's season could have been selected, for the leading role affords exceptional opportunities for exhibition of her acting forte, and experience has proved her ability to meet its most exacting requirements. There are thirty-six speaking characters and many supernumeraries in the Alcazar's production of "The Sorceress." Clifford Bruce was specially engaged to serve as Miss O'Neil's leading man. Each of the five acts has a distinct and elaborate pictorial setting. A more expensive venture than the staging of this play has never been undertaken by Belasco & Mayer.

Another Week of "The Girl"

"The Girl in the Taxi" will begin its second and final week at the Columbia on Sunday night. It was seen in this city last season and scored a very big hit and the present visit bids fair to equal the former one in point of financial returns. The company this season is a highly satisfactory one and with but a few minor changes, is composed of last year's favorites. Pearl Sindelar has the title role and has duplicated the hit scored in this character last year. There are matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Bill of Fare at the Orpheum

The Pianophiend Minstrels featuring Ben Linn and Ila Grannon will head the Orpheum bill next week. It is the newest version of Jesse L. Lasky's well known Pianophiends. The act is presented with new songs and costumes. The new cast is said to be the best of its kind. Bob Pender's Giants, English comedians and pantomimists who were recently at Drury Lane and the Folies Bergere, will also appear. The act consists of a variety of stunts by eight artists. Carl-

THE PIANOPHIEND MINSTRELS
Who will be a feature of next week's Orpheum bill.

ton, the long magician, will be an entertaining feature. Karl Emmy will introduce ten little terriers. Next week will be the last of Connelly and Webb; Deiro; Morny Cash and Nana, the Parisian danseuse.

Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter"

A musical comedy constructed solely for laughing purposes and interpreted by one of the funniest comedians of the day is "Jumping Jupiter," in which the favorite Richard Carle will be seen at the Columbia for a fortnight, starting Monday, August 28. Carle wrote the piece to fit his own talents and personality, but he also constructed a number of other excellent roles which find capable interpreters in the persons of Edna Wallace Hopper (especially engaged); Charles Edward Wright, a new comedian who may be a sensation here; Lester Crawford, a rarely gifted young actor, and a large chorus of pretty girls. Karl Hoschna, the popular comedian of "Madam Sherry" and numerous other tuneful musical comedies, has written some of the best numbers for "Jumping Jupiter." Seats will be placed on sale next Thursday.

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Nordica Coming

Mme. Lillian Nordica is a beautiful and brilliant artist and the announcement that she will be heard here early in October will be welcomed by all music lovers. The diva is in superb voice this season and has just scored a triumph at the Berlin Opera House where she sang Isolde at the special request of the German Emperor. Mme. Nordica's fall concert tour will comprise upwards of thirty concerts, seven of which will be given in California. She will be accompanied by Myron W. Whitney, basso, and Romayne Simmons, pianist. In February Mme. Nordica will appear in Boston in Henry Russell's new opera, "The Blue Forest."

The Cort and "Baby Mine"

The new and beautiful Cort Theatre will be opened in a fortnight, on Saturday evening, September 2, with "Baby Mine." This is the comedy success of two continents. It had New York in a delirium of laughter for one solid year. Now it is exciting London's risibilities. "Baby Mine" was built for laughing purposes only, by Margaret Mayo and has been pronounced by competent critics to be a cure for the blues, insomnia, melancholia, domestic troubles, dejection, indigestion and, in short, everything. The plot is said to be novel, the dialogue bright and the situations unusual and amusing. The attraction comes under the direction of Wm. A. Brady, Ltd., and the cast includes many San Francisco favorites. The Cort Theatre is splendidly located in Ellis street, near Market, and the box office will open Wednesday morning, August 30.

The Bohemian Club Concert

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Central Theatre, Friday afternoon, August 25, at half past two, when the play given at Bohemian Grove last Saturday night, "The Green Knight," will receive its only public presentation. The music of the play by Edward G. Stricklen will be interpreted by a chorus of sixty male voices and an orchestra of sixty picked musicians and the Central Theatre was selected on account of its large seating capacity. As this will be the only chance for the lady friends of the Bohemians and the general public to hear "The Green Knight," a packed house is assured. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co's next Monday morning at nine o'clock.

He Took the Tip

The new manager (fresh from Scotland, to head clerk)—Ye did yersel' no harm recommendin' that place for lunch. I had a fine blow oot for tenpence ha'penny, wi' a nice young lady to wait on me; and, d'ye know, I had the luck to find twopence on the table!

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment as to the immediate future of the stock market continues very mixed. The government report on grain showing conditions around August 1 was the most important of the year. Possibly the immediate course of the market will be based to a considerable extent upon it, especially the estimates as to the condition and possible yield of corn. A partial verification of private advices would appear to mean lower prices for securities. But the chief worry in financial circles at present is not so much over the crop report on spring wheat and corn. It is believed that these crops will show enough to feed the country, with considerable to spare for export. The chief worry is the apprehension of sensational developments in the steel trust investigation and in other investigations now under way. There is also an increased feeling of anxiety over the danger of serious labor troubles on western railroads. A tie-up in the immediate future would necessarily interfere with the movement of grain. But at no time in recent years have the railroads and the country been in better condition, from a business point of view, to stand the interference caused by a strike on transportation lines than at present. The increased number of idle men might contribute to some disorder, but all conditions are decidedly in favor of the railroads in case of a general strike. For that reason it is not believed that the leaders among the railroad employees will permit a strike at this time. But the market is in such a condition that speculators take fright at ghosts. Conditions at this time no more warrant a bad break in the market than they did a month ago. But the big men who held the market against adverse conditions a month ago have simply decided that it is time to let it down. That the market has been weakened technically through some distribution of stocks is doubtless true.

Wheat—As time passes incontrovertible evidence increases regarding the decline in prospects for the 1911 yield. From the northwest, advices of crop deterioration have poured into the market centers with bewildering frequency. Hence the trade has gradually grown to a realizing sense that the wheat crop this year has suffered serious impairment. This has been too explicitly confirmed to be any longer ignored. If we turn to Europe, we find the same condition as exists on this continent—a freakish abnormal climatic condition. This has caused great damage to the crops in extensive areas, as has been the case in the United States. This condition in Europe is also confirmed by reliable advices, by the prevailing high price in continental Europe and by the fact that 215,000 bushels of wheat have within the past week been cleared for St. Petersburg at New York. Yet with all these sensational conditions the apathy of the trade is phenomenal and can only be accounted for by the fact that the large visible supply and the large local stock in Chicago outweight in the mind of the public all the other influences combined. That the conditions are perplexing goes without saying. There exists the extraordinary exhibition of the consumptive trade of the world in the van of the situation, with the speculative dragging along in the rear. The Chicago market seems to be the vortex of the depression. This being the case, it is the market where the investor can get the best quality of wheat in the cheapest market of the world.

Corn—In corn the receipts are small and stocks are decreasing. The weather is more favorable. Our reports from the large producing sections show an improvement. The market has been deprived of the short speculative interest, and we are of the opinion that barring frost prices are apt to work lower.

Cotton—In the process of readjusting political, trade and labor conditions to conform with the situation of the present day, one unfavorable feature has followed the other of late. The revising downward of prices for manufactured goods, occasioned by prospects of a very large cotton crop, was the influence brought to bear upon the market for raw material. This was followed by the appearance of European political complications. This was also a disturbing feature until the passing of the war clouds. Next in order is the railroad strike in England, and the London strike of 60,000 deck hands. These were very serious things from the trade point of view. In the meantime trouble seems to be brewing with the western railroad employees of America, something like $50,000,000 being under consideration in shape of a demand for higher wages and shorter hours. If not settled amicably, this trouble might become nation wide. Such a combination of unfavorable developments prevented any effort at manipulation on the part of the professional speculator, as it is said that financial interests of the north and west have become perturbed over the outlook. Private cables from Liverpool report some cotton mills closing down owing to the strike. Another cable stated that reliable advices from America were to the effect that an enormous crop was already assured. The opinion was expressed that the short interest was small and a permanent decline was expected. In so far as the crop accounts are concerned, except for the complaint of damage by insects in certain localities, they have seldom been more promising. Crop advices are so good that even the usual reports of shedding at this time of the year are conspicuous by their absence.

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The Silver Ring

(Continued from Page 9.)

selling your fish," said the engineer. "They are not paying you what they should. I know the best buyer. If you authorize me I will go and see him. And besides, while I am here, let me give you some advice."

He then described to her a mechanical device by which, at very small cost, the sluice-gates could be worked much more easily. When he had finished the inspection the engineer turned to Jeanne and said: "Mademoiselle, you have carried out a work that is simply extraordinary for such delicate hands. It is evident that you have a strong and indomitable will, and I admire that more than anything else. I assure you that it has been a great pleasure to me to have seen this work." Then turning to Mme. des Airelles, he added: "Will you permit me, madame, to return and inform you as to what I have been able to accomplish with the buyers? I will bring, at the same time, the drawings of some improvements which I think will be useful to your daughter."

The young man bowed and turned away in company with Mme. des Airelles. Jeanne, left alone, stood dreamily looking at the iris flowers. Their silky petals were wide open and showed the treasures of their splendid corollas. They gave out a delicate and exquisite perfume. Just beyond she could see the surface of the pond, which shone like burnished bronze in the setting sun. All about it, the bushes and plants overhung the bank, giving it a setting of emerald.

To Jeanne there came a feeling of sadness which she always experienced when she was not hard at work. "My fortune," she thought, "is in the water of this pond. I am taking it out little by little. It was while hunting for the talisman that the idea came to me. I do not need to find the silver ring to acquire an income. But happiness?" And then smiling at her own childishness, she murmured half aloud: "Tomorrow I will begin to fish again and try once more to get the talisman."

III.

Robert Cordier called a few days later and informed her of what he had been able to do in regard to the fish buyers. He had succeeded in securing for her somewhat better conditions. He was invited to return and soon became a constant visitor at the chateau. The young engineer quickly won the regard of everyone. Mlle. des Airelles felt strongly attracted toward him. They generally spoke of the enterprise and the means of rendering it more productive.

The work prospered. The young girl had added to her ponds the eggs of the California salmon, and had set out on the banks those plants which were essential to the production of these fish. It was necessary for her to find new markets, and the ponds were becoming overstocked.

The money which she made enabled the family to live much more comfortably. Mlle. Sidonie was especially delighted; she had new kitchen utensils and plenty to cook. The woman who did the housework came oftener, and the old gardener received something more in the way of wages. The three women were enabled to buy clothing which they sadly needed, and they began to think about the possibility of some day repairing the old building. They had been relieved of all fear of the future, and yet Mlle. des Airelles was not happy. The realization of her ambition had not given her the contentment she had hoped for. Solitude oppressed her, as if she were living in a desert. Whenever she had the time she cast her line again and again into the tarn and silently awaited the coming of the mysterious fish with the silver ring.

Robert Cordier once asked her what she was fishing for and Jeanne, after some hesitation, fearing he would laugh at her, told him the legend. But he did not laugh.

"It is certainly a curious anecdote," he said. "Perhaps the carp and the ring really do exist. Of course I doubt if the animal be still living, yet if you cannot get possession of the talisman, it is by looking for it that you happened upon this idea. But will you let me tell you what I really think? The talisman has nothing to do with it. You are the descendant of ancestors who possessed splendid qualities, like the one who, believing in the marvelous powers of the silver ring, did not hesitate to part with it in order to preserve it for his descendants, and when you started to search for it the difficulties in the way did not stop you, so you see that explains everything."

Jeanne was pleased with the logic, but did not give up her fishing. The engineer felt a growing friendship for this charming young woman, so strong and so intelligent. He was happy in her company and gave up all other social engagements to pass as many hours as possible with her, and one day he was forced to confess to himself that he loved her.

He was a man of the strictest integrity, and had a high sense of honor. He stayed away from her a few days to give himself time to reflect and be quite sure of his feeling. Then he sought out Mme. des Airelles and asked her for the hand of her daughter.

"I will give you an answer in three days—that is, so far as I am personally concerned," she replied. "Then if the answer is favorable, which I think it will be, you will still have to win the love of my daughter. That is your affair."

Robert Cordier took leave of her and did not visit the chateau again for three days. Mme. des Airelles consulted the uncle, who lived in town. He gave his hearty approval to the match. Mlle. Sidonie, who, aside from her habit of telling extravagant stories, was a very practical woman, was much pleased. The young engineer was informed of the decision.

"I could speak of this to my daughter," said Mme. des Airelles, "but I prefer that you should speak to her yourself. I know that she thinks a great deal of you, and I sincerely hope that she will accept your proposition. Won't you come and see her? She is out in the garden there, either reading or fishing. Let us go together."

They walked slowly toward the tarn. They found Jeanne seated on the bank with an open book beside her, but her eyes were fixed upon the surface of the water. Robert bowed to the young woman.

"Oh, it is you, M. Cordier," and she was astonished herself at the joy she felt in meeting

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SOME DATES

August 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered by our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge. We'll be glad to do it.

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Flood Building Palace Hotel
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him. "You have been away for three whole days!"

"Will you permit me to sit down beside you?"

"Certainly. Did you come on foot? You must be tired. We will watch together for the famous fish."

"Always thinking of that silver ring?"

"Yes, always."

They were silent for a while. The young man, who usually found no difficulty in expressing his thoughts, did not succeed in finding the words he wished. Finally, when the silence was becoming somewhat oppressive, he began:

"I see that you have commenced the new work. Are you hopeful about it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

She had undertaken to dig another pond and the workmen had already begun to excavate.

"Mademoiselle," he began again, his voice trembling slightly. He stopped, again at a loss to find words to complete his sentence. Jeanne herself felt strangely troubled. To hide her embarrassment she took up her fishing pole and baiting the hook cast it out into the tarn.

But while she was watching the water she saw a shadow which seemed gradually to rise from below. At first it was like a dark cloud, indistinct, but little by little it took form and an enormous creature glided through the water and among the aquatic plants.

"Mademoiselle," said the engineer at this moment, "I have something to tell you, something to ask you—"

Then it all flashed upon the mind of Jeanne, as if a veil had been torn away. She understood it all, that she loved Robert and that he loved her. Her cheeks reddened and her heart began to beat violently. She looked up at him and he added with a trembling voice: "Will you be my wife?"

Without reflecting, scarce knowing what she was saying, she answered in a low tone: "Yes," and held out her hand to him.

Suddenly the rod was torn from her hand. She looked up in surprise and saw a monstrous fish gliding over the surface of the tarn. It was swimming, half turned upon its side, and she could see the white of its belly gleaming in the sunlight, and its strong tail lashing the water, while its huge fins beat like the wings of a bird. The enormous head, in which were two flat, black eyes surrounded by yellow and red, turned toward her. Upon its gills there was a large, silver ring, covered with signs and shining like a jewel in the sunlight.

"Look, look!" Jeanne cried out in amazement. "The silver ring, the silver ring!" But they saw it only for a moment; the next instant the phantom carp had disappeared in the depths below. The red float and line, together with bait and hook disappeared.

"The talisman which you have lost," said Robert Cordier gravely, "you do not need. You have found fortune, thanks to your own energy. And as to happiness—" Jeanne des Airelles looked up at him and he continued: "As to happiness, if it is humanly possible to give it to you, I swear that you shall have it."

And while they were looking into each other's eyes, their hands clasped, the carp again appeared upon the crystal surface of the pond and once more, for an instant only, the mysterious silver ring flashed in the sunlight.

Gone But Not Lamented

Returning to the club after a week or so in the country, the old member looked round the dining-room for his own particular waiter.

"Where's James?" he asked the steward. "Not defunct, I hope."

"That's just wot 'e 'as done, sir," replied the steward, "with every blessed thing 'e could lay 'is 'ands on."

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Auto Notes

Mr. P. L. Armstrong of Spokane writes to the Ford Motor Car Company that he has had remarkable success with his Ford car. "I have one of your runabouts," he says, "and have had it just 60 days to date. In this time I have driven the car a little over 3,000 miles without one minute's trouble."

Mr. H. A. Wilder of Honolulu, dealer for Rambler cars in the Hawaiian Islands, is taking delivery of a 45 horsepower, Model Sixty-five, seven passenger touring car.

E. E. Long of Suisun, Cal., who owns a Model Sixty-four Rambler, in company with his family made a trip to Southern California, covering a distance of 1,100 miles, averaging 13 7-8 miles to the gallon of gasoline. He is very proud of this performance of his car which is a 45 horsepower car.

The latest thing in the post card line is one put out by the Republic Rubber Co. of Youngstown, Ohio. On one side of the card is printed in colors a striking bird's-eye view of their plant together with an illustration of their widely known Staggard Tread Tire. On the address side is a cut of the local agency in the territory to which the particular card is to be sent. In this way they combine on one simple card an introduction to the goods offered, a striking introduction to the goods offered, a striking display of their manufacturing facilities and a strong appeal to visit their local agency in the various agency districts.

Mr. S. M. Phillips of the Phillips Warehouse & Drayage Company of Sacramento placed his order recently for a new model Chalmers "36" which he will take with him to the Hawaiian Islands for a two months' tour. He expects to leave here about October 1 and will be accompanied by his family.

Doctors Keel and Williams, the two Middle West physicians who drove across the Continent in a Cole "30," left for Los Angeles a day or two ago. After spending a few days there the return trip will be commenced.

Chicago orders three 2½ ton Mais Stock Chassis for combination hose and chemical wagons, according to a wire received today by the Pacific Motor Car Company. The Mais Motor Truck is the first internal gear driven truck in America, although used extensively in Europe.

Local automobilists wishing to tour Utah, eastern Idaho, and western Wyoming, will no longer have to depend on the scant and generally unreliable information passed out by chance informants. Every road and grade, with distances and road conditions is being carefully prepared and tabulated, according to C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co.

Col. A. W. Bradbury of the Pacific Motor Car Company has just returned from a delightful motor trip in a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea through Santa Cruz, Monterey and Del Monte.

Mr. H. J. Carton, technical representative of the Stevens-Duryea Company, has just returned from Los Angeles and the South where he has been visiting every Stevens-Duryea car that can be reached is inspected by Mr. Carton and advice as to the proper care, etc., given its owner. This is part of the Stevens-Duryea service to all Stevens-Duryea owners.

With the watchers counting the swift seconds marked off by the whirl of his car, George McNeil drove a Packard "30" seventy-one miles over mountain passes and sandy roads from Los Angeles to Ventura in one hour and forty-seven minutes to carry the ounce of medicine upon which depended the life of Christian Geberding, eighteen year old nephew of former Senator Thomas R. Bard. It is said that the medicine will save the lad's life.

"Lots of men who ought to, do not own automobiles," said E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, the local Chalmers agents "One man says that prices are too high, another man says that he could not drive a car and take care of it, another that he could not maintain it. I say to the first man: There are good cars to be had at moderate prices. Count the value of the car in the service it will render you in business, pleasure and health. Not on the basis of its price alone. Ask those of your acquaintances who are owners of cars their opinion, and you cannot help but arrive at the conclusion—expenditure for an automobile is money well invested. I say to the second man: The modern perfected automobile is a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet it is so easily controlled that it is no unusual sight to see a woman at the wheel of a big touring car, guiding it through the city streets. The man you see riding in the street in a motor car is not always out for pleasure alone. With a motor car you can combine business and pleasure. It is surely good business to entertain your customers by a spin through the country or an afternoon on the golf links. Any good car can be made to pay for itself in a strictly business way, by saving time, cutting down distances and getting into closer relationship with your business associates."

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September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE SAADALLAH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elias Saadallah, Administrator of the estate of George Saadallah, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John V. Filippini, his attorney, Suite 1004 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Saadallah, deceased.

ELIAS SAADALLAH,
Administrator of the Estate of George Saadallah, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.
JOHN V. FILIPPINI, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. F. BRUNBROOK, Deceased—No. 10,901; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, her attorney, Room 1404 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased.

ELIZABETH C. BRUNBROOK,
Executrix of the Estate of A. F. Brunbrook, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.
LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., 625 Market St., San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI MALATESTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Andrea Malatesta, Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased.

ANDREA MALATESTA,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Malatesta, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 5, 1911.
T. J. CROWLEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 8-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,991; Dept. No. 4.

ALFRED L. PARKHURST, Plaintiff, vs. VIRGINIA A PARKHURST, LINNIE B. HART and DELL HART, Her Husband, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and MARY STYLES, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Virginia A. Parkhurst, Linnie B. Hart and Dell Hart, her husband, John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Styles, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
LOUIS ONEAL, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Bank of San Jose Bldg., San Jose, Cal. 8-5-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.No. 29489, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of ALICE T. MARTIN, deceased, MARY A. MARTIN; ELLEN T. MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the westerly line of Van Ness avenue with the northerly line of Willow avenue; thence running northerly along said line of Van Ness avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and nine (109) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Att'y. for Plaintiff,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—N. 29492, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, Deceased, ANNA McELROY, JENNIE McELROY, EMMA McELROY, HELEN McELROY and JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin) ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Berry Place, distant thereon one hundred and fifteen (115) feet easterly from the easterly line of Grant avenue; running thence easterly along said line of Berry Place twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles westerly twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly sixty (60) feet to the northerly line of Berry Place and point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. C. FLANNERY, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE H. SHAFER, JOHN DOE, and JANE DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send greeting to George H. Shafer, John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. S. FLANNERY, Attorney for Plaintiff.
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 29,486, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, JOHN MARTIN, SUSAN C. BEARDSLEE (formerly Martin), ANNIE MARTIN, Plaintiffs, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of State of California to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting.

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiffs filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL ONE

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of "C" street with the easterly line of 44th avenue; running thence easterly along said southerly line of "C" street seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles southerly, parallel with 44th avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at right angles westerly seventy-five (75) feet to the easterly line of 44th avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of 44th avenue one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL TWO

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy (170) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Tenth street; thence running southwesterly along said line of Folsom street thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-four (34) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Mission Block No. 7 on the official Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

PARCEL THREE

Commencing at the northwest corner of 20th street, formerly Napa and Wisconsin streets; thence running westerly along the northerly line of 20th street, formerly Napa street, one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northerly three hundred and sixty (360) feet, more or less, to an old stone wall or fence, being the south line of land claimed by Matthew Crooks; thence southeasterly along said stone wall or fence one hundred and seven (107) feet, more or less, to the westerly line of Wisconsin street at a point thereon eighty-five (85) feet southerly from the southerly line of 19th street; thence southerly along said westerly line of Wisconsin street three hundred and fifteen (315) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

PARCEL FOUR

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Folsom street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet northeasterly from the notheasterly line of Eighth street; running thence northeasterly on said line of Folsom street eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly ninety-four (94) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty-two (52) feet and six (6) inches to the southwesterly line of Folsom avenue; thence southeasterly six (6) feet on said line of Folsom avenue; thence at right angles southwesterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles nothwesterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the northeast line of Eighth street; thence at right angles northwesterly on said line of Eighth street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL FIVE

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of 15th avenue, distant thereon two hundred and thirty-four (234) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the northerly line of "A" street; running thence northerly along said line of 15th avenue forty-eight (48) feet and three (3) inches; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet and three (3) inches; thence southeasterly forty-nine (49) feet, more or less, to the northerly line of subdivision No. 7; thence westerly one hundred and twenty-one (121) feet and five (5) inches to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SIX

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Point Lobos avenue with the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue, running thence westerly along the said southerly line of Point Lobos avenue and hundred and eighty (180) feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Thirty-first avenue, one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and eighty (180) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-first avenue; and thence at right angles northerly along said line of Thirty-first avenue one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

PARCEL SEVEN

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Second avenue, south, distant thereon northwesterly one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet and four (4) inches from the intersection of the southerly line of second avenue south, with the westerly line of "N" street; running thence northwesterly on the southerly line of Second avenue south, sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; thence southwesterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the northerly line of Third avenue south; thence southeasterly along said sixty-six (66) feet and eight (8) inches; and thence northeasterly at right angles two hundred (200) feet to the southerly line of Second avenue south, and the point of commencement.

PARCEL EIGHT

Commencing at a point on the southwesterly line of First avenue south, distant thereon two hundred (200) feet northwesterly from "I" street south, running thence northwesterly on said line of First avenue south, one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly two hundred (200) feet to the point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By D. J. CREAMER, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. MOGAN, FITZPATRICK & GREELEY, and STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs,
951-53 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 28051, Dept. No. 2.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of MARY J. MARTIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants.

The People of the State of California, to all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of above named plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Shrader street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Page street and running thence northerly along said line of Shrader street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twelve (112) feet and six (6) inches to the westerly line of Shrader street and point of commencement.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. H. TRIPP, Deputy Clerk.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 31st day of December, A. D. 1910.

R. F. MOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
951-3 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10

Letters

In Defense of Literary Critics

A misguided reader who placed too great credence in a printed review and in consequence found himself in possession of a novel which did not come up to expectations, now breaks into print in a complaint against literary critics in general. While he has found one book which was commended not satisfactory to his taste, he has discovered another which has pleased him, though he has seen no glowing tribute to it or its author, and he concludes at once that reviewers are a venal set guided only by publishers' notices and pecuniary considerations. It is an old lamentation in a new form, for it was only a short while ago that it was openly stated that as the literary periodicals were each owned by some publishing establishment no books save the products of their own presses could hope for proper consideration, and at another time it was asserted that the large publishing houses which advertised extensively, monopolized attention for anything bearing their imprint, while masterpieces from other establishments were ignored. Of course all these things are possible but many things which are possible are neither true nor probable. There is, perhaps, a tendency to overmuch praise in these days, but surely that is more just and honorable than the form of criticism which was prevalent in the middle years of the last century and which Andrew Lang has designated as "the old blackguard slating." A few years ago there were four good monthly literary magazines, and the standing rule in their editorial offices was that their reviewers should hold themselves bound in honor not to consider any book by an author personally known to them, whether as friend or enemy. In the earlier days, when the "giants of intellect" held forth, they were governed by the diametrically opposite motive. Let any man produce a book and immediately his literary rivals, his political opponents and his personal enemies fell upon it and tore it to shreds. Fair dealing was the last consideration, for it was a sport akin to bear-bating, and the friends of each party formed a ring about the combatants, often taking an active part in the hostilities. Any weapon was legitimate and all blows were fair. The assailed bided his time to become, in turn, an assailant and the general public cared not a jot. It was recreation for the initiates, and as much a private amusement as a game of tennis. The reviews of those days made good, vigorous reading, but they did not enlighten the public mind as to the real merits of the books and they were not intended to do so. Publishers' notices are laudatory as a matter of course, for the business is not a philanthropic enterprise, and the projectors expect, at least, to clear their expenses. If they did not see in the books which they sponsor some reasonable degree of merit which warranted publication they would not undertake to put them forth, but they must know, if only through the experience gained in the handling and marketing of books, that all their products are not of the same grade nor will all of them appeal to the same readers. Indolent writers may avail themselves of the printed slips accompanying editorial copies, but they are under no obligation to do so, and if, occasionally, someone is persuaded to buy a volume through the medium of what is really an advertisement, the mischief is more than offset by the work of those "clever" ones who, having formulated a smart epigram, or what is more likely, adapted the brilliant they have found sparkling elsewhere, would rather give a false impression than waste their own chance to twinkle for a moment. The real difficulty which besets the conscientious reviewer is the lack of some definite standard, some series of trade words by which books, especially novels, can be accurately graded. Any book may be good or bad of its own kind, but there can be no definite means of specifying the precise kind. How is one to measure Harold Macgrath in terms of Maurice Hewlett, for example? The readers of one will not consider the other on any terms. Take any of the samples of light summer fluff, thistledown, ice cream soda, chiffon—all good and in their season appropriate, but how are we to distinguish them from the wassail bowls, the barons of beef and heavy furs of midwinter when we have but the same words at our command? Only by relying on the common sense of the consumers who will bring what wits they have to bear on the subject. Manufacturers of woolen goods need only designate their products as cashmere, tweed, flannel and serge. When a leather dealer speaks of kids or calfskins the purchaser knows exactly what he means, and if the description is augmented by a number there is no room for misconception. The lumberman uses specified terms and figures and whether he is in the forests of Maine or the Sierras, they mean the same thing, but when it comes down to books, one is reminded of that cryptic saying of President Lincoln: For those that like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like. The disgruntled purchaser who seems to regret so poignantly the dollar and a half which he squandered on a book that did not fulfill his expectations seems to forget that it is quite within the bounds of reason that the reviewer was differently affected. Possibly the reader had already dulled the edge of his appetite by a free indulgence in other books of the same character while to the reviewer it might have come as a new experience, and possibly, too, his own mood may have been unreceptive. We all know what it means to be edified and interested in some volume at one time and, taking it up again in different circumstances, to be surprised at finding it so unsatisfactory. People often flatter themselves that they enjoy re-reading old books when they are really enjoying old memories, the half-dreamy recollection of the days when the old book was new. Without the associations they would find it dull or commonplace. The dissatisfied reader is one of that large class who would substitute his own standard for that of all others and clamor for a re-establishment of the book-fires which once consumed everything not satisfactory to the censors, political or religious. All books are not written for all people, and though our literary arbiters would have us believe that, were the "trash" eliminated, all the world would accept their own high standards, the facts are rather the other way. Reading is not an absolute essential to the preservation of life, as eating and sleeping are, and, deprived of what they crave, the general public, instead of seizing upon what they could get, would do without. If the manufacture of all save velvet and brocade were prohibited, with a view to seeing all the world esthetically clad, the wearers of homespun and khaki would be more apt to fall back upon the G-string and breech clout, in the absence of skins and pelts. The price of a book in these days, even though one does not patronize the bargain counter, will not make a hole in even a small fortune. One mistake, nor even many of the same kind, will not dislocate the polar star, and instead of making such a mountain of a mole hill, the dissatisfied one would do better to garner wisdom from his experience. What are the Carnegie libraries but vast sample shops? Borrow a book, and if it is not worth re-reading often enough to earn it a place in the book case it is not worth any price at all. If it is, buy it and enjoy it till it drops apart.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, August 26, 1911 | No. 992

FLORENCE ROBERTS

Who will appear with Thurlow Bergen and Theodore Roberts in "Jim the Penman" at the Savoy next week.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

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England's Labor Problem

England's labor troubles, we are told, are significant of the democratic movement in Europe. Precisely the same thing was said by Carlyle of the Manchester insurrection. And that was many years ago. The labor problem in England has been a puzzle to statesmen and political economists for more than a century, and it is pressing harder for solution every day. But the temper of the workingmen of England has undergone a great change. At the time of the Manchester insurrection it was said that the strikers evinced an extreme backwardness to battle. Some hundreds of drilled soldiers sufficed to suppress a million-headed hydra. As Carlyle said, the strikers merely put the huge inarticulate question, "What do you mean to do with us?" And Carlyle added, "All England heard the question and England will answer it, or, on the whole, England will perish." England has not answered it yet, but no longer do the workingmen tamely submit. Their tone and manner last week were such as gravely to alarm the Government, and before they could be induced to return to work it was necessary to appoint a commission to inquire into industrial conditions and labor disputes. The Government has resolved to answer the question that was propounded in the Manchester insurrection. Perhaps the answer will be that rates should be raised, for the present Government is eager to conciliate labor. The labor problem in England is more perplexing than anywhere else because England is a country of manufactories. There is very little cultivation of the soil in England, and a general strike there means an almost complete cessation of industry and widespread famine.

Our Own Troubles

While England seems to be in a fair way to settle her labor troubles, temporarily at least, there is in this country the melancholy prospect of a mighty serious conflict between the transportation companies and their employees. The present situation is pregnant with portents which so far are merely reflected in the stock market. Very little is to be learned on this subject from the daily newspapers, but the information comes from Wall street that a big strike is imminent. According to Otto Kahn, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., railroad employees are demanding higher wages, and the demands are not to be heeded. He frankly says that wages have reached the high-water mark, and that there is to be no further controversy, no more debating of the wage question; there can be but one answer to any and all demands for higher wages. The absorbing problem with the railroads is the vital one as to how to pay dividends. It appears that when wages were raised some months ago it was on the supposition that rates would be raised, but the Interstate Commerce Commission in its infinite wisdom decreed otherwise. And now stockholders are clamoring in vain for a little of the stuff that makes the wheels go round. The railroads have reached a point where the more business they do the more money they lose. One of the most successful of Eastern transportation companies that used to pay 9 per cent no longer pays anything. The Southern Pacific Company lost $2,000,000 last year. Its officers have firmly resolved to lose as little as possible this year, and they feel that if their employees insist on increasing expenses a halt must be called. All of which explains why the stock dropped in two weeks from $126 to $112, why men have been discharged by platoons and why we hear rumors of doings that betoken anticipation of trouble. In the circumstances perhaps the Interstate Commerce Commission will not consider it infra dig. to receive inspiration from England.

San Francisco's Shame

Some of the newspapers of the interior are again bemoaning the state of affairs in San Francisco. The lamentations of the San Jose Mercury are typical. The city is so flagrantly wicked says the Mercury that "even the habitues of the tenderloin have become both afraid and ashamed," and "the truth is that aside from the effect of San Francisco's riot of license upon those who live there the harm it is doing the good name of the city abroad is so great that unless a change comes the exposition, upon which so large a sum shall be spent, must suffer and seriously. Eastern people will not come here to be entertained by an unbridled tenderloin with thieves and thugs at large, and with questionable restaurants and lodging-houses plying their shameless traffic without fear of molestation." This is a dark and repellant picture, painted not from life but from descriptions furnished by our daily newspapers and sensational preachers, all of whom are too cowardly to tell the truth. All realize the importance of a change of administration in San Francisco, and to effect that change they are affecting horror at the ugly visage of vice as it leers along the highway in the broad electric light. A change of administration is important because the municipal government is in the hands of the representatives of a class. That is the essential vice of the administration. That is the vice of which we should be ashamed. All the other ills from which we suffer are merely incidental to the one capital fact which our sacrosanctimonious preachers and rectitudinous press dare not discuss. A wide-open town may have its objectionable features, but the real trouble with San Francisco is that it is a closed town. Doubtless it would be better to have fewer opportunities for the wicked, but it would be better still to have equal opportunities for all.

The Significance of Taft's Message

It would be a good thing for the people of this country if we could all realize the true significance of President Taft's message on the recall. The true significance of it is that we deserved it; that is, that we are so far from being conscious of elementary truths that our Chief Magistrate had to sit down and solemnly expound them to us in a long dissertation adapted to feeble intelligence. This message on the recall is probably the most humiliating commentary that was ever made on the American people. No prejudiced foreign critic ever implied anything half so discreditable as what must be inferred from the State document in which President Taft explains to us things that should be presumed to be within the knowledge of every adult. Read the message and you will find that President Taft has employed many words to prove things which really require no proof; such, for example, as that this is not and never was intended to be a government of the majority, but rather a government of all the people, the high purpose of which is to give the minority no less than is given to the majority. This fact should be as familiar to all of us as the every day face of nature is to those of us who are not blind. It should be understood that a government which does not give absolute protection to the minority from the aggressions of the majority cannot endure for the very simple reason that it is not grounded in justice. It should be understood that under a government which is not grounded in justice there is no guarantee of liberty or of anything else worth having. But as a matter of fact these things, it appears, are not understood in the United States. It appears so because President Taft, who certainly has no prejudice against his countrymen, no desire to humiliate them before all the world, has sent a long message to Congress setting forth these things which educated men have taken for granted for many centuries. If President Taft's message had been written twenty years ago it would have been regarded as a work of supererogation. Not so, now that "a little learning" has been more widely disseminated. The message was actually evoked by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled, and the common sense of it, judging from current discussion, had the effect of inspiration. The importance of the independence of the judiciary to all of us—to each individual as well as to any conceivable majority—is so obvious it would seem that even an idiot would be able to find it out for himself. But it may well be doubted whether the masses have force of intellect enough to apprehend the inevitable consequences of the recall or force of character enough to appreciate the moral ideas set

forth in President Taft's message. But at any rate that message was not written in the spirit in which Charles Dickens wrote Martin Chuzzlewit. The novelist lampooned us with a vengeance. There is no satire in President Taft's message. However disagreeable the inference that it compels the spirit of it is the spirit of St. Paul in his epistles.

Duty Before Politics

There is one paragraph in President Taft's message which most earnestly we would commend to the consideration of our readers. It is the last paragraph wherein the President touches on a suggestion that has been made by many politicians and editors —the suggestion that it would be futile to compel Arizona to amend her Constitution, as on becoming an independent State it would be her privilege to do what she pleased with reference to her judiciary. "To this I would answer," says President Taft, "that in dealing with the courts, which are the corner stone of good government, and in which not only the voters but the non-voters and nonresidents have a deep interest as a security for their rights of life, liberty and property, no matter what the future action of the State may be, it is necessary for the authority which is primarily responsible for its creation to assert in no doubtful tones the necessity for an independent and untrammeled judiciary." Between the man who holds these sentiments and acts on them and the man who holds that what cannot be prevented ought to be encouraged, there is that which marks the distinction between the statesman and the politician as expressed in the definition of each: a politician is a man who thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation. Let Arizona do what it may, President Taft has done his duty. His was the performance of a man whose passions were kindled by a real interest in what relates to the welfare of his country and by an intense and earnest contemplation of the consequences of a most mischievous proposal.

The Literary Conscience

A recent case of literary piracy served to remind a reviewer of the "growth of the literary conscience" and the slow but sure improvement of the morals of men of letters in the days that have passed since Macpherson committed his curious imposture. Which reminds us that but a short time ago the Republic of Letters had its attention called to a crime committed by one of its most distinguished citizens, for which it would be hard to find a parallel in all the history of literature. We refer to the deceptions practiced by Anatole France to give color to his theory regarding the nature of the influence wielded by Joan of Arc. The case against this eminent man of letters is presented by Andrew Lang, himself a man of letters, a writer distinguished for his urbanity, admired for his learning and respected for his sincerity and integrity. A short time ago there was a revival of interest in the career of the Maid of Domremy, and books are still coming from the press that deal with the life, the temperament and the significance of the heroine, saint and martyr—the most remarkable woman that ever lived. Anatole France was one of the first writers to take advantage of the conflict of opinion regarding the character and nature of her mission. His contemporaries, without distinction of party and creed, united in paying tribute to the sweetness of Joan's character and the glory and greatness of her achievements, but there are two points of view—the mystical and the rational—and it was in support of the latter that Anatole France, as might have been expected, wrote his life of the maid. In this work he affirms that Joan recanted; that she was guided by persons close to the king; that she was not the victim of intrigues; that the judges who condemned her were sincere; that she was not a great military strategist, and that her Voices were hallucinations. Now the record of Joan's career is perhaps more complete than that of any other equally prominent figure of her time or of any time preceding her appearance. This is so because all the episodes of her life from the day of her birth to the day of her death were the subject of juridical inquiry at a time when witnesses to all of them were alive. She was on trial for weeks, and every word of testimony was written down by her enemies and preserved. So the story of the life of Joan of Arc is no legend. It was to the authenticated record that Anatole France went for the evidence to support his theory. To that very same record went Andrew Lang to examine Anatole France's citations. And Andrew Lang found that Anatole France was guilty of much misrepresentation and prevarication. In more than one instance the page to which France refers his reader for testimony in support of his argument could not be found for the reason that there was no such page. In many instances the testimony cited is not to be found on the page mentioned. Diligent search made by Lang was occasionally rewarded. But when he found the testimony cited, invariably it was exactly contrary to what it was represented to be. And so while France, great artist as he is, has written a very charming work, it has no value as history. Its only value is as an index to the character of the foremost man of letters in the most cultured nation of the world. What an interesting psychological study it affords, this curious performance of a vigorous, acute, subtle intellect, this masterpiece of misinformation conceived with iconoclastic intent! A bolder specimen of literary dishonesty would be hard to find. Froude was guilty of a somewhat similar fraud in what he wrote about Ireland, and he was exposed by his friend Lecky; and of other historians it is known that they tinctured their works with the bias of their views, but the perversion of history is not always to be attributed to downright dishonesty. The truth is that literary men like all mortals are unconsciously swayed by their prejudices. Not all of us stick to our opinion on all occasions from a disinterested love of the truth, but rather from obstinacy and sullenness of temper. When Truth presents herself to us in the form and garb that do not please we are inclined to shut our eyes; some to tear her to pieces, as Anatole France did. We disguise the plainest facts from ourselves if they are disagreeable. When it is a question whether a man should be made out black or white it is the feelings that govern. Such is the perversity of human nature. And yet we find it impossible to palliate the dishonesty of Anatole France. Not that he maligns a heroine who has been dead fifteen hundred years, for, as a matter of fact, he concedes the saintliness of her character. The motive of his dishonesty is to detract from the glory of her achievements, to rob her even of the credit of supreme and divine genius, to picture her as merely the innocent tool of intriguers. And as a result of his efforts we learn that a conscience such as his may be exposed to view in the Republic of Letters without exciting any great amount of disgust. France is proud of her France. Yet it was in that country that the author of Madame Bovary was prosecuted for glorifying adultery.

Perspective Impressions

Paris, says a contemporary, has decreed that the corset must go. For hygienic or social reasons?

T. R. says that he would "esteem it a calamity" to start a movement to nominate him. Wouldn't it be nearer the truth to describe it as a personal catastrophe.

Ten news guest chambers in John D.'s house at $100,000 apiece! After the preachers have finished yawping, we'll find that the story was a yellow journal lie.

The girls who swam the Golden Gate had better not try to wear those bathing suits at Santa Monica.

"Understand," says the Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., "I do not contend that our system of government is wholly bad." Obviously a case of hedging.

Now that Congress is over the real reciprocity speeches are being made at home. And some of them are not punctuated by "loud and continued applause."

Strange that none of the dailies reminded us of what Walter Pater said to Mona Lisa.

Mr. Hearst is now trying to convince us that he always knew T. R. to be a false alarm. No need of reminding us, however, that the other animal that kicked the lion also waited till the king of beasts was dead.

According to some authorities Governor Foss of Massachusetts who came to town the other day ought to have "u" substituted for one of the letters of his name.

Correspondence

Good and Bad Citizens

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that Mr. Ernest Simpson, managing editor of the Call, wrote something that he was proud of for the Sunday paper. I know that he was proud of it because he put his name to it. It was an exhortation to Mr. Stay-Away-From-the-Polls to go and do his duty. I've read something of the same kind many a time and oft, and never has it failed to amuse me. It seems to be taken for granted that if the man who doesn't register and vote did register and vote the country would be saved. I'd like to know the hypothesis of this assumption. There's a paradox hidden away somewhere. If, as it is always said, the man who doesn't vote, isn't a good citizen, isn't it better for all of us that he doesn't vote? The ideal republican commonwealth is the one in which only good citizens vote. The more bad citizens that vote the worse it is for the commonwealth. It seems to me that the habitual stay-at-home is a man who wouldn't know how to vote right if he did vote. At all events he isn't a good citizen, and therefore he should not be urged to go to the polls. The truth is of course, as everybody knows who has read the histories of republics, there is always a large proportion of citizens who never vote and this proportion increases in the ratio of the increase of elections. And so if you assume that the more citizens that vote the better it is for the country then it is plain that a scarcity of elections is for the public good. But Mr. Simpson is one of those learned philosophers who would have an election every day. Wasn't he the father or the uncle or something of the Direct Primary? Sure Mike!

Yours truly,
—A Green Knight.

Apologia pro Garnett

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You disappointed me. I looked for glowing eulogy of Porter Garnett's work and you knocked it. About Porter's verses I don't know much, as I seldom read poetry, but I tell you what, I'm strong for that introduction to "The Green Knight" in which you found so many things to criticise. Why, Porter's a scholar! He must have read everything! I didn't understand much of that introduction, but that's just the reason why I think it's great. Reading over the big words and the names of the authors Porter quoted from gave me as much satisfaction as the old lady got from saying "Mesopotamia." Let me give you a list of the writers Garnett quoted from in that introduction: Trumbull Stickney, Wagner, Paul Gauguin, Voltaire, Gordon Craig, Joubert, Arthur Symons, Professor Babbitt, Ambros, Scipio, Laurence Gilman, George Lilley, Aristoxenus and Porter Garnett himself. The only ones I ever heard of before were Wagner, Voltaire, Scipio and perhaps Babbitt—if he's the soapmaker; is he?—but I'll bet they're all authorities. Otherwise Porter wouldn't quote them. Come off your high horse and admit that a writer who has all those highbrows at his fingertips must be a great man.

In great disappointment,
—A Bohemian Clubman.

Joe Redding, a Query

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: In speaking of the great composer who is going to write the music for Joe Redding's grove play for next year you neglected to mention his name. Henry Hadley is the man and he's a genius with the usual number of eccentricities. One of his queer points is that he cannot compose music unless he wears a gorgeous silk green robe, with a yellow lining, which folds over in large lapels. Knowing this some of us have been wondering what kind of a costume Joe Redding wears when he writes opera. If you happen to know what Joe wore when he wrote "Natoma" you will greatly oblige by letting us know.

Sincerely,
—K. G. Q.

Bohemian Club, August 20.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Another Recall in Seattle

Seattle is glutting itself with the blessed recall. Not long ago it recalled one mayor and put another in his place. Now it is putting the recall machinery in operation against the other. It seems that the chief jailer in Seattle was charged with cruelty to prisoners. The grand jury investigated the charges and exonerated the accused official. But some Seattleites who were not satisfied with this grand jury investigation, demanded that the mayor remove the chief jailer. The mayor refused to do so. Hence he is to be recalled. To an outsider it looks as though those Seattleites have "got the wrong sow by the lug," if we may be pardoned the use of a homely phrase in treating so important a matter. If they must recall somebody—and it seems they must—why don't they recall the grand jury?

The Barriers of Race

The Universal Races Congress met in London recently to discuss "in the light of science and the modern conscience" the relations between white and colored peoples. It is said that representatives of fifty races were present. The discussions were anthropological, ethical, economic and political and efforts were made to keep the debates on a plane of scientific calmness and aloofness from bitter feeling. As though such a thing is possible in the discussion of the race question! Inevitably there was a disregard of the well-meant endeavor. A leading German anthropologist, on the very first day of the Congress, flung a firebrand of controversy by asserting the perpetuity and utility of racial barriers and antagonisms. Thus was shown to the Congress the impossibility of getting away from common sense even in the scientific consideration of this important subject. Science cannot get away from what the German anthropologist stated. We know that in the United States where we have the race problem in the South and on the Pacific Coast.

A "Papier-Mache" Novel

That is what the reviewer of the London Nation calls "The Glory of Clementine," the latest novel from the running pen of William J. Locke. As this novel is being read just now in the United States as well as in Great Britain, it may be well to note the disparaging criticism, if only to counteract the extreme praise which is being showered upon it by American reviewers. The reviewer says that when we consider the power of Miss Corelli and Hall Caine to "stir even educated people," the vogue of Locke is "in no sense surprising." But he finds that "to the fastidious reader, the glib sentimentality, pinchbeck emotionalism, and fantastic caperings of his puppet characters appear wearisome, and at root vulgar, in the sense that sham feeling and banality cannot be redeemed by the conjunction of ingenious fripperies." He finds the hero to be the "humorless shadow of our old friend Mr. Pickwick" and other characters simply "Dickens-and-water." Finally he says that Locke models his figures "out of papier-mache pure and simple." What have the Lockians to say to that?

The Wealth of Our Farmers

According to a writer in the New York Sun the preliminary bulletins on the agricultural industries of the country now being issued by the Bureau of the Census show that several millions of farmers are the owners of at least one-quarter of our national wealth. This nails the demagogic lie that eight or ten individuals own 80 or 90 per cent of all the wealth of the United States. It is estimated that the value of all agricultural properties in the country is about forty billions, as against twenty-and-one-half billions ten years ago. This includes land, buildings, implements and animals. In ten years the number of farms has increased ten or twelve per cent, but the value of the property has practically doubled. "The farming industry as a whole," concluded the writer, "has evidently piled up dollars until those engaged in it are to be regarded as objects of envy rather than of sympathetic interest." And yet for the purposes of politics and stump oratory in Congress and elsewhere the farmer will long continue an object of pecksniffian commiseration.

Boston's Erudite Mayor

Boston, the hub of culture, the centre of transcendentalism, the last word in esthetics and the highest peak of American learning, has a mayor named Fitzgerald who can hardly be said to uphold the reputation of his native city. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has been traveling in Europe and making speeches. At Hamburg he surpassed all his other oratorical efforts. He made a gracious reference to "Dusselberg," by which he meant Dusseldorf. That was bad enough but worse remained behind. He referred to the keen interest with which he looked forward to seeing the German capital and after it "those other great German towns, Budapest and Vienna."

Varied Types

XXXVI—PORTER GARNETT

By Edward F. O'Day

Let there be no mistake about one thing. I did not interview Porter Garnett. Certainly not! Perish the bold thought! To interview Porter Garnett would be like piercing the privacy of a maiden's boudoir. To put questions to Porter Garnett would be like dissecting a moonbeam. To commit to printer's ink the pale phantoms of thought that ghost it in the cavernous chambers of the Garnett brain would be a desecration, a sacrilege. Never let it be said therefore that I interviewed Porter Garnett.

But—!

Taking all that I posses of courage in both hands and eking out its meagerness with a daring (alas! mayhap a too daring) imagination, and impressing all the time upon the gentle reader that I have no reason to suppose that Porter Garnett would submit to anything so vulgar, so common and so leveling as an actual interview, I am going to pretend that I did interview him and let the consequences of my rashness fall upon my own miserable head.

Let us suppose therefore that I sought out Porter Garnett in Berkeley, culchaw's favorite seat. As Garnett is assistant curator of the Bancroft Library, let us pretend that I surprised him in the very act of curating. His eyes no doubt would have that dim faraway look that belongs to the dreaming bookworm. His fingers would be marking the place where he had left off reading some ponderous cento when the shock of my rude intrusive footfall interrupted his accustomed calm. He would look up with a mild frown of pained surprise.

"Mr. Garnett," I suppose I might say, "I have come to interview you about 'The Green Knight,' your Bohemian Grove play."

For a moment perhaps his dreamy orbs would fill with tears. The tome would clatter to the floor in a tiny cloud of dust. An expression of torture such as might come to a hermit of the Thebaid disturbed at prayer would pass across his countenance.

"Interview me? Me?" he would undoubtedly gasp. "Never!"

"Why not, Mr. Garnett?" I can hear myself asking.

"I do not believe," he might answer, measuring his words as a counterjumper would measure silk, carefully and with caution lest any be wasted, "I do not believe in encouraging that kind of idiot who is interested in the personality of this or that person who happens to have written something."

I can readily imagine Porter Garnett saying that. Frank yet modest is Garnett, as you may infer from his speaking of "a person who happens to have written something." Heavens! As if Garnett ever "happened" to write anything. As if he ever wrote by chance and not by the most deliberate purpose. Why, there isn't a chance phrase in him! He writes with the laborious care of a journeyman chipping stone.

"Besides," Garnett would probably continue, "there is something in the fact that there are a few people who like to select their own company. Why should anyone wish to be cheek by jowl with some of your varied types? They may be good copy. I don't think that I am and I am quite sure that I don't wish to be."

About this time, of course, I would be feeling very small indeed, so small that I might try to hide in one of the Bancroft Library's huge tomes if I were not positive that a bookworm like Porter Garnett would speedily find me there. But peace! The oracle continues.

"You know the newspaper game well enough, I am sure—"

"Thank you," I would be bound in politeness to interject.

"—to realize that the old provincial theory that everyone likes to see his or her name in print is a dead letter since the newspapers have

PORTER GARNETT

proved conclusively that the only distinction left in American life is NOT to have one's name in the papers."

Here no doubt I would begin to suspect that Mr. Garnett was suffering from that too common complaint, prolapsus of the sense of humor. But my courage would be unequal to telling him so. So I would be silent as he rushed on.

"I do not imagine that you will connect this refusal with any resentment of the Town Talk article of last Saturday. I can be quite as much amused at such a thing as the writer himself.

"It may be too bad that a false impression has been created in some quarters by your inability to know either the proportion or the quality of the favorable or unfavorable comments on the play.

"It may be too bad that you should have made no note of the really important fact that the book itself is the most beautiful ever produced in California.

"It may be too bad that only the blemish of a typographical error is remarked and that on this you passed from banter to ridicule.

"It may be too bad that you should have given the impression that I had knowledge of Mr. Redding's projects and that my introduction was aimed at him—neither of these things being true.

"It may be too bad that you ignore logic in attempting to vitiate my argument against opera by disputing the authority of Voltaire as if I based my statement on his opinion.

"It may be too bad that there was no criticism in the article at all.

"In spite of all these things it is well that a considerable number of persons should have been amused."

Now, it so happens that I didn't write the criticism of which Garnett complained so solemnly. So, gentle reader, can you imagine my feelings? Can you picture the laceration of my unprotected breast? Can't you see my head bowing beneath the thunderous "J'accuse" of this Berkeley Zola? Can't you see me slammed like a lump of putty against the book stacks of the Bancroft Library? Pulped? Pulverized? Striving to speak, yet silenced beyond the power of anhelous gurgitation, as Garnett himself might say?

I felt as if the Black Knight had cracked my crown with a swinging blow of his sword. Or as if Madolor had thumped me in the midriff with his thigh-bone and knocked the wind out of me. Yea, as if Porter Garnett had felled me beneath the overwhelming tonnage of his Introduction! I yearned for a glass of Bohemian "grove spirit" to Dutch my oozing courage.

If he had only slapped me with the "footrule of Aristotle or Lessing." If he had only "objectified me on the basis of some hypothetical psychosis"—a punishment which must be worse than rack and thumb-screw. But no, he had taken me seriously! He had ignored my grinning and overlooked my smiles. He had actually taken me to task in sober earnest!

It was too much. I made my getaway with the expedition, but without the fireworks, of Sathanas retiring to his beloved Hell.

A pretended interview? Certainly. Didn't I tell you so at the start?

But let me add, gentle reader, that I have put no unauthorized words into the mouth of Porter Garnett. All that I have made him say I took from a letter which he wrote to Town Talk.

Rue for Remembrance

"Did any one of your ancestors perform a single action to cause posterity to remember him? asked the Socialist, truculently.

The worn patrician lifted his head sadly and gazed at his interlocutor with mournful eyes.

"My grandfather," he said, in soft, melodious tones, "put a mortgage on the place that is not paid off yet."

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A Beneficent Ghost

By Antonio Fogazzaro (From the Italian)

Professor Farsatti, famous from his Horatian controversy, used to say of the great Monte San Dona estate, "What can you expect? That's French poetry!" In 1846, when he was invited to a dinner of thrushes, the professor declared everything—imposing entrance, plashing fountains, elaborate columns—to be artificial and over-pretentious.

But under the prosaic hand of Signor Beneto, who was actually economical, everything had been transformed. The gardens, once artificial and well-kept, were now dependent on the vigorous hand of Nature. The stiff elegance of the flower-beds had disappeared. Had not Signor Beneto met strenuous opposition, he would have hewn down the ancient poplars which lined the stately avenue leading to the highroad. His daughter, Bianca, defended them so valiantly and shed so many tears for them that, in the end, he relented. In '75, when she married Emilio Sparcina, of Padua, she exacted as a wedding present the promise that the dear friends of her childhood, which had shared her secrets, her Rob Roy and Ivanhoe, which had rustled answers to her tale of love, should never be molested. Ermes Torranza, the poet, had often told her that at fifteen she resembled a young poplar, swaying with every breeze, and had insisted that the aged trees loved her.

But early in September of '79 Bianca returned to Monte San Dona broken-hearted and alone, and as she passed beneath the poplars, now scraggy, it seemed to her that those mute trees expressed sympathy for her misfortunes, as Torranza had fancied. Her father thought otherwise. He had often said prophetically that her passion for music and for extravagant sentimentality would cause her misery. She had always fancied that she merited some prince, some Croesus. The meek and saintly Signora Giovanna, her mother, possessed none of her daughter's characteristics, but she secretly rejoiced at seeing the pretty lass effectively oppose the domineering Signor Beneto's wishes.

Bianca had sincerely loved her blond and handsome Emilio, but she could no longer endure his rude and avaricious relatives. The affectionate husband had not the champion's strength of character. They had no children. In sudden anger Bianca decided to return to her friends, the venerable poplars.

On a sunny day in November she was sadly descending the little hill near her home, oblivious to the beauty about her. Why had she thought so much on Ermes Torranza the preceding evening? Why had the night been one long dream of the poet? Three months had passed since she had seen him; his name was never mentioned at Monte San Dona; she had written him only one brief letter since her return. Then how was the constant recurrence of his image to be explained? She admired his genius and realized with tender affection the time when he had held her on his knee. The poet had already passed his sixtieth year and though the love for her expressed in his prose and verse, in terms of music and flowers, was passionate rather than paternal, he had never hoped that she would reciprocate this love. She had often thought of poor Torranza, but never so insistently as now. She fairly saw the man—his black garb, hoary beard, great pensive eyes. She was roused from revery as the doleful chimes of the village clock struck four.

Four o'clock! No hope of Torranza's coming that day! She started, as she heard a carriage approaching from the direction of Padua. The dogs were barking, the carriage was coming, and Bianca anxiously quickened her pace. As she neared the house a lad was setting out in search of her. A number of gentlemen had arrived in two carriages and had asked for her. No, he did not know the visitors' names nor was he sure that among them was an old man dressed in black, with a hoary beard.

Nervous with expectation, Bianca entered the reception room. Standing about were the canons from the monastery of Caretta, with some visitors of the same order. They came annually to pay their respects to their benefactor—and incidentally to ask for extra donations. Such uncongenial company for that rare November day!

"Have you heard," queried Businello, the canon, between sips of coffee. "Have you heard —sip, sip—the sad news from Padua?"

"No. What news?" asked Bianca.

"Of course not," put in two or three others meekly. "Why, of course she hasn't!"

"Torranza, the unlucky chap, has—" continued the canon nonchalantly, and dipped a bit of cake into his coffee.

Bianca's heart was pounding, perspiration stood out on her forehead, her mouth was too dry to articulate.

"—poor fellow," prosed the canon; "he died last night, about eleven."

For a moment Bianca lost her poise and would have fallen if she had not grasped the arm of a chair, but she seemed quite calm the next instant. But the monks, well acquainted with the malicious rumors about Torranza's love-affairs, had noted this flash of passion and they exchanged glances of commentary.

Businello continued as if nothing had occurred: "Some four days ago, Torranza took to his bed with a wretched cold. He died suddenly, last night. Of course, no one denies that he had a good deal of ability, but he can't be compared with Tarrsatti, or—"

"Signor Businello," interrupted Bianca in an irritated tone, "he was a dear friend of mine, and I won't have him spoken of in such a disparaging way. You'll kindly respect his memory, in my presence!"

"Come, come," broke in Signor Beneto; "monsignor has spoken discreetly. I'm astonished to hear you disagree with him!"

The discussion would have ended here, but one of the monks happened to touch on Ermes' spiritualistic notions. This so incensed monsignor that he could not refrain from giving forceful expression of his opinions.

"A fanatic, that's what he was! Why, he had a complete collection of German, French and American publications on spiritualism. He'd begun to write a treatise on the rubbish himself!"

"Are you versed in spiritualism?" inquired Bianca. "No? Then you aren't in any position to give such a positive expression to your views."

"Am I to understand," cried Signor Beneto, jumping to his feet, "that you have become a spiritualist? What have we come to!"

Bianca felt like returning a curt answer, but her sense of propriety dominated, and she said meekly that prejudice was distasteful to her.

In an attempt to keep out of the danger zone, the untactful monk again made trouble!

"Surely, now, we can prove the foolishness of poor Torranza's spiritualistic theories. I myself heard him say that he would appear to some friend after death!"

A derisive laugh followed this assertion.

"Crazy! The poor devil was crazy," sneered Signor Beneto.

"Crazy, yes, crazy!" repeated all the monks, mechanically. Bianca could bear this no longer. Silently she left the room.

The visitors had been gone only a few moments when the messenger arrived from Padua with a letter for Bianca. Signora Giovanna asked her husband to pay the messenger, but he retorted that he was not obliged to incur the expenses of his daughter's correspondence with wastrels.

Turning to the courier he inquired: "Do you come from Padua?"

"Yes, sir."

"Urgent letter?"

"It's very important, and has got to be delivered today!"

Turning to his wife, Signor Beneto asked: "Do you know this handwriting?"

"I think I do, but I'm not sure," she answered timidly.

"In that case, I'm sure I won't pay!" he announced in a decided tone.

Signora Giovanna took the messenger aside. After a few words he departed, leaving the letter. The couple sat in silence for many minutes, till a domestic entered and asked the signora whether she wished a lamp.

"Certainly not! Not necessary at all!" angrily shouted Signor Beneto. "Go to the princess and say that her humble subjects are awaiting her!"

The unexpected news of Ermes Torranza's sudden death had brought heavy grief to Bianca. Nor had the discussion with her father and "that bunch of jabbering idiots" assuaged it.

She closeted herself in her room and gave vent to restrained emotion. She recalled Torranza's charming sayings and kind acts. How often he had sung to her when she was cross, and played with her when she was lonely! And even while she was engaged he had guided her. What returns had she made? None! Often she had saddened him for the sake of seeing his eyes glitter and his wide brow contract. She would shower upon him the love—

A light tapping at the door startled her. It was Signora Giovanna, bearing the important letter. Bianca received it and, without even raising her eyes, bade her mother leave her undisturbed. The signora obeyed. Bianca again resigned herself to the memories sweet and bitter. So she would have remained, but the falling of the letter brought her back to the material world. She picked up the envelope with a trembling hand and nervously tore it open, finding a note and a photograph. Once more she saw the white beard, the great pensive eyes. Kneeling before a large crucifix of bronze, where burned a tiny lamp, she read the letter:

Padua, October 26, 1879.

My Dear:

Read this with the calmness in which it was written. Nothing strange has occurred; that old man Torranza is leaving this sea of trouble. Bid me a last good night, dear Bianca. Moved by a voice from within, I write this letter to quiet my

(Continued on Page 20.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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Poems About San Francisco

("A San Francisco Rhapsody," Gelett Burgess called this rattling ballad. It was written several years before the fire and published in a little volume of Burgess' verse entitled "A Gage of Youth" which contains "Willy and the Lady" and some other of the best things he has written. The Hyde and O'Farrell cable line survived the fire and the conditions described in the poem are practically unchanged.))

II—BALLAD OF THE HYDE STREET GRIP

By Gelett Burgess

Oh, the rain is slanting sharply, and the Norther's blowing cold,
When the cable strands are loosened, she is nasty hard to hold;
There's little time for sitting down and little time for gab,
For the bumper guards the crossing, and you'd best be keeping tab!
Two-and-twenty "let-go's" every double trip—
It takes a bit of doing, on the Hyde Street Grip!

Throw her off at Powell Street, let her go at Post,
Watch her well at Geary and at Sutter, when you coast,
Easy at the Power House, have a care at Clay,
Sacramento, Washington, Jackson, all the way!
Drop the rope at Union, never make a slip—
The lever keeps you busy, on the Hyde Street Grip!

Foot-brake, wheel-brake, slot-brake and gong,
You've got to keep 'em working, or you'll soon be going wrong!
Rush her on the crossing, catch her on the rise,
Easy round the corners, when the dust is in your eyes!
And the bell will always stop you, if you hit her up a clip—
You are apt to earn your wages, on the Hyde Street Grip!

North Beach to Tenderloin, over Russian Hill,
The grades are something giddy, and the curves are fit to kill!
All the way to Market Street, climbing up the slope,
Down upon the other side, hanging to the rope;
But the sight of San Francisco, as you take the lurching dip!
There is plenty of excitement, on the Hyde Street Grip!

Oh, the lights are in the Mission, and the ships are in the Bay;
And Tamalpais is looming from the Gate, across the way;
The Presidio trees are waving, and the hills are growing brown,
And the driving fog is harried from the Ocean to the town!
How the pulleys slap and rattle! How the cables hum and whip!
Oh, they sing a gallant chorus, on the Hyde Street Grip!

When the Orpheum is closing, and the crowd is on the way,
The conductor's punch is ringing, and the dummy's light and gay;
But the wait upon the table by the Beach is dark and still—
Just the swashing of the surges on the shore below the mill;
And the flash of Angel Island breaks across the channel rip,
As the hush of midnight falls upon the Hyde Street Grip!

The Spectator

Fortune Revisits Hiram Smythe

When a man who has been unspoiled by prosperity suffers a reverse of fortune and loses the power to put money to beneficent uses, those who valued him, not for his dollars but for his readiness to spend those dollars worthily, cannot help feeling sorry. And so it was that years ago many San Franciscans felt sorry for Hiram Smythe. But when that same man makes second conquest of the volatile goddess, his friends have good reason to rejoice exceedingly. Well, that is what the San Francisco friends of Hiram Smythe are doing today. For Hiram Smythe has had another visitation of good luck. Once again he is a rich man; once again doubtless the worthy will profit from his capacity to lend a helping hand. It is a good while now since Hiram Smythe lived at the old Palace Hotel with his daughter. He was one of our pioneer lumbermen, and a fighting lumberman at that. His singlehanded stand against A. B. Hammond and the Charles Nelson Company for the control of the Pacific Box Factory was a great event of early days in our lumber trade. He beat his adversaries to a standstill. Another thing he did was to interest Michigan lumbermen in the lumber possibilities of California. No other man brought as much Eastern timber capital here as he did. Owing to his exertions the Murphys, Temple Dorr and the Eddys, all of Saginaw, invested in California lumber. But the time came when Hiram Smythe left the Palace. He was missed from his old haunts. Vague reports came that he was hard up somewhere. Then most of us forgot about him. Forgot about him till the other day when a lumber syndicate in Mexico floated a big bond issue. Then we learned that Hiram Smythe, with Dr. Pearson, had acquired a concession of some million acres of timber land from the new Mexican government. So Hiram Smythe is once more living in one of the most desirable houses in Easy Street.

Some Favorites of Luck

Some people will say that Hiram Smythe was lucky; others that he rewon his place among the rich by keeping everlastingly at work. Probably both are right. A strange thing is luck. Some say that it doesn't exist. Personally, I don't know; but I will hazard the assertion that if it does, it has smiled overtime on a quartet of local men consisting of William Maguire, Charles Holbrook, A. C. Eisen and Clarence Berry. These men all did well in Tonopah mines and have been associated in many ventures ever since. Their good fortune has almost become proverbial in the places where conversation turns on modes of making one dollar earn ten. It was not so long ago that "Billy" Maguire came up from Hanford to be the secretary of the defunct Bank Commission. Now the sight of his oil dividends would make an impecunious unfortunate like you or me dizzy and disagreeable. Holbrook's and Gus Eisen's prosperity are of longer standing. As for Clarence Berry—well, it has been said of him that if he just looked at a sixteen-year old chicken it would turn into a tender pullet so that Clarence might eat it for dinner. The only time I ever heard of Berry losing money was when he backed his confidence in Jeffries' ability to come back. These four men have just gone into a deal that promises to add one more demonstration to their list of lucky strokes.

Their National City Mine

One day recently a man came into the office of Maguire and Holbrook and said that he had a good mining property. He went on to say that he needed cash a great deal more than prospects and that they could have his mine with its gilt-edged prospects for $10,000. He said that he would give them twenty minutes to think it over. They thought and investigated fast. "What do you think, Billy?" asked Holbrook. "Let's take a chance, Charley," answered Maguire. So before the twenty minutes were up the man got his $10,000 and they got the mine. When they told their friends Eisen and Berry about it, Eisen and Berry asked to be declared in. And they were. The mine is located at National City which is fifty miles from Winnemucca.

Tevis and Hanford In, Too

Albert Hanford who is a close friend of Maguire, acquired a sixth interest in the property and disposed of it to his brother R. G. Hanford and Will Tevis. This brings together two interesting groups. Every man of the sextet thus formed has been conspicuously lucky, always provided of course that there is such a thing as luck. It was Will Tevis, by the way, who pronounced "Bob" Hanford the greatest money-maker in the West and declared that with his (Tevis') finances and Hanford's brains combined, all the money anybody wanted could be made. As Tevis and Hanford are working together, it looks as though these were not idle words. But to return. When the assayer got busy at the National City mine, his report flabbergasted the sextet. They thought the assayer was "spoofing" them. A ton of ore assayed—well, on second thought, I'm not going to tell you. You wouldn't believe it. You'd think me a tenderfoot, a fit subject for the gold brick man. But that

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ton of ore couldn't have assayed much higher if it was a ton of solid gold! And of course a ton of gold represents a great fortune. Of course the assay was based on one ton alone. Nobody thinks that other tons are going to run as high. But there is no doubt that the mine is fabulously —that's the conventional word—fabulously rich. But there's a lawsuit over that mine. The sextet is involved with the owner of the adjoining mine. Here's where their luck is expected to show itself again. Everybody who knows this story is confident that Maguire, Holbrook, Eisen, Berry, Tevis and Hanford will win that suit and make new fortunes out of that $10,000 mine.

Correspondence School Agent—But our system requires only one hour's work at home each day.

Prospective Student—Yes; but you don't understand what an hour's work at my home means.

The Election Wizard

In sporting circles, among the gents that take chances with their money, nobody's judgment of coming events in local politics is so highly esteemed as Matt. Larkin's. It is becoming a proverb that as Larkin bets so goes the election. He first began winning on Eugene Schmitz. He backed him three times. He also had money on Dr. Taylor. At the last election he won many thousands of dollars on McCarthy. In view of Larkin's past performances it may be of some interest to learn that he has picked a winner in the present mayoralty contest. He is now in New York whence a commission was received from him the other day to place fifty thousand dollars on James Rolph.

Bathos in Politics

The reporter who is writing up Rolph's meetings for the Examiner had better look out or he will make his paper and himself ridiculous. His accounts of Rolph's meetings are just a little too ecstatic in tone and occasionally, bathetic. Take the following for instance, from last Sunday's paper:

> Out at Mission and Twenty-eighth streets last night, while several hundred men and women were cheering and shouting and clapping a welcome to "Jim" Rolph, an old woman pressed her way to the rostrum and handed Rolph a bouquet of wilted flowers.
>
> Rolph forgot the cheering and the shouting and bent down and grasped the old woman's hand and thanked her for the simple token of her regard for him.
>
> These flowers had been grown by the old woman in her own garden in the Mission. She had plucked them early in the day and had wrapped them in manila paper and bound them with white twine. She must have forgotten to put them in water, for they drooped sadly.
>
> But they meant much to the old woman, and they meant much to Rolph. He held them in his hand throughout his address to the people of the Thirty-third Assembly District, and in the midst of his speech he stopped and publicly thanked the old woman for her thoughtful gift.
>
> "I know it comes from the heart," said Rolph.
>
> Then the old woman stretched out her hand toward Rolph and said:
>
> "There are four votes for you in that bouquet, Mr. Rolph."

This reminds me, for all the world, of a story which Gilbert Chesterton tells in his "Napoleon of Notting Hill." It runs thus:

> In a hollow of the grey-green hills of rainy Ireland, lived an old, old woman, whose uncle was always Cambridge at the Boat Race. But in her grey-green hollows, she knew nothing of this: she didn't know that there was a Boat Race. Also she did not know that she had an uncle. She had heard of nobody at all, except of George the First, of whom she had heard (I know not why), and in whose historical memory she put her simple trust. And by and by, in God's good time, it was discovered that this uncle of hers was not really her uncle, and they came and told her so. She smiled through her tears, and said only, "Virtue is its own reward."

Larkspur Is In Trouble

About ten years ago when Bailey Millard, at that time Sunday editor of the Examiner, occupied a house in Larkspur, he was annoyed during the summer months by the bad conduct of the campers who filled the canyons with the noise of their revelry. Larkspur was a pretty tough place in those days, a favorite training camp for prizefighters, a rendezvous of gamblers and other undesirable citizens. Lots of things happened over there which respectable people could not countenance. The result was that Bailey Millard devoted a page of the Sunday supplement to the subject of Larkspur and its summer guests. It was racy reading racily illustrated; so much so that it was republished in the Police Gazette. But it did what it was intended to do. It started a reform of conditions and Larkspur has been improving ever since, and now it is a highly desirable place to live in. If you don't think so, ask Judge W. H. Barrows, Alfred R. Kelly, Otto Irving Wise, Tom O'Connow, Lucius L. Solomons, Henry B. Lister or a lot of other distinguished individuals who have homes over there. But Larkspur is in trouble again; and strangely enough, the trouble centers in the old home of Bailey Millard which is now owned by Frank J. Murphy, the lawyer.

The Clubmen of Larkspur

Yes, there's a terrible todo in Larkspur. From Hill's boathouse to Baltimore Park and from the canyon to the slough all is tumult, confusion and bitterness. Peace has flown before the flapping wings of discord, and all because Larkspur has a few clubs. Now, it is perfectly true that most of the prominent citizens of Larkspur whom I have named and many others, are members of our big San Francisco clubs. That is all well and good. But they object strenuously to the modest little clubs maintained in Larkspur. They object particularly to the Allegro Club which has rented the Frank Murphy house. Why? Because the Allegro Club consists of a number of young men whose animal spirits are in excess of their discretion. The Allegro boys and the members of the other clubs are too vivacious for the staid residents of Larkspur. They laugh and shout and cut up all day and they bang out ragtime and roar out college glees all night. The good people of Larkspur who go to bed with the chickens say they can't sleep on account of the hullabaloo of the clubboys. The good people of Larkspur who sit up late sipping hock-and-soda and playing pinochle declare that they can't hear themselves think on account of the raucous sounds wherewith the clubboys tear the tender ear of night. Everybody in Larkspur is all het up over those clubboys and in their frazzled state of mind they have even charged that the boys woo their sweethearts with a little too much public warmth by the light of the soft Larkspur moon. Which may or may not be true. I don't know. However, public indignation reached its climax Monday night.

A Suburban Mass Meeting

Last Saturday night the Allegro Club gave a blow-out and invited a lot of guests from the city. It was a stag affair and as so often happens at stag affairs given by the unco young, too much beer was consumed. The result was that the lads forgot the proprieties, and some of the Larkspur householders were shocked to hear overemphatic expletives rolled out in stentorian tones. Those boys used language which is eminently proper when you're driving mules but entirely out of place in a humdrum suburb. The result was that Henry B. Lister, the attorney, had half a dozen of the boys arrested for disturbing the peace. The trial took place Monday night in the Larkspur town hall and it was quickly discovered that Lister had pinched the wrong boys! So they were freed. But there was so much indignation that an impromptu mass meeting was held. And it was better entertainment than a circus. All the townsmen were there. The Larkspur nickelodeon closed down for want of business. The billiard parlor of the Blue Rock hotel was deserted for the first time in history. Everybody went to that mass meeting. And they had a good time. All the town wounds of a decade were ripped open and started bleeding again. Judge Barrows made a speech in which he charged the clubboys with breaking all the ten commandments and then some. W. H. Mahoney, who gained renown several years ago when one of our prominent lawyers hit him in the eye at the County Clerk's office, begged the boys to be good. Lucius Solomons, who is an orator, ripped into everybody, especially Henry Lister. Whereupon Lister ripped out a bit of profanity and threatened to punch Solomons, but didn't. One of the club boys made a speech in which he complained that the charges were "too explicit" and went on to tell how hard the Allegro Club toiled to keep the peace. And

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Tom O'Connor, Larkspur's silver tongue, made a "plague on both your houses" speech. He said that the Allegro club boys talked of their club as though it were the Pacific-Union or the Bohemian or the Press or some other highly respectable and sedate club. "The champion of this club," he said, "has told you how he summoned the town marshal at two o'clock on Sunday morning. What did he summon him for? Had someone broken in and robbed the Allegro Club? Had the cook tapped the beer keg and run amuck? No! He says he summoned our constable to help the Allegro Club get rid of some of its highly respectable guests!" And the meeting broke up in laughter. But it was the general sentiment that Larkspur will not be a clubby suburb next summer. Some of the cits even spoke of tar and feathers!

"Now, dearie, come and wash your face and hands."

"Shan't. Don't want to."

"When I was small, I used to like washing my face."

"Yes; and look at it now."

A Discouraging Critic

Mr. Ralph Renaud, dramatic critic of the Chronicle, tells us of the enormous difficulties that are encountered in San Francisco by those whose aim in life is the exalted station of the high-salaried vaudeville performer. By way of illustration Mr. Renaud described a recent occurence at the Orpheum. Two capable young people were given a try-out there. Three magnates of the vaudeville stage paid them the tribute of their presence but not of their attention, though according to Mr. Renaud, the aspirants after stage honors and emoluments possessed talents and gave proof of a cultivated art. But he could see no future for them; that is, no future worth speaking of. Which is not to be wondered at considering the circumstances of the try-out. What is to be wondered at is that after witnessing that try-out Mr. Renaud should be of the opinion that the surest way to find out if you have talent for the stage is to go down to the Orpheum, act right out before a group of inattentive managers with a lot of empty chairs dimly fronting you through the darkness, and if you are not engaged conclude that the divine spark has not been kindled. With all due deference to Mr. Renaud's judgment I am inclined to dissent, and if he will pardon me I will tell him a few things of the ways of our parish not to be learned in the company of three inattentive managers during a brief spell in a dark house. My thesis is that the worst course for a person ambitious of stage glory to pursue is the one that Mr. Renaud recommends, the reason being that local managers are not in the business of discovering talent. If they were, some of their time would be consumed in giving their inattention to parlor geniuses. The try-out in local theatres is chiefly a matter of courtesy, and the result is of no significance.

Some Significant History

Our theatrical managers are not what are technically known as "producers." They take what comes to them. They depend on the judgment of others, and measure talent by the box-office standards. As to the Orpheum management, it doesn't have to be on the alert for undiscovered talent. From experience it has learned the unwisdom of backing its own judgment. A little of the lesson was afforded by the Hon. Billy Hynes, perennial star of parochial entertainments. Almost anybody ought to know that Billy was born to run for office, not for anything else, but the Orpheum took him at his local appraisement, and he got as far as Los Angeles with his guffaw song. Quite different was the case of Etta Butler, one of the cleverest mimics ever seen on the American stage. She had no local reputation, but she had talent and she knew it and she was given a try-out and the customary inattention. If she had acted on the Renaud principle she never would have been heard from. But instead she went East. "Billy" Brady saw her in an obscure vaudeville house doing the very act that won inattention in the darkness of the empty-seated Orpheum. He put her on unheralded at a fashionable theatrical benefit. Everybody of note in the theatrical world was there, and Etta Butler's act was the hit of the show. The critics rhapsodized over her next day and her fortune was made. When she returned to town to visit her parents she had no difficulty in getting an engagement at the Orpheum. Somewhat similar was the experience of Gertrude Hoffman, the star American danseuse of vaudeville. What chance did she get in San Francisco? She used to get $8 a week at the Tivoli, and later she appeared at the Alcazar where she danced in Sapho, much the same as she has been dancing since, and even the critics failed to discover that she was above the commonplace. She was too obscure to get even a try-out in vaudeville. She had to borrow money from Florence Roberts to get East where she has been a star almost from the day of her arrival. Now, I have no criticism to make of our local managers. They haven't the time to try-out all the talent that applies for an engagement, and there is so much loudly heralded talent that fails to make good in San Francisco, that I don't blame them for their inattention. But let us not discourage the ambitious. Let us remember that we are living in the provinces, and that it really doesn't matter much how little one may be appreciated in our midst by managers or critics.

A "Green Knight" Cartoon

If you hear loud guffaws in the neighborhood of Post and Taylor streets, know that the jolly Bohemians are laughing their heads off over Randall Borough's grove play cartoon. Borough is one of the ablest of our younger artists and has made many fine posters; but it is generally admitted that he found in Garnett's "Green Knight" book the inspiration for his funniest work so far. Last year, after Charley Field's "Cave Man" was presented in Bohemian Grove, Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, made a statue of the Cave Man for the club. He showed the abysmal brute sitting on a stump and scratching his shaggy head in perplexity over the fire he has accidentally kindled. For his cartoon Borough took this cave man, sat him on the same old stump and showed him scratching his head in the same old perplexity. But the cave man is attired in tight fitting English clothes, with a derby pushed back on his head, patent leather pumps and lavender socks. He is holding—Garnett's book! And trying to figure out what Garnett is driving at! Underneath this picture is the legend, "Stumped! In the endeavor 'to consider some of its archetectonic elements in their esthetic and technical aspects,'" these being a few words from Garnett's terrific introduction. The artist adds a footnote: "This polycotyledonous drawing is done according to the new 'art form.' An acknowledgment must be made here to Mr. Isaac O. Upham and Mr. Arthur Putnam without whose co-operation this gem of art would not be possible." When anybody asks anybody else what that word 'polycotyledonous' means, the answer is invariably the same: "Ask Garnett; he makes a specialty of big words." And then there are more guffaws.

He Was Misunderstood

From all the echoes from Bohemia that crowd upon the porches of one's ears it is clear that our most highbrow playwright is not appreciated by the gentlemen whom he tried so hard to edify at the grove. The truth appears to be that they resent his remoteness from their intellectual level. Somebody has said that it is a tax on people's good nature to admit superiority of any kind. The Bohemians appear to be of the opinion that Mr. Garnett flaunted his superiority. And it must be admitted that there is some justification for this opinion. From the tone of Mr. Garnett's introduction to his play the impression is received that it was his purpose to tutor the ignorance of his confreres. The truth is of course that like all original genius he was misunderstood. He approached the Bohemians in a kindly spirit, with no disposition to swagger, but they grew suspicious from the moment the news got out that he was not as other grove playwrights. He had enveloped his play in mystery, and he had excluded all the has-beens from his cast, and it became known that tradition had received the cold-shoulder. So the inclination was widespread to defy Mr. Garnett to make good. In the circumstances what little chance had he to render the ineffable mysteries of art accessible to the intelligence of the benighted representatives of the commercial world? At the dinner that preceded the play Mr. Garnett made a speech. After a few happy remarks he asked, "Now would you like me to give you a synopsis of my play?" A mighty chorus thundered the reply—"No!!" And Mr. Garnett sat down.

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"Gross Misrepresentation"

Some time ago I told about the founding in San Diego of a society called the Barefoot Brothers of St. Swithin. I explained at the time, on the authority of a private tip from one of the brethren, that part of this society's mission was to make war on smugness. Evidently fearing that their campaign could not be waged effectually if its object was made public, the Brothers, through their official publication, have entered a diplomatic disclaimer. This was unnecessary. Go out in the market place and announce that you intend to make war on smugness and although ninety per cent of the men within sound of your voice are incurably smug, not one of them will think that your remarks are directed at him. 'Tis the nature of the smug animal not to realize his smugness. However, the disclaimer enunciates views which are worth quoting. Here it is as it came in a marked copy of "Lucid Intervals" which is edited by Austin Adams, one of the discalced brotherhood:

> Modesty will out! The Brothers Barefoot of St. Swithin are being talked about. Town Talk talked about them in a late issue of that San Francisco journal of joyous jabs. Alas! Not even holy men can escape misrepresentation. Under a thin veil of faint praise the misinformed (or wilfully slanderous) scribe of Town Talk makes an insinuation which amounts to actionable libel! He states that these Brothers have banded together to "war upon smugness." Horrors! Were lofty motives and defiant definiteness ever before so tortured out of shape? Fancy the ignorance of one who fancies that missionary zeal and a desire to save have any lodgment in the ineffable isolation which is alone the raison d'etre of this odd company of Brothers Barefoot!
>
> No, it was not to wage war upon smugness that this order was established. The brothers are not such as still cherish the altruistic illusion that anybody anywhere can anyhow do anything to save the smug. It can't be done! Smugness is not an attitude toward life; it is a congenital marrow in the very bones of the vast majority of Americans.It is fostered by education, inspired by religion, rewarded by business, crowned by politics and finally, proclaimed the only thing entitling the holder to everlasting smugness in the smug salvation resort prepared for the smug in heart. So the Brothers Barefoot of St. Swithin have no desire to save the smug. On the contrary, they deny that they are worth saving. The sole aim of the brotherhood is, in fact, to proclaim their gospel—that whosoever would live a human life must do whatever most people don't do and do it somewhere else! Not to dignify the smug by noticing smugness long enough to attack it; but to ignore the smug, to forget the smug, to deny smugness exists in the only true world—such is the holy vocation of these pious brothers of St. Swithin. Their hegira to the secret shrines of the desert of defiance of most people, leaving the hordes of smugness to surge toward this doomed Coast from those inexhaustible sources of smugness, the Middle West States, proves that these brothers are not missionaries but mockers.

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."

Lame Ducks and Noblesse Oblige

When former Senator Frank Flint resigned the other day from the National Monetary Commission he stated that his action was taken owing to the press of private affairs. It was a sufficient explanation for most of us. But not for "Jim" McLachlan, late representative in Congress of the Los Angeles district. "I think," McLachlan is quoted as having said, when interviewed at Pasadena, "that ex-Senator Flint anticipated some unfavorable action by Congress, and so resigned." Obviously "Jim" knows the innermost secrets of the Flinty breast. But knowing them, was it courteous to reveal what he knew? Did the former Senator commission him to reveal them? Or did "Jim" go out of his way to give Flint the lie? We have heard much of that curious thing called senatorial courtesy. Are lame ducks exempted from the rule of noblesse oblige?

The First to "Swat the Fly"

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was ruminating when I came upon him unexpectedly in the Ferry Building and proffered a penny for his thoughts. "I've just been reading a 'Swat the Fly' editorial," he told me, "and it struck me that this war which is being waged on the domestic buzzer all over the world is no new thing." Knowing that the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock is possessed of considerable lore, his duties allowing him a great deal of time for reading, I asked respectfully what he might mean. "Why," he said, "this war on the housefly goes back to the ancient days of Rome, as you may learn by reading Suetonius." I never dreamed that my friend had read Suetonius, but I was too polite to express astonishment. "If you refer to your Suetonius," he continued, "you will find that Domitian was the first man to swat the fly. Suetonius says that in the beginning of his reign Domitian used to spend an hour every day in private, catching flies and sticking them through the body with a long pin. And that he made a thorough job of it is certain for, says Suetonius, when a courtier asked whether anyone was with the emperor, the reply was, 'Not so much as a fly.'" At this point Harbor Commissioner Dwyer appeared in the distance and the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock moved away over the tesselated pavement.

Stick to Your Plants, Luther

Luther Burbank who knows a lot about plants and fruits and flowers, was in Santa Cruz recently and submitted to an interview for the Santa Cruz Sentinel. "Submitted" is scarcely the word, by the way, for Luther is always amiably condescending when it comes to bursting into print. The interviewer reminded Burbank that he had entertained Elbert Hubbard at Santa Rosa. "He interested me very much," returned Luther, "and I was surprised to find him rather a shy, timid man. From his writings I concluded that he would be more assuming, more militant; but I was mistaken. Of course I do not believe everything Elbert Hubbard writes, but I believe that he has the ability of saying more things, in more convincing manner, in less words than any other living man of whom I know. In fact I believe that in years to come he will be revered as a second Shakespeare." Which shows what an ass a man of special attainments may make of himself when he wanders afield. Burbank undoubtedly knows the difference between a Shasta daisy and a spineless cactus, but when it comes to appraising writers he's like a blind man groping in a dark room for a black hat which isn't there. The author of the Burbank potato should remember the old saw about the cobbler and his last. Stick to your plants, Luther, stick to your plants. That "little journey to the home of Luther Burbank" may please you mightily, but if you must log-roll, avoid the pitfalls of literary criticism. The truth is, if you wish to know it, that Hubbard writes like Bacon underdone and that even now he is revered more than Shakespeare from East Aurora to Santa Rosa.

Good Signs from the Interior

It is a pleasure to be able to report that some of the newspapers of the interior are showing signs of improvement. This phenomenon seems to be due to the fact that the editors are not taking themselves as seriously as they used to. A spirit of chastened frivolity has made its way into their sancta sanctorum, with the result that some of the editorial columns of the exchanges that come to my desk are really well worth reading. For instance, there is the Stockton Mail. Editor Phil Francis simply refuses to be ponderous and dashes off little editorialettes like this every once in a while:

> Princes Chimay, who has three divorced husbands living, is going to try another, and some of the brethren animadvert harshly upon her conduct. We can see nothing amiss. Even a Princess' Chimay is none the worse for occasional changing.

Then there is Editor Mappes of the Fresno Mirror. Somebody has to be light hearted in Fresno and as Editor Rowell absolutely refuses to hurl any but sesquipedalian utterances from

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his tripod, Mappes dashes to the fore with this story for which he solemnly vouches, hand on heart:

> A girl had gone to a dinner with her steady. The young man noticed a speck of what appeared to be lint on her shoulder. After several futile attempts he took hold of the line and started to pull it off. He unraveled several yards of the fleecy stuff and when he seemed to have all of it threw the wad under the table. That night the girl told her mother that she had a perfectly lovely time. "But," she added, "I have just been lying here in bed, mother, and wondering what became of my undershirt."

And Charlie McClatchy of the Sacramento Bee! Think of Charlie losing his seriousness! Yet it's a fact. Since Charlie returned from Europe he has expended his seriousness upon effete monarchs exclusively and treats less important things with a suspicion of airy-fairiness. Listen:

> Eleanor Sears is engaged to be married, and the Examiner accords her a column in the telegraphic news.
>
> Don't know who Eleanor Sears is? Oh, yes, you do. What you mean to say is you don't care a !!!———??? who she is; what she is; where she is; nor what she is going to do.
>
> All you ask is a large and copious rest from her doings—a hyacinth and lotus-blossom surcease from the echo of her name—a holiday away from She and all her set—a vacation on elysian fields where the gates are forever shut on Eleanor Sears, Ned Greenway, the whole D— Mizner family, and all their consanguinity, brood, seed, sprouts, lineage, and primogeniture—each and several.

Hank—Si Hawbuck and his missus had a tarnation squabble this morning over who should go out to the pump and get the water.

Hiram—Do tell! How did it end?

Hank—In a draw. Si drawed the water.

An Open Shop Candidate

J. W. Treadwell has declared himself a candidate for Supervisor on the Open Shop platform and intends to make a strong fight to be elected. He is 34 years of age; has lived in this city for twenty-five years and has conducted a real estate business for many years. He stands squarely upon the proposition that every man and every woman in this free America has an inherent right to labor and earn a livelihood without affiliating with any labor organization whatever and believes that every man has the inalienable right to employ any man or woman to work for him irrespective of labor affiliations. He believes that we cannot induce eastern capital to invest in this city under the present labor conditions; that we need and must have larger manufacturing industries that will increase our population, occupy our vacant dwellings, rebuild the burned district and otherwise build up the industries of our city.

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A Story Abont Phil May

Poor Phil May! says a reminiscent London scribe. Within a few days his body will have lain for eight years in the dust at Kensal Green, yet his great genius is as fresh as when the world first knew it—uncontested, unmatched, though scarcely unassailed by a score of unworthy disciples who have striven for his mantle. But Phil's art was Phil's exclusively. It was as much his own as his private system of finance, and—had Phil May ever turned his attention to mathematics, we should have seen the tyrannous proposition that twice two makes four severely shaken upon its gory throne. My oath!

On a July afternoon a decade ago I bumped into Phil on the southern side of Fleet street. Instinctively we turned into a bar, where Phil admitted—all unbidden—that by far the coyest and shyest of things that he had chased for awhile was the fleeting and evasive quid. He was on his way to "Punch" office to try and put the spoon in, although, as he observed not without some apprehension, all the signs of the zodiac were dead against him. He asked me to accompany him and give him my moral support in what he felt would be a hand-to-hand tussle with one of the kindliest of Mr. Punch's clerical staff, the old cashier—ordinarily a most gentle and benevolent person, but one who had already lost much sleep over Phil May and his tangled reckoning with Messrs' Bradbury and Agnew. We had three or four more whiskies, or as many as served to let loose Phil's fancy upon his favourite study —the delivery of the lines of the braggart Pistol. Oddly enough, Phil would sooner have been a great player than a heaven-born artist; and the pot-boy of the "Green Dragon," who was engaged in his afternoon task of tittivating with a damp leather the fly-spotted gas-globes, in turn grinned and then trembled when addressed in such terms as "Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!" rudely changing to "Base tike! call'st thou me host? Now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; nor shall my Nell keep lodgers!"

The attitude of Mr. Punch's chief cashier, when bluntly asked if he could "put his paw on any loose sugar," was one of extreme reticence. Clearly the old man loved Phil May, but deeply deplored his abysmal ignorance of anything connected with finance. To Phil May, money (when he had any) was a thing to be given away. He cared as little about it as did Balzac, who once inviting Werdet, his publisher, out to dinner, touched him for a dollar, wherewith to tip the waiter, and then settled the bill by—endorsing the back of it! In tones of the very mildest reproach, the white-haired treasurer reminded May that only two days previously he had been permitted to put a bit of paper in the cashbox for thirty sovereigns, notwithstanding the fact that he had already drawn his salary for seven weeks ahead. Moreover, he had just "paid in" for the day; had banked up so closely that only a few shillings remained in the till. But none of these reasons stalled Phil off; he still endeavoured to coax a flow of gold from secret fastnesses, on the principle that rain sometimes fall when ne'er a cloud is to be seen. He asked that his name might be sent up to Mr. Agnew, but was told that it was quite useless. He asked if Frank Burnand had been up from Ramsgate, only to be told that he had gone to the Riviera. Finally he made a personal appeal to the old comptroller himself; and the first ray of hope was kindled when the old gentleman inquired what the immediate advance of twenty pounds was needed for. Ever a ready reckoner, Phil answered instantly:

"There is a bumbailiff in possession of the front kitchen, under a judgment summons, and——"

But even as he spoke, Phil saw that the shot had not nearly reached the target. The prospective benefactor shrugged his shoulders and reminded his petitioner how he had once proclaimed the advantages of always having a man in possession, especially in the case of a certain old man whom the Sergeant-at-Mace frequently employed, an old fellow who could wait at table, polish silver with rouge, and clean leather riding-breeches better than any hunt servant.

"Ah, but you have interrupted me in the very middle of my statement!" rapped out Philip, desperately taking up an entirely new line of country and riding along it like-for-leather. "Allow me to finish what I had to say. There is a bailiff in possession of the front kitchen, under a judgment summons, and he doesn't hit it with the fellow in possession of the back kitchen under the bill-of-sale! The judgment summons claims to be a disciple of the cause, the emblem of which is a drinking-fountain, while the bill-of-sale Johnnie is frankly a believer in the old fashioned side-board. Nothing of this would matter to me, but that they meet in the passage between the two kitchens to argue it out. This afternoon they are both well canned, and at the moment of my leaving Singeon's Wood, they were just peeling off their coats to settle the point as to whether the Bible strongly deprecates or soundly advocates the use of the corkscrew! It is getting past human endurance!"

The kindly old gentleman went upstairs and presently returned, bringing with him two crumpled fivers and ten sovereigns. And ten minutes later, we two, with a duet of thirst that had it laid all over any camel in the desert that ever overshot its oasis, arrived in a hansom at Verrey's.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Birdie's a Game Sport

A San Franciscan gentleman who has just returned from Europe tells me that he was at Biarritz at the same time as Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. And he told a story which seems to prove that our own Birdie is no piker when it comes to games of chance. He says he was at the Casino one night when Mrs. Vanderbilt was playing and saw her lose $3,000 without betraying any emotion. She left the table quietly, went to the manager of the Casino and asked to be accommodated with a loan of 50,000 francs. Such loans are rarely made, but Birdie got the money because her credit was good. Then she

Photo, Boye

MRS. HERBERT R. BAKER

She was Miss Natalie Hunt and her wedding was an important social event of recent date.

went back to the table, played for some time with varying luck, but finally won back her $3,000. Smiling her satisfaction she returned the $10,000 she had borrowed and quit.

The Chapman-Foss Wedding

Society was concentrated in the small edifice of Grace Cathedral on Wednesday for the Chapman-Foss nuptials. The crowd overflowed the church and stood on the steps where the only sight they had of the bride was as she entered and left the church. Dainty Miss Chapman never looked prettier than in her wedding finery. Her delicate Titian coloring was well set off by the fleecy clouds of her tulle veil and the white satin gown draped with rare old lace worn by her mother when she became a bride. Mrs. Chapman looked young and handsome at the wedding and it was difficult to realize she was a grandmother. Her son Robert Grayrigge whose father she married when very young has two children. He lives on his estate in England. Mrs. Chapman is the only daughter of the late William Sherwood who built a handsome home on Nob Hill facing the Crocker mansion. Young Grayrigge inherited a fortune from his father. He and his wife were unable to come to the wedding but sent handsome gifts to swell the collection of silver and jewels which Mrs. Foss will take to her new home in Boston.

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Some Valuable Gifts

Young Foss presented his bride with a limousine which was left in Boston awaiting her arrival. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon sent heavy silver candlesticks of handsome design and there were three complete silver tea sets. Miss Henriette Blanding was the most admired figure in the bridal party next to the bride. Her costume was a Parisian creation of exquisite lace and her white hat laden with plumes was vastly becoming. She is the bride's closest friend, the two having been room-mates at school and at first it was intended they should go to Vassar together but Miss Chapman decided to make her debut instead. The costumes of white crystal dotted chiffon with dainty pink tulle hats were becoming to the bevy of youthful bridesmaids of whom, by many, Miss Florence Williams was voted the prettiest, as she was at the Whitney-Stillman wedding earlier in the summer. Among prominent guests were the Charles Alexanders of New York. Mrs. Hattie Crocker Alexander looks younger than on her last visit and with her three daughters attracted great attention. The reception at the Century Club was largely attended, the hall being chosen owing to limited space in the Chapman residence and the wish of the bride to have all her friends present as she is going East to live. One of her intimate friends is Mrs. W. E. Dassonville who eloped last year with the well known camera artist. She was Miss Gertrude Perry and with her husband was a guest at the wedding.

Another Wedding

Another wedding of the week united Miss Florence Gibbons and Perry Evans at the home of the bride's father Dr. Henry Gibbons. Present at the ceremony were members of the two families including Dr. and Mrs. Walter Gibbons and Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons. Mrs. Walter Gibbons was Miss Hazel Noonan, a belle of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Morton Gibbons was one of the daughters of J. C. Stubbs. The young people will live in Berkeley where the Evans family reside. A sister of the bride is Mrs. Edward Shinkle, wife of Captain Shinkle, U. S. A.

Miss De Young's Barn Dance

The barn dance given by Miss Kathleen De Young last Saturday evening gave her friends the chance of greeting Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt's betrothed, who followed the young lady from Santa Barbara. I am told they had known each other but two weeks there when the young man proposed and was accepted. The marriage will be celebrated this Fall in Chicago where the Kruttschnitts own a handsome residence. Mr. Woodhouse had evinced an admiration for the dashing Miss Newhall before the Chicago beauty's arrival but Miss Newhall had many to console were consolation required. Miss Kruttschnitt's brother married Miss Pickering several years ago and they live in Mexico. Miss De Young entertained her young friends in a novel manner. Dinner was partaken of at the Marin Country Club and from there the party repaired to the barn at the De Young place where a jolly dance was enjoyed. The following day an al fresco luncheon ended the festivities.

A Dance at Ingleside

The corner of Fillmore street and Broadway was an animated scene Friday evening when

MISS INNES KEENEY

Who will take a prominent part in the charity entertainment at the home of Miss Jennie Crocker next month. Miss Keeney is noted for her graceful singing and dancing. She has so far withstood the temptation of the professional stage.

residents of the neighborhood saw groups of young people arrive in automobiles and gather in a crowd of forty or more that waited for the special car to convey them to Ingleside where Miss Metha McMahon was hostess of the evening at a dance. It was for two bridal couples of next month, Miss Amalia Simpson and William Hough and Miss Florence Cluff and Edward Janss, and their attendants. The novelty of giving it at the Ingleside Club was voted a great success. The ball-room is small, but excellently adapted to informal dances such as the one of Wednesday.

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Mrs. Martin Prostrated

The injury to the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, due to a fall from her horse, caused the family grave concern for a while but it is said the child is now out of danger and will entirely recover, though a serious operation on her head was necessary. Mary Martin is a bright child nine years old who was named for her mother's friend, the late Mary Crocker Harrison. Her little sister is Eleanor for her paternal grandmother. Mrs. Martin was so prostrated with the shock and anxiety that she has withdrawn from the charity entertainment to be given at Uplands in September. She was to have conducted an auction of beauties in which such pulchritudinous gentlemen as Walter Hobart and Peter Martin were to be disguised. The beauty show will remain a feature of the entertainment as Miss Jeannie Crocker has generously taken the responsibility of its success. She will be assisted by Willard Barton in getting bids.

That Male Beauty Show

Well, it has come to pass even as I predicted. Some of the Blingumites who were listed as entrants in the beauty show for men which is to be a feature of the charity entertainment at Miss Crocker's home next month, are hesitating about making themselves ridiculous. Even for charity which covers a multitude of sins against good taste, they appear unwilling to make themselves objects of derision. This does not surprise me in the least. There are some men in our aristocratic corral who have no objection to donning woman's gear for a charity entertainment or a low jinks, but there are a whole lot more who object very emphatically. Some of these, it seems, were beguiled by their enthusiasm for charity into consenting to appear at the beauty show. Others, I imagine, were put down as entrants without being consulted. And now some of these are manifesting an unwillingness to go on exhibition. Still, there will be enough of the other mind to make the beauty show a success.

Mrs. Miller Graham's Latest

So Mrs. William Miller Graham is taking lessons in acting from Arnold Daly. This interests me. I am in favor of that sort of thing. In the first place, Mrs. Miller Graham may have unusual talent for the stage and the best way to find out if this is so, is for her to take lessons and then appear in public, though not necessarily as a professional. If she appears in theatricals in London, she will speedily learn whether or not she has ability. If she makes a hit, she will be importuned to accept a professional engagement. I doubt whether she would consent, but if she did the stage might be enriched by the addition of a good actress. Society amateurs have sometimes, though not often, succeeded as professionals. Lots of people would consider it a calamity for a woman of Mrs. Graham's charm to give up a social for a stage career. But not I. The life of an actress is much more useful than that of a woman who cultivates leisure as a career. Even if Mrs. Miller Graham does not develop much talent, she will nevertheless be in demand for charity theatricals when Arnold Daly has finished his course of instruction. When she returns to California our busy San Francisco aristocrats will be anxious to enlist her services. Thus she will take her place in the society of our parish, something which she has not done as yet. Altogether, there is reason to congratulate Mrs. Miller Graham on her present course.

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MRS. NELLIE WIDMANN-BLOW

Who will appear at a concert for the cause of Woman's Suffrage at the St. Francis on September 5.

An Unconfirmed Announcement

The report of the engagement of Gustav Touchard Jr. and Miss Holmes of New York, made in the local press, lacks confirmation by his relatives in this city. The papers said too that young Touchard was a recent visitor in California. This is not so. He has been living with his parents at Newport for several years. He has been taking part there in the tennis tournament and later will play abroad. He learned the game at Golden Gate Park. Touchard's parents are well connected here. His father is a son of the well known French banker. His mother will be remembered as Miss Maggie McPherson, eldest daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Maynard McPherson. Mrs. Touchard and her youngest son Maynard will arrive in California next week on a visit to Mrs. Alexander McCrackin who was a McPherson. Miss Alberta Touchard is visiting at Tahoe as the guest of Mrs. J. Naglee Burke whom she accompanied to California from New York a few months ago.

The Misfortune of Mrs. Clark

The beautiful young wife of former Senatör Clark of Montana has lost her hearing. Deafness is a terrible affliction in any circumstances, but the deafness of his wife is causing Clark particular sorrow because it prevents her from enjoying music. Mrs. Clark has great ability as a musician. Both before and after her marriage to the copper king she cultivated her talent under the best European masters. Clark took great delight in his wife's performance. But now that her hearing has been lost, she can no longer enjoy her own or others' playing and singing. So the multimillionaire is plunged into profound melancholy. The impairment of Mrs. Clark's hearing began three years ago and increased until now she is totally deaf. Her sister has just left Montana for New York where the Clarks live and it is thought that she will accompany Mrs. Clark to Europe in quest of treatment by the best specialists.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morton have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the coming winter.

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A Concert for "the Cause"

A concert for the cause of woman's suffrage will be given at the St. Francis Hotel on the evening of September 5 by Mrs. Nellie Widmann-Blow, a mezzo-soprano whose voice has been highly praised by competent critics. The concert will be given under the auspices of the Club Woman's Franchise League. Mrs. Edward De Witt Tawlor will be chairman. Oscar Maurer, the pianist, and Hother Wismer, the violinist, will be heard. The patronesses are: Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, Mrs. Horace Coffin, Mrs. Charles D. Blaney, Mrs. Edgar Judson Benedict, Mrs. Clarence Grange, Mrs. A. W. Scott Jr., Mrs. James Costigan, Mrs. Elia G. Williams, Mrs. Ernest Heuter, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. B. Spencer, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. C. A. Barrett, Mrs. J. S. Sanborn, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, Mrs. Lovell White.

The Marquadts Are Home

Mr. John Marquadt, the well known violinist and Mrs. Marquadt, a harpist of great ability, have returned to resume their place among the prominent musicians of San Francisco. Three times the Marquadts have circled the globe in concert tours and only recently they finished a series of concerts which took them through Texas and Southern California. "There is no place like San Francisco," says Marquadt. He found Japan, India, Australia and the Dutch East Indies delightful and was drawn to Germany, above all places in Europe, by family ties, but San Francisco's attractions outweighed them all. Mr. and Mrs. Marquadt will renew old intimacies at their studio, 2029 Fillmore street.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. E. M. Heller went recently to Del Monte for an extended stay. E. M. Greenway is planning to go down to remain through the golfing tournament. Douglas Grant will be in time for some work on the links, preliminary to the tournament in September. The Vincent Whitneys are also among those who will be there. Mr. Whitney covered himself with glory in last year's tournament and his friends confidently expect him to maintain his reputation and defend his title. Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, accompanied by Paige and Kenneth Monteagle, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Cunningham of New York, F. W. Dumnler of Germany and Talcott Williamson of the Ojai Valley motored down to Del Monte and were joined by Mr. Monteagle. Richard Tobin also spent the week end with friends who are at Del Monte.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: M. L. Patterson, D. L. Walter, W. A. Krug, H. I. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, G. J. Scharlach, H. B. Stedman, M. A. Mooser, George Bean, Percy L. Davis.

Mrs. E. A. Garlington of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. Garlington came West to meet her daughter, Miss Sally Garlington, who came in from Manila on the Buford. Mrs. Garlington and her daughter are prominent in the army set in the national capital.

Mrs. Fountain Finnell has returned from a protracted stay in Salt Lake, and has taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria where she makes her home when in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hill of Vancouver are in San Francisco for a fortnight or so. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

The deer season which does not close for two weeks or so in the northern part of the State is attracting many hunters to the Castle Crags Farm region. Venison is the "rule" at the Farm, a number of hunters having secured their limit of game. George Volkman, who spent a part of the early season at the Farm, returned this week for a hunt. The cottages at the Farm will be open to guests until November first, and a number of reservations for the late season give promise of a busy time in the pine forest resort.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and a party of guests were at the Casa Del Rey, Santa Cruz, recently. They occupied the beautiful select chambers facing the Monterey Bay. Mrs. Hearst gave a luncheon to her distinguished party before making the trip to the Big Basin and trees. The party consists of Mrs. T. J. Grier and daughters, of Lead City, Dakota; Dr. Reissner and wife from Cairo, Egypt; Mirza Ali Kuli Khan and Amean Khan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Phoebe Whitmore and Mr. Orrin Peck.

Last year there was much disappointment on account of "The Peninsula" closing so early, and the management was compelled to refuse many requests for reservations. This year, however, it has been decided to keep the hotel open for the winter months. This announcement of the management has met with great favor, and a large number of guests, now at "The Peninsula," are already making plans to remain for the winter season. The splendid weather conditions that always prevail in the vicinity of the hotel, will undoubtedly make "The Peninsula" an ideal winter resort.

Mr. L. A. Phillips with his two charming daughters is spending a few days at Paso Robles. Mr. Phillips is from San Francisco and was joined by his brother Mr. A. Phillips of Arroya Grande.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, after a few weeks at Paso Robles, have returned to their summer home in Menlo Park.

Col. R. J. Northam of Los Angeles, with Mr. Harry Ogel of the same city, motored to Paso Robles Saturday and spent the week-end.

Miss Jeanette Powell is spending a few days in town from her home in Mossville. Miss Powell is at the Victoria during her visit.

Again Something New at Tait's

Last week we made reference to the striking decorations and the novelties introduced at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. We are informed by Mr. Tait that early next month the cafe will be redecorated in a style and treatment decidedly striking and novel.

Arrangements are now being completed for the change to take place early next month, and no doubt the well-known ability of this popular restaurant in this particular will be demonstrated anew. This cafe in O'Farrell street opposite the Orpheum continues to hold its well-earned reputation of San Francisco's most delightful eating resort.

No San Franciscan should fail to have his visiting friends enjoy an evening there.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Nance O'Neil, Sorceress

Nance O'Neil does not have to invest her personality with the factitious allurements of Moorish sorcery to draw San Francisco within the range of her spell. This city, in part at least, has acknowledged the power of her spell for many, many years. It has seen her in more parts than any other city in the world. It has liked her better in some than in others, but always it has found her worth while. It has not, probably, acclaimed the part of Zoraya in Sardou's "La Sorciere" one of her best; but it realizes that this character gives her many opportunities for the display of the best that is in her. Certainly she is seen to better advantage in "La Sorciere" than in "The Lily." David Belasco at least did one good thing for her when he placed her at the head of the company which gave "The Lily."

MADAME BESSON

The famous Anglo-Parisian actress who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

He helped her to train her voice. Miss O'Neil's voice, like the rest of her, was tempestuous and difficult of control. But now it seems to have been subjugated. It obeys the behests of her varying emotions more readily than of old. But the old husk is still there when she wants it and that is as it should be. What would Nance O'Neil be without that hoarse tone of passion? A great actress still, no doubt, but not our Nance O'Neil. As when we saw here in this part at the Colonial, Miss O'Neil is best in the last two acts. She reaches her height in the scene before the inquisitors and in the last act which ends with her death and the death of her Christian lover, she is again wonderfully impressive. These parts of hunted aliens are peculiarly becoming to Miss O'Neil. The part of Zoraya has a great deal in common with that of Leah in "The Jewess." Both were outcasts, the victims of persecution. And in both Miss O'Neil lifts her audience to a high plane of sympathy. It is good to know that we are to see her in "The Jewess" again. Miss O'Neil is well supported. Clifford Bruce as her lover gives a very good performance. Georgia Woodthorpe demands a special mention for her splendid acting of the part of Afrida, the crazy old woman who thinks that she has attended the Witches' Sabbath. She has only one scene, that before the inquisitors, but she infuses an amazing amount of dramatic force into it. Miss Woodthorpe is an actress of great ability and of wide experience; so it is always a pleasure to see her. It is a greater pleasure than usual to see her as Afrida. Another who distinguished himself was Roy Clements as Don Cleofas, the physician of the inquisition. But for that matter, the whole company is capable. It nearly always is at the Alcazar.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Not one large candy store, but four of them; which goes to show the popularity of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Store locations: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market street near the ferry.

An Ovation for Dill

Max Dill got a great reception when he reopened the Savoy last Sunday with "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer." There were lots of flowers for Max and his principal associates. Owing to the excessively warm weather the matinee audience was not large, but at night the house was packed to the doors. "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" is not one of Dill's best pieces, but it has a goodly number of laughable situations and a lot of tuneful ditties. The company which Dill has gathered together is very good. Lillian Coleman returns to the stage in very sweet voice and looking quite charming in her expensive gowns. Lucille Palmer is very pleasant to look upon, even in the scantiest of kilts and sings well. Miss Cecil Cowles shows a bit of stage fright, naturally enough, but makes a hit with her composition "Miss Pale Pink Parasol." After Max Dill who is an institution and need not be described, the honors for the men go to Alf Goulding, a graduate from the Pollards who has a comic way about him and scores repeatedly. Melvin Stokes meets with a hearty reception. The balance of the company is also worthy of praise. The chorus girls are shapely and tireless. They show careful training.

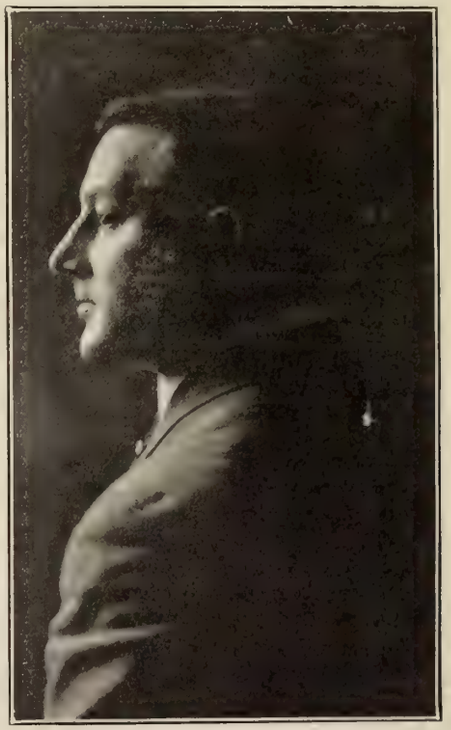
—The First Nighter.

The Opening Play at the Cort

The new Cort Theatre, at Ellis and Market streets, will open next Saturday night, September 2. The playhouse is as beautiful as any in the country, and is equipped with all the latest appliances and comforts. The interior is especially fine, the practical and the esthetic having been excellently combined. Homer F. Curran, a former Stanford man, is to be resident manager. Curran was a member of the class of '07 and distinguished himself by writing the music for the junior opera, "Princess Enone." His theatrical activities have been largely with the enterprises of his uncle, Peter McCourt of Denver. Last season he had charge of Klaw and Erlanger's theatre at Atlanta. He is a Sigma Nu and very popular on the Coast. The Cort announces as its opening attraction "Baby Mine," the Margaret Mayo comedy which is being brought here direct from the East by special arrangement with Wm. A. Brady. It had a run of one year in New York and is now in its second year in London. Ernest Glendenning who was formerly a popular member of the Alcazar company is in the cast. Glendenning made an enviable record East and will get a cordial welcome from his old admirers here. Matinees are to be given Wednesdays and Saturdays, with a special matinee Labor Day, Monday, September 4. The seat sale opens Wednesday, August 30.

Carle in "Jumping Jupiter"

Richard Carle will be seen in "Jumping Jupiter" at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, August 28. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Reports have it that "Jumping Jupiter" will rank in its laugh values with the former mediums of this comedian and that his supporting company surpasses all his former companies. Mr. Carle elaborated "Jumping Jupiter" from a well known farce by Sidney Rosenfeld. His skill in fitting himself with suitable parts is well known. He has also provided his associates with numerous opportunities to shine at their best. The company is headed by Edna Wallace Hopper and includes



WALTER JONES

The clever comedian who will be seen in Margaret Mayo's brilliant comedy, "Baby Mine," which opens the new Cort Theatre, Saturday night, September 2.

Charles Edward Wright, George S. Trimble, J. S. Kinslow, Harry H. Meyer, William Dynn, Isabelle Winloche, Albertine Benson and numerous other very prominent players. Karl Hoschna, composer of "Madame Sherry," has fitted "Jumping Jupiter" with an equipment of musical numbers.

"Jim the Penman" at the Savoy

Max Dill and his clever company will make their farewell appearances in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday afternoon "Jim the Penman" will be produced for one week only. This should prove a notable offering, coming as

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it does with the tri-star combination of Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen and Theodore Roberts, playing their New York parts. The three stars will be accorded adequate support and the scenic production has been built with care and detail that will assure an accurate and life-like setting to the London scenes from which Sir Charles Young secured the text for this now world-famous crime drama. Ferris Hartman, Walter De Leon, Miss "Muggins" Davies and a splendid company will follow "Jim the Penman" at the Savoy in De Leon's musical comedy of college life, "The Campus."

Nance O'Neil in "The Fires"

"The Fires of St. John" to which Nance O'Neil's second week at the Alcazar will be devoted, is regarded by many critics as the play best qualified to acquaint the general public with Sudermann's genius. Miss O'Neil's version was translated from the German by Charles Swickard and first presented by her seven years ago in Boston. Since then she has played in it throughout the United States, and invariably with success. Miss O'Neil has a role that affords ample scope for display of her best acting qualities. Throughout the four acts the emotional conflict within her is graphically revealed. In the cast with the star are Clifford Bruce and the best talent of the Alcazar company.

The Promise of the Orpheum

Madame Besson, the Anglo-Parisian portrayer of "Zaza," "Camille," etc., and her English company, will head the Orpheum bill next week. She will appear in "The Woman Who Knew," the last and the best of the playlets of the late Victor H. Smalley. Her principal support will be Charles Bodsworth who was with Irving. Cadets de Gascogne, a French Quartette, will be a feature of the new bill. Their repertoire is large and varied. Rosa Crouch and George Welch, known as "That Lively Pair," will entertain with singing, talking, acrobatics and dancing. Wynne Brothers, "The Sang Froid Athletes," also come next week. Next week concludes the engagements of Bob Pender's Giants; Carlton, "The Long Magician"; Karl Emmy and his pets and Jesse L. Lasky's "Pianophiend Minstrels."

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

Manager Greenbaum's Plans

Manager Will. L. Greenbaum, after a holiday of three months, is again at his desk preparing for what he claims will be the most brilliant musical season this city has yet known. After last year's events which included Scotti, De Gogorza, Gadski, Mischa Elman, Mary Garden, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Busoni, Bonci, the Imperial Russian Ballet and a dozen others, many predicted that Greenbaum had reached his high water mark and that the next season would show a decline. But the indefatigable impresario claims to have a stronger list for the coming season. His opening attraction will be Sousa and his band of sixty, the biggest and finest band that the March King has ever toured with. He will reach here October 1. In addition to the concerts in this city Sousa will appear at the Greek Theatre and at Stanford. On Sunday, October 8, we are to hear Pasquale Amato, the star baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House who sang the role of Jack Rance, the sheriff, in "The Girl of the Golden West" and whom Mischa Elman calls "the greatest male singer living." Assisting Amato will come Mme. Longari, soprano, and Signor Tanara, accompanist. The last named is one of the conductors at the Metropolitan. Toward the end of October a new pianist, Mr. Leonard Borwick, will appear for one concert only. Borwick is famous abroad and Greenbaum predicts that he will prove a surprise for our music lovers. The final attraction for October will be Emma Eames and her new husband Emilio De Gogorza in joint recitals. The combination is one of the strongest ever offered.

A Russian Ballet and French Opera

At about this time a season of Russian Ballet will be given, but Greenbaum is not yet quite sure which of the big companies will fill the bill. An announcement will be made within a few weeks. On Monday night, November 13, the Paris Grand Opera Company of which M. Pierre Grazi is managing director, will open under the Greenbaum management for a series of twelve weeks. This will be in every way a real grand opera company and will number over two hundred people. The chorus will be brought from Paris in its entirety and will number sixty; the ballet will number twenty-four, with three solo danseuses. Four casts of principals, three musical directors, two stage managers and a corps of assistants, besides three scenic artists, will complete the organization. All the productions will be built here. Greenbaum says that if the company is all that M. Grazi promises, it will visit us every year and with sufficient encouragement from our public will develop into the San Francisco Permanent Opera Company. This is the biggest undertaking that our local impresario has yet ventured upon. Other artists to be heard are Jan Kubelik, the violinist; Mme. Calve and her new husband Gaspari in costume scenes from their operatic successes; Mme. Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto; John McCormack, the Irish tenor who recently appeared with Tetrazzini at the Coronation opera festival; Alessandro Bonci, the greatest of the lyric tenors; Harold Bauer and Vladimir De Pachmann, two pianists of entirely different styles; Efrem Zimballist, the latest sensation among the younger violin virtuosi; the Flonzaley Quartette; and other attractions. There will also be an important symphony orchestra under a famous conductor.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Pronounced weakness again developed in the stock market last week. There was no apparent cause for the decline but the selling was insistent and was believed to be coming from the same sources that liquidated so heavily the week before. There was some show of strength in the middle of the week due to President Lovett of the Union Pacific announcing that the company was in excellent shape, that there was no dissension in the Board of Directors and that the present rate of dividend would be maintained. The impression is gaining ground that an important group of capitalists is getting off stocks as fast as the market will take them without demoralization in anticipation of political disturbances and consequent business depressions during the next year. Whether or not this theory is correct it is about the only reasonable explanation of the continued weakness in the stock market.

Wheat—The rush of grain from first hands immediately following the harvest in the southwest is a good illustration of the nervous anxiety of the producer regarding the immediate effect of reciprocity. No political move of late years has so unsettled the agricultural community. The farmer is emphasizing his opinion, not in words, for they have long ago proved ineffective, but in his aggressive market activity. Reciprocity is alone responsible for the most serious grain congestion in the history of the trade. This we think has had its immediate effect on values, and it remains to be seen how long it will be effective. It is true that no decline of especial importance has been shown in the quotations for a long time, and we think this is suggestive of a healthy condition. Any improvement in the cash or export demand might result in materially higher prices. It is natural that after so much opposition prices should hesitate around the bottom, as they always do, and for that matter, around the top as well. The trade is trying to properly digest the conflicting crop news which is being distributed from day to day. There is not a particle of doubt as to their conclusions, when the facts are known.

Corn—In this market is heard as much variety of opinion as in wheat. It is not difficult to find the advocate of 75 cent corn nor impossible to run into the 50 cent opinion on the same option. The former believes that the damage has been irrevocably done. The latter argues that the setbacks of July were more than made good by timely rains and the fine climatic conditions since. This difference of opinion is what makes possible the most attractive speculation situation in the world, and we think purchases on breaks and sales on rallies for short turns desirable.

Cotton—Developments of the week were many and generally of an unfavorable character. The unfavorable outlook for all staple crops except cotton was a depressing feature in the stock market, as was the labor situation in England. As a result values for raw, future contracts and securities show further losses for the week. The strike situation in London is all but settled, but the situation in Liverpool is said to have become more serious, and in consequence spot cotton in the Liverpool market has been neglected, daily sales having been very small. The shortage of coal has necessitated closing down a number of factories and added greatly to the number of idle men. Crop reports are conflicting but have generally been unfavorable. Too much rain is falling in the eastern belt and the weather is too dry and hot in the western belt. A few showers fell in Texas the past week, enough to do much good. Insect damage reports are coming in more freely and some of the crop experts were cutting down their condition reports from last month as much as 15 per cent in Texas alone. Receipts of cotton, however, are running three times as large as last year and picking is general. Spinners show no disposition to enter the market even after such a severe decline and curtailment as is still in order in New England states. Export business is out of the question until the strike is settled. In the meantime the market is quiet within a narrow range.

Her View of It

Paintings were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners" her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment.

"What a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed. "And how natural it looks! But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title. "Oh yes, I see—gleaning millet! How perfectly fascinating!"

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,434; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE BOUWMAN, Deceased.

Maria V. Dunn, administratrix of the estate of Rose Bouwman, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrix should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix for the sale of such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: August 23, 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

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A Beneficent Ghost

(Continued from Page 8.)

turbulent emotions. I may live four, six or even eight hours longer, but I shall be prepared, even eager, for the cup, when this letter is finished.

Bianca, in our numerous conversations, I have often pained you by my show of more than paternal affection. Isn't that true? And even at this most solemn moment I try in vain to banish the sweet memories. Do not be harsh in your judgment, but rather blame the romanticism left in my weak nature. Forgive me, and let us smile together, for the last time.

I have but one other favor to ask, and I beg you not to deny me that. It has given me great bitterness to think that I proved such a wretched advisor in your family affairs. Bianca, for your sake, for the sake of those who are dear to you, and finally, for mine, listen to me! I know that in your heart of hearts you love your husband. Leave Monte San Dona! Only the other day he came to me with tear-stained eyes, and talked of you for a long time. In a sad voice he told me of the many letters he had written, and how you refused to consider any proposals unless he first consented to separate from his family. Be merciful and do not drive this poor broken-hearted boy to despair, Bianca.

And now, if you recall our conversations on the invisible world and strange phenomena, you will not be surprised to read that I intend to reveal myself to you in some perceptible form after death. On the very evening on which you receive this letter, you must be alone in your music-room, between ten and ten-thirty. Open the door leading into the garden just wide enough to permit the passage of a man. Then play on your piano the introduction of "L'Ultimo Pensiero." You can do no more. God willing, I shall reveal myself to you in some visible form. Consent to my plan, even if you consider it the last sentimental wish of a dying poet.

I have before me a small painting of Da Vinci which resembles you admirably. The eyes are a trifle smaller, the hair of a darker hue, but the expression of the features is the same, all in all. I see you as if you were in flesh and blood. I lay aside my pen and gaze upon you. Farewell, farewell.

—Ermes Torranza.

"Yes—yes—yes!" sobbed Bianca passionately. "Everything!" Between the words of a prayer for her dead friend, she resolved to fulfill his every desire. Gradually she became calm, her thoughts returned to their ordinary channel and, unconsciously, she sank into a state of mental numbness. After moments of inactivity she glanced at the sputtering light, seemed to awake, blew out the light and walked to the open window. The ocean, white in the soft moonlight, seemed entirely to surround Monte San Dona. It reminded her of a story that Ermes had told her of Charles XI of Sweden. He had heard of the queen's death in a gloomy room of his island castle. Striding to the window and throwing open the blinds, the king begged sea and heavens and winds to restore his wife.

Thus Bianca gazed on sea and sky, and about the room, in the hope of seeing Torranza. The striking of the clock startled her, and to avoid a cold dread that was coming over her, she went to the dining-room.

"Are you really coming down? sneered Signor Beneto from the foot of the stairs.

Receiving no reply, he added, in very sarcastic tones: "You might have gone to bed without saying good night, you know. I hear spiritualists do that!"

Bianca paid no attention to his remarks. She dropped into a settee in the corner, and her mother took her position at the card table for the usual game.

"My Emilio is weak," thought she, "and cannot protect me, but how much gentler and more considerate than father! His relatives are at fault. He even cried to Torranza; poor Emilio, I love him still!"

According to his custom, Signor Beneto retired at eight-thirty. Signora Giovanna, who had not dared to soothe her daughter till then, now used every means to get her to take a bit of food.

"That letter?" she hinted, "was it from your husband?"

"No."

"Bad news?"

"No, mother."

"Why was it urgent, then?" hesitatingly.

Bianca rose and embraced her, stammering, "Mother, what if I left you? Suppose I returned to Emilio?"

"Heavens! What can I say? I certainly can't say no."

"Perhaps I shall go, mother."

Tears sprang into her mother's eyes. "Yes, dearest; your father has been too exacting of late."

"It is my love for Emilio, and not papa's treatment, that makes me go, mother."

After an hour's vain expectancy in regard to the mysterious letter, the signora ended their silence by taking up her lamp and retiring. Bianca went to the music-room. She lit the candle on the piano and opened the door. As she placed a sheet of music on the piano rack, she glanced at the clock. Heavens! It was five minutes after! Her hand darted to her breast and brought out Torranza's photograph. Only for an instant she gazed at it; then replaced it. What was moving behind her? Nothing but a sheet of music falling from the cabinet. Her nerves were failing. Something must be done to fill those unending minutes.

She opened Torranza's piece and read it, note

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by note. The clock announced the time appointed. She hastened to the piano and nervously began playing the introduction, as swiftly as her hands would move, lest her attention wander to fearful channels. Finally she stopped.

Silence for a moment—tense silence.

Bianca raised her head a little. Two muffled taps clicked near her. She forced herself to strength, and sprang up.

Two more taps, a little louder, this time. A swishing noise; then a shadow crossed the door. Bianca stared. It was a human form.

She screamed: "Emilio!"

It was her husband.

He came toward her with uncertain step. The old-time passion still gleamed in his eyes. Gradually, irresolutely he stretched his arms to her, but she stood as one of stone.

"I am glad you expected me," he said slowly.

So Torranza had arranged this! She burst out, "Yes!" and embraced him with such feeling that the poor boy was bewildered by her passion. She felt nothing, heard nothing, till the solvents of tear and prayer and caress left her smiling.

"Listen," said she, becoming very serious. "Now we must explain everything."

Her husband looked surprised. "But you already know—"

"Yes, I know, but I want to hear it from you. There! Now tell me."

They paced the room with their arms about each other. He was eager to end the explanation, but she insisted. Torranza had written him to come; no, he hadn't the letter with him, but they could see it in Padua. What time did he receive it? Why, that morning. He was to come to Monte San Dona, and if there appeared a light in the music-room and a piano sounded, between ten and ten-thirty, he was to enter, for Bianca would be waiting for him.

"Listen!" she said, raising her head from his breast.

From afar came the strains of Ermes Torranza's introduction to "L'Ultimo Pensiero"! She followed the sound; seemed responsive to every note. As the melody slowly died away, she sighed heavily.

What's the matter?" asked Emilio. "Why do you sigh?"

Bianca again pressed her head on his breast.

"Nothing," she whispered.

What Gringo Means

Somebody with a fondness for romancing has said that the epithet gringo, applied contemptuously to Americans by the Mexicans, owes its origin to a song which the Mexicans heard from the American soldiers during the Mexican war; but this is manifestly incorrect, for the word was used in Mexico as far back as the reign of Carlos III, towards the end of the eighteenth century. When his Catholic Majesty determined to expel the Jesuits from his dominions, he was somewhat uneasy about what the regular troops, then in New Spain, might do on receipt of the royal order; he therefore took the precaution to send over some troops from the Low Countries, in whom he put more trust. These troops, as Alegre tells us in his "History of New Spain," were called "gringos," probably on account of their slight knowledge of Spanish. This opinion is borne out by a writer in La Revista Catolica of Santiago, Chili, who has been studying the local peculiarities of Spanish words and phrases. He tells us that the word gringo has long been used in Spanish as a synonym of griego, or Greek. To speak in gringo, therefore, was to speak Greek, that is, to speak a language that could not be understood. He adds that the word is used in Catalonian in the same sense, and that in the Valencian dialect, gringo means any language which is not understood, or is hard to understand. The word, therefore, is not a corruption of "green grow," as has been asserted, nor is it confined to the New World.

The Retort Astronomical

"In one of my beautiful productions they were two very beautiful ladies," said the actor-manager meditatively, apropos of nothing; "very beautiful, but the leading actress was thin. She quarrelled one day at rehearsal with the other dear creature. There was a scene—there always is, you know, on these occasions—and she sought to end it suddenly. 'Remember,' she said, 'that I am the star.' 'Yes,' said the other dear creature, as she eyed her long, slender figure, 'but you'd look so much better, dear, if you were a little meteor.'"

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August 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

† To destinations marked † tickets will also be sold on October 12, 13, and 14.

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Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
Minneapolis	73.50
Duluth	79.50
Chicago	72.50
St. Louis	70.00
Houston	60.00
Dallas	60.00
Memphis	70.00
New Orleans	70.00
Washington	107.50
Baltimore	107.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Boston	110.50
New York	108.50
Toronto	95.70
Montreal	108.50
Quebec	116.50
Portland, Me.	113.50

SOME DATES

August 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CASSIE WHELAN WILBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Charles W. Slack, No. 1101 Alaska Commercial Building, situated at the Northeasterly corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased.

JOHN H. SPECK,
As Administrator of the Estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 17, 1911.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

Auto Notes

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of advices from the Chalmers factory, to the effect that the Chalmers dealer in Milwaukee recently closed one of the biggest sales of Chalmers cars on record, having sold twenty of the Chalmers "30" roadsters to one company, the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co. In dollars and cents, this represents a sale of over $30,000. The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Company bought these cars for the use of their inspectors, engineers, and other important employees. The company is building a garage 100 feet square, four stories high, for the housing and care of its battery of "30" torpedoes. The story of how this company came to place this big order for Chalmers cars is interesting. When they decided to buy this many automobiles, they went out and bought two 1909 Chalmers cars, one a "40" and one a "30". They tested these cars in every possible way. They tore them down and examined all the parts to see how much wear the important parts had suffered during the last three years and what sort of shape the entire mechanism of the cars was in. They said they didn't want to test new cars—that most anybody's new cars seemed all right in a test or demonstration—but that they wanted to test and examine some old cars. Their careful scrutiny of the 1909 Chalmers evidently satisfied them of Chalmers quality and durability, because they placed the order for the twenty cars.

The Pacific Motor Car Co. sold to Mr. John Nolan of San Leandro a Mais Truck. This gear-driven truck was put to the most severe demonstration possible and Mr. Nolan selected it as the truck best adapted to his purpose.

Mr. Cliff E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Company of New York says that the estimated 300,000 automobile owners in the United States have driven during the past season 1,559,775,000 miles. This is a surprising mileage but ordinary care of the machine, and the tires particularly, will assist any owner to furnish more than his average of this total figure.

The Lozier Motor Co., in writing to its local agent, The Pioneer Automobile Co., state that Mr. E. K. Barnes of Rockford, Ill., is "another man who knows." He is a designer and builder of aeroplanes "that fly," which indicates his knowledge of machinery and mechanics. He has owned seventeen different kinds of automobiles, and about a year ago purchased a Lozier Briarcliff which he says is the best automobile he has ever owned.

In April orders for an even five hundred cars were received at the Packard factory, which is the largest month's business in the history of the company

Mr. Geo. H. Hyde, a capitalist and mining man of Mina, Nevada, is about to revisit his old home in Ridgeway, Pennsylvania, and will drive his Stevens-Duryea across the continent.

Miss Hilda Clough, after visiting Del Monte, motored up to San Francisco in her Stevens-Duryea.

The rubber trade has grown to such proportions that central supply houses are entirely inadequate to meet the demands of commerce. Announcement has just been made that the Republic Rubber Co. of Youngstown, Ohio, has commenced the erection of a Pacific Coast branch at the corner of Golden Gate and Hyde streets It will be a two story and basement structure 70x157 feet and will be ready for occupancy about September 1 and will be in charge of M. E. Murray, the general western manager. Republic Staggard Tread Tires are very popular in the West because they stand up under the gruelling service to which a tire is put here.

Mr. B. F. Blinn of Los Angeles, accompanied by a party of friends, drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco in his Stevens-Duryea car, visiting all points of interest along the road. They did considerable hunting and fishing along the way and enjoyed the trip very much. From San Francisco Mr. Blinn will drive to Lake Tahoe.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,991; Dept. No. 4.

ALFRED L. PARKHURST, Plaintiff, vs. VIRGINIA A. PARKHURST, LINNIE B. HART and DELL HART, Her Husband, JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE and MARY STYLES, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Virginia A. Parkhurst, Linnie B. Hart and Dell Hart, her husband, John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Styles, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Bank of San Jose Bldg., San Jose, Cal. 8-5-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE SAADALLAH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elias Saadallah, Administrator of the estate of George Saadallah, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John V. Filippini, his attorney, Suite 1004 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Saadallah, deceased.

ELIAS SAADALLAH,
Administrator of the Estate of George Saadallah, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

JOHN V. FILIPPINI, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. F. BRUNBROOK, Deceased—No. 10,901; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, her attorney, Room 1404 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased.

ELIZABETH C. BRUNBROOK,
Executrix of the Estate of A. F. Brunbrook, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., 625 Market St., San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI MALATESTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Andrea Malatesta, Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased.

ANDREA MALATESTA,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Malatesta, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 5, 1911.

T. J. CROWLEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 8-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 36,232; Dept. No. 4.

B. F. DURPHY, Plaintiff, vs. HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK, a Corporation, BAYSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, a Corporation, E. W. CAMPBELL, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Humboldt County Bank, a Corporation, Bayside Lumber Company, a Corporation, E. W. Campbell, Defendants.

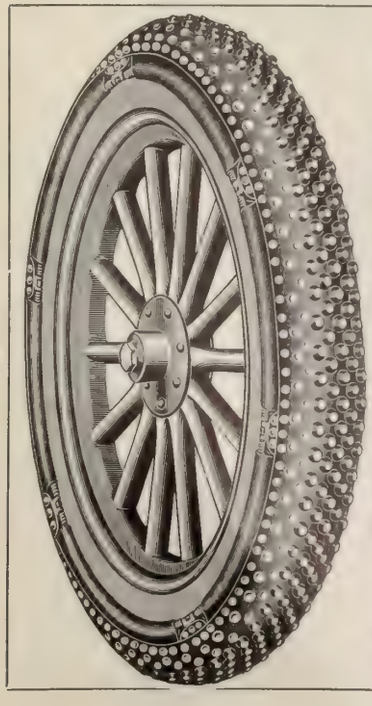
You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attys. for Plaintiff. 6-24-10



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Letters

In Memory of Louise Alcott

There is a movement on foot to purchase and maintain as a permanent memorial the "Orchard House" in Concord where Miss Louise Alcott wrote "Little Women" and some of her other stories, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, the house that the Alcott family occupied at that time, for if memory serves, Louise found little leisure from the duties and responsibilities of housekeeping when she was at home. She was the only member of the household who did not make some excuse to dodge work, and when her literary demands became imperative she was obliged to rent a room elsewhere in order to secure leisure and privacy to earn the money on which she and the rest were to live. The house is said to be in a desolate condition, long unoccupied and tumbling down for lack of repairs. House and land may be secured and put in order for about eight thousand dollars, and it is assumed that the generations who have enjoyed the books will be glad to contribute in small or large amounts, toward the object. Most readers know of the Alcott family only through idealized pictures scattered through the pages of the stories, but in reality the life was not nearly so picturesque. Louise Alcott was judicious enough to destroy papers and letters, and her journals were carefully edited, yet one may read enough between the lines to more than suspect the desperate effort which she made to turn a cheerful face to the world and pretend that everything was lovely. Rebecca Harding Davis was one of the very few who dared to glimpse the truth and to say that A. B. Alcott would have been better employed in making use of his small skill at carpentry in earning wages to contribute towards the support of his family than in wandering about giving platitudinous "talks." Henry D. Thoreau once helped him to build a summer house—was it the famous Emersonian "studio" that was completed and then found to be doorless? Thoreau does not leave an impression of having been particularly energetic himself, yet he described the experiecne as like "being nowhere doing nothing," and Julian Hawthorne more than hints that the high priest of fads was just an old bore. To quote a homely metaphor Louise Alcott was the "willing horse," and it was not until after she had married or buried all the rest that she could take time for herself, and then she was too tired, too near her own death to enjoy her deferred pleasures. The best memorial, the one which would be most pleasing to her, is the continued popularity of her stories for girls.

Book Notes

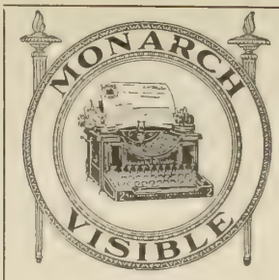
It is reported that we are to have a new novel by J. M. Barrie this fall and it is to be hoped that there is more foundation to the rumor than proved to be the case with the will o' the wisp announcement of another Hardy romance. A novel is assunmed in advance to be a love story, whatever else there may be in addition to the sentimentality, but according to Mr. Barrie's own account, going out to fight a duel would be a light-hearted and joyous enterprise beside the penning of a love scene. This is his own description of the ordeal: "They tell me—the Sassenach tell me—that in time I shall be able to make Albert say 'darling,' and even gather her up in his arms, but I begin to doubt it; the moment sees me as shy as ever; I still find it advisable to lock the door, and then—no witnesses save the dog— I 'do' it hourly with my teeth clenched, while the dog retreats into the far corner and moans. The bolder Englishman (I am old) will write a love chapter, and then go out, quite coolly, to dinner, but such goings-on are contrary to the Scotch nature. Even the great novelists dared not. Conceive Mr. Stevenson left alone with a hero, a heroine, and a proposal impending (he does not know where to look). Sir Walter, in the same circumstances, gets out of the room by making the love scenes take place between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next, but he could afford to do anything."

The California Reprint is the title of a new publication which would seem to fill an empty niche. As the name indicates, its contents are to be of reprinted matter, rare, curious or interesting, pertaining to California. Readers are invited to contribute from their stores or to communicate with the editor if there is anything they are especially desirous to see reproduced. The first number contains some of the less well known work of Bret Harte, who by the way was the originator of that classic, "When the water came up to Montgomery street." The Reprint is edited by Thomas C. Russell, 1734 Nineteenth avenue.

Among the new books promised for autumn publication is "South Sea Stories" by Jack London, but it is safe to predict that when the volume makes its appearance it will be under no such commonplace title, for, whatever difference of opinion there may be regarding the author's literary ability, it is universally conceded that he can select or invent titles, whether for individual stories or for books, and a taking title is half the battle in attracting attention. There is no other writer, save Rudyard Kipling, who shows a tithe of London's ingenuity in this respect, and when the crop that was harvested during the voyage of the Snark comes to market it will be under a designation which will not be easily confused with a score of others. Thus far, out of a list of twenty-four titles, "Martin Eden" and "Adventure" are the only ones approximating the commonplace.

Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid Society)—Now, what can we do for the poor boys at the front?

Mrs. Gillis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?



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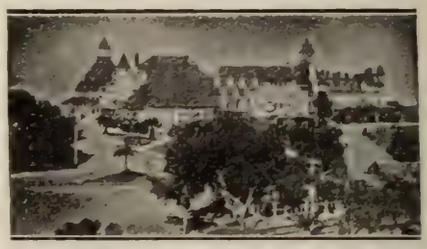

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THO'S H SHEDDEN, Manager

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, September 2, 1911 | No. 993

MARJORIE CORTLAND

The charming actress who appears as Zooie in "Baby Mine," which will inaugurate the brilliant season at the new Cort Theatre tonight.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.
Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.
The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.
For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.
New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.
Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

Politics and Business

Apparently the feeling is widespread that what San Francisco needs above all things is a change in the administration of its affairs. This feeling is due chiefly to consciousness of the fact that class government has done and is doing a great deal of harm. Aside from the incompetency and extravagance of the Administration, it is undesirable by reason of the economic conditions for which it is responsible. San Francisco is today suffering from a dearth of capital. No money is seeking investment in this city. A halt has been called on industrial enterprise. There is stagnation in all the channels of trade. But all the factors that make for prosperity abound in the State, and all eyes are turned to the metropolis, for there is much curiosity among our neighbors as to what we are going to do with the opportunity that is at hand. It is important that we should take Opportunity by the forelock, as we may do at the primary election. To wait till November is merely to prolong the agony.

The Railroads and the Open Shop

There is but one principle involved in the issue between the Southern Pacific Company and its employees, and that is the principle of the open shop. This is the paramount principle of the hour in industrial affairs. The question of union recognition counts for more than all other questions affecting the relations between employers and employees. And in no business does it count for so much as in that of the transportation companies, for that is a business which cannot be impaired without injury to all the people. As Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt has said the railroads have a tremendous public duty to discharge and as quasi-public servants they must not permit their business to be dominated by selfish, private interests. If the railroads were to be conducted on the principle of the closed shop the result would be disastrous. According to the conception of union labor the function of railroads is to pay wages at such rates as the unions shall fix, and to unionists alone. This was the conception of the English unionists who sought to starve the country into compliance with such conditions as they prescribed. And to carry out their purpose they were resolved to wreck trains and prevent non-unionists by force from earning a living. This is the ultimate argument of union labor. In the philosophy of the unions the end to be attained will justify any means that may be adopted. Yet there are many intelligent men who hold that to deny recognition to the unions is to be out of sympathy with men who are trying to better their condition in life. In so human an effort every man is in sympathy with his brother, but the welfare of society at large is a consideration that we ought not to ignore, nor should we forget the great majority of workers who are trying to better their condition and who are clubbed and maimed when they take the place of men who refuse to work. These men who belong to no union and who risk their lives to earn a living are certainly more necessitous members of society than the average representative of organized labor. To stand for the principle of the open shop is not to impede the legitimate efforts of any man to better his condition. It is but to say to every employer that it is his privilege to purchase labor in the open market; and to every American worker that he shall not be excluded from employment for maintaining his independence.

Agreements Not Binding

In view of the demands of the Federation of Shopmen for recognition it is interesting to note that during the recent industrial disturbances in Great Britain union men paid no attention to the terms of their contracts with their employers. Even the municipally employed tramway operatives of Glasgow had as little respect for their agreement as the dock strikers of Liverpool. In this connection it is also interesting to learn that the Industrial Workers of the World no longer recognize any agreement as binding on its members. This we learn from one of the apostles of the cult, William E. Trautmann, who says in his pamphlet on "Industrial Unionism" that when a worker agrees to the terms of a contract made by his employer he "does so under duress, and is neither legally nor morally bound to respect such an agreement." Trautmann advises unionists that they may "sign any pledge and renounce even their organization if necessary, at times when they are not well prepared to give battle, or when market conditions render it advisable to lay low; but they may do just the reverse of what they had agreed to under duress when occasion arises to gain advantage for the workers." So we see that the principles of unionism are being adjusted to the exigencies of the case as it may arise. Agreements have been frequently broken by unions in this country, but our union leaders have yet to admit that they do not regard any agreement as binding. Despite the breaking of agreements the union idea has not become apparent in all its native ugliness. But we have had sufficient experience to know that union labor will not scruple at paralyzing the industries of the country.

A Gentleman Declines

William De Witt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, is described by a contemporary as an "odd sort of citizen" because he refused to accept a seat in the United States Senate which was offered to him by the Governor of Maine. It is not at all odd that an American gentleman and scholar should prefer to remain in private life than to become a servant of the American people in this day and generation. Nowadays it requires a great deal of courage for a self-respecting person to enter public office. He cannot enter with the assurance that he is privileged to exercise his judgment and perform his duties according to the dictates of his conscience. The current conception of a representative form of government is that the representatives of the people ought to act at all times in deference to the whim of the multitude. Men are elected to office not because of their superior ability or because they are versed in the science of government but because of their willingness to lick the feet of the fickle miscellaneous rabble. It is men thus disposed to abase themselves that the people desire for representatives, as is evident from the fact that there is so much clamor for the recall, a contrivance designed to render assurance of servility doubly sure. In the circumstances why should any man so happily situated as the president of a college wish to become a Senator of the United States? In these days of progressive politics the people are getting the kind of servants they deserve, and it is not at all odd that among them are to be found very few scholars and gentlemen. The prevailing type of American statesman is a combination of blithering idiot and bloviating blatherskite.

The Next Continental War

The propagandists of perpetual peace may find food for reflection in the news that German statesmen are eager to precipitate a continental war to the end that the minds of the people be diverted from Socialism. A war for such a purpose has never been dreamt of in the philosophy of the peace propagandists. They regard war as nothing else but a scourge, and they abominate it as unchristian. As we observed recently in discussing the peace sentiments of a distinguished apostle of arbitration, occurrences universally regarded as inexplicable calamities serve beneficent purposes. This is true, as Sir John Herschel has said, of earthquakes and volcanoes. Why not of war? War may serve some purpose more important than the immediate one of the nations that happen to be engaged therein. Perhaps the truth is to be found in the Bible which teaches that man is but the instrument of a higher power in the waging of war. Wars have not always been fought from motives of conquest and glory. He is but a superficial reader of history who does not perceive that war has often served a salutary purpose in the affairs of mankind. So perhaps it is not as strange as it may seem that social and political conditions in Germany should suggest the expediency of war. It is a universally accepted maxim that to save the State it is necessary to destroy the citizen. "When a world not yet doomed for death," said Carlyle, "is rushing down to ever deeper baseness and confusion it is dire necessity of nature to

bring in her Aristocracies, her Best, even by forcible methods." Perhaps even now nature may be preparing to usher in a new era in Europe, where the necessity is felt of stemming the impetuous current of Democracy. The affairs of Europe are in a sad tangle. Wherever the principles of the civilization that was ushered in with the Reformation are recognized and applied there is confusion, distress, distrust and dissatisfaction. Socialism, the by-product of Democracy, is like a cancer eating at the vitals of every Christian nation. The passion for equality has brought about conditions that were predicted more than a century ago by philosophers who foresaw the utter demoralization of a society in which there was no submission to traditional and natural inequalities, no respect, no mutual amenity. What the statesmen of Germany perceive today is the importance of the principle essential to society, the principle of subordination, and there is no better way of inculcating that principle than through military discipline. And so whatever may be the pretext of the next war that shall deluge Europe with blood the probability is that the real cause will be that which is foreshadowed by current discussion in Germany. That war is not to be arbitrated at the Hague.

The Humorous Mr. Hearst

In these days of incessant mob-coddling, vibrant with the raucous voice of the demagogue as he marches up and down the land patting the people on the back and assuring them of their omniscience, it is as refreshing as an oasis in the desert, it is inexpressibly comforting, to find one eminent publicist whose faith in the gullibility of the common herd is not to be shaken, and who has the moral courage to stick to his self-appointed task of demonstrating that you can fool all of the people all the time. Whatever else may be said of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst it cannot be urged against him that he takes the dear people seriously. Judge him not by his utterances but by his performances, for these are more significant than words. It is because we judge men by their utterances that we misunderstand them. And it is because Mr. Hearst's utterances are so copious that he is one of the most misunderstood of men. He talks a great deal about the wisdom of the people and their ability to govern themselves along the lines of the simple democracy; but he is not in earnest; he is mocking the mob, playing the mountebank in politics as Shaw plays it in the field of morals, and with the very kindliest of motives. It is his purpose to teach the people that it is easy to humbug them. And to inculcate this lesson he must first render the people susceptible to his blandishments and remove all the safeguards that protect them from deception. Politics to Mr. Hearst is a pastime. Just as some men find diversion in hunting wild beasts in Africa, Mr. Hearst derives pleasure from gudgeoning the human biped in America. And the sport to him is most exhilarating at those psychological moments when he indulges in the most extravagant buncombe, as for example the other day when, to startle the groundlings, he hurled his sheet-metal thunders from Paris at the head of President Taft. Could anything be more exquisitely comic than the Jovian pose of him on that occasion? "Two years ago," he began, "I declared vigorously in defense of Mr. Taft, but now—"etc., etc. Here was Mr. Hearst, his sleeve rippling with laughter, deliberately playing the part of Bombastes Furioso, pretending to be wildly indignant at the President for vetoing the Farmers' free list and the woolen schedule bills. Of course Mr. Hearst knows that those bills were contrived for politics only. Of course he knows that a tariff board has been created for the purpose of facilitating a scientific adjustment of rates, and that it is better to delay tariff revision for ninety days than blindly to enact laws which may seriously injure the business of the country. But Mr. Hearst, convinced of the ignorance of the multitude, is confident that political capital can be made out of the President's veto. Hence his serio-comic message from Paris hailed by his own newspapers as the opening blunderbuss of the Presidential campaign. Was there anything subtle about this performance, anything to indicate that Mr. Hearst entertained the slightest respect for the intelligence of the people whom he has been advising to govern themselves through the medium of the initiative, referendum and recall? On the contrary it was as implausible as clap-trap melodrama the machinery of which creaks at every turn of the plot. Along with the message was the intimation that of all the Democrats in the field for President Champ Clark is the only one that embodies Mr. Hearst's ideals. In this there is something approximating subtlety, for everybody doesn't know that the Hon. Beauchamp is impossible. There is no piece of political strategy so old as that of being against every candidate but the one who hasn't a chance. If Mr. Hearst can narrow the race down to himself and the man from Missouri the logical candidate of the party will be the gentleman who sent the tremendous message from Paris. And perhaps this is as it should be. If the American people really want all the reforms that are now being agitated there is no man with a stronger claim on their confidence than our greatest comic genius, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, whose darling mission in life is to prove the absurdity of the aphorism that you cannot fool all the people all the time.

Perspective Impressions

If you've lost an acquaintance look him up among the candidates for supervisor.

The hopes of the progressives, like Mary Garden's costumes, are growing smaller and smaller.

If, as we have just been told, man is polygamous while woman is monogamous by nature, it is evident that in the clash of natures man wins.

Mary Garden says she is going to astonish us next year, so little of her person will she leave to our imagination. Doubtless Mary realizes that her vocal art is in need of reinforcement.

Senator Works is "conscientiously" opposed to the recall of judges, but will "give way in his prejudices" and vote for it. Just as we suspected. Works' conscience is nothing but a prejudice.

So large and legible is the handwriting on the wall of the Mayor's office that he may run that readeth it.

If Mrs. Upton Sinclair would follow her husband's example and write an autobiographical novel we'd probably get some details that we've missed so far.

It has been suggested that perhaps the Inspector of Garbage was appointed to ascertain whether the stuff that passes as garbage is genuine.

"I have the highest regard for the character of St. Francis," says the Rev. George E. Burlingame. Here's hoping St. Francis returns the compliment.

Perhaps Mayor McCarthy will be so gracious as to move to make it unanimous after the primary ballots are counted.

The Fresno Republican says that the anniversary of the primary election which made Hiram Johnson the Republican candidate for Governor "is the most important anniversary in the modern history of California." And so it will remain till we have an anniversary of his exit from the job.

President Reguin of the Federation of Shop Employees thus: "He (Kruttschnitt) says our demands would increase the payroll $7,000,000 a year. In all probability it would increase it more than that. But what of it? Who gets the money? Do the workmen get it?" And there you are.

The President of Ecuador resigned the other day at the request of the people, and immediately our Navy Department sent a warship to protect our interests in a country where such things could happen. The Navy Department should be censured for its manifest prejudice against the recall.

The Wig Block

By Leo Von Torn (From the German)

"Proschownik!"

The whispering and giggling behind the door ceased, hasty footsteps glided down the staircase as noiselessly as possible, and Josef Proschownik, Major von Uchtenhagen's servant, ran out into the corridor. The next moment he stood with burning red ears in the presence of his master, who scanned him suspiciously.

"Of course you were out there courting! That's a deucedly bad habit of yours—do you understand? The staircase forever filled with women from all the house! I don't like it, do you hear!"

Proschownik thought it best, in the circumstances, to make no reply. He gave his knuckles a twist that made them crack, by way of signifying: "I'm caught!" and, considering that little matter settled, stood awaiting orders.

But the major did not seem inclined to change the subject. He had thrown himself into the chair by the desk and glanced for a moment at a letter which lay before him. His nostrils twitched nervously and with his right hand he stroked the narrow tract left on his high forehead by the retreating hair.

"Which of the turkey hens have you on the string now?" he demanded.

Proschownik started and the deep red spread from his ears to the high Slav cheekbones and to his nose which at once assumed a glowing crimson. He had once frozen his very prominent organ of smell and since then it was susceptible to every change of mood. His fingers involuntarily quitted the seam prescribed by regulations, moved a little further back and scratched shyly at the leather of his riding trousers, but the elevated voice of his master brought him back to his military attitude.

"Well, who is it? Out with it! It's tax inspector's Minna, isn't it?"

"No, Herr Major."

"Who then?"

"I have two of them, Herr Major."

Herr von Uchtenhagen slapped his knee with his open hand and drew a deep breath, as if about to blow his Bohemian servant through the wall, but it made him cough and he turned aside a moment.

"Confound the fellow," growled he, in a queer, smothered voice. He soon recovered himself and went on.

"That so? Where does the girl live? —Where do the girls live?"

"If you please, Herr Major, Augusta works at the Councillor's——"

"And the other one?" asked the major, unable to repress a smile.

When Proschownik saw a waggish look on his master's warlike countenance he plucked up courage and announced quite gayly: "Jette, Herr Major, at the countesses' upstairs."

"The Scarfensteins' ladies' maid?"

"If you please, Herr Major."

"You're a great scamp, Proschownik, aren't you? But now give me a surprise by showing how clever you can be. We are going to have two visitors—two ladies. You'll have to put the guest chamber in order, but that isn't all. The devil only knows what all two ladies may want, so you must find out from Jette what the countesses have in their room. Do you understand?"

Josef Proschownik uttered, it is true, his customary "at your service," but his eyes and mouth gaped in bewildered astonishment. Ladies to visit the major, who had such an inconceivably strong prejudice against the entire sex? And then, what was he to find out from Jette? "What the countesses have in their room?" Unfortunately there was no further information as to the nature of his task. The major waved his hand and Proschownik was dismissed, a prey to a thousand unsolved riddles.

Herr von Uchtenhagen was in no happier mood than his servant. Though he had already read and reread for the tenth time a letter from his old friend and former regimental commander, Major General von Klinke, he could not regain control of his conflicting emotions. It was indeed a rather high-handed procedure of old Klinke's—to allow two women to descend on an old bachelor. And he was to accompany them to the Casino ball, as in the character of a watch-dog. To be sure, one of them, the youngest, was his god-daughter; but the other, the elder——!

"Himmelheiliges Donnerwetter again!"

Old Klinke had no idea what he was doing when he placed under the major's care his niece, Baroness von Halpert. Any woman but that! Old Klinke did not know that it was the baroness's fault that he had cursed his way through life as a bachelor, and not only that, but had also manifested a cynical dislike for all the rest of Eve's daughters.

The major went to the window, and in the uninteresting winter landscape saw once more a brief but delicious spring, now more than eighteen years ago. The major was then a young first lieutenant near his captaincy, with a heart as impressionable and full of fermentation as a batch of fresh dough. And what a world of raisins there were in it! The world was his to conquer and the very center of this world—the jewel for which Heinrich von Uchtenhagen had but to stretch out his hand—was Eva Halpert, the beautiful Titian-blond niece of the colonel. There was as yet no spoken understanding between them, but both knew that each was destined for the other.

But happiness makes us presumptuous. At a banquet one summer evening Baroness von Halpert and Lieutenant von Uchtenhagen met quite by chance on the garden terrace at the Casino —as so often happens. Leaning on the parapet they gazed silently out on the night. Baroness Eva was all poetry; her hair and delicate face were upturned to the moon, whose silvery beams were interwoven with red gold of her luxuriant hair. Heinrich's heart beat high, for he was a merry youngster, whose gay nature made him all too susceptible to poetic influences. Life was too fair to be spent in dreams, so the devil prompted him to break the sweet spring silence by some frivolous remark.

"Do you know, baroness," cried he, teasingly, "I cannot believe that all that wonderful hair is your own. Come, take it off, do—right now!"

The Major von Uchtenhagen of today could not for the life of him tell what had possessed Lieutenant Uchtenhagen to be guilty of such a want of tact, but he remembered it as if it had caused his downfall only yesterday. Indignation flashed from her brown eyes, which filled with tears; then she turned her back on him—and from that wretched hour never saw him again, much less exchanged a word with him.

At first he was on the brink of despair, almost of suicide. Then he was seized with anger and contempt. She could not have really cared for him when she had allowed a thoughtless word to extinguish her love. And how desperately vain she must be! This view of the subject struck him more forcibly and with the logic of an exasperated man he attributed to the entire sex the trait which in his opinion had caused the shipwreck of his love. Major von Uchtenhagen regarded all feminine creatures as turkey-hens —vain, common, coquettish turkey-hens—and Baroness Eva Halpert was one of these same turkey-hens.

The major turned from the window; but as he looked about his cheerless bachelor apartment, where that beast of a Proschownik was his only companion and amusement, year in and year out, he felt some misgivings. General von Klinke's letter had indeed opened the old wound, but he noticed that it was no longer so painful as it had once been. All of a sudden he began to feel an eager expectancy.

"I wonder if she is much changed? Of course she must be about forty. Donnerwetter! Think of that, forty!"

How did it happen that this much admired being had not married? It was absolutely incomprehensible! And that she should now so have forgotten her old grudge as to accompany her little chit of a cousin, spoke very well for her. That is—well, one never could tell—and——

Just then the major glanced at the mirror and noticed that he had red ears and a red tip to his nose, like Proschownik when he had caught him in some especially silly piece of business. He did not hesitate to apply to himself the same epithet which he had used in such cases to his servant: "You old donkey!"

At any rate, he would show the ladies when they arrived that he was not the clumsy lout Eva Halpert had probably considered him ever since that unlucky slip about the hair.

II

The major had returned from the station with his visitors a quarter of an hour ago, and was to go to the ball in two hours. The ladies had gone to their room to dress, with the aid of the major's deaf housekeeper and a maid whom he had engaged for these three days.

Josef Proschownik stared in open-mouthed amazement. He had been swept along from one surprise to another. The Herr Major talked continually; the Herr Major even laughed, and that with all his heart, not with his usual grim snort, that was more like a neigh than a laugh. When the Herr Major had met Jette and Proschownik on the stairs, he had pinched Jette's rosy cheek and laughingly called his Don Juan of a Bohemian a confounded rascal. The world must certainly be coming to an end. Slowly, half-dazed, like a sleep-walker, Proschownik brought his master his polished boots, for it was now time for the major to dress. This he did with a care which still further added to his servant's bewilderment; but when he went so far as to sprinkle cologne water on his handkerchief, Proschownik was so dumbfounded that he failed to hear his master's question. Not till his master had, after his custom, puffed an indignant blast in his direction did he recover his senses.

(Continued on Page 21.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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Poems About San Francisco

(Edward Pollock found inspiration in this city and its surroundings for some very beautiful poems. "Evening" is taken from a collection of "Poetry of the Pacific" compiled by May Wentworth and published in this city in 1867. This anthology which is out of date, contains a number of meritorious but little known pieces. It is interesting to note that the first two lines of "The Golden Gate," a poem by Mabel Porter Pitts to be found in her book "In the Shadow of the Crag," are almost the same as the first two lines of Pollock's "Evening." Miss Pitts' poem starts,

The sun sinks low and the hour grows late,
The clouds drift in through the Golden Gate.

Miss Pitts doubtless thought when she wrote that the lines were original with her. This unconscious plagiarism is not a rare thing.)

III—EVENING

By Edward Pollock

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate:
Phantom fleets, they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Saucelito swell
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatras:
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken:
Oh, how many a venture, we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea;
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving,
Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich, and chaste, and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
Return, as "remorse," and "a broken vow,"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day,
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

The Spectator

Jordan on the Job

From Secretary of State Jordan's mild arraignment of our distinguished Executive last week I infer that at Sacramento there are smouldering fires that may be fanned into a conflagration at any moment. Consequently I am on the tiptoe of expectancy, hopeful of better things to come. Jordan's initial effort was not at all satisfying. I fancy that he has more up his sleeve, for he is a pretty shrewd politician, familiar with all the dips, spurs and angles of the game, and the reformers have been playing the game with the bars down, being somewhat intoxicated with their power and feeling assured of the confidence of the dear general. The situation at Sacramento invites to reflection. With Jordan on the job, unbeholden to anybody, not on friendly terms with the Governor, and jealous of his own prerogative, the people may rest assured of a curiosity on his part touching the doings of others. Thus we perceive the advantage of keeping the ballot at its present length. Shorten the ballot and put all the power in the hands of one man, and you will render it unnecessary for the man to mind his p's and q's. The purest of reformers bears watching now and then, as we shall probably learn if that most practical of performers, the Hon. Frank Jordan, will take us into his confidence once in a while.

A Professor's Witticism

Three distinguished authors met at the Bohemian Club the other day and had a pleasant chat, the topic being "The Green Knight." What they said about it is not for publication—at least not for the present. Perhaps when Joe Redding writes the next Jinks' book he will follow the example of Mr. Porter Garnett and embody in an introduction his views of the work of his immediate predecessor. But meanwhile what the author of "Natoma" thinks about "The Green Knight" must be treasured as a secret. The same is true of what Charles K. Field, author of "The Man in the Forest" and of what H. Morse Stephens, author of "St. Patrick at Tara" think of "The Green Knight." But it will do no harm to classify that trio according to the dictum of Professor Stephens. "I see," said the Professor to Redding and Field "that Mr. Garnett pronounced opera the strumpet of art. That being the case we are the three strumpeteers."

Another "Green Knight" Story

And still they are telling stories about what happened in Bohemian Grove during the presentation of Mr. Garnett's green masterpiece. Here is one that a Bohemian vouches for. Professor Henry Morse Stephens and Xavier Martinez the artist were sitting together during the performance. Next to Stephens was a Bohemian who had drunk so much champagne at dinner that he couldn't resist the spell of sleep. He snored softly as the play went on. In the middle of the performance Professor Stephens turned to Martinez and commented: "This is somewhat reminiscent of Maeterlinck." The Bohemian woke up, looked at Stephens in an uncertain sort of way and said: "Bobolink? What bobolink?" Then he went to sleep again.

The Yelp of a Philosopher

When Upton Sinclair married the woman who is now the mother of his child and the mistress of a vagrant poet it was merely by way of concession to the conventional views of the members of their respective families. Nothing but contempt for the restraints of an effete morality had this great man, celebrated from Chicago to Podunk and back again as the author of something or other. According to Sinclair's profound philosophy it was for him to consult only his passions and his prejudices, therein to read the dictates of nature. No need of a seal for him to confirm his affections. Solemn vows he regards as varnished sin. He took unto himself a mate merely to gratify a feeling that was not of much consequence. He did not expect the union to survive the poetry of the first passionate illusion. A very matter-of-fact individual is this tremendous genius, not at all like mortals fashioned of ordinary clay, but far above the common herd in the matter of ideals. In time came the catastrophe. But, alas, it was the woman's il-

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

lusion that had been dissipated. It was she that grew weary of the union. Mrs. Sinclair longed for something more substantial than an ego, and, soused in her husband's philosophy, she went affinitizing. Thereupon our young literary genius who has no respect for the solemn ceremony of marriage bethought himself of the not less solemn ceremony of divorce. Why this inconsistency? If Upton Sinclair doesn't believe in marriage it is curious that he should bother himself about getting a divorce. Perhaps the explanation is that he sued for divorce to revenge himself on the woman who discovered that she didn't worship him. At any rate with all his philosophy he seems to have had no compunction in blackening the character of the mother of his child. Which shows that a man may be at once a philosopher and a cad.

Old Richfellow—If you refuse me what is left for me to do?

Miss Pertleigh—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him and then went out and hanged himself.

Commonwealth Reform

Under the present law by which appeals are taken in criminal cases no man need have his rights neglected from lack of funds wherewith to pay for the services of an attorney. As every appeal puts money in the purse of a stenographer it is to the interest of the stenographers to see that an appeal be taken in every case. Since this law went into effect, I am told, the position of stenographer in some courts has come to be worth about thirty thousand dollars a year. Yet this law was not drawn for the benefit of stenographers. It was drawn in the interest of justice at the instigation of the reformers of the Commonwealth Club. It is therefore worthy of attention and reflection as a specimen of the handiwork of men who have banded themselves together to set things right in a disjointed world. These men were actuated by excellent motives. They had learned that some of our trial judges were not giving persons accused of crime a square deal. They had in mind especially the case of Minnie Adams who was compelled to languish for years in jail because Judge Lawlor was too lazy to settle her bill of exceptions. They resolved to devise some remedy for this state of affairs, and so they had the law amended. But instead of devising some means of compelling judges to perform their duty they obviated the necessity of settling bills of exceptions. In other words they lightened the burdens of the lazy judges. They provided that the whole record in a case should be transcribed on appeal and sent up to the higher court. So it is no longer necessary for the attorneys to excerpt from the record such portions of the testimony as have a direct bearing on the points of law involved. And consequently the trial judge has nothing to do but sign the transcript of testimony, which, of course, always contains a mass of testimony that throws not a ray of light on the questions at issue. Now the effect of this cumbersome method is to waste the money of the taxpayers and to congest the business of the courts of appeal. This Commonwealth Club law is probably the worst piece of legislation that was ever enacted in the State of California.

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Finance and Politics

It requires no very profound insight into the mysteries and imponderabilities of finance to perceive that Alden Anderson has completely turned the tables on Bank Superintendent Williams. A few months ago, when Anderson was in Europe, the Bank of Shasta went on the rocks, and we were told there was no hope for the depositors, and it was intimated that the situation was in a measure due to the negligence and bad judgment of the former bank superintendent. Indeed it was suggested that perhaps Anderson might be prosecuted criminally for some kind of misfeasance. The politicians of the current dispensation were elated at the prospect of putting Alden Anderson in a hole. When Anderson returned there was another story to tell. He declared that the bank should never have been permitted to go to the wall. And now as if to vindicate his judgment he offers to take over the assets of the bank and pay the depositors dollar for dollar. But Superintendent Williams appears reluctant to let Anderson take hold. He has a bagful of technical objections. He affects a sceptical air, and covert sneers are to be discerned between the lines of his letters. His manner, however, does not at all irritate Alden Anderson, who apparently means business and is willing to afford everybody concerned ample protection. Now Alden Anderson is no fly-by-night financier. He is a successful business man with abundant capital and backing, and it is incredible that he would offer to finance the Bank of Shasta and pay the depositors dollar for dollar if he did not see his way clear to carry out his promise. Failure would mean a much greater loss to him than to anybody else. In the circumstances it is to be hoped that Superintendent Williams will assuage his feelings and take kindly to the Anderson proposal. In a matter of this kind, however great the temptation to political manoeuvring, there ought to be a cessation of partisan hostility.

Popularity for the Octopus

If the Federation of Shopmen don't watch out they'll make the Octopus the most popular beast in all the West. This is a calamity the prospect of which is already looming on the naked eye and starting gooseflesh on the politicians whose prestige was won in many a bloodless battle in defense of the people's rights. As a result of the little controversy between the labor leaders and Julius Kruttschnitt the public have been enabled to glimpse the end and aim of unionism, and what has dawned on their senses is far from likely to prejudice them in favor of the Federation of Shopmen. It appears that higher wages is not all that is wanted. Briefly the Federation wishes to usurp a great deal of executive authority. It proposes, for example, that it shall have the privilege to select a foreman whenever there is a vacancy; to decide which men shall be laid off whenever work is slack; to limit the number of apprentices so that the supply of labor shall not be more than adequate to the demand; and, finally, that it shall be put in a position whereby it shall be able to tie up the whole railroad system whenever there shall be serious differences between the company and the local branch of any union. Granted these little concessions the question of wages will be ripe for discussion, and the whole point of the discussion will be whether the workers are getting sufficient money to enable them to live off the fat of the land. What the stockholders are getting is a question of not the slightest importance. Nor is it to be supposed that if wage demands are granted tomorrow the Federation will be satisfied. Wage rates must be progressive and steadily and incessantly so. Now according to our Socalist friends, many of whom are distinguished professional educators, unionism is not at all unreasonable when it makes such demands as those Julius Kruttschnitt seems disinclined to heed. Similar demands have been granted by employers of labor in this city. Indeed the principles enumerated by the Federation are precisely the principles that obtain in this once flourishing metropolis. But all along the line our employers of labor are dissatisfied with conditions, and they would like to see somebody stand pat and go to the mat with the walking delegate. Hence it is that the Octopus is threatened with popularity, something that it has never enjoyed since the driving of the last spike. The opportunity is at hand for Julius Kruttschnitt to make himself as popular as Patrick Calhoun became when he fought the carmen's union to a standstill.

Mr. Lately Married—But, dearest, thought we had planned to go to the opera this evening?

Mrs. Ditto—Yes, love; but I have changed our mind.

Edna Is With Us Again

It has been quite a while since Edna Wallace Hopper has been in San Francisco and she has lots of friends with whom she is renewing intimacies. Edna has had an interesting career. She has probably been reported engaged to more men with money than any other actress on the stage except perhaps Lillian Russell. Edna's

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father was "Wally" Wallace who was a law clerk here and did a little reporting for the papers on the side. Her mother married Alexander Dunsmuir shortly before that eccentric coal baron's death. The litigation in which Edna was involved with the premier of British Columbia is well remembered. It resulted in the exposure of a lot of family skeletons. Edna used to be a great friend of Amy Crocker Gouraud when that lady was Mrs. Harry Gillig. Another of her friends was Lady Hope who afterwards eloped with Major Strong. Edna's memoirs would make an interesting volume.

Edna's Riding Breeches

In "Jumping Jupiter" Edna has a little scene in which she gives spirited expression to her love of riding. This reminds me of the time Edna had trouble with her tailor in New York. She was one of the first equestriennes to appear in Central Park in riding breeches, and one day word came from New York that her tailor had sued her for the price of a pair of riding pants. As Edna was not in financial difficulties an explanation was looked for and she supplied it. "When I tried on those pants," she explained, "I shrieked with pain—mental and physical. Fancy, there were seams on the inside—big seams that cut—and then there was some rough lining improperly sewed in his miserable pants. I sent the horrid things back, and then went to another tailor and was fitted as a lady should be fitted. Hereafter I shall go to a tailor who doesn't try to make a map of the Transvaal with its numerous kops on the inside of his pants."

Picture Thefts Here

The stealing of the Monna Lisa from the Louvre reminds us that we have had two notable thefts of this sort. The first was the stealing of Toby Rosenthal's great picture of "Elaine." It was taken from an art store one day. San Francisco in those days had an unusual proportion of lovers of art and the city was quite worked up over the theft. The Chronicle, for the first time, got out an afternoon extra and this fact was spoken of for years afterwards as a proof of the newspaper enterprise of Charles De Young who was running the paper at the time. The "Elaine" was recovered and became the property of Irving M. Scott. Quite recently San Francisco had another theft of a valuable picture. I refer to the time that a weak-minded young man cut a small Millet from its frame in the art gallery of the Park Museum and succeeded in making off with it. When he was caught he managed to convince the police that the theft was due to his art infatuation. That by the way may be the explanation of the theft of the Monna Lisa. It may be in the possession of some crazy connoisseur. The lengths to which people of weak minds can go in their admiration of pictures is shown by the statement of officials of the Louvre that love letters addressed to Monna Lisa are frequently received.

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Woods and the German Band

That German Band which came here from the Orient some time ago is getting to be something of a nuisance. So at least thought James Woods, the genial manager of the St. Francis, when a blithe spirit led them into the bar of the hotel and kept them there interminably, playing nothing but "Die Wacht am Rhein." When all but the blithe spirit and his friends were covering their ears to keep them from splitting Woods ordered the band to leave. "He wouldn't do that if they had been playing 'The Wearin' of the Green,'" grumbled the blithe spirit who was losing some of his blitheness. The very next night Woods had an opportunity to prove that he makes no racial distinctions. Cyril Tobin led the German Band into the bar once more. This time they played nothing but the Irish melody. And Woods threw them out.

Stella—Is she a grass widow?
Bella—An alfalfa widow; she has had three crops of husbands in a year.

A Hint to Our Fair Directors

From a recent issue of the Hawaiian Gazette I learn that five Japanese "of prominence in the political affairs of the Mikado's empire" are on their to this city on important business. They left Japan at the invitation of the Japanese of this city "to look into conditions on the Coast affecting Japanese residents." To quote further from the Gazette: "Coast Japanese have frequently complained that the home politicians do not pay enough attention to them and are taking this means of introducing the importance of their own questions to the Japanese statesmen." Of course San Franciscans are not greatly interested in the relations of Japanese residing here to the politics of their home government. But it is quite possible that the scope of the investigations of the visiting statesmen will be wider than is indicated. No doubt Japan is not altogether satisfied with the solution of the various problems connected with Japanese immigration to the Pacific Coast. Would it not be well for the Fair Directors to go out of their way to meet these visitors? Would it not be well to have a frank discussion with them on the status of the Japanese in California? Would it not be well for them to impress upon the minds of these men of prominence that San Francisco wants Japan to be a big exhibitor at the World's Fair and will be grateful for the hearty cooperation of the Japanese government in our entertainment of the world in 1915? The opening of the canal means a great deal to Japan. It means a great deal to China too; and owing to the recent visit of some of our leading men to China the cordial feeling between China and California has been strengthened. Let us do what we can to make ourselves "solid" with Japan as well as with China.

Wilson Mizner on Europe

Charley McClatchy of the Sacramento Bee prayed the other day to be delivered from the Mizner family, but the prayer must remain unanswered as long as there's a Mizner left. The Mizners are always with us; always making their presence heard and felt. Just now it is Wilson. Wilson has been over to Europe and he didn't like it. He is as much disappointed with Europe as Oscar Wilde was with the Atlantic Ocean. "It was the greatest gold brick that was ever gilded and handed to me," he says. "Americans ought to be ashamed of going to Europe. I am. Why, if London and Paris were in Pennsylvania you couldn't get a New Yorker to go there on a bet. I have been cruelly disillusioned. The Thames doesn't compare with the Chicago River, and that catches fire twice a day. England is a land of rat-faced women and ill-dressed men. The Englishman and his tub is the greatest fallacy of all the generations. The tubs at the big hotels are encrusted with the rust of years. Paris is like a cheap middle class western street fair with all the props in place to skin the ruralite. If they knew what the shell game was they would put it in the Louvre. Wicked Paris was the cruellest joke of all. The celebrated night life of that city doesn't compare in naughtiness with a New England candy pull. The notorious resorts are as stupid as a sewing circle.

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There are no pretty women to be seen, as they have sent all their beauties over here." And so on and so on. Wilson, it is quite plain, has acquired all the little blase airs of the provincial New Yorker. Being a great playwright nowadays he is competent to put Europe where it belongs. But will Europe stay put?

The Venomous Yorick

"A reader of Town Talk," seething with indignation, has called my attention to the vicious libels and malevolent calumnies of "Yorick" of the San Diego Union. My correspondent describes Yorick's venomous assaults on our fair city as "the whangdoodlic diatribe of a self-constituted wise guy of the sun-cooked tail-end of our commonwealth." He wonders whether it would be worth while to answer the "unmentionable fool truck" or be better to condemn the author of it "to the lowermost levels of the Hadean regions and let it go at that." I would suggest the inadvisability of waxing wroth at the sentiments of any fellow of infinite jest. In all probability nothing would please the San Diego Yorick more than to know that he impounded the goat of a proud and haughty citizen of the metropolis. It is true that Yorick has said some very mean things about San Francisco. He has sneered at our climate and scoffed at our multifarious pretensions and lambasted our "average citizen," the number of whom he estimates at three hundred thousand, but it is evident that Yorick's grouch is not without justification. The people of San Diego have received the impression that in this city the notion is prevalent that their fair is to be nothing more than a side-show of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and that whatever profit they derive will come from the "overflow" from the metropolis. This notion is offensive to the civic pride with which the average citizen of San Diego is now inflated beyond recognition. And between Yorick and the average citizen of San Diego there is such a strong bond of affinity that you can hardly tell them apart.

Thornwell Mullally, Monologist

Thornwell Mullally made a speech at the Eagles' banquet. His subject was "The Ladies" and everybody who heard him says that he handled it very well. Among those present was John W. Considine of the Sullivan and Considine vaudeville circuit and Considine liked the speech so well that he asked Mullally for a copy of it. It has leaked out that Considine considered it one of the best monologues he had ever heard. There is a rumor that he offered Mullally inducements to make the swing around the circuit delivering the speech, but this rumor must remain a rumor. Mullally will neither affirm nor deny it. Being a bachelor, though not a confirmed one, Mullally handled "The Ladies" with that temerarious jocosity which makes married men laugh. Listen to Mullally, monologist:

It has been said regarding woman's creation from the rib of man that when the rib was extracted man was placed in a profound sleep; then woman was created and as a result, man's first sleep became his last repose.

Man is jealous of woman because she is excelling him in everything.

She soars with him, however high he flies, either as an aviator or an Eagle.

She is in the swim with him, for she now holds the record across the Golden Gate.

She can find her husband's pockets in the dark (so I am told). I understand a pickpocket or a burglar would starve to death in a Mormon town. But although she is so adept at finding her husband's pockets, strange to say it takes her hours to find her own.

Women have been getting the best of men from the time Eve stole Adam's best piece of spare rib out of his inside pocket and Delilah trimmed Samson. In short, the hand that rocks the cradle spanks the world.

Men complain of women working and taking away their jobs from them. I see no objection to this if the women marry the men and look after them.

You have heard also that unkind reply made by a man about to get married. A friend said to him, 'So you are going to get married. Well, you are now at the end of your troubles.' The man who was about to get married replied, 'Which end?' Now, my opinion is, there was no doubt as to which end of his troubles he was at. The man who talked that way was near his finish.

I rather like the sentiment of the husband who, when his wife asked him if she was just as dear to him, now that she had lost all her money, replied: 'Yes, darling; when you were spending your own money I never fully realized how dear you were.'

You talk about men ruling. The power of the petticoat will remain until women wear trousers. Even then the seat of power will only be transferred.

Men will give women their fortunes, they will give their lives for them, in fact they will give them anything except their seats in the street car.

You may think I am afraid to speak tonight

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of woman's suffrage. I am not at all afraid to do so. I believe in giving the dear things anything they want, for, if we don't, they will take it anyhow. When they hold us up with the arms they carry at their sides, they can have our money or our lives. I do not believe that woman suffrage will cause any family disturbances—I believe the women will see to it that there are none.

The Honoring of Lawrence

The directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition paid the tribute of their respect and attested their gratitude to Andrew M. Lawrence of the Chicago Examiner at a banquet in the Colonial ballroom of the St. Francis last Tuesday night. Many of Lawrence's old friends and associates attended and contributed to the enthusiasm of the occasion. The principal speakers were Director-General Moore and Father McQuaide who told of the effective service rendered by Lawrence in Washington at the eleventh hour when the tide of battle was turning toward New Orleans. The guest of honor spoke briefly and with great modesty of the part that he had played out of love for his native city. Touching briefly on the events of his career here he said that in the line of his duty he made some enemies as well as friends, but that no bitterness lingered in his heart, and that he hoped everybody was as free from resentment as he was himself.

They Did a Buck and Wing

One of the most interesting features of this banquet was an impromptu provided by Thomas H. Williams and Samuel M. Shortridge. During the dinner they went on the stage and proceeded with the greatest gravity to go through the steps of a buck and wing dance. Both acquitted themselves well, but it was the opinion of the closest observers that the race track man excelled in technique while the attorney's strong point was that imaginative quality possessed by great dancers like Mikail Mordkin. In endurance Williams had a little the best of it. When the dance was over Morris Meyerfeld offered the team a vaudeville engagement. He said he'd bill them as the "longest least dancers in the world." But Williams and Shortridge spurned the offer. Shortridge said he'd rather be a United States senator and Williams admitted that he didn't really need the money. After the buck and wing Williams gave an imitation of Shortridge delivering a speech. His manipulation of index finger and eye glass which are essentials of every Shortridge speech, was nothing less than Shortridgian. What more could be said?

Ice Water and Politics

Fred Myrtle who writes politics for the Examiner went to a political meeting the other night and found the accommodations for reporters inadequate. Liking plenty of elbow room he found a seat on the platform near the speaker's stand. One of the rabble rousers made a speech that was adorned with swift full arm gestures and in the midst of a wonderful period he edged too close to the speaker's stand and swept a pitcher of ice water all over Myrtle's manly breast. The crowd lost the point of the remark but they seemed to enjoy the gesture. To add to Myrtle's discomfiture another scribe pencilled the following and handed it to him:

We know that the flowers of speech are most fair
When political orators give 'em lots of hot air;
That political "stumps" are in no need of water
Any more than a tired and thirsty reporter.
A little less gesture had surely sufficed,
For the meeting's a frost now the Myrtle is iced.

A Real Calamity

A Sunday passenger on an Oakland ferryboat studied out a complaint sufficiently important to make the Board of Harbor Commissioners take notice. She hunted up a deckhand and directed his attention to the life preservers stored in the deck ceiling.

"Just look at these things," she said.

"What's the matter with 'em?" he asked.

"Matter?" said she. "They're dirty. They ought to be washed. If a woman with a nice summer dress on had to put one of these dusty things on over it, it would never be fit to wear again."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Douglas Grant's Marriage

For some time the friends of Douglas Grant asked one another, "Is he married or is he still single." Nobody seemed to be able to find the answer to this question, though all agreed about the devotion which he showed for the young woman who inspired the speculation. We know now that he is married. The wonder is that he was able to keep the news of the Hoboken ceremony from his intimates for such a long time. For six months he has been in the ranks of the benedicks and not a friend of his in this city seems to have been aware of his secret. Now that the news is out, it will be more than a nine days' wonder. Managing mammas who

Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS JANET KLINK

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink who has been entertained a great deal since the announcement of her engagement to Lieutenant Irvine of the Navy.

would have liked to snare the young man and his cool million for their own daughters, will have a lot to say about his choice of a wife. The young ladies themselves will be curious to see the bride, for so far she has not been presented in society. Meanwhile Grant's masculine friends will no doubt be saying, "I told you so." I don't think Joseph D. Grant will have much to say about his son's marriage, but his thoughts are probably the reverse of pleasant. He was strenuously opposed to the match.

Will He Settle Down?

For the politer diversions of the members of his set Douglas Grant never had a great deal of use. He has been rather wild, as might be expected of a youngster in his circumstances. About his popularity there can be no question. There was a good deal of disappointment last Winter when he failed to take higher honors at the Del Monte golf tournament. But he found the gayeties of Del Monte much more to his liking than competition on the links. The young woman who is now known to be his bride has held his heart in thrall for quite a while. His intimates knew of his liking for her, but most of them thought that it would be some time before he thought of marrying. Now the query is, will he settle down and be a staid member of society or will he continue to enjoy life in the rather tumultuous fashion to which he has been accustomed? Unlike most of our gilded young men, Grant is not dependent on the bounty of his father. He inherited a million from his mother who was the first wife of Joseph D. Grant. So he has always been more independent in his means than Clare Payne, Christian de Guigne and his other friends.

Society is Wondering

Of course society is wondering what action to take. Douglas Grant is one of its most popular and prominent members and as his wife the young woman of his choice should occupy a high position in local swelldom. It is not known whether she will aspire to this or not and the sequel to the union is awaited with interest. To society of course this is a matter of transcendent importance, but is it so to young Grant? He may not care to assume the position in the social hierarchy which men of his standing whose wives have social ambitions usually take when they get married. He has not taken society very seriously in the past. He preferred the company of good fellows to the stiffer association of society. And he may continue that way.

Marian Newhall's Beau

Probably no young woman in society has been the subject of more matrimonial speculation than pretty Marian Newhall, the daughter of the Mayo Newhalls. It is a dull day when somebody doesn't say that Miss Newhall is engaged to soandso. So I am glad to be in a position to tell just where Miss Newhall's affections are centered. The young man is a recent arrival in society. He lacks the social graces, but everybody who has met him thinks that he will acquire them in time. He is a poor conversationalist and if he has any thoughts he keeps them to himself. I'm sure he doesn't know how to enter a drawing room. His table manners are eccentric. He doesn't know how to comport himself at an afternoon tea. Occasionally his actions prove quite embarrassing to those who are in his company. It may seem strange that a popular girl like Miss Newhall should pick out a young man like this when so many who are really eligible would be glad to be her knights. But the fact is incontestable. Miss Newhall is infatuated with this young man. Down at Santa Barbara and at Del Monte she has been seen kissing him and she has stated to her girl friends that he is the dearest fellow in the world. His name is Peter McBean and he's the baby son of Marian Newhall's sister, Mrs. Athole McBean.

She Is Not Re-engaged

It was announced in one of the papers recently that Miss Frances Stewart had renewed her engagement to young Cook. The engagement, it will be remembered, was broken because Miss Stewart thought that Cook's stay in Paris had made him rather wild. Then we were told that the young woman had relented and that they were once more affianced. Cook has a lot of friends here and they were naturally delighted. So were Miss Stewart's friends and she was showered with felicitations and presents. But now I am told on very good authority that Miss Stewart has not renewed her engagement, that she had fully made up her mind in the matter when she broke it off and that there is no likelihood of her changing. This is bad news, but it seems to be correct.

They Were Playmates

Some months ago I hinted at the betrothal of Miss Jane Selby, one of the prettiest buds of last year and Robin Hayne and last week the announcement was made in Santa Barbara where both are sojourning. Miss Selby was presented to society at a ball given at Century Hall by her

Photo, Boye

MISS MOLLIE DUTTON

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton and sister of Mrs. Josiah Howell whose engagement to Mr. Douglas Waterman was recently made known to her many friends.

relative Miss Mary Eyre on their return from Europe last Fall. She is a winsome miss who established herself as a favorite among the younger element. She is related to the Athertons through her mother and Mrs. Frank Johnson Jr. of San Rafael is her step-sister. Young Hayne whose devotion dates from their school days is a grandson of Mrs. Abby Parrott which makes him a close connection of members of the numerous Parrott clan. He lives with his mother in San Mateo and is a graduate of Yale. The Selby home has been in Menlo Park for many years and the two young people played together as children.

Apropos Miss Selby

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Jane Selby to Robert Y. Hayne reminds me of

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a peculiar circumstance relating to the second marriage of this charming girl's mother. Mrs. Percy Selby, the mother of Jane Selby, was Helena Atherton before she married Fred Macondray. They had five children. After his death the widow married Percy Selby. The strange part of this was that Percy Selby was born on the very day that Helena Atherton married Fred Macondray. He was twenty-one years old when he married Mrs. Macondray. Despite the difference in their ages it was an ideal match.

Joy Over an Heir

Mrs. Harry Holbrook is proudly displaying a birthday gift from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Knight. It is a hand-bag of purple silk mounted in gold with the owner's name engraved upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook are living in Menlo Park near the residence of Charles Holbrook who is very proud of his new grandchild, the first in his family. Mrs. Knight nee Mary Holbrook and Mrs. Silas Palmer formerly Olive Holbrook have no children and the advent of the Harry Holbrooks' heir was duly welcome. Mrs. Holbrook's brother, young Jack Spreckels, has a family and so John D. has not been as joyous as the paternal grand-parent.

To Wear Grandma's Veil

When Miss Anna Weller becomes the bride of Lieutenant Shipp of the navy she will wear the veil worn by her grandmother Mrs. John McMullin fifty years ago when she became a bride in Kentuckey. It is a filmy piece of point applique that Mrs. McMullin had promised all her grand-daughters they should wear. She will be an honored guest at the wedding. Mrs. McMullin is a stately woman who was a belle in Washington in her youth. She came to California as a bride and was a leader in society in San Francisco. Her daughters are Mrs. Charles Weller and Mrs. Norris of Piedmont, the mother of Miss Eliza McMullin. The late Mrs. Francis J. Heney was also her daughter. The family will be gathered for the nuptials to be celebrated at the Weller residence next week. The bride's two cousins Miss Eliza McMullin and Miss Katherine McAdam will attend her.

It Was Not a Surprise

So the handsome Miss Frances Martin hás succumbed to the charms of Du Val Moore. Well, it is no more than I expected when I noted that he was paying court to the Ross Valley beauty. Du Val is a pleasant mannered youth who never lacked for smiles from the fair. Some time ago I told of his attentions to Miss Florence Hopkins who was not loth to receive them. But her parents thought her o'er young to wed and she was taken to Europe to come to their way of thinking. Du Val was disconsolate but when Miss Martin returned from a long sojourn abroad he became her cavalier at the Marin Country Club dances and his admiration has been marked for several months. The engagement was no surprise to the Ross Valleyites who have watched the romance grow. Both of the families are prominently identified with the Ross Valley crowd. Moore is a brother of Mrs. Arthur Geissler of Chicago nee Carol Moore and Kenneth Moore is his brother. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. George Moore who have a handsome residence in the Valley. Miss Martin recently had her portrait painted by Marks, the Hungarian artist who put a lot of our most aristocratic faces on canvas. She is a clever girl. Her close friend is Miss Agnes Tillman. She is the daughter of John Martin and sister of George Martin who married Miss Hamilton.

Dismantled Their Home

The Stetson heirs have dismantled the old family residence in Van Ness avenue and many of the furnishings have been disposed of at auction. The late J. B. Stetson furnished the house handsomely for his bride Mrs. Doe a few years before his death. At that time his son and daughters acquired many of their mother's possessions and the new things had little value for them. After the second marriage they seldom visited the house but when Stetson and his second wife were divorced Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow returned to live with her father. Harry Stetson of San Mateo and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are the other heirs. The house which narrowly escaped destruction in the holocaust of 1906 stands at the corner of Clay street, across the street from the Claus Spreckels mansion. The second Mrs. Stetson was Mrs. Eleanor Doe, a wealthy widow who resumed the name of her first husband after the divorce. She is the mother of Miss Marguerite Doe who was made much of by her step-sisters as a child.

The Craze for Auctions

Speaking of auctions, there seems to be a sort of craze for them nowadays. I don't mean the craze for attending auctions which has such a hold on most women and many men, but the craze for disposing of things at auctions. Only recently Mrs. Emory Winship (who was Kate Dillon) sold out the furnishings of her beautiful Broadway home. She didn't sell everything, because she rented the house furnished, but she sent all the pictures, objects of art, a thousand and one fine things, under the hammer. There was no reason why she should do that, for she certainly is in no need of money. It seems to be a fad. A fad, though, that is sometimes allied to necessity. Unlike Mrs. Winship some people who have auctioned off their things have done so because they needed the money. I suppose that was the case with Charles Rollo Peters who sold his books recently. Peters sells his pictures without much difficulty for great prices, but he doesn't know how to save money. It's part of the artistic temperament. So I suppose he was temporarily embarrassed when he sent his library to the auction room. His embarrassment didn't last long, for shortly afterwards he sold a lot of pictures for prices that made some of our artists green with envy.

A Lively Party

When a Los Angeles man with a lot of money to burn feels the desire to set some of it on fire, he comes up to San Francisco, Los Angeles not being much of a town for that sort of conflagration. I am reminded of this by the fact that Charles Hastings, one of the gilded youths of Los Angeles, gave a party upstairs in one of the popular cafes the other night. It was one of the liveliest parties that we have had for a long time. The wine flowed in generous fashion and the soft sound of woman's laughter never ceased. The young women were as vivacious a bevy as one could gather together. Among those who were guests of Hastings were Charles Seyler Jr., Duffy Schwartz, I. D. Bogan and Walter Van Pelt.

"The Courtesy of the Port"

What did Mrs. James H. Bull mean by asking for "the courtesy of the port" for her fifteen trunks? Did the commodore's wife think that she would be allowed to enter her foreign-bought finery without paying duty? It seems strange that she should have entertained any such idea. That sort of port courtesy is only extended to royalty and members of the foreign diplomatic service. Mrs. Bull is neither royal nor connected with the diplomatic service, so it is hard to understand what she based her request on. Perhaps Mrs. Bull thought that extraordinary privileges would be accorded to one who had been presented at court. She and her daughter Marjorie were permitted to make their obeisances to George and Mary at one of the first drawing rooms, but surely that fact did not give Mrs. Bull an exaggerated notion of her importance. The woods are full of people who have been presented at all sorts of courts from the court of London to the court of Bucharest. All of them derive a certain amount of kudos from the presentation, but Uncle Sam is not among those who take cognizance of it. They have to pay duty like poor mortals who never saw a king or a queen.

Miss Kruttschnitt's Fiance

Henry Clifford Woodhouse who is engaged to Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, saw active service in the Boer war. So Miss Kruttschnitt is not marrying a "chocolate soldier" like so many other girls who have capitulated to uniforms. Woodhouse comes from Montreal and is well connected. His bride-to-be is a clever illustrator. She gave an exhibition of her work at the Chicago Art Institute and won many encomiums from the critics.

A Few Random Readings

I've just been looking over a New York paper that claims to chronicle everything that's worth while in swelldom and I've found it not uninteresting. I find, for instance, that at a White

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Mountain resort all the girls go to their rooms every night at nine-thirty "for their beauty sleep." Then they get into kimonos and play poker for high stakes. Interesting, but not remarkable. I know girls who do that right here in California. Then I read of a woman noted for her gorgeous clothes. Her costume is described and I learn that she wears "white silk stockings embroidered almost to the knee in her favorite color." Now, how does the scribe know that? I note that a millionaire has run away with his stenographer and that a millionairess is quite happy with her husband who is an ex-policeman. Why shouldn't she be? A guardian of the law ought to make a good husband. It is sad to learn that a feminine somebody has lost her pet snake that used to drink champagne at dinner. The poor thing is dead. But happily a trained white rat still survives to have this somebody's affection lavished on it. I learn too that the best mot at the Chicago aviation meet was this: "The meet will have served its purpose if it helps some of the old dowagers to remove their double chins." Which convinces me that wit was not rampant at the Chicago aviation meet. There are lots of other items of equal importance but these are enough for the present.

The Popular Tait's

Tait's Cafe still maintains its unparalleled popularity. During early next month, as we have before advised, this splendid cafe will have a new style of decoration, that promises to be one of the most delightful and pleasing this cafe has yet introduced. As we said once before, we are wondering if these people keep up their present style of decoration, what kind of decorative schemes will be adopted during a period such as the Exposition days. We can only wonder.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.
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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
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In the Social Spotlight

Mr. John C. Manning, the distinguished Boston musician who has recently joined the staff of the California Conservatory of Music in this city, gave a Chopin lecture recital recently at Kohler and Chase Hall. It was attended by a large crowd of music lovers who showed great appreciation of Mr. Manning's playing as well as of his exposition of Chopin's life and genius.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: G. J. Scharlach, M. A. Mooser, H. B. Stedman, C. E. De Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Griggs Holt, (Burlingame) B. F. Alexander, George Bean, R. C. Peck, Percy L. Davis, J. Handlon, Mr. and Mrs. Leland S. Lathrop, Leland S. Lathrop Jr., Miss G. Ranken, Miss Grace Ranken, E. R. Cawles, J. McDonald, W. G. Henshaw, Miss E. Shelford, Miss Elizabeth Doane, Mrs. F. Massey, Miss Clotilda Massom, F. P. Massom, Miss Lillian Hagel, Miss Charlotte Bennett, T. F. Quinlan, Donald McGarrity, A. W. Colby, A. T. Hobson, R. D. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Edwards.

The John J. Barretts sailed for Europe this week on the Baltic. They will spend four months touring Europe.

A. Ruffo of La Paz, Mexico, registered at the Victoria recently. He is a lumber man of Mexico.

Among the recent arrivals registered at "The Peninsula" from San Francisco were: Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Trassburder, Leonard G. Heller, Dr. William Cosgrove, L. I. Cohn and family, Mrs. William A. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. G. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Fay C. Beal, Mr. Ren. Stovel, Mr. and Mrs. I. Goodfriend, Miss Bertha Leffman, Mrs. George A. Knight, Mrs. Fields, Monroe L. Cohn, Mr. L. Renard, Mrs. Schubener and sister, Vance P. Edwards and wife, Mr. E. G. Garrison with Mrs. Garrison and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond, cousins of the Roosevelt family, came down from Upper Lake recently and registered at the St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edmunds of the same family motored in from Upper Lake.

Wm. Bayly, prominent in mining and financial circles in Los Angeles, has been a guest at the St. Francis during the past week.

Mr. F. E. Batturs, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, with headquarters now in Los Angeles, returned to shake hands with his old friends during the week. Mrs. Batturs came with him and they made their home at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph Crockett are at Del Monte for a fortnight's visit.

Miss Genevieve O'Brien is in Paris with her father James H. O'Brien. They have just completed a tour of Germany and the Alps. They have been away since June.

Raymond Armsby and Gordon Armsby of Burlingame have been doing a few days' preliminary work on the Del Monte links getting into form for the tournament of September.

The golf course at Paso Robles is in splendid condition and continues to grow in favor. The course offers all the attractions of the game both in the delight of overcoming the hazards (which are all natural) and in the glorious view.

Mr. Henley C. Booth of San Francisco is at Paso Robles for the baths. The healing waters have also called, among many others, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. O'Rourke, from Butte; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Blakeney from Dallas; Mr. J. W. Sterry and Mr. A. E. Dimond from New York.

Miss Louise Collier and her fiance, Bergen Beckett, Mrs. Prentiss Peck Bassett, and Dr. and Mrs. Alleyon Von Schroder shared the honors at a dinner party given at the Hotel Victoria by Mrs. H. L. Haskell on Sunday evening last. The

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guests who were asked to meet the specially complimented ones were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stiles Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. De Cora, Miss Rogers, Mrs. L. D. Baxter, Miss Baxter, Miss Sarah Collier, Dr. Robert O'Neal, Ernest Gary and Duncan Herron.

PIERRE GRAZI
Managing director of the Paris Opera Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Knight have returned from Europe and are at home at the Nottingham Apartments, 1650 California street.

Col. E. T. Lodd, U. S. A., is a guest at the Hotel Victoria during a short visit in San Francisco. Colonel Lodd is to be stationed in Washington this winter.

Mrs. L. G. Caldwell is settled in apartments at the Hotel Victoria where she is to spend the winter.

Mrs. James H. Hough and Miss Helen Hough are guests at the Hotel Victoria from their home in Stockton. Miss Hough is to be one of the winter brides, her marriage to Percy Cleghorne of Honolulu being set for some time in November.

Interest centers at Del Monte this month where the annual out-door carnival, the month of sports, was started Friday by the opening of the Del Monte Kennel Club Show. Among the well-known people from the different parts of the State who went down to exhibit their dogs of high degree were Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Miss Jewel Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mrs. C. J. Lindgren, Miss Vera Lindgren, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook. Mrs. W. B. Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs will soon be joined by Chapin Tubbs who is away just now on a hunting trip. Douglas Grant and the R. D. Girvins also joined the merry throng at Del Monte.

Mr. J. M. Smith and son, recently of Oregon, motored down to Paso Robles recently, accompanied by Mr. W. H. Mehrten, Miss Alice E. Redmond and Miss Louise Wiegand, and had a day's shooting.

Arrivals at Casa Del Rey, Santa Cduz, include: From San Francisco—Mrs. P. A. Hearst and party, Orrin Peck, A. C. Amhlee, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Andrews, H. O. Alexander, G. H. Bragg, Mrs. M. Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bliss, F. G. Baum, L. Brown, F. Bradley, Sam. Butler, Marion Bliss, Warner Bliss, G. Bliss Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Burkett, G. H. Bassett, W. S. Bailey, Herbert Chamberlain, P. S. Casey, G. F. Cook, A. F. Clark, S. K. Colby, Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Chapman, Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Miss M. Coombs, W. R. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Church, J. W. Dorsey, J. L. Demorille, W. G. Davis, W. G. Durland, Miss M. Dunbell, Mr. and Mrs. De Arce Sonton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dusinberrg, Francis Dwyer, C. H. Daniels, A. W. Dinning, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Drennan, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Evans, W. C. Empey, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Ellis, C. A. Farnsworth, Jack Fleming, B. Foulker, M. F. Franklin and R. B. Flather.

L. J. Polk of Fort Worth, Texas, a relative of President James K. Polk, I. H. Polk, I. H. Polk Jr., L. B. Polk of Los Angeles, are registered at the Victoria for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Starr have returned to the St. Francis for the winter, having spent the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. John T. Arundel who has a large estate in the suburbs of London is at Del Monte. After a short visit at the Fairmont he will return to Del Monte for an indefinite stay.

Rev. John Hemphill of Los Gatos spent several days at Paso Robles last week, renewing many old acquaintances, and finding much refreshment and pleasure among the oaks.

Mr. Augustus Taylor of Menlo spent the week-end at Del Monte. He plans to go down very soon again with Mrs. Taylor to remain through the golfing tournament.

Mr. George Mooser of Manila and San Francisco, has returned to Paso Robles after a few days' visit with his family here.

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Richard and Edna in "Jumping Jupiter"

By Edward F. O'Day

The playgoer who makes Richard Carle's acquaintance in "Jumping Jupiter" is unfortunate. Having been told what a good comedian Carle is he will naturally expect a great deal. He'll go to the Columbia prepared to laugh his head off. But he'll be disappointed. All the laughing he'll do won't dislodge his head from its conventional setting. It will scarcely disarrange his hair. But being fair, the playgoer won't lay all the blame on Carle. He will realize that Richard is not himself, despite what the bill posters say. But he will admit that Carle is very funny in places. And he'll wish that the authors had possessed more humor so that these places might be more numerous and closer together. The authors didn't give Carle much chance to extract laughter. Not that they had a grudge against Carle. Not a bit of it. Carle himself is one of the authors. It is a warrantable assumption that Carle put into "Jumping Jupiter" all the humor he could. That being the case, it is probable that the other author didn't contribute a great deal. One man might conceive all the funny situations and write all the funny lines in "Jumping Jupiter" without overworking his ulnar nerve. But we have the word of the program that two men wrote the book of "Jumping Jupiter"; so we must conclude that their stock of laugh-inducers was very small. Perhaps they wrote it on an off day. They may have been in a downcast mood, or sad, or something. At any rate, "Jumping Jupiter" isn't anything like a scream. Perhaps it might be described as a politely modulated chuckle. The few funny lines stick out and are easily remembered. The laughs of the evening come when Carle indulges in the foolery which he has used in more or less the same way in all his pieces. It is a good thing that Edna Wallace Hopper is in "Jumping Jupiter." Edna is always worth seeing. There isn't much of her, it is true, but she makes up for that by showing us as much as the stage director will allow. Her costume in the first act hits the eye with a bang. One of its most important parts is a pair of magenta silk stockings. A good deal of these stockings is shown when Edna walks, but to give the audience the full force of their attractiveness, she is at great pains to pull up her dress and stretch herself on a sofa. Later on, for fear that everybody has not exhausted the fascination of the magenta stockings, she allows herself to be tossed aloft in a chair and kicks her feet in the air. By the end of the act there is absolutely no mystery about those stockings. We know about them all that a playgoer has a right to know, except their price. Unlike Lilian Lorraine, Edna doesn't tell the public that. In the second act Edna changes to white silk stockings and again takes particular care that the audience shall get their full effect. What else does Edna do? Well, she is so busy showing her stockings that she hasn't a great deal of time for anything else. She sings a little, of course. But it is rather late in the day to talk about Edna's voice, so I shall pass that embarrassing subject. But it is only fair to say that she has a better voice than Richard Carle. Edna also recites. She comes down to the footlights with a red rose pressed to her heart and recites a piece about the fickleness of man. It is very sad indeed, sadder than anything else in "Jumping Jupiter." But unlike the other sad things it is meant to be sad. I have an uneasy feeling that I should have wept if I had followed this sad piece closely, but I didn't pay a great deal of attention to it. You see, when Edna stood near the footlights with the spotlight on her, I had a very good chance to look at her pretty face. She looked so charming, standing there with that rose clasped to her heart, that I not only failed to give heed to the words about the perfidy of man, but I actually forgot about her stockings. A blond young man near me said, "I wish I were a red rose," and I didn't blame him a bit. (Yet, when the dark young woman he was with rebuked him for the wish, I didn't blame her either.) If you go to see "Jumping Jupiter," don't go with the expectation of seeing Richard Carle at his best. Go to see Edna Wallace Hopper and her two pairs of silk stockings. Go to hear her recite that sad piece. If you're susceptible like the blond young man you'll probably wish you were a red rose. At least, you will at first. At the end of the song Edna tears the rose to pieces and strews its petals over the stage. There they lie as the curtain falls, looking like bits of a dismantled magenta stocking.

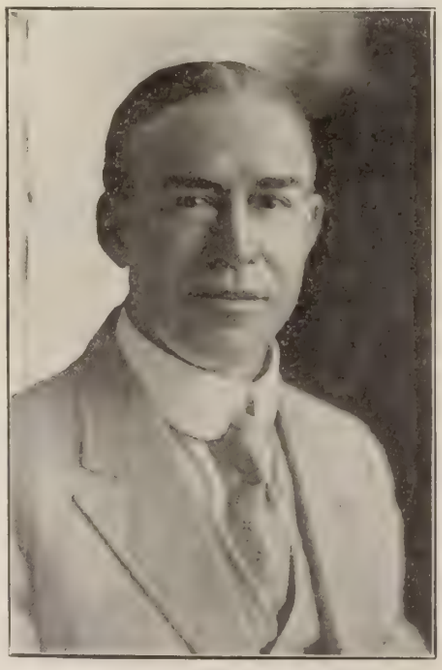
Gossip of the Theatre

"Baby Mine" at the Cort

"Baby Mine" is the theatrical attraction that will formally open the new Cort Theatre, at Ellis and Market streets, tonight, Saturday. John Cort is here for the opening which will obviously be a gala one. San Francisco's newest playhouse is a beautiful one. The decorative scheme is notable. In all architectural features, in fact, the Cort Theatre is distinctive and fine. From a practical side, the theatre is equally interesting. All of the latest features in theatre equipment have been installed and the comfort of patrons has been thoroughly looked after. "Baby Mine" should prove an ideal opening attraction. This Margaret Mayo comedy ran for a full year in New York, and Wm. A. Brady is sending us the company that scored this success. Ernest Glendenning, Walter Jones, Marjorie Cortland, Marjorie De Lane and other favorites are with the organization. The engagement here is for two weeks and one night, with regular matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A special holiday matinee will be given on Monday, September 4 (Labor Day).

"The Campus" at the Savoy

This Saturday afternoon and evening will witness the last performances of "Jim the Penman" by Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, Theodore Roberts and their splendid support at the Savoy. On Sunday afternoon Ferris Hartman, Walter De Leon and Miss "Muggins" Davies, with a singing and dancing company of fifty, will commence a limited engagement in Walter De Leon's musical comedy of college life, "The Campus" which has created a veritable sensation on the Pacific Coast, its run in Los Angeles at the Grand Opera House being 162 times to immense audiences. It was also most enthusiastically received at its first presentation here. Undoubtedly a series of capacity audiences will welcome home San Francisco's own popular comedian,



FERRIS HARTMAN

Who will appear in "The Campus" at the Savoy next week.

Ferris Hartman, and the merry company. Walter De Leon, the talented young author and composer, will appear in his original role. Myrtle Dingwall, Josie Hart, Roscoe Arbuckle, Oliver Lenoir, Lester Paul, William Epperly and a chorus of well drilled and nimble dancing beauties who can sing will also be seen. The usual popular priced matinees at the Savoy will be given on Thursday and Saturday, in addition to a special afternoon performance on Monday, Labor Day.

Nance in "The Jewess"

Nance O'Neil's third week at the Alcazar will be devoted to "The Jewess," one of the star's early and most successful vehicles. Written by the German dramatist, Von Mosenthal, it was Englished for Miss O'Neil's use by Henry Kirk, and when first presented, created a sensation that had much to do with establishing her among the great emotional actresses. "The Jewess" treats of race prejudice, but the theme is handled so impartially as to avoid conveying offense. That no creed, however deep-rooted it may be, can conquer human love is the author's argument. In the cast with Miss O'Neil are Clifford Bruce and the entire stock company. The pictorial side of the production will be elaborate. No less than five changes of scene are demanded.

"The Spring Maid" at the Columbia

"Jumping Jupiter" will be seen at the Columbia next week, the final performance being announced for Sunday night, September 10. Among other good things that have been said of "The Spring Maid," the new Viennese operetta which begins its brief stay at the Columbia on Monday, September 11, is that it is a true comic opera—a merry story told with sprightly music. Each member of its long cast is said to have an op-

portunity to be funny some of the time and each has been carefully chosen for dramatic ability as well as vocal excellence. In addition to the saucy Mizzi Hajos, brought from Vienna where she created the leading role of "The Spring Maid," George Leon Moore, Dorothy Maynard, Jack Raffael, Tillie Salinger and Dorothy La Mar are prominent in the cast. A special feature is the orchestra of thirty-five players.

Wild West at the Orpheum

"Cheyenne Days," Gus Hornbrook's Wild West show which includes Lucille Mulhall and her bronco, Red Buck; Art Boden, Wyoming's champion roping expert and Otto Klein, riding the

LUCILLE MULHALL AND HER HIGH SCHOOL BRONCO RED BUCK

With "Cheyenne Days" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

only bucking horse on the stage, Wampus, will be the Orpheum's headline attraction next week. The act is elaborately mounted and full of thrill. The Trio du Cros, comic artists and skilled aerial gymnasts, will make their first appearance. Lee Lloyd and Jay Roberts, clever entertainers, will be seen. Lloyd is a singer of character songs and Roberts is a rag-time pianist. Al and Henry Klein and Sibyl Brennan will offer "Bits of Comedy." Next week will be the last of the Cadets de Gascogne; Rosa Crouch and George Welch; The Wynne Brothers and Madame Besson and her company in "The Woman Who Knew."

Pierre Grazi, Impresario

Mons. Pierre Grazi, the French impresario who bids fair to become an important factor in the musical life of this city, has had a long and varied experience in the operatic field. In his youth he studied music and became a famous lyric tenor but abandoned the career of an artist to become a stage director and later managing director. He has given grand opera throughout France and in the French provinces for many years besides managing three seasons in Paris. At present he is being spoken of as a possible director for the National Grand Opera. M. Grazi has arranged with Will. L. Greenbaum to represent him in the United States and their first venture will be the season at the Valencia Theatre this coming November. Grazi has secured the exclusive Pacific Coast right to many of the works in the repertoire of the Metropolitan and Chicago companies.

Some Concert Notes

The Metropolitan Concert Company, which includes Mme. Midi Sarto, dramatic soprano; Miss Margarete Belle Ward, contralto; Signor Adolfo Jimenez, Signor A. Rovelli, flute virtuoso; Miss Blanch Morrill, violinist; Mr. Stafford P. Walsh, baritone; Signor P. Vellone, pianist, will tour the Pacific Coast states and the eastern cities beginning next month. The Metropolitan Musical & Lyceum Company have secured the American violinist, Miss Florence Austin, for a number of concerts in California. California's gifted young pianist, Miss Enid Brandt, is preparing for her "Across the Continent" tour beginning in October. There are fifty ladies in the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir from Cardiff who will give concerts in San Francisco. Mme. Nordica will give but one concert in San Francisco with Mr. Myron B. Whitney and Mr. Romaine E. Symmons.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

went on. "There is less slapstick about it and more human nature. Instead of hitting a man with a mallet, so to speak, I try to make him laugh by a slight gesture or a facial expression. The tendency is to get away from the slapstick, anyway. In ten years I think there will be very little of it in the comics.

"It is my ambition to play on human nature in my drawings; to picture the really human instead of the grotesque and to work up to a finale which is perfectly natural and unforced while it is excruciatingly funny. This is a hard thing to do. In France where Carran d'Ache, de Montvel and others have succeeded in doing it, the people esteem work of this sort as much as they esteem that of the great serious painters.

"My 'Jimmy' series illustrates what I mean. The 'Jimmy' series was one of the first attempts in the Hearst comic supplement to break away from the slapstick style. It appeals to people because nearly every family has a 'Jimmy.'"

Swinnerton went on to say that artists for the comic supplements were to hard to get.

"The combination of good drawing and humorous ideas in one man is rare," he said.

I asked him whether he did any serious work. Perhaps the question came to me from noting how seriously he takes his humorous work. And I'm glad I asked it, because I learned that he does do serious work but regards it as a joke, thus maintaining a balance of normality.

"I do landscapes," he confessed. "They're rotten, but I know it. However, I don't try to sell them or to shove them onto anyone who doesn't want them, so no harm is done."

"Ever get any expression of opinion about them?" I asked.

"Yes," he said soberly, "my editor says they are funnier than my comics."

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"JUMPING JUPITER"
Edna Wallace Hopper (Specially engaged)
Monday Sept. 11th—"The Spring Maid."

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Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH F. ROCK, also known as JOSEPH ROCK, Deceased—No. 12,092; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of said Joseph F. Rock, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of Lewis F. Byington, 1306-08 Call Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph F. Rock, deceased.

MARY ROCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Joseph F. Rock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
1306-08 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Unmistakable evidence of liquidation, more particularly of the Harriman stocks, appeared in the stock market during the past week. This weakness resulted from rumors that a strike had been officially declared on the Southern Pacific lines, rumors which lacked confirmation. In addition, there was rather free selling of U. S. Steel Common which continued to come on the market in large volume. This was ascribed to trade developments. The shutting down of a big independent plant in New Jersey was accepted as proof of adverse conditions now confronting the steel industry. Abroad, London continued to report selling for the New York account whenever there was a sufficient broad market to take the stock. Money in New York seems to be gradually hardening, but is exercising no traceable market influence as yet. The labor situation and the completion of the tentative plan for the Tobacco reorganization, were potent influences in the market. The appearance of selling orders for New York in the London market induced realizing, however, and was followed by a lower market here. Stop loss orders were reached in some instances and there was a noticeable absence of support excepting from buying on a scale down. There was a little better odd lot buying by investors, who have learned that the way to average their low prices is to pick up stocks on a scale down.

Wheat—Spring wheat has been slow in reaching harvest. The cool weather with frequent rains delayed the ripening and cutting in the northern part of Dakota and Minnesota and it will be completed by the first of September. There has been some damage to the harvested grain over the northwest on account of the wet weather, but hardly sufficient to control the yield. Canadian conditions have held up well and very little damage is reported from black rust; its presence is noted over the southern counties of Manitoba and in a few sections of Saskatchewan. The harvest is under way in the lower part of these two provinces, and some cutting is reported this week from Alberta. The weather has been better for filling the past week, but rains have been frequent and the harvest is apt to be very slow if this condition continues. Frost is now about the only danger feared. The market has been weaker as the Canadian crop approached harvesting without material damage, and the price in all centers has dropped to an export basis. In this country the approval of reciprocity is taken for granted and the trade is considering the effect of the large Canadian surplus which would press over the border on any advance here and at low prices for American markets. While the wheat crop in the States is likely to be 30,000,000 bushels less than last year the Canadian crop will be 100,000,000 bushels larger. This will offset the loss and provide so large a surplus that it will be impossible to draw much from the European price market.

Corn—Market prices have been steady for the past two weeks. On the small oat crop, the hay and pasture shortage, corn should be selling at a much higher price, but the trading has been limited to the interests directly concerned with the grain. The general contraction in business has halted speculation in grains as in other things, and to this must be ascribed the dullness of the market. The conditions are decidedly bullish here and abroad. Abroad there has been a curtailment of forage and related crops by the hot wave that prevailed to the same extent as on this continent. Unless improvement in condition should develop more largely than during the past two weeks there will be no weakness in corn.

Cotton—The condition of cotton has shown a marked decline during the past two weeks. The high temperature in the southwest has caused some decline on account of the sappy condition of the plant. A few sections report suffering from dry weather. The chief cause of the decline in condition has been the wet weather, which, while it made a luxuriant plant, has brought a train of evils in its wake. The boll weevil has multiplied. Boll worm is disastrous over the southwest. In the gulf States there has been a return of the old caterpillar plague which years ago did great damage, and the agricultural departments of Alabama and Georgia have expressed fears of great loss on this account. Mississippi reports army worms making havoc in a number of sections. Root disease and blight are general complaints as usual in wet seasons. The Carolinas have had good rains the past week over large sections, and improvement is noted from the drouth decline. On the whole the condition of the plant is much below that of a month ago. The market has not changed much. The south has been the principal short interest on account of the big crop prospects, and as it has not followed up recent reports with any noticeable buying, it follows that a good crop is still in sight, despite all the complaints. The spinner is unconcerned and while stocks are short, the new crop is near the moving period and the probability is a lower market until conditions show a more marked change than at present.

A Wise Usher

"Will you be kind enough to remove your hat, madam?" the usher asked at the summer theatre in an unstagy whisper.

"Why should I?" the woman asked. "There is nobody behind me. Who wants me to take my hat off?"

"That man back there."

"But it doesn't obstruct his view of the stage. I am three seats to the right of him."

"That is true, ma'am, but you cut off his view of the women in the right lower box. That seems to be what he is interested in."

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The Wig Block

(Continued from Page 8.)

"Prick up your ears, you old donkey! I asked you whether you had put everything they needed in the ladies' room."

"I did just as you ordered, Herr Major. I got Jette to write out everything that the countesses had and I got them all."

"All right, my man. As soon as the ladies are gone, give me the bills and when they are settled there'll be something over for you. Well, what's the matter now?" as Proschownik's fingers again wandered from the seam and shyly scratched at the leather of his riding trousers. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, which always indicated that he had something to say.

"There was one thing I could not buy, Herr Major, so I had to get it on credit—borrow it from the countesses."

"Well, that's a pretty story. I don't like that a bit!" cried Herr von Uchtenhagen, holding up to the light the monocle he was polishing. "But after all, I've always been pretty easy on the old fellow. So now, my man, go to the ladies—but please knock at the door first, do you hear?—and ask if their ladyships are ready yet."

"At your service, Herr Major."

When Proschownik left the room, the major threw another searching glance at the mirror; then he extended first one leg and then the other to see whether his trousers fitted. Everything seemed to be all right, and he was quite satisfied with his appearance.

His spirits fell, however, when Fraulein von Klinke, his god-daughter, entered, dressed as on her arrival from her journey. Her little face was grave and worried, and she stood with clasped hands looking doubtfully at the major.

"But my child," he exclaimed, "it is high time—and you are not yet——"

"I beg your pardon, uncle"—for so she had called her father's friend since her childhood—"I don't know what can be the matter with Eva. Soon after she came into our room, she gave a scream and began to sob as if her heart would break. She is still sobbing; I cannot quiet her."

"But child, for Heaven's sake, what has happened?" sputtered the major.

"I really don't know. She was always melancholy, and at home she often cries without any apparent reason, but I never saw her like this. Won't you take a look at her?"

The major rushed out without a word, while the young girl anxiously followed him. In a moment Herr von Uchtenhagen reached the door of the guest chamber and pushed it open.

"Eva!" he cried, and there was so much warmth, tenderness and real concern in his tones that Baroness Halpert for a moment lifted her head with its heavy Titian-blond braids. Then her eyes turned, as if automatically, toward the toilet table that stood in the corner of the room, and she broke down again, while a wild sob shook her slender frame.

The major followed the glance of his youth's love and with a hoarse "What in the name of Heaven is that?" he started back as if struck by a blow of a whip. Then he rushed to the table and caught up in his hands a grinning, bald headed effigy—a hair-dresser's wig-block.

"Proschownik!" roared he, like one of the trumpets of Jericho, through the entrance hall. The man came running in like lightning, but the major's tone was not lowered.

"You donkey! You miserable wretch! I'll draw and quarter you! What have you here? Where did you get this?"

"Herr Major, I borrowed it. It was in the countesses' room and as I couldn't buy one I borrowed it."

"Oh, you thrice accursed blockhead!"

The unfortunate major got no further. He sank on the nearest chair, holding the hideous thing to his breast. Proschownik withdrew with a half alarmed, half offended face, and the major shoved the wig-block under the chair on which he had seated himself, clasped his hands and said in a voice once more soft and tender:

"Eva!"

His god-daughter came to the conclusion that she was de trop, and slipped out. And it was well that she did, for two lovers whom one piece of folly has estranged for years and who have just fallen victims to a second, have much, very much indeed, to say to each other.

"I offered to let him have a hundred."

"That would only be a drop in the bucket-shop."

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Auto Notes

The Lozier Motor Co. have issued an emphatic denial of the published statements reported to have been made by Teddy Tetzlaff to the effect that the Lozier Company has been anxious to secure Tetzlaff's services or made him any offer to compete in the Santa Monica race at the wheel of the Lozier car. Tetzlaff has never been in the employ of the Lozier Company. The car which he drove in the Santa Monica race was a demonstrating car owned by the former Lozier agents and Tetzlaff purchased this car after the race. In his match race wherein he defeated De Palma in the 90 horsepower Fiat he drove the car on his own account and this was equally true at Indianapolis.

Dr. Floyd L. R. Burks of Fresno recently completed a 1000 mile tour which included Los Angeles and the south, during which time an actual check was kept on the performance of his Chalmers "30" Pony Tonneau. It was found on completing the run that the car had made a wonderful performance in gasoline consumption, the average for the trip being twenty-two miles to the gallon. Two other physicians who traveled with Dr. Burks also kept a record and certify that this statement is correct. This economical record has never before been equalled in the annals of motoring with a car of the size and weight of Dr. Burks' Chalmers "30."

In one day recently the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit shipped thirty cars and ten trucks, which is the largest day's business in the history of the concern. Cars are now going forward at the rate of ten a day and this will be increased until the output reaches a volume of fifteen cars every twenty-four hours. The company is now behind more than two weeks on its schedule of deliveries and is taxing the capacity of its huge plant in the effort to keep up with orders. There are today on the factory payroll 7,060 men, without taking account of the large staff employed in the offices. A night force is kept at work in the machine shops.

Recent extensions to the plant of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, have made it possible for the Rambler people to announce that they are now making ninety-six per cent of all the parts that go to make up Rambler motor cars. The importance of making all the parts is great to the purchaser. Proof of the low cost of Rambler upkeep is shown by the fact that during 1910 and 1911 the average value per car of parts sold for the 20,600 Ramblers in use was only $14.58. This covers the total number of parts purchased by all owners for Ramblers of different ages.

Miss N. R. Gambitz of this city, accompanied by a party of friends, recently returned from a 1500 mile run to Los Angeles and the southern portion of the State. The trip was made in Miss Gambitz's Chalmers "40" car which she has driven, to date, in excess of 30,000 miles. Miss Gambitz states that the entire party had a most enjoyable trip and that she is delighted with the performance of her car at all times. The trips taken by Miss Gambitz show the Chalmers to be a car built for all kinds of travel.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

"It is high time it should be generally understood that trades unionism, in important respects, works against the very best effects of democracy."—Professor Elliott, Harvard University.

Citizens' Alliance Offices
Merchants Exchange Building
Free Employment Bureau
700 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,434; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE BOUWMAN, Deceased.

Maria V. Dunn, administratrix of the estate of Rose Bouwman, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrix should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix for the sale of such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: August 23, 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE, Attys. for Administratrix, 1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Application of SEARIGHT-WALDECK COMPANY, a corporation, for Dissolution.

The application of the above named corporation for dissolution having been presented to this Court and the Court being satisfied that the same is in conformity with Title VI, Part 2 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, that the said application be filed with the Clerk of this Court and that the Clerk give not less than thirty or not more than fifty days' notice of the said application by publication of a copy of this Order in some newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco at least once a week, for not less than thirty days as aforesaid.

Dated, August 25th, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Applicant, Western National Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE SAADALLAH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elias Saadallah, Administrator of the estate of George Saadallah, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John V. Filippini, his attorney, Suite 1004 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Saadallah, deceased.

ELIAS SAADALLAH,
Administrator of the Estate of George Saadallah, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

JOHN V. FILIPPINI, Atty. for Administrator, No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI MALATESTA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Andrea Malatesta, Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Malatesta, deceased.

ANDREA MALATESTA,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Malatesta, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5, 1911.

T. J. CROWLEY, Atty. for Administrator, Rooms 509-11 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco. 8-5-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff, Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard, executrices of the will of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrices at the office of John Flournoy, Esq., Room No. 1033 in the Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased.

FRANCES EASTON TAYLOR and
ADELINE MILLS TAYLOR HOWARD,
As Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

JOHN FLOURNOY, ESQ., Attorney for Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard as Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. F. BRUNBROOK, Deceased—No. 10,901; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, her attorney, Room 1404 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased.

ELIZABETH C. BRUNBROOK,
Executrix of the Estate of A. F. Brunbrook, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Executrix, Metropolis Bank Bldg., 625 Market St., San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CASSIE WHELAN WILBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Charles W. Slack, No. 1101 Alaska Commercial Building, situated at the Northeasterly corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased.

JOHN H. SPECK,
As Administrator of the Estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 17, 1911.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator, 1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff, 503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

Letters

Literary Relics and Relic Hunters

A literary publication chronicles the amazing fact that the janitor of Maine Hall, Bowdoin College, has the compositor's stick in which was set Longfellow's "Outre Mere" in 1842. If the stick was a serviceable implement it must have been utilized daily and promiscuously, and in any event, it probably shared its sacred mission with so many others as to have escaped special stigmata of sanctification, though the printing trade itself has met with so many vicissitudes during the past seventy years that the once familiar implement is in itself a curiosity. As well save the hammer and saw used to repair the back fence or the broom which swept the household floors and enshrine them as literary relics, though there is a certain type of mind which actually feels uplifted by owning or gazing upon such "associations." There is a tale of a culturine who picked up a cherry pit and had it set in a ring which she afterwards displayed to Emerson, as one from which he had removed the pulp. The philosopher admired the ring sufficiently to please its owner but aded that he never ate cherries. The late king of England was once inspecting some building operations, and having tossed away the butt of his cigar, there was a wild scramble amongst the workmen for possession of the souvenir. It is said that the valets of the great make a pretty private income from the sale of locks of hair and other rubbish, genuine or not, to the snobs. The most casual reader of the newspapers knows the fabulous sums paid for autograph letters which mean nothing whatever to the purchaser, and the heirs of people of distinction count on reaping small fortunes at the dispersal of their libraries, not because the books are rare, valuable, or desirable from any other point of view, save as curiosities. The buyers either expect to dispose of the second-hand goods at an enhanced valuation or else they count upon advancing their own importance by possession. Public monuments are defaced and property destroyed by the souvenir collector, and one cannot entirely withhold sympathy from that harrassed householder who destroyed Shakespeare's "New Place" in order to rid himself of the interloping mob. While the first of those to retain memorials are actuated by affection, and the articles they preserve have genuine and direct association, the habit of collecting soon becomes little more than a magpie instinct for gathering odds and ends. It is the same with the mania for erecting tablets and establishing "shrines." A few years ago there were two houses in Paris where Moliere was born, and two more where he died, not to mention the two years' discrepancy in the birth dates. Some day San Francisco and its vicinity may need a corner or a crossroad for a memorial, only to discover that every eligible site has been preempted for a cat-tinkle "Camino Real" bell. The proud owner of the "Outre Mere" stick might get together the rule, type and other essentials. A handful of pi, at least, would be more "understanded of the people" than a stick.

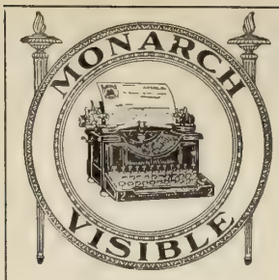
Book Notes

A stranger, noting the neglected condition of Carlyle's grave some years ago, spoke to one of the villagers concerning it. "Aye! Maybe sae; but it'll be greener yet for a' the Ecclesfechan folk care," was the surly reply. "But you are surely proud of Thomas Carlyle?" asked the surprised "shriner." "Humph! I suppose he was muckle thocht about in London and thae parts, but what did he or his ever do for Ecclesfechan? I hae kent the Carlyles a' my life, and they were a thrawn lot, the whole of them."

While Booth Tarkington has just declared that he will never again have anything to do with dramatic literature, whether it be the writing of plays, the dramatization of his own novels or an interest in the results, Geraldine Bonner's experimenting has brought about just the opposite state of mind, and at the present moment she is engaged on a dramatization of "Rich Men's Children." As some of the incidents, if not the characters, of that novel were easily identified, a stage presentation will have that additional lure for the curious.

Some of the old inhabitants of Somersby where the poet Tennyson was born, had vivid impressions of their illustrious townsman, whom they were not so much inclined to worship as were his contemporaries in the larger world. One old woman who was interrogated by a visitor, gave her recollections thus: "'E was a very quoiet man. 'E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is oyes 'alf shut an' peepin'; an 'e used to poke at you loike i' fun, wi' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot o' 'air, and a long beard, and (sinking her voice to a whisper) 'e never looked very clean, no 'e didn't." This startling testimony was confirmed by her husband, who added: "If you met 'im gooin' along this dusty rooad, you 'a kenned 'im for a tramp gooin' to Brigg for a night's lodgin'."

When Sir Wemyss Reid was a youth he expressed a desire to enter upon a journalistic career, whereupon an old friend of the family in New Castle held before him this horrible example: "I mind there was a decent friend of mine, auld Mr. Forster, the butcher in the Side. He had a laddie just like you, and nothing would serve him but he must go away to London to get eddicated, as he called it; and when he had got eddicated he wouldn't come back to his father's shop, though it was a first class business He would do nothing but write, and write, and write, and at last he went back again to London, and A've never heard of that laddie since." That is how the name and fame of John Forster, author of the "Life of Goldsmith" and biographer of Dickens was cherished in his native town.



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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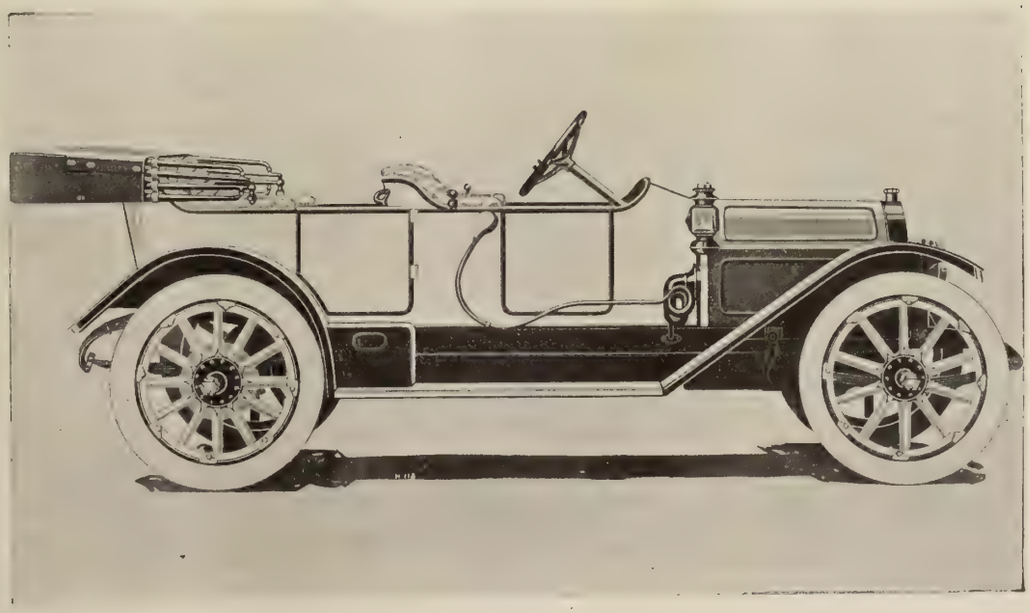

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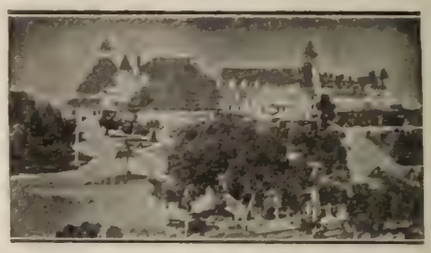

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, September 9, 1911 | No. 994

MIZZI HAJOS

The Hungarian prima donna in "The Spring Maid" at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday, September 11.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Campaign for New Nationalism

The propaganda for the new operations on the body politic proposed by the Legislature at its last session is now in full swing. Three apostles of New Nationalism opened the campaign last week. First came Senator Clapp (-trap?) of Minnesota, imported for the good work by the Hon. "Billy" Kent. Under the auspices of the Commonwealth Club the distinguished insurgent regaled us with a copious flow of whangdoodle on the genesis of free government. In the course of his speechifying he uttered one truth, which must have been the result of inadvertence, as this particular truth all other apostles of New Nationalism have been denying with great vehemence. "The initiative, recall and referendum," said the Senator, "are not experiments, but merely taking back the power delegated to representative government." This is decidedly heterodox, being tantamount to saying that the initiative, referendum and recall are designed to destroy the principles of representative government, which indeed they are, as everybody knows who has the faintest inkling as to the nature of those principles. As we have credited the Minnesota statesman with one truth, let us now consider a specimen of his whangdoodle. "The time is coming," said he, "when we shall no more permit a person with a selfish interest to manage our affairs than we would tolerate the judgment of a judge interested in the case tried before him." The halcyon time foreseen by the Minnesota prophet is, of course the millennium. In that blissful period there will be so little selfishness left in the world that the people will have not the slightest difficulty in finding impeccable citizens for public office. But unfortunately at present, as the Senator were he intellectually scrupulous would have informed the unilluminati of the Commonwealth Club, there is a great deal of selfishness and not much wisdom in the world, and what wisdom we have ought to be applied to the task of trying to exclude selfishness and claptrapishness from public office rather than to the solving of scientific questions of government that turn on considerations of which the uninstructed masses are imperfect judges.

The Logical Gompers

On the heels of the Minnesota statesman came our beloved Governor, breathing lofty moral enthusiasm and scorn of the conservatism of our forefathers, as full of fine sentiments as Joseph Surface. Attesting as always his gentlemanly regard for the amenities of polite controversy he characterized President Taft's message on the recall as "sound and fury," and then swept the City Club of Berkeley off its feet with great gales of blue rhetoric, the kind with which he was wont to rattle the rafters of the criminal courts in the heyday of his professional career. And scarcely had the echoes of our beloved Governor's clarion tones died away when into our midst bounded the sanest and most logical of all proponents of the recall, Mr. Sam. Gompers. Now from the standpoint of the political faction represented by Governor Johnson the arrival of Mr. Gompers was at an inopportune psychological moment, a fact that was emphasized by his public declaration of hearty approval of the proposal to subject the judiciary to the recall. The reason Mr. Gompers is for the recall is the very reason why every decent, nation-loving citizen should be against it. Mr. Gompers represents an organized class, the strongest organized class in this republic, and nothing can so well serve its purposes as an instrument which may be employed by only twelve per cent of the electorate to terrorize a court. It is easy to appreciate Mr. Gompers' state of mind; especially easy if we but reflect on this observation made by him in his address to workers in March, 1908: "The Supreme Court decision applying the Sherman law to labor makes the crisis an especially grave one, for under this decision every normal, peaceful and helpful activity of the workers whether exercised individually or in association may be construed as a conspiracy or a combination in restraint of trade." Those judges who do not differentiate combinations of labor from combinations of capital are abhorrent to Mr. Gompers, and should be recalled. Indeed it was but a few months ago that he named a judge in Washington, D. C., of whom he said there was no doubt but that he would be recalled on account of a decision adverse to labor were the recall available. So it is easy to sympathize with Mr. Gompers in his attitude toward the propaganda which is at present receiving much warmth and dignity from our exuberant Governor. The truth is that were Mr. Gompers to have his way he would obliterate the courts altogether by edict instead of employing roundabout, faint-hearted makeshifts.

The Governor at His Best

A fine, persuasive speech was Governor Johnson's, abounding in familiar cant phrases, palpitating with hackneyed generalities that became stale though not unprofitable centuries ago. The Governor's thesis was that the people are so wise, so disposed to philosophic calm, that they may be depended on to govern themselves shrewdly without the slightest check and administer exact justice in all matters. He scoffed at the suggestion that the people are subject "to gusts of passion," thus implying that he had forgotten all about the late unpleasantness in San Francisco and that he knew nothing of lynching bees or of the hemlocking of patriots. In expounding his thesis he confined himself to abstract terms which he interlarded with encomiums on the virtue and wisdom of the people, as though he had never read George Eliot's advice to working men: "Whenever a speaker wastes our time in flattery, I say, let us hiss him." Affecting to answer President Taft, our Governor attempted nothing in the way of refutation, but merely dogmatized along as though it were understood that he was the organ of divine revelation. He addressed himself exclusively to the stupidity of his audience; and in the circumstances of the situation there was nothing else for him to do. As his remarks were received with "loud and prolonged" applause, it must be inferred that had he predicated intelligence of the City Club of Berkeley he would have been a frost. That he had rightly estimated the character of his audience may be perceived by taking note at random of almost any of the sentiments that evoked "loud and prolonged" applause. For example: "When an audience such as this gathers to hear a discussion of abstruse questions it shows that the people of the State of California have sense enough to rule." Can you conceive of a speaker hazarding such transparent sophistry in the presence of any number of sane adults? As to argument in support of the principle of applying the recall to the judiciary the Governor refrained from making any at all. He merely indulged in dicta, bloviated, so to speak, probably owing to the conviction that anything in the nature of dialectic would hopelessly transcend the brain power of his audience. Presumably he assumed that it would suffice for him to tell the City Club of Berkeley that the principle of the recall is a good thing since there have been some bad judges and because the people are always to be trusted. Doubtless if he had thought it worth while to argue the matter he would have ventured to demonstrate that justice can never be so well dispensed as by judges sensible of the importance of keeping their ears to the ground and fearful of giving offense to lawyers skilled in the practice of the gentle art of demagogy. But as there was "loud and prolonged" applause for sublimated buncombe and the most insipid twaddle, why attempt to carry the City Club through the ramifications of speculative inquiry? The audience was so "easy" that the Governor took occasion to deliver a brief panegyric on himself. By way of proof of his ability as a reformer he pointed with pride to the fact that whereas "the State used to pay $2.50 for ink it is now paying only 75 cents." We believe it would be utterly useless to argue against the recall amendment. We believe so because we are convinced that men of the type that composed Governor Johnson's Berkeley audience greatly preponderate in the electorate of California.

Averting a Strike

The representatives of the Federation of Shopmen who came to this city to submit certain proposals to Vice-President Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific informed the representatives of the press that their purpose was to avert a strike. On the same

principle a footpad might ask permission to tie a man's hands in order to avert a murder. If the railroad officials were to accede to the demands of the Federation of Shopmen a strike would be averted for the present, but no guarantee was offered that a strike would be averted for all time. Indeed it would be absurd to offer such a guarantee, as it would be known to be worthless. The simple truth of the matter is that the unionists wished to be placed in a position to terrorize the company with threats of a general strike whenever they saw fit. This is exactly what is meant by the kind of recognition they demanded. For they demanded among other things that non-unionists be required to become members of the association within thirty days. This demand is based on the assumption that the union and corporation have natural rights which each ought to respect. This assumption is wholly without foundation. As a matter of fact the union recognizes no rights but what it regards as its own, and there is no consideration on which it seeks to exact any of its pretended rights. The Federation of Shopmen doesn't even recognize the right, much less the duty, of the railroad company to tion within thirty days. This demand they obtain competent labor. Hence the proposed stipulation that employes shall "not be requested to undergo any form of physical examination or make out any form of personal record." Thus we see that even the right of the public to efficient service is not respected. And of course the right of the non-union worker to the liberty guaranteed by the Constitution is not considered at all. He is expected to obtain a license from the Federation to pursue life and happiness. If a strike were not to be averted except on such terms as have been dictated by the Federation of Shopmen, then a strike would be the best thing that could happen.

Evasion of the Charter

The Chronicle complains that almost every department of the city government is "continually seeking to evade or ignore the provisions of the charter." Which reminds us that the charter has had a checkered career and that the revering of it ceased almost from the moment that it went into effect. Although the charter was hailed as a masterpiece of political genius, and guaranteed to cure all our ills and contract the utmost boundaries of possible political mischief, at no time since it became operative has it been held inviolate. It was raped by its father, the Hon. James D. Phelan, while it was still in its swaddling clothes, and the outraging of it has been a continual performance from that day to this. It was Mr. Phelan, it will be remembered, who set the example of reconstructing commissions to gratify his whim and further his political ends. But why complain about evasions of the charter? The charter is merely the organic law of the city, and is certainly not deserving of any more respect than the Constitution, which our progressive statesmen are in favor of altering whenever it is in restraint of what appears to them to be the common good.

Some Venerable Platitudes

The practice of evading the organic law of a city or nation is hardly any worse than the practice of amending it. It is a maxim of the science of government that the worst of governments are always the most changeable; and beyond doubt the stability of government is largely a matter of reverence for the organic law. This is especially true of the republican form of government, the force and efficacy of which are derived from public opinion. Republics perish of impatience. They thrive and flourish when their citizens are proud of the calm and Constitutional energy which dispenses blessings with an unseen hand. They fall when the evils from which human institutions are never free cause distrust and provoke a fanatical passion for perfection. The distrust of a day has outweighed all the beneficent principles and institutions of government. Distrust is bound to arise where there is not constant cultivation of love of country and a profound reverence for the institutions of government. When reverence for the Constitution of a country is undermined then come innovations and experiments, the ill consequences of which are never to be foreseen. We are not insensible of the platitudinous nature of these observations. They are probably to be found in some ancient copybook. But has not the philosophy of them come to be forgotten? Or have the enlightened people of this country came to regard themselves as immune from the operations of immutable laws?

The Days of the Gracchi

It is clear that we have entered a new political era. We have reached a point which no republic ever failed to reach, the point at which declension begins. It is the point at which the people expect too much of their institutions. This is the most melancholy period in the history of republics. Rome reached this period in the days of the Gracchi. Now perhaps it would be well for the people of this State if all of them were to read the history of those days in the light of current events. In most text-books of history the Gracchi are represented as great patriots and heroes. The truth is, of course, they were the forerunners of the Caesars. Tiberius Gracchus was the prototype of our own T. R. Perceiving that there was much room for improvement in Rome, the eldest son of Cornelia presumed, as one of the Tribunes, to rise above the commonplaces of tradition and of elemental principles whenever the common good of his conception was not to be advanced under the Constitution. He was impatient of Constitutional restraints. He knew more law than the courts. He began the work of reform by cultivating the affections of the plain people. He caused the reduction of the term of military service, thus making a great hit, and a little later he proposed that the farms of Italy be taken from the rich and distributed among the poor. To effect this bit of Socialist reform he had recourse to the referendum. Here he met with a snag in the person of one of the Tribunes, Marcus Octavius. No proposal could be submitted to the tribes without the consent of all the Tribunes, and Octavius being a stubborn reactionary incapable of seeing the light of the progressive movement barred the way to the plebiscite. Gracchus argued in vain. Then he tried the potency of a bribe. History does not so state. History employs various euphemisms in dealing with Gracchus, probably for the reason that whatever he did is presumed to have been sanctified by the very circumstance of his doing it for the benefit of the plain people. The truth is, however, that Gracchus told Octavius that he need not worry about his land as he would be compensated for all that would be taken from him. He probably guaranteed this on his word as a righteous reformer. But Octavius, it appears, was not only a reactionary; he was an incorruptible standpatter. And as a consequence, for the first time in history the recall was employed. Tiberius Gracchus, the most celebrated of insurgents, submitted to the tribes the proposal that they recall the man who would not consent to the looting of the rich for the common good. When all but the last of the tribes had voted for the recall of the enemy of the virtuous populace Tiberius Gracchus called a halt, turned to Octavius and asked him to consent to the submission of the agrarian measure to the people and save himself from the humiliation of being recalled. And still Octavius stood pat. He was for the laws of his country first, last and all the time—and he was recalled. Of course the agrarian law was carried. But it was never put into effect, though Tiberius Gracchus had himself, his brother and his brother-in-law appointed a commission to make the distribution of land. The law failed to be carried into effect because its author was typical of his breed. He lacked all the qualities of a statesman. After getting what he wanted he didn't know what to do with it. He involved himself in an inextricable mess, incurring not only the enmity of the rich but the hatred of the plain people; for the plain people, when they recovered their senses, perceived that they had been deluded, and what kindled their rage more than all else was the injustice suffered by Marcus Octavius. And so as a result of his blind zeal for the common good Tiberius Gracchus was slain and thrown into the Tiber. But unfortunately, before his tragic end, he succeeded in making many alterations in the government. He had a new judiciary created, and he appointed all the judges and caused provision to be made for appeals from the courts to the plain people thus anticipating the reformers of California and Arizona. Now it was entirely as a result of the mischievous innovations made at the instigation of Tiberius Gracchus that the Roman republic speedily fell into decay. True, there was need of reform in Rome when Tiberius Gracchus made his appearance in public life, but the people were in power and there were laws under which reforms could have been effected. There was no need of popular absolutism or of injustice to the minority. Tiberius Gracchus undermined the institutions of his country, and made possible the disorder and confusion of the days of Marius and Sylla.

Correspondence

A Rebuke Called For

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I'm for Rolph, too, but it occurs to me that Rolph has enough to do to take care of himself, so why couple him with Hathorn. I don't suppose that Rolph is responsible for the impression sought to be created by certain unscrupulous politicians that he has job-chaser Hathorn for a running mate, but it will do no harm for him to utter the rebuke that the insolent job-chaser deserves; on the contrary, judging from what I have heard in many quarters, it will do him a great deal of good. You seem to think that Rolph has a walk-over. I know of no better way to beat a man than to spread a notion of that kind. In my judgment Rolph needs every vote that he can get, and certainly he cannot afford to alienate the friends of any other candidate.

Yours truly,
—San Franciscan.

A Plaint from Berkeley

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Why is it that Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the State University, in addressing the various student meetings constantly reminds them of the poorness of this institution? I am quite sure each student is taxed enough "entrance fees" to erect several hundred new buildings. It is ridiculous to think of the uniforms, books and sundry other things the student is taxed for. One freshman inquired if his father could make his military uniform instead of paying twice as much for it at U. C. The answer was "no." This makes it very difficult for the poorer class of boys. Each semester new books are assigned amounting to quite a little sum. The books of the previous semester are but half read. I believe there is quite a bit of graft attached to the University. It would be far better for Ide Wheeler to teach principles and ideals rather than poverty.

—Miss Anybody.

Sept. 5th, 1911.

The Governor Warned

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that Governor Johnson took a rap at the Call and Examiner in his speech on the recall last week. Though a friend and admirer of the Governor's I am not on correspondence terms with him, so I would like a little space in your valuable paper in which to give him a few words of advice, which are these, "Don't knock the newspapers, conciliate them." I am an old man, having passed the three score year and ten period, during which I spent much time watching the career of men in public life. As a result of my observations I am able to assert without fear of successful contradiction that the life of the average newspaper is much longer than the period in which the average politician retains his hold on public favor; also, that the average newspaper has a good memory. Now in the good times that are coming the enmity of newspapers is much more to be dreaded than ever before, especially by politicians. With the initiative, referendum and recall in full blast our newspapers will wield a power that no politician however popular can afford not to respect. Hence I would advise Governor Johnson to assuage himself and remember the fate of Heney the barnstormer.

Sincerely yours,
—Rupert A[illegible]

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Anxiety in China

China has already borrowed fifty millions from European and American financiers for the construction of railroads and is planning to bring its total borrowings for the same purpose up to two hundred millions. But the Chinese people are not at all pleased with this seeking of foreign capital. Their opposition is expected to make trouble in the National Assembly which will soon be in session. Already the newspapers are protesting against the project in violent language. The fear of the Chinese masses is that foreign control will come with foreign capital, despite the fact that the Government drafts its loan agreements with careful precision to guard against just this calamity. There is also a widespread belief among the people that the officials are borrowing money for purposes of "squeeze" or graft.

"A Blow at the Regiments"

That is how the Evening Post of New York characterizes the latest plan of the Chief of Staff of the army. The plan is to select certain organizations for posts in the Philippines, Hawaii and along the Panama Canal, to make these organizations permanent, but to change their personnel from time to time. At the present time entire regiments are transported to these posts with officers and men, animals and full camp and garrison equipment. Instead of moving these bodies, it is planned to shift the officers every three years. Thus the personnel would be changed from time to time, but the regiments would remain. The scheme would greatly reduce army expenses and would, according to the Chief of Staff, insure the presence of an experienced regiment at every post. But the Evening Post criticises the scheme quite sharply. "It would be the final step toward breaking up regimental esprit de corps," says the Post's military expert. And the critic goes on: "In his report on the troops in Texas, just out, Gen. Duncan complains bitterly of the damage done by the constant shifting of officers. What will happen when regiments are constantly receiving men and officers, letting others go and changing nearly as a whole every two or three years? There will thus be certain exiled organizations through which officers will drift, spending one, two, or three years, as the case may be, as they are promoted, retired, invalided, detailed, or transferred. It would be hard to devise a more ingenious scheme to prevent solidarity in the service, and to make foreign service more disliked than ever."

Labor's Rule in Australia

Labor government in Australia has driven private capital into hiding, a Sidney merchant informed the New York Sun recently. He says that the laborites are making too many laws and that the people are being surfeited. "When I left home," he says, "the Government was starting manufacturing works to turn out all sorts of public necessaries. They were beginning with a State brickyard, a State bank and were getting on State tramways, State electric and gas works. This is hard on the capitalists who believe that their own investments are likely to be made unsafe." This traveler doesn't seem to think that the labor Government will last. He says it is too Socialistic. At the same time he admits that the workingmen are at the height of prosperity. But it must be remembered that all grades of labor are scarce in Australia, the development outrunning the increase in population.

Lynch Law and Recall of Judges

At first sight there may seem to be nothing in common between the lawless wreaking of vengeance on an offender and the proposed amendment to a State constitution which will allow the voters to remove a judge from the bench when his conduct does not suit their passing fancy, but the similarity of the mental operations behind a lynching and the recall as applied to judges has been pointed out by the Boston Advertiser in a fashion which is worth noting. The Advertiser says:

> It is difficult to see how any man who condemns lynch law as indefensible and as inhuman brutality can defend the proposition for the popular recall of judges. For once grant the principle of the recall, once make it the rule that popular passion, popular prejudice, popular clamor in a time of temporary popular frenzy shall be the guide of the courts, and the logical extension of the same proposition is that the mob has the right to take the law into its own hands and execute its own ideas of exemplary justice without even going through the formality of allowing a judge to carry out its crazy orders. If the popular recall of judges is a sound principle of jurisprudence and politics, why is not lynch law defensible on exactly the same grounds? The principle of the recall of judges is founded on the belief that judges are not put on the bench to enforce the laws but to execute the popular will, independently of what the laws may be. The judge who construes the laws unfairly, unjustly, can now be punished under existing law. It is easy enough to reach any judge who prostitutes his position if the public sentiment demands his punishment. A judge can be impeached and brought to trial whenever he does wrong of any kind. There is no lack of law already to punish a judge who does wrong; but the principle of the recall is manifestly intended to reach and to punish the judge who does right at a time when the right happens to be the unpopular side.

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Varied Types

XXXVIII—ERNEST GLENDINNING

By Edward F. O'Day

"There are some things in one's life over which one would gladly draw the veil."

And Ernest Glendinning pantomimed seven weeks of his career into the dark backward of oblivion.

I am not going to publish his secret. It is too horrible for any words of mine. The adjective itself is his.

"Horrible! Horrible!" he orotunded, rapidly etching this and that member of the company in mordant dissylables.

"And that awful tiger skin of canton flannel!"

He extruded the picture of property passion from a too lively imagination and we passed to pleasanter things. After all that was two years ago, just after Glendinning had quit Alcazar stock. Ernest has made Glendinning history in the past two years, so why snatch a corse from the potter's field of memory?

In his gray silk robe de chambre, sipping his "mornin's mornin'" of fizzing gin Glendinning was in no mood for obit-songs. The burial rite of an impossible play that was dirged from San Francisco to Glendive, Montana, was none of his funeral. So we stuck to life.

"My college course," he called his four years at the Alcazar and spoke of them in accents of unaffected affection. And who would not, holding membership in such an alumni association? He graduated into Nazimova's company, leaving that for Broadway, Belasco and a Walter play. From that other Belasco he learned much.

"He's like the keeper of the lions," he told me. "He prods you to fury. In the one big scene that fell to me Belasco prodded me to fury and I worked myself from fury to hysterics. But I got the scene the way he wanted it. And then, before the opening he said to me: 'You're overacting it. That's my fault. I made you do it. And I rely on you to shade it down.'"

It slants a sharp sidelight on the Belasco method, does it not?

"Then I went to a Brady company," continued Glendinning, spooning his melon. "One night a part was handed to me. 'Alfred in Borrowed Babies,' it read. 'Borrowed Babies' afterwards became 'Baby Mine.'

"Brady is a fine stage director and a shrewd man. He realized that if the leading parts in 'Baby Mine' were played by a leading man and a leading woman of the usual age, the play would be vulgar. 'It must be done by youngsters or not at all,' he said. And even then he was very careful about that first act. 'Get through it fast and don't look for laughs,' were his in-instructions. 'There will be plenty of laughs in the second and third acts. Do the first act in dead seriousness.'"

That it was wise advice all who have seen the play will readily acknowledge. And all who know Brady will not be surprised at his wisdom. He started learning his business years ago at Morosco's in Howard street and has been learning more and more about it ever since.

Brady calls Glendinning "the boy." He likes him.

"It's a money proposition with me," Brady said to Glendinning. And still chewing on a fat black regalia he handed him a contract. It called for three years in "Baby Mine" with the right of renewal for two years in another play wherein Glendinning, to use the patter of the playhouse, is to be "starred" or "featured" with a handsome salary and a share of the profits. Pretty well for a youngster who matriculated at the Alcazar six years ago and graduated into the world of Broadway within the past two.

"I love my art," said Glendinning very seriously as he decapitated an egg. And then he looked at me, looked a challenge which I refused to accept because I knew that he was on no false ground.

"Yes, I love my art. It sounds a joke nowadays perhaps, but I'm not afraid to say it. There is a kind of actor that I call 'an adequate actor.' You know the sort. In the notices it is always put down that Soandso 'was adequate in his part.' If I thought that I were to be merely an adequate actor I'd get a job at something else. Mediocrity is the one thing inexcusable. I look forward to the time when I shall take a hand in the producing end of the business."

ERNEST GLENDINNING

"I've had a little experience already," he explained. "This summer in Minneapolis I was leading man and director of a stock company which Jim Neill had just left. Two of the plays were comparatively easy because I knew them from the Alcazar days. But one was entirely new to me, 'The Family' by Robert H. Davis. I had never seen it produced and had never heard from anyone who had seen it. I fairly wallowed in the production of 'The Family.' I took the liberty of blue-pencilling some of Bob Davis' lines. I even added a line of my own."

Glendinning almost blushed for that effrontery.

"A playwright too?" I queried.

"No," he hastily corrected. "I can't write. I think I could help prepare a play, but if a man is a passable actor it wouldn't be fair for him to try to be a playwright too, would it?"

So it is evident that that one line didn't turn Glendinning's head.

"How did it feel to get away from stock?" It was inevitable that I should administer that bromide.

"The Sunday night off in the East was a beautiful thing," he reacted. "We had little parties and forgot the greasepaint."

There is no Sunday night off for Glendinning in San Francisco, but we crowd time here and in the crowded hours after eleven o'clock at night I wager he forgets the greasepaint just the same. Forgets it, at least, as much as a host of friends all anxious to fill the hiatus of two years' absence will let him. His coffee cooled while he greeted one of them at the telephone. I don't imagine that greasepaint obtruded on the luncheon that was then and there arranged. It's more likely that they took up the thread of a romance—not Glendinning's but the other fellow's—and wound the narrative to its happy culmination.

"It's great to be back!"

How often we hear the actor say the words! With what a variety of meanings! And how variously do the words affect us! Sometimes we are sure that they are insincere. Sometimes we suspect that their sincerity is colored by conventional politeness. And once in a while we know that the words come from the heart. This is the case with Glendinning.

"What bully times a fellow has here!"

There again spake the heart, the heart of a young man who has the right to play hard because he works hard.

"We had a little party last night——"

But that's not part of the interview. Let it remain a secret like the seven horrible weeks that revolved their laborious days from San Francisco to Glendive, Montana. Suffice it that Glendinning had found an opportunity at that little party to forget the greasepaint. His stay in town has been filled with opportunities like that.

Short Weight

How to persuade the blonde delicatessen store clerk to remove her hand from the scales when weighing his cheese and bologna, so he would get sixteen ounces to the pound instead of twelve or thirteen, was the problem confronting the man who lunches late at night in his own room.

"Try a few affectionate little pecks at her hand with accompanying complimentary remarks and she will let go all right," said an experienced friend.

The night after receiving that advice the man asked for a pound of smoked pork tenderloin. As usual, the blonde young woman rested her hand on the scales to steady them, and, hesitatingly, the man laid his palm on her stubby fingers. When he got home half an hour later and weighed the pork tenderloin on his own scales he found that he had eleven ounces instead of the customary thirteen. But strange to say, he was not angry.

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A Literary Suicide

By Jean Julian (From the French)

I feel confident, intelligent reader, that with a slight effort of the memory you will readily recall the name of Pierre Labrique. That belongs to the individual who now has the honor of addressing the world, and not for the first time either, for on two occasions it has already achieved a wide-spread publicity. The first time I fell in with Fame was some fifteen years ago, at which period I belonged to that not unpathetic type of pale-visaged, ghostly youth who wear their hair in weeping-willow fashion, affect a look of far-away abstractedness, walk as if their feet touched not the ground and ever observe a tragic air of suspended emotion, as if they awaited but the coming of some vague spirt to move them away. They are the best-known denizens of the Latin Quarter, and in irreverent vernacular are termed the minor poets.

In those days I strummed upon my lyre symphonies in verse, the themes of which, I will now admit, were as unfathomable as their music was elusive. Verlaine himself, who marveled at the popularity of my book of poems entitled "Quiverings," described me in public as the genius of obscurity. Nevertheless, the cheap literary reviews chanted my praise, while the daily press acclaimed me an immortal. I myself was the first to realize my own merit, and publicity only convinced me of the lowliness of my self-appraisement; the laudatory notices of the press had the effect of intoxicating me, while the moot elogium of Verlaine upset the slender balance of my reason. And so it happened that when I informed my honored father, a hatter in a small way of business, whose sole aspiration was to see me his successor, that the muse of poetry had given me the irrecovable call, a distressing scene occurred between us, myself leaving home, in the sequel, to take up residence in a lofty garret, as near the stars as might be. My defection had the effect of killing all my father's interest in his business, the poor man dying soon after, an unhappy bankrupt, to be followed within a few months by his sorrowing widow.

Of the wreck of their little fortune just enough was left to enable me to hold up my head for a short while. I could, for instance, face my respected landlady upon the stairs without feeling under any obligation to pay her an over-considerate deference; I could also pay for my restaurant meals without going through the pretense of searching my pockets for a possibly evasive piece of gold; to be brief, I could pay my way like a man—not like a poet. Alas! not for long, however; for though I found the critics hyperlaudatory of my verse, I discovered the public to be overprovident of its petty expenditure. Still I kept my courage and remained unceasingly prolific, only to awaken one morning to find the Parnassus I had dreamed, razed to the ground at a single stroke and that, too, by the publication of my unfortunate book of idylls called "Gleams in Dark Hours." At its appearance the critics and the public were sympathetic; but their sympathies never obtruded themselves beyond the chrysalis stage, while my own personal needs had long changed from trifles to full-grown realities.

I was, of course, fully aware that a poet must be above the sordid significance of mere money matters—that he must walk the earth wrapped in his own dreamfulness and visionings. Such a condition was only possible, however, in the days when splendid lords maintained a score of lusty troubadours on a board-and-lodging basis. In the present age, the parasitical poet is a remote back-number, and with him has passed, forever, the mournful figure of the famished minstrel. Bohemianism, so glorified and extolled as the sun of all that is best and most truly philosophic in life, is now relegated to the limbo of customs prehistoric. Under the insistently acute reminders of an unfed stomach, I realized for the first time, that our modern democratic society is hermetically sealed to those who wish to glorify it with ideals.

In an hour of distress, I sought the help and counsel of one of our prominent poets. Of counsel he was prodigal, and of that alone. Life, he assured me, was irredeemably prosiac. In order to live, therefore, one had to write prose. Prose! I write prose!! Straightway I rushed off to consult a little lady of my acquaintance—to be quite frank, my muse. In full agreement with the counsel of the poet just mentioned, she advised me to put a term to the progress of my poesy.

Reluctantly, therefore, I hung my lyre upon the wall, took up the living pen that was destined, in my particular case, to prove almost as potent as the sword of death, and set forth upon the path of undefiled prose, prepared to cleave mountains in my onward march.

Alas, that I had not chosen death before the dishonor of dull prose! And yet—but let me proceed. I set myself resolutely to work with an energy that was heroic in every phase. They wanted prose, did they? So be it, then; I should give them their fill, and of the purest possible.

Some advised me to write stories for the daily papers, others counseled me to get harnessed to a novel; the rest spoke of the drama as the only form of modern literature that offered reasonable return. In doubt as to which of the muses I should espouse, I committed polygamy with all nine, and the amount of white paper I darkened in a few weeks was, indeed, a marvel to behold. What I wrote, let me be free to say, was not inferior to what I read in many a newspaper or magazine, or witnessed on the stage of more than one theater; but I was soon forced to recognize the truth that it was an easier task to construct masterpieces than it was to sell them.

Once or twice, in the course of interviews with editors, I was foolish enough to disclose the horrible fact that I had been a "published" poet. On each occasion I was shown the door, with more or less ceremony. My novels were declined on the ground that I was as yet unknown to fame. In vain I assured publishers that they had but to publish and my fame would be sealed. They declined to accept this view of the situation. Once I managed to sell a job-lot of literature amounting to some 150,000 words for the price of a few meals; another time I sold a comedy in four acts for five hundred francs, the same being purchased by a rising dramatic author, who assured his renown at its representation and drew a princely income, in royalties, from his treasure-trove.

As for myself, I was falling lower every day. From literary huckstering, I took to free-lance reporting, scouring, like a hungry rat, the purlieus of Paris, to gather precarious scraps of prurient gossip or glean the blood-curdling details of the never-ending drama of hate, love, poverty and vice. My friends, I found, began to drop me, while my former admirers declared they had never even heard my name. To cap it all, my muse, the little lady whom I had sung in many a throbbing ode, and who now found herself unable to compromise with the monotonous irregularity of my calls, forsook me as a falling, if not a fallen, star. Of all Fate's unkindnesses, this was the most bitter, and, on realizing my forlorn state, I turned, like the patristic, to consider my end. From the saintly father, I differed, however, in the way I considered my finish. The pale ghost I had many a time extolled in song as the serene comforter, the greatest of all good spirits. That he might come to me with his unfaltering tread and knock upon my garret-door I fervently prayed. Seek him, I could not. I was, it occurred to me, a poet, but yet a man. I resolved, then, that Death should come to me, Pierre Labrique.

Now it happened that in those days I was wont to pay occasional visits to the house of M. Darc, a druggist who lived at Saint Denis. M. Darc was a man of literary bent and to him I used to go like some scholastic to a master, taking with me a sheath of poems which I would submit to his criticism, soliciting from him the benefit of a hint, a correction or an expert refurbishing. In return, he would invite me to his table and, if whatever remained within me of literature revolted as this vulgar pawning of dignity, still the irrepressible gastronome inside never failed to salve my conscience by whispering that all was well. At Saint Denis, in July, 1900, had occurred the much-reported murder of the famous banker, Hurelle, who had been slain on the railway by a man unknown and as yet undiscovered. M. Darc and the murdered financier had been well acquainted and, thus, I had frequently heard the details of the tragedy at first hand.

The incident had, in its day, been the cause of much excitement and discussion. Some saw in it a domestic drama; others, a political maneuver; many, a form of stock exchange reprisal. From the purely journalistic point of view, the crime was a thing of perfect beauty—the place, the victim, the fugitive from justice, nothing was wanting from the point of newspaper artistry. It was, consequently, an available topic at all times among newspaper men, and, one night in a Montmartre cafe, I reopened a discussion on the Hurelle murder. All of us were journalists to the best of our ability, each submitting his explanation of its motive.

"You may say what you like, gentlemen," I cried with feigned warmth and a fixed purpose, "but this is clearly a case of incompetence on the part of the police. They talk glibly enough of compromising papers and political intrigue, but the truth is, the only compromising papers found on Hurelle were the 28,000 francs in bank-notes, found upon his person and made off with, by the murderer."

It was the dull season, when city editors were short of news. My declaration produced the desired effect—which remains to be shown.

I had long suspected one of my reporter friends of being on terms of more than ordinary intimacy with the police department. This is often said of silent reporters, the craft being, as a rule, garrulously inclined. I received, however, a convincing proof in the case of the man suspected. On the day following my statement about the

(Continued on Page 18.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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Poems About San Francisco

(The author of this poem is a San Jose singer of considerable sweetness. When he is not wooing the muses he writes dramatic criticism for the San Jose Mercury. One of Urmy's lyrics has been included in a recently published anthology of "The Humbler Poets." That's what Urmy is, one of the humbler poets. He strikes the chords of tenderness and sentiment. Occasionally the better magazines publish some of his verses. "The Golden Gate" is taken from a thin volume called "A Vintage of Verse." This book of Urmy's poems was published in 1897 "at the Sign of the Lark." Remember where that was? It was Doxey's place. William Doxey has retired from the ranks of publishers and is now comfortably berthed with the house of McClurg in Chicago.)

IV—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Clarence Urmy

Wave-washed by that quiescent sea
Balboa sighted rapturously,
And fanned by winds replete with lore
From Orient and Arctic shore,
It stands, a door unique and quaint,
Saint Francis for its patron saint—
The open sesame to bowers
Of far-famed sunshine, fruit, and flowers,
The portal to a wide expanse
Whose very name exhales romance.

From north, from south, a streamlet flows
From sheltered vales of vine and rose;
While larger rivers gleaming stray
Through golden wheat-fields to the bay;
Broad pathways lead to land of pine,
Or land where orange-boughs entwine;
To slopes where grape and olive grow,
Or far heights of eternal snow—
A country peerless, wondrous, great,
And guarded by a golden gate.

When Twilight, Eve's fond alchemist,
Weaves arabesques in amethyst,
The land about the gateway teems
With shadows, reveries, and dreams—
The phantom shadows of white sails
Blown hitherward by halcyon gales—
The dulcet reveries that throng
With Mission bells and vesper song—
The dreams where Joy and Peace enfold
The happy Argonauts and gold.

The Spectator

The Busy Kruttschnitt

A good many years ago Collis P. Huntington said to a newspaperman with whom he was friendly, "We have a new man coming out here and I want you to know him. I hope you'll like him, but I don't know. He's a peculiar man and you've got to study him a good deal before you understand him. There's one thing about him worth remembering. Whenever he answers a question, he answers it correctly. If he can't answer it offhand he'll hold his tongue till he has figured out the answer in his mind or on a pad of paper. Then he'll give it to you. I think he's one of the best railroad men in the world. Be sure you spell his name right, for he's a little sensitive about that." Whether Julius Kruttschnitt, (for it was of Kruttschnitt that Huntington spoke) is still sensitive about the correct spelling of his name, I don't know; but I fancy that he doesn't have to worry much about such a trifle nowadays. His name is well known, and the reporters have had so much occasion to pound it out on their typewriters that they spell it without difficulty. It is a big name in railroad circles. Some railroad men say it's the biggest of them all. To be director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman system is to boss an army of men, to be responsible for millions of dollars worth of property. There are a lot of men who would not be surprised if Kruttschnitt became president of the Harriman system. It is thought that Judge Lovett will retire in favor of a practical railroad man. In that event Kruttschnitt would probably take his place. Meanwhile he's a busy man. When he was in San Francisco to meet the representatives of the Shopmen, he arose every morning at six in order to crowd more work into the day than the day could be reasonably expected to hold. The reporter to whom Collis P. Huntington described the new man soon got to like him. And he says that he's just as likable today as he ever was.

He Outmaneuvered Them

When the conference between Kruttschnitt and the labor men came to an end it was the general opinion of disinterested observers that Kruttschnitt had outmaneuvered the other fellows. In the first place he had brought them on the run to San Francisco. They followed him across the continent with an appearance of eagerness not unmixed with anxiety. When the conference took place, Kruttschnitt confined the discussion to a single point, and on that point he delivered an ultimatum. The union men were at a disadvantage, too, on account of the fact that the Southern Pacific had just let out a lot of employes in various departments. It is one thing to be dismissed from a position because there's no work for you and quite another to go on a strike. The heart had been taken out of the union officials before the negotiations started. When they received Kruttschnitt's ultimatum, it looked very much as though they were looking for a soft place to fall, as the saying goes. They realized more than ever that the railroad was more fully equipped to handle a strike than they were, and they seemed to think that the sooner the controversy was brought to a graceful conclusion the better it would be for all concerned.

He Knows His Book

There is a certain railroad book published by the Baldwin Locomotive Company which you will find on the desk of every railroad man—every railroad man except Kruttschnitt. It is sometimes called "the railroad man's Bible." It tells everything about railroads and railroading that a railroad official ever has occasion to know. It is crammed with figures and statistics of the most intricate kind imaginable. The reason Kruttschnitt doesn't keep it on his desk is that he keeps it in his head. He knows that manual by heart. As one of his friends says, "He can tell you the wear and tear on an engine and a train of cars when they move one hundred feet." Kruttschnitt has a genius for figures. That is one of the secrets of his success in the position which Harriman created for him and which he still holds. He works all the time and demands unremitting labor from his subordinates. They say he wears out men, forgetting they lack the tremendous mental and physical endurance which he himself possesses. One of the things he is proudest of is the extension of the block system over the Harriman lines. Considering what he has accomplished it is no wonder that Harriman always treated him with unusual consideration. When Harriman wanted to call another man into conference he thought nothing of summoning him across the continent by wire. The official so summoned had to drop his work, cancel his other engagements and go. But Harriman always consulted Kruttschnitt's convenience.

The Silent Press

A very important discussion was held in this city last week. A question of vital interest to the people of the whole country was the topic. Yet the newspapers, professional molders of public opinion, uttered not one word of counsel. They had not even a suggestion to make. With all the boasted power and courage of the daily press there are some questions which the dailies of this city believe it to be the part of discretion to eschew, and among them are the questions that grow out of the differences between labor and capital. And hence it was that they had nothing to say about the discussion that took place last week between officials of the Southern Pacific Company and officials of the Federation of Shopmen.

Clark Invades Nevada

Senator William A. Clark of Montana has commenced the invasion of Nevada and is conducting his campaign on such unusual lines that nobody is inclined to oppose him. With his brother J. Ross Clark, Judge Whittemore and others he has organized the Deep Mines Company and has paid in $275,000 to commence operations. These operations are of an amazing kind. The Deep Mines Company, with the assistance of the best mining experts, has located a spot near Tonopah where gold is very likely to be found. At this place they will drive a four-compartment shaft two thousand feet deep to

A Prize-Winning Champagne

The Italian-Swiss Colony's new brand of California Champagne GOLDEN STATE, EXTRA DRY, was awarded the Gold Medal at the Sacramento State Fair last week. It will be put on the market prior to the holidays.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

see what they can find. It will take two years to do this and cost $275,000 but Clark and his associates think that the time and the money will be well spent. As one miner puts it, "they are gambling on the double O" and expect to win. As a mining camp Tonopah has just about petered out, but it is the expectation that when the two thousand foot shaft is completed such rich mineral will have been found that Tonopah will resume its career of golden glory. Some of the Tonopah people suggested to George Wingfield that obstacles be thrown in Clark's way, but he turned down the suggestion. "If Clark wants to spend his money in this way," he replied, "let him go ahead. It may be a great thing for all of us." Meanwhile Clark has captured the best part of the lumber-carrying business in Nevada. He cut the rate on lumber to 43 cents with the result that his Tonopah and Las Vegas Railway which was losing about $100,000 a month, has taken a new lease of life. Now it bids fair to pay him back what it has lost and in addition the $275,000 which he is sinking in that two thousand foot shaft.

"Billy" Is Against "Bill"

The anti-Taft campaign has been opened in California with a great wagging of jaws. It was opened the other day at a conference of the patriots, looming large among whom was Congressman "Billy" Kent, recently washed into Washington in a stream of ducats. "Billy" says he "can't stand" for our President. Which is not surprising. The Administration made it very uncomfortable and embarrassing for "Billy" owing to its unseemly solicitude for government land in Nevada which had been conserved for somebody's private benefit. "Billy" will show the Administration that it was a tactical blunder to treat him like one of the plain people. And "Billy" is able to do a great deal of damage. For when the politicians who are now running things in California want the sinews of war they go to "Billy." And these politicians, all of whom are behind the movement for popular government, have so "fixed" things that they will have complete control of the next delegation to the National Convention. In the language of one of their leaders, so far as that delegation is concerned "the people will not have a look in." It was by a fine Florentine bit of political strategy that they maneuvered themselves into the position of complete control. They amended the primary law so as to provide that there shall be no election of delegates to the State Convention next year. Despite their absorbing love of the dear people they thought it advisable to keep the hands of the dear people off so inconsequential a matter as the selection of a President of the United States. And so the State Convention that will meet in the year 1912 to elect delegates to the National Convention will be appointed by the several county conventions elected in the year 1910 all of which were under the control of the advocates of popular government when they amended the law for their own virtuous purposes. These are the men that stole the United States Senatorship for Works, and who are now enjoying the confidence of the dear people on account of the unsullied purity which is typified by "Billy" Kent, Earl of Kentfield and M. C. from the Second District. Can you beat 'em?

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Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

The Distinction of Knight's Landing

I noticed in a Sacramento paper the other day that a young farmer had been buncoed out of $800 by a dance hall girl. I also noticed that the young farmer hailed from Knight's Landing. And that served to remind me of a distinction which belongs to Knight's Landing alone of all the hamlets in the State. Knight's Landing is to the irreverent police reporters of our papers what Milpitas is to the slapstick comedian. It stands for gullibility. It is the stamping ground of the easy mark. It is the place where the sucker is born. Just why this should be so is a little hard to explain. I don't suppose that Knight's Landing produces more subjects for the wiles of the gold brick artist, the green goods man and the mercenary sirens of the dance halls than any other small community. But just the same, whenever a country bumpkin complains to the police that he has been buncoed, the police reporters invariably describe him as coming from Knight's Landing. So Knight's Landing has become a sort of symbol around police headquarters. Some day the joke will spread and the proud position which Milpitas has held as a handy mark for the jibes of the vaudevillains will be in jeopardy.

Mary Garden Denies

Mary Garden is in Paris and has just denied that she is going to marry her secretary William Chauncey. "If ever I love a man," said Mary, "it will be for his mind, a mind high enough for me never to tire of, and for his soul, which must be deep and wonderful." This reads like a reflection on Mr. Chauncey. Apparently he hasn't the mind and soul that Mary insists on. But he undoubtedly has a great deal of physical attractiveness. A fine figure of a man is Chauncey. The women who met him in San Francisco all said so and that Mary did not think otherwise was proved on a well remembered occasion. It was the night that Mary left Caesar's and refused to return. The papers said that Mary was shocked at the turkey trot. But not Mary! The fact was that Mary "peeved" when Chauncey took obvious delight in dancing with a certain charming young woman. Who was she? Well, her name was not Mary Garden. That's why Mary ran away.

The Conboy Case

Nothing has been said about the Conboy case since the last trial. Just before that trial we were told by one of the omniscient daily newspapers that Conboy was guilty, and that he would have beer convicted were it not for the perjury of witnesses, the corruption of jurors and the incompetency of the officers of the law. This dictum was probably based on the testimony of reporters. From the testimony as published in the newspapers there seemed to be little room for doubt as to Conboy's guilt. But after reading the testimony given in court one should be able to account for the disagreement of the several juries without assuming them to be dishonest. The official testimony does not coincide with that of the reporters. For instance it does not appear from the official testimony that Conboy was prone in the gutter when young Lagan proferred assistance. It does appear that Conboy was suffering from nausea and was trying to relieve himself. It also appears that he fired two shots into a wall to warn Lagan against attacking him. It may be clear enough that Conboy was under the influence of liquor, but however clear it may be it does not follow that the misapprehension under which he did the shooting was unreasonable and unjustifiable. For being under the influence of liquor a policeman ought to be severely punished. Nothing can be urged in extenuation of the drunkenness of a policeman, but even a drunken policeman may have as much reason as a sober policeman for believing that an assailant is intent on doing him great bodily harm. Now the testimony in the case, even the testimony for the prosecution, is such that one might reasonably conclude that were a sober man in Conboy's place on that fateful night he might have done precisely what Conboy did.

A Tragedy for Two

The Conboy case reminds me of an opinion written by Justice Heydenfeldt when he was of the Supreme Court of this State. It was an opinion affirming a judgment for damages for personal injuries received by a man who fell into a hole in a sidewalk. The defendant contended that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence inasmuch as he was drunk. Justice Heydenfeldt, who had great faith in the redeeming qualities of John Barleycorn, decided that, admitting what the defendant said to be true, it was all the more reason why he should pay damages, as a drunken man was in greater need of protection than a sober one. The principle in a measure applies to the Conboy case. If Lagan believed that Conboy was drunk it was all the more reason why he should not have attacked him. And if Conboy was suffering from nausea, as the testimony indicates and was in a weak condition, it was all the more reason why he should have been fearful of suffering great bodily harm at the hands of a young man who was taking off his coat to assault him. But from whatever standpoint we view the Lagan tragedy, it is one that appeals to the feeling of

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commiseration. Lagan came to a sad end, and likewise the career of the man who killed him. A member of the police department for thirty-five years, the former police captain is now a broken down old man, and all his savings have gone to defray the cost of keeping himself out of the penitentiary.

One Smart Little Judge

Before leaving town on his vacation that upright, learned Theban of the bench, the Hon. William P. Lawlor, took occasion to overrule the seven justices of the Supreme Court and the three judges of the District Court of Appeal. By the latter tribunal a verdict in the case of a swindler had been set aside, and by the Supreme Court a rehearing was denied. As while the appeal was pending important witnesses had disappeared, it would be vain to try the defendant again, and so Judge Lawlor dismissed the case, and deplored the miscarriage of justice, which he said was due to the erroneous technical ruling of the abominable higher courts. Let us examine this fatal technicality of which Judge Lawlor in his sublime wisdom complains. There is nothing so well settled in the laws of this State as that a man accused of crime cannot be compelled to testify against himself. The burden of proof is on the State, a defendant may sit silent, and it would be a violation of his Constitutional rights to argue or insinuate that his silence implies his guilt or that because of his guilt he was afraid to be sworn as a witness. This is a very old principle of law, and one that ought to be cherished by all champions of the rights of the individual as distinguished from the rights of property. Now let us inquire as to what was done in the case under consideration. The defendant sat silent. He challenged the State to prove its case. And what did Judge Lawlor do? He did one of his very smart little tricks, one that he believes to have been sanctified by his own approval. He read a section of the code to the jury. Be it known that Judge Lawlor by some process of reasoning beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mortal holds that a judge can never err by reading to the jury what he finds in the code. Every lawyer knows that by shrewdly exercising his faculty of selection a judge might convict any man by including among his instructions to the jury sections of the code. In this instance Judge Lawlor read to the jury certain words that conveyed a very damaging innuendo.

Making It a Cinch

It was Judge Lawlor's duty to instruct the jury that it was the defendant's privilege to withhold his testimony and that no prejudicial inference should be drawn from his having exercised that privilege. It is to be presumed that Judge Lawlor knew that such was his duty, for the rule is such a commonplace of law that even Judge Dunne might be supposed to be aware of it. Judge Lawlor was asked to give the instruction and he did give it, but he gave more than was asked. He added, (quoting from the code) "But if he offer himself as a witness he may be cross-examined by the counsel for the people as to all matters about which he was examined in chief." In other words: Gentlemen of the jury, this man dared not go on the witness stand knowing that cross-examination would disclose his guilt. Have I misstated the import of Judge Lawlor's quotation? Is it not as plain as a pikestaff? Now in all probability, as Judge Lawlor says, the defendant's guilt was clear and he should go to the penitentiary, but who is to blame for the miscarriage of justice? If Judge Lawlor had done no more than his duty, the probability is the defendant would have been convicted, but Judge Lawlor was afraid the jury might let the defendant go. Everybody knows that there must be some fixed principles and rules of law, and that trial judges are not privileged to play smart little tricks for the purpose of cinching such men accused of crime as are believed to be guilty. If Judge Lawlor is to be privileged to exercise his own judgment as to when a square deal should be given, there is no telling where a halt will be called. Temperamentally a pettifogger, Judge Lawlor finds it a very difficut matter to preside over trials with either decency or decorum, and hence the State is put to much unnecessary expense and criminals go free.

Captain Shea's Watch

At the banquet to Andrew M. Lawrence, Fred Esola had as his guests Captain Bennett and Captain Harry Goodall, James Bishop, Louis Schwabacher, Father Lynch, N. M. Campbell, president of the Civil Service Commission of Chicago and Captain Jack Shea, the pilot. Just as these choice spirits were sitting down to table Esola deftly "pinched" Captain Shea's watch. It was some time before the pilot discovered the loss, but when he did he was filled with consternation. He was sitting between Esola and Father Lynch. He leaned over to Esola and whispered: "What do you think, Fred, somebody has stolen my watch!" Esola pretended great astonishment. "You don't think it could have been Father Lynch, do you?" he suggested. The suggestion was received with fitting indignation. The loss nearly spoiled the seadog's enjoyment of the banquet and he regarded several strangers in the vicinity with what looked a good deal like suspicion. Not till the dinner was over and Captain Shea was starting home, a disconsolate mariner minus his chronometer, did Esola "come through" with the loot. "I knew it couldn't have been Father Lynch," said Shea with a sigh of satisfaction.

Dangerous Chicanery

In the views of a correspondent printed on another page, touching the appearance which is sought to be created of a combination between

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ELECT

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SUPERVISOR

The Open Shop Candidate

Endorsed by Municipal Conference, Republicans and Democrats

FRED L. HILMER
For SUPERVISOR

The following extract from the report of the Grand Jury for 1909-10 indicates that Dr. Leland, the candidate for coroner, is a worthy aspirant for the office which he has already occupied:

"It gives me pleasure to state that from all of my observations I consider that this office has been brought up to a very high state of efficiency by the present incumbent, Dr. Leland, the general force working in harmony and apparently with one aim—to do their duty, and serve the public."

8:00 A. M.
Shore Line Limited

8:05 A. M.
The Coaster

10:40 A. M.
The Los Angeles Passenger

3:20 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer

4:00 P. M.
Sunset Express

6:00 P. M.
The Owl Limited

8:00 P. M.
The Lark Limited

8:10 P. M.
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James Rolph and Ralph Hathorn, I heartily coincide. There is nothing to justify a combination of this sort. To pretend that the election of a candidate for district attorney is as important as the election of a candidate for mayor, is to practice a species of political chicanery, and it should not go unrebuked. A great majority of the people who are eager for the election of Rolph, believing that a vital principle is at stake, know nothing of Hathorn and care less. Mr. Hathorn may be well qualified for the job he is after, but as a lawyer he has never had an opportunity to vindicate his ability. He is known only as a very active politician who expected a job from Governor Johnson, and whose expectations were disappointed. Among the men who are boosting him are many who are actuated less by concern for his welfare than by their personal hostility to District Attorney Fickert. They are keeping warm a hold-over grudge, and to gratify it they would gladly assist in the defeat of James Rolph. Civic patriots for private revenge are perplexing the issues of this campaign.

The Illington's New Play

I met Ed Bowes in Powell street the other day. He had just come up from Los Angeles on business, but he had time to tell me about the success of his wife Margaret Illington in the new play "Kindling" written for her by Charles Kenyon of this city. He said that the climax of "Kindling" was so overpowering that hysterical women were carried out of the theatre at every performance. In order to get rid of this inconvenient state of affairs Kenyon is now engaged in rewriting the play. Bowes has not given up his real estate interests in Tacoma. He gets reports from his office there every day and carries on his business by mail and telegraph.

The Socialist's Campaign Book

The Campaign Book of the Socialist Party of San Francisco has been sent me by a kind friend who wishes me to be informed as to the high principles and noble purposes of the gentlemen who are running for office on the ticket headed by William McDevitt. It is an interesting contribution to current political literature, shedding much light on the state of mind peculiar to the Socialists of this community. Being in sympathy with some of the principles of Socialism, but somewhat ignorant of the philosophy of the local cult, I read the Campaign Book from cover to cover, and found much that took me by surprise. I found, for example, what purported to be citations from many decisions of federal and State courts, which were manifestly garbled and designed to mislead and inflame class hatred, all of which seems to me unnecessary. The Socialists claim to appeal to the highest intelligence, and as a matter of fact many eminent philosophers uphold the salient doctrine of Socialism, and what progress Socialism is making is due not so much to the enthusiasm of the multitude as to the zeal of an enlightened few. The editors of the Campaign Book appear to be rabble-rousers and nothing more. Consider by way of illustration what they say in advocacy of their candidate for sheriff: "The office of sheriff can be of great aid to the workers. In case of a strike the strikers could be sworn in as deputies to protect themselves against the scabs and the criminal employers. . . . If a class conscious wage worker is elected then the office would be of great aid to the workers." This is not Socialism; it is civil war. Among other things in the Campaign Book is President Taft's answer to the question, "What is a man to do in a financial panic who is out of work and who is starving?" His answer was, "God knows, I don't." I wonder what answer the Socialists would have preferred. What answer would a Socialist give? There are not many things for a starving man to do at any time. He might beg, or steal, or starve, but why assume to know what is the best thing to be done in all cases? When President Taft was asked the question he might have made a noise like a demagogue and insulted the intelligence of all Socialists. Perhaps if he had done so the San Francisco Socialists would have been better pleased.

Perspective Impressions

The report of a Christian Science speech reminds one of that ancient metaphysical joke: "What's mind? No matter. What's matter? Never mind."

One of the legends in the Labor Day parade: "We demand justice and liberty for the McNamaras." The recall ought to insure at least half of what is demanded.

Senator Clapp says that the people, angered at President Taft for his veto of the Statehood bill, will enact the recall in every State in the Union. Which seems to be by way of retort to the observation of Governor Johnson that there is no such thing as a "popular gust of passion." These mushroom statesmen ought to get together and harmonize their views before appearing in public.

"Woman," says Senator Moses Clapp of Minnesota, "woman is no longer considered a human being that is useful only for the lust of man." The Senator appears to be suffering from a stricture of common sense.

As a big noise in China David Starr Jordan is a shrieking success, but as a peace prophet, merely sounding brass and a reverberating bassoon. The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.

"Many men," says Governor Johnson, "differ with us honestly, and their motives are as pure as ours." The Governor has a deft way of giving himself a clean bill of health while making a prodigious concession to the enemies of the people.

Jimmy Dunphy is exhibiting symptoms of a relapse into goodwinitis.

The Sacramento Bee advises the suffragettes to cut out their "society stunts" because they are foolish. The Fresno Republican agrees that they are foolish but advises the suffragettes not to cut them out because women like to be fooled. And both these papers are for Woman's Suffrage.

It is said that the Southern Pacific will no longer keep the lavatories for women on boats and local trains supplied with towels because there are so many thieves in skirts. This means of course that the Octopus is against woman's suffrage and hopes to blacken the character of the sex.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Winter's Dancing

Whether we shall have as much dancing this winter as last remains to be seen. I have my doubts. Some authorities are inclined to think that the terpsichorean activities were a little overdone last season. These think that some energy should be left over for other kinds of athletic exercise. However that may be, there will be dancing aplenty. New Greenway of course will have the right of way in arranging his dates. Mrs. Alexander will sponsor a series of dances. So will Mrs. Inez Shorb Buck who will also give the usual skating parties. The coterie headed by Mrs. James Langhorne, Mrs.

Photo, Scharz
MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD RANDALL
Formerly Miss Ardella Darden of Oakland whose marriage was a recent social event of considerable importance in Oakland.

Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George Moore and Mrs. George Ashton will retire from the field this winter, despite their success of the last season. As to the Cinderellas, it is still in doubt whether they will resume their parties. One of these days, I suppose Mrs. Joe Donohoe, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Percy Moore and some others will get together and talk the matter over.

The Lists Revised

Dances are all right and socially necessary, but how about the dancers? Will there be as many dancers this season as last? I think not. The lists are going to present some sensational tidbits for the gossips. They are going to be rigorously revised. In fact they have been a good deal revised already. At the end of last season which witnessed some very lamentable happenings the ukase went forth that there would have to be less laxity in sending out bids to big affairs. That last season showed that there were a number of undesirables cavorting within the social corral. These cannot be altogether excluded, for some of them have impregnable positions; but just the same their activities are going to be curbed. Certain men will be conspicuous by their absence from the smart dances—and certain women too. Even from certain homes of the more strait-laced they will be excluded. Take my tip and scan the lists of the smart dances. You will note that they lack names that they contained last season. We are growing more particular and I, for one, believe that it's a mighty good thing.

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The Youngsters' Innings

This was the youngsters' week. Most of the entertainments were for the young girls who are about to go back to school. There were luncheons, matinee parties and showers. The sweet young things had a lovely time and are reluctant to get back to the grind of the class room. (Grind of the class room sounds well, but is not strictly accurate in this connection, because the girls I refer to go to fashionable schools where anything like grinding is bad form.) Miss Genevieve Bothin, Miss Kate Crocker and Miss Helen Wright will soon leave for Miss Bennett's school outside of New York. Miss Marie Louise Black will return to Miss Spence's school. Miss Corona Williams goes back to Vassar and Miss Madge Wilson will also go East. Mill Pauline Wheeler, the pretty daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, will go to boarding school at Palo Alto. One of the most interesting of the affairs for these girls in their teens was given by Mrs. Henry J. Crocker for her daughter Kate. Forty youngsters were entertained, twenty girls and twenty boys, the blase beaux of the near future. Looking over those girls one was impressed with the fact that the debutantes of the ante-fair years will be an unusually pretty lot.

A Hint for Our Beaux

Miss Elyse Schultz is back from Seattle where, I am told, she set many a man's heart a-flutter but she laughingly declares she has returned heart whole and fancy free herself. The stunning Miss Schultz was the sensation of the summer, I hear, and a very prominent and eligible bachelor of Seattle society has declared his intention of coming to this city to endeavor to win her hand. I hope the young men of San Francisco will permit no such slur on their powers of attraction as to allow a knight from the North to enter the lists and win the lady. Besides being a perfect type of California beauty Miss Schultz is one of the clever society girls who designs and makes her own hats. She was the first woman in San Francisco who appeared in a poke bonnet on her return from Europe last autumn. It was a novel looking headgear at that time and looked as though it had come straight from Paris, but when a friend admired it Miss Schultz proudly proclaimed the fact that she had made it herself as a copy of one she had seen in Paris. With her chum Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Schultz was also first to wear a hobble skirt in this city. She is very stylish and I am not surprised at the sensation she made in Seattle.

That Charity Bazaar

I am greatly interested in the charity bazaar and garden party to be given at Uplands next week. I am always gratified to see the cause of sweet charity advanced in society and the enthusiasm with which our smartsetters enter into any project that exploits their talents for the benefit of hospitals and orphan asylums is laudable. But I am chiefly interested in the talent that will be displayed at Uplands. Enid Gregg and Mrs. Fred McNear are headliners worth going far to see, and I hear that Miss

Photo, Boye
MISS WINONA DERBY
Daughter of the late Richard Derby, whose engagement to Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., was recently announced.

Gregg's dancing has improved to such an extent that there is no doubt of a great success for her if she decides to make a professional debut. She has been working assiduously under a dancing master's instruction in the past months and is ambitious to try her art on the stage but Wellington Gregg Jr. is opposed to a professional career for his talented daughter. It was evidenced at the Kirmess, however, that Enid Gregg is a born dancer and one whom I for one would wish to see make the most of her aptitude. Innes Keeney is another headliner in the Folies of 1911 which promises to be the best dramatic attempt of society in several years. Let me not forget to mention the Midway where the Misses Havemeyer and a bevy of prominent Burlingame belles in Turkish garb will sell cigarettes and smoking will be allowed. I anticipate the privilege of watching Burlingame puff the weed.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gunst have returned to the St. Francis for the winter.

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Miss Simpson's Wedding

Pretty Miss Amalia Simpson who was married to William Hough on Wednesday was the most winsome bride of the season. She is petite and dainty as a Dresden China shepherdess with large blue eyes and golden hair and she looked her best in her white bridal robe. She has been wearing a bright cherry colored hat during the summer which has been as becoming as this color is to Mrs. Fred Kohl who has been wearing a hat of the same shade. Mrs. Hough's going away gown on Wednesday was of blue cloth with a small blue hat that set off her big blue eyes to perfection. They are her most striking feature and I am told they have caused much damage among the young eligibles. "Billy" Hough has won the sobriquet of Beau Brummel by his particular care in being correctly attired. He is good-looking and popular but until he succumbed to the sparkling orbs of little Miss Simpson he had been impervious to blandishments of the fair sex. As I stated some time since his engagement was a surprise as it was believed that his intimate friend Joe King was the favored one. King acted as best man at the wedding. The wedding at St. Luke's Church was a long heralded affair led up to by a series of social functions for the young couple in the past few weeks. The decorations were all white and green and this was a refreshing color scheme after the surfeit of pink weddings. The first bridesmaid was Miss Lurline Matson who wore St. Patrick's green trimmed with bands of white. The two attendants behind her were in a lighter shade, and the two following in pale green. Behind them walked the little maid of honor Miss Amalia Partridge, daughter of Bishop Partridge who conducted the ceremony and niece of the bride, in a white costume, and the bride followed on the arm of Captain William Matson who gave her into the keeping of the groom. The presents showered on the young couple were many and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Hough, parents of the groom, presented a generous check with part of which the new home at Clay and Cherry streets was furnished. The groom gave his bride a large diamond ornament which she wore across the front of her corsage at the wedding. From her mother and sisters, Mrs. Sydney Partridge and Mrs. William Cuthbert of China she received all her table silver and in addition there were bowls and platters of silver with many handsome pieces of cut glass in the collection.

The Color Scheme of a Bridal

Miss Flossie Cluff will be another winsome bride of the season. She is to be married at the Fairmont on Tuesday to Dr. Janss of Los Angeles and the same idea of a graduated color scheme as that at the wedding of her intimate friend Amalia Simpson will be carried out in the bridesmaids' costumes. The two bridesmaids who will lead will wear deep American beauty pink. Behind them will come two in a lighter shade and two in pale rose color and following them Miss Lurline Matson, the maid of honor, in a costume showing a combination of the three shades. It is regretted that the attractive little bride is going to Los Angeles where Dr. Janss is a practicing physician to make her future home, but she has promised to make frequent visits to her relatives. Miss Cluff was a debutante of last season and was a much sought belle. Miss Lurline Matson was also first bridesmaid at the Simpson-Hough wedding.

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Mrs. Lacey's Wealth

The death in Santa Barbara of Mrs. Georgiana T. Lacey is of mournful interest to many in this city where one of her daughters, Mrs. Georgiana Spaulding, is well known. Mrs. Spaulding made her home for years with the J. O'B. Gunns. She and Mrs. Charles Woods (Kate Gunn) were great friends. As Georgie Lacey she taught kindergarten for several years here. Then she married James Spaulding of Honolulu, but the marriage was not a happy one. Last year she went to New York as the guest of Mrs. Charles Gay of Honolulu and attracted a great deal of attention by her beauty and taste in clothes. Mrs. Lacey left a fortune to be divided between her four children, not a large fortune, as fortunes go nowadays, but even two hundred thousand dollars are not to be despised. Mrs. Lacey inherited her money from her brother who was known in the southern part of the State as "Silver Bridle Thompson." The fortune was in lands and on that account did not help Mrs. Lacey as much as it might have done. Lately however the lands have increased in value. The other three children are Mildred, Madeline and Lloyd.

MISS MABEL RIEGELMAN

Who will be heard in concert at the Columbia.

Major Ferguson Here

Major Henry T. Ferguson of the Tenth Infantry arrived recently from the Orient and is enjoying a two months' vacation. He was in the Far East for two years; so there are many friendships for him to renew here. He has been entertained a great deal. Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner in his honor and Major Edwards a box party. At the expiration of his leave Major Ferguson and the two children will remain in California until next June at which time they will go to Panama. Mrs. Ferguson will pass the winter in her Broadway flat.

Mrs. Sharon in Town

Mrs. Fred Sharon spent a few days in the city last week and visited her sister, Mrs. Blanding in Belvedere. She wore across the bay one afternoon a dark tailored gown severely plain with a white silk blouse heavily trimmed with lace and a black Gainsborough hat which was unusually becoming. She looked younger than ever and the picture of health. The Sharons are making plans to return to Paris but their absence will be only temporary and they will be in California again before many months.

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An Alumni Luncheon

Quite a number of the alumni of St. Ignatius College gathered at luncheon in a downtown cafe Wednesday to wish "bon voyage" to young Vincent K. Butler, a St. Ignatius boy who is going to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Butler left Thursday morning for the East and will proceed to England by easy stages, matriculating at Oxford in October. The luncheon was an affair of hearty informality. Mr. John T. Fogarty, president of the alumni of St. Ignatius, presided and the Rev. A. F. Trivelli, S. J., the new president of the local Jesuit institution, was a guest of honor. When the Rhodes Scholar's health had been pledged, Butler responded briefly in a happy vein.

Mabel Riegelman in Concert

Miss Mabel Riegelman will appear in a special afternoon concert at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday, September 17. Considerable interest centers in the young Oakland girl's appearance, and this, the first recital of the season, is sure to result in a big success. Miss Riegelman, though just beginning what promises to be a really remarkable career, has already enjoyed much fame. For four years she trained under the personal direction of Frau Schroder-Chaloupke, Madame Gadski's teacher. The grand opera star was so favorable impressed by Miss Riegelman's vocal ability that she took a great interest in her and arranged for her teaching. Shortly after her four years of studying, she was engaged to appear in one of the largest opera companies in

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Germany with which she sang for two years. For two years she also sang with the Metropolitan Opera House Company and has been reengaged to sing an important role in the production of "Hansel und Graetel" which will be made next season. Miss Riegelman announces a very interesting program for the afternoon at the Columbia. It will include her most successful works. Seats will be placed on sale at the theatre box office Monday, September 11.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. Morgan Ross with Mrs. Ross and her Boston bull, stopped at Paso Robles recently. Mr. Ross has resigned the management of the Hotel del Coronado to enjoy a year's freedom, while traveling for the benefit of Mrs. Ross' health. They motored from Coronado to San Francisco to sail for the lands across the Pacific.

Perry Evans and his bride of San Francisco included Paso Robles Hot Springs in their honeymoon itinerary.

Mr. Wellington Gregg and Mrs. Gregg of San Francisco have been spending several weeks at Paso Robles, partly that Mrs. Greeg might have the benefit of the treatment and partly for the delightful country life. They were joined by their friends Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron.

Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer, with her daughter Miss Doris Ryer, and Miss Celia O'Connor, have been at Paso Robles for some time.

Among the automobile parties recently at Paso Robles were Mr. Earle Rogers of Los Angeles; F. G. McCoy and wife of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Shaw, of the same city; Mrs. A. M. Silver, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stoddard and Mr. R. K. Hartzell of Reno; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Strange with Mr. and Mrs. H. T. James of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. Hicks of Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Robertson, Mr. D. F. Robertson of Alabama; and Mrs. A. B. Moore of El Paso.

Recent arrivals at Cottage City, Santa Cruz, included, from San Francisco: Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamre, Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Schoober, J. R. Jones, E. van B. Haldan, A. E. West, F. E. Sarill, J. H. Conroy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cook and family, F. H. Hinz, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Christ and party, W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Menzell, Mrs. M. Clancy, Mrs. J. B. Cordes and family, H. J. Breen and family, Doc Burnett and party, C. S. Biser, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Dassoal, C. C. Baker, L. L. Miller, J. L. Smith, G. C. Schaefer, Mr. and Mrs. Peeson, J. Cudnnsom, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Coakley, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Edwards, G. W. Fanning, R. A. Roos, G. D. Cohn, Sol Aronson, W. W. Horn, H. L. Frank, O. H. Curtaz, D. Curtaz, Miss Ethel Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. McGee, Chas. Gherson, C. W. Newman and party, William Gavin and party, Baron Vil Hagen, George Reising.

Teachers of the various departments of the California Conservatory of Music gave an interesting program at the Kohler & Chase Hall on Friday evening, September 1. Mr. W. M. Rasmus and M. Miriam Rasmus of the dramatic art department gave readings and monologues, making their first appearance since taking charge of this department of the Conservatory. Mrs. William Henry Banks, pianist, also made her first appearance as a member of the faculty of the Conservatory. Mr. John C. Manning and Mr. Julius A. Haug, heads respectively of the piano and violin departments played the Grieg Sonata, opus 45. Mr. von Gizycki, cellist, played Variations Symphoniques by Boelmann. Miss Sloan, soprano, gave a group of songs, and Mrs. von Gizycki, harpiste, played two numbers by Posse.

Major Peter E. Traub, U. S. A., with Mrs. Traub and their two children are visiting in San Francisco for a few days from their home at West Point, N. Y. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in town.

Mrs. T. M. Hayden and Miss Hayden are up from their home in Fresno for a few days stay at the Hotel Victoria.

Miss Ethel Shover of Fresno spent a few days in town at the Hotel Victoria en route to Stanford where she will continue her college work.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Frisbie registered at the Hotel Victoria during the week from their home in Cyrustiana, Kentucky.

Miss Meta Black and Miss Florence Black have been welcomed home by a number of friends during the week. They returned to the Hotel Victoria on Saturday from a trip to Europe. Miss Black has been abroad for a year and a half, and Miss Florence joined her last spring. Mr. and Mrs. Black and their family make the Victoria their home.

Castle Crags Farm will be the Mecca for numerous motor parties over the September holidays. The picturesque "pine forest" resort will be open for visitors until the first of October.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Follousber, Merrill Follousber, Miss Marguerite and Miss Marjorie Follousber of Chicago, are guests at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bull and Miss Marjorie Bull who have returned from the coronation in London, are at the St. Francis for an indefinite stay.

Lady Lawrence who arrived reecntly on an Oriental steamer, is a guest at the St. Francis. While in San Francisco Lady Lawrence will be the motif for many smart affairs.

Dr. C. A. Glover, a candidate for the office of Coroner, is making a splendid fight and bids fair to be the next Coroner of San Francisco. Although Dr. Glover entered the contest rather late, he started with a big and powerful following as he took up the late Coroner Dr. Walsh's fight which had been in progress many months, at the solicitation of Dr. Walsh's relatives and friends. After Dr. Walsh's untimely demise, his friends looked upon Dr. Glover as the logical man to fill the vacancy as he had been Autopsy Surgeon and close personal friend of the late Coroner. All of Dr. Walsh's friends rallied to Dr. Glover's standard and are making his fight their own. Besides this splendid start, Dr. Glover has a personal following which is exceptionally large owing to his active interest in fraternal, professional and political life. His active service in the Coroner's office together with his vast experience, makes him well qualified for the position for which he aspires.

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"Baby Mine" at the Cort

By Edward F. O'Day

The rule which applies to babies was not intended for theatres. When a baby is christened it must cry or its parents are in despair. A tearless christening betokens a short life. But with theatres it is different. A theatre cannot be better christened than with laughter. It's a good omen. That being the case, the Cort started right. The audience went to giggle and remained to guffaw. It shook its sides till they ached. It crooked the pregnant hinges of its jaws till hysterics were imminent. In some instances that I noticed it actually blithered with an overplus of mirth. I saw one woman leaning her bare breast against the chair in front of her and choking idiotically over attempted speech. White shirt bosoms heaved and bellied in the gale of cachinnation. Dignity became a wet rag and formality went by the board. I never saw the labor of barbers and hairdressers, of laundresses and tailors set so ruthlessly at naught. Smartness forgot its clothes and laughed like a king's fool approving a royal witticism. Yes, the Cort started right. It got off on the right foot, so to speak. Let there be tears hereafter. Let the knowing wink and the cynical smile come to the Cort with later plays. But "Baby Mine" came first and the laughs that it has evoked shall never be taken away. In the matter of enjoyment it couldn't have been a more satisfactory opening. In another matter it might have been. When, at the conclusion of the second act, Ernest Glendinning stilled the clamor of applause by pointing to a box and saying, "I think Mr. Cort is up there," nobody in the audience seemed to care whether Mr. Cort was up there or not. They didn't ask for him. They were not thinking of Mr. Cort but of "Baby Mine." The personalities of Ernest Glendinning and Marjorie Cortland and Walter Jones had enthralled them to the exclusion of a mere manager who happened to be opening one of the most beautiful playhouses in the West. By the time that screaming second act was well under way nobody remembered that he was in a new theatre. Cort evidently contented himself with the situation. There were no speeches but Glendinning's. There were lots of flowers but they were not thrust over the new footlights. From the viewpoint of the press agent, therefore, it might have been a more signal opening. But not from the viewpoint of the audience. Nor, I imagine, from the viewpoint of the players. Certainly not from the viewpoint of Ernest Glendinning. He was given a most vociferous welcome home. They used to make a lot of noisy fuss over him at the Alcazar, but this demonstration at the Cort transcended anything that ever occurred in his honor at the upper end of Sutter street or the lower end of O'Farrell. And he deserved all he got. Glendinning is the most serious farceur we've had this lustrum. He is the cause why fun is in the audience but scrupulously refrains from appearing funny himself. If he were participating in a tragedy he couldn't simulate greater gravity. When Glendinning appeared in the Wilde comedy we used to fashion puns about the importance of his being "Ernest." It was a favorite theme to twist wit out of. The temptation to relapse into the old sin is strong, but I resist. Perhaps somebody has beaten me to it anyway. Funny too is Marjorie Cortland, the girl wife of the boy husband who wants babies. She doesn't want babies and hasn't any, but her pretense of motherhood is irresistible. She induces a puerperal fever of laughter. Her couchee is a roaring triumph of acrobatics. And Walter Jones! The uncompassionated fat man who noses out babies as though they were truffles! He lards the stage with complaining as he loads the cradle with kids. Let us not forget the kids. In an era of stage realism let us be thankful that they are make-believe. Perhaps if they cried it would heighten the illusion, but the illusion is strong enough as it is. We've seen so many real babies on the stage that the other kind are a relief, a comic relief. In conclusion a word of warning to Ernest Glendinning. When he cuddled those triplets he did it as though to the manner born. In the scheme of nature it may not be intended that such a talent should be wasted. Let him beware what fate may have in store for him!

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Spring Maid" at the Columbia

Another operetta from Vienna that seems to have held the music loving Viennese enthralled, is "The Spring Maid" which comes to the Columbia next Monday for a brief stay. "The Spring Maid" belongs to the Viennese-German school which includes "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier" and others. To add to its attractiveness, it has an unusual ballet which is presented as a play within a play and tells one of the most fascinating of Grimm's old fairy tales. Werba and Luescher who present "The Spring Maid" have brought to America the noted Hungarian prima donna, Fraulein Mizzi Hajos who was chosen by Heinrich Reinhardt, the composer, to create the saucy title role. The orchestra of thirty-five players will be under the direction of Theodore Bendix who controlled it during the run of two seasons in New York. The long cast includes George Leon Moore, Dorothy Maynard, Tillie Salinger and Jack Raffael, both well known here for their long association with the old Tivoli forces; Leo Stark, H. A. Barrows and Louis Miller. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Campus" Scores a Success

It is easy to see why "The Campus" which will enter upon its second week at the Savoy this Sunday afternoon, ran for sixteen weeks without interruption in Los Angeles. When it was first produced in this city at the Princess last year it contained many crudities, but its talented young author and composer, Walter De Leon, went to work with a will. He smoothed off the rough edges and finally whipped it into such shape that it affords a more than enjoyable evening's entertainment. There is a delightful atmosphere of youth throughout the production and that peculiar college spirit which stands by itself dominates the three acts. The athletic "co-eds" and girls in mortar-boards and gowns and the youths with awe-inspiring yells and pipes are constantly in evidence and their songs and dances seem to suit the Savoy audiences perfectly. Walter De Leon's opening song, "Is Everybody Happy?" is immediately taken up by the gallery and "On the Old Gym Steps," "On the Ballroom Floor," "I Leave It To You" and "Spooks" are already being whistled all over town. Pretty and petite "Muggins" Davies makes a delightful "Nellie Perkins," the young collegian's sweetheart, and Ferris Hartman, in his varied experience, never had a better part than that of "Bismarck," the German janitor who abandoned a professorship at Heidelberg on account of advanced ideas. Roscoe Arbuckle, a comedian new to San Francisco who tips the scales at considerably over two hundred pounds, plays the part of "Fat" Tellmann as if he were especially constructed for it and Oliver Le Noir, as Scott McClure, has a splendid chance to display his bass voice in the "Pipe and Stein" song. Dainty Myrtle Dingwall's soprano is heard to advantage in "The Lily and the Rose" and Josie Hart makes a demurely beautiful college widow. The rest of the cast is in capable hands and the numerous young men and women of the chorus look charming and sing well. The costumes and scenery are all bright and new. Matinees of "The Campus" are given on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday and at the last-named performance everybody in attendance will be presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant.

HERMINE SHONE
The beautiful young comedienne who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Sousa and His Band

A letter received from John Philip Sousa contains the statement that never before has the March King wielded the baton over such an organization as he will have when he reaches here. The band has been on tour over fourteen months. The programmes as usual will be replete with novelties when Sousa appears at Dreamland on the first four days in October. On Thursday, October 5, the organization will give an afternoon and evening concert at the Greek

A confection of quality—a new creation and supremely delicious. Geo. Haas & Sons' Milk Chocolates invite comparison with other chocolate creams. 80 cents per pound. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four Candy Stores.

theatre and on Friday night, October 6, a special programme will be given at Stanford University.

Leonard Borwick, Pianist, Coming

Leonard Borwick, a pupil of Clara Schumann and one of the greatest pianists living, is seldom heard outside of the large musical centers of Europe. In Berlin, Dresden, Liepsig, Paris and London, every time he appears, the critics bemoan the fact that he chooses to play so seldom. Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he has secured the services of Mr. Borwick for one and perhaps two concerts late in October. The artist is making a trip around the world and will soon arrive in this country. In Australia he was to play three times in Sydney and twice in Melbourne, but it took twelve concerts in one place and fourteen in the other to satisfy the music lovers. Mr. Borwick will play but three cities en route to New York.

Nance O'Neil in "Magda"

In response to popular request the Alcazar management has decided to present "Magda" throughout the fourth week of Nance O'Neil's current season, beginning next Monday night. This play was not in Miss O'Neil's present repertoire, but the demand for its revival was large. The insistence was a flattering tribute. "Magda" is indeed a great play. Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Campbell and Miss O'Neil have all played it. In the cast with Miss O'Neil are Clifford Bruce and the cream of the stock company. It is almost needless to say that the staging will be more than adequate.

Another Week of the Babies

"Baby Mine" has played to capacity houses at the new Cort, and the advance sale augurs that the same condition will prevail during next week, the final one of the "Baby Mine" engagement. Matinees will be given as usual on Wednesday and Saturday. On Sunday evening, September 17, comes Mort Singer's big musical revue, "Miss Nobody From Starland." The featured one in the cast is Miss Olive Vail, a former San Franciscan who has attained an enviable place among musical comedy prima donnas. "Miss Nobody From Starland" has scored heavily wherever it

MARJORIE CORTLAND

Who has scored a brilliant success in "Baby Mine" at the Cort Theatre.

has been presented this season. It is said to be a wonderfully entertaining mixture of mirth, tunefulness, costumes and pulchritude.

FERRIS HARTMAN and WALTER DE LEON

In "The Campus" at the Savoy.

Pasquale Amato, Greatest of Baritones

Pasquale Amato, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, where he shared honors with Caruso in "The Girl of the Golden West," will be the first of a galaxy of vocal stars to be presented by Manager Will Greenbaum this season. Modest Altschuler of the Russian Symphony Orchestra calls Amato "The Stradivarius of the singers" and many critics hail him as the greatest living male singer. Equally at home in the Italian, French and German repertoires, Amato, although but thirty years of age, stands at the very head of his profession. Assisting the artist on this tour will be Mme. Gilda Longeri who makes her debut in America this season, and Sig. Tanara, one of the conductors of the Metropolitan Opera House. On Tuesday night, October 10, Signor Amato will give a special concert under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association, the object of which is to secure a permanent endowment for this splendid educational institution.

All Tastes Suited at the Orpheum

A charming feature of next week's Orpheum bill will be the beautiful and accomplished Hermine Shone in the farcical fantasy "The Little Goddess." Miss Shone will appear as Venus. She will be supported by John Sterling, Rose Davis, Adele Olcott, John Dillon and Will Gaylor. The Primrose Four, one of the best singing quartettes in vaudeville, will be heard in a repertoire of songs. They are also capital comedians. The names are Russell J. Wright, James Cantwell, Thomas Murphy and Robert Gibner. Those popular comedians "The Three Leightons" will present a new version of their famous musical skit, "A One-Night Stand in Minstrelsy." Double juggling by the Blank Family, the champions of Europe, will be included in the attractions of next week. Next week will be the last of Lee Lloyd; Klein Brothers and Sibyl Brennan; The Trio Du Gros and "Cheyenne Days," Gus Hornbrook's wild west show.

Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza

Eames and De Gogorza will open their first engagement since their marriage on the Pacific Coast. Will Greenbaum has taken the risk of securing such an expensive combination. Two concerts will be given in this city and one in Oakland.

The Paris Grand Opera Company

The Paris Grand Opera Company will sail from Cherbourg on October 1, coming direct to this city with an organization of over one hundred people, the principals and chorus coming from Paris, and the orchestra from this country. The completed organization will number over two hundred and will open at the Valencia Theatre on Monday, November 13.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

A Literary Suicide

(Continued from Page 8.)

Hurelle murder, a paragraph went the round of the papers to the effect that the famous case was about to be reopened on fresh evidence that went to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the police were on the point of redeeming their infallibility by apprehending the murderer of the great banker in a very short while. My case was going even better than I had dared to hope it might. Of this I became more than ever convinced when I received from M. Meynaudier, the presiding magistrate of the district in which I lived, a summons to appear before him.

At the hour indicated I appeared at the courthouse and waited for two hours before my magistrate consented to see me. In the meanwhile, the long delay, and the, to me, unwonted officiousness of every one about, had given me ample opportunity to acquire a very flustered appearance, so that when I made my bow to M. Meynaudier, his first look at me carried with it a conviction to my mind that, in his eyes, no other person but myself could possibly have murdered M. Hurelle. Without further preamble, he began:

"In the course of a conversation with some friends, you stated last night in a cafe on Montmartre that you were cognizant of certain facts in connection with the Hurelle murder. Come, now, M. Labrique, tell me as quickly as you can all you know about that case."

Displeased at the fact that so little concern was paid to what I might or might not know, I replied, angrily enough, that I really knew nothing about the Hurelle murder, that I could not be held responsible for every word of gossip I happened to speak in the presence of detective-agency touts.

After emphasizing the fact that it was his duty to find out the truth, M. Meynaudier expressed a desire to know why I should have stated that robbery was the sole motive of the Hurelle crime and on what grounds I had made such an assertion.

"That," I replied, "was purely an idea that had occurred to me. It came to me just as any other notion might come to a man who is always looking out for them."

"But why," asked the magistrate, not without subtlety, "did you talk of the Hurelle murder which took place several years ago, when you had so many more recent examples to choose from?"

"Because," I replied, "I used to hear so much about that crime at Saint Denis, where I was an habitual visitor in July, 1900."

"Indeed! In July, 1900?" repeated M. Meynaudier significantly, eyeing me with considerable interest. "Tell me, now, what business took you to Saint Denis in 1900?"

"I used to dine occasionally with M. Darc, a druggist in Saint Denis. In those days I was, as indeed I am now, very hard up," I replied.

"Were you altogether without means?" asked the magistrate, with a look of mingled suspicion and severity.

"Not entirely," was my naive answer. "I had the value of six comedies, two tragedies, one epic, three—"

"Enough, enough, Labrique. It is clear enough, then, that you were destitute." Meynaudier interrupted with an unicelling chuckle. "How have you been living since?"

"Why, what on earth do you suspect?" I cried indignantly. "What do you think I am? Do you suppose I am guilty of a murder?"

"I suppose nothing," replied his honor coldly. "From what you have said about the murder, however, I am inclined to think that you must have had certain relations with people who are well acquainted with the actual facts."

"But," I declared, "this idea of mine about robbery being the motive was no more the outcome of logical thought on my part than a mere ejaculation might be. No one ever spoke to me of the affair."

"Now, Labrique," said M. Meynaudier, looking very solemn, "I have you in a flat contradiction. You said first you had frequently discussed the tragedy with M. Darc. You, therefore, contradict yourself as to a very important item, eh?"

I noticed that the more simple and straightforward my denials were, the more M. Meynaudier appeared inclined to suspect my guilt. I refused, therefore, to answer several questions I thought more than necessarily pointed, finally bursting into an outrageous charge of incompetence on the part of the police and injustice on the bench. Meynaudier listened patiently, and when I had come to an end, calmly observed:

"Labrique, I have changed your summons order to something more serious. I shall hold you in custody for further examination. Officer, remove Labrique!"

A few moments after I found myself in a cell, with my end much more in view than I ever thought possible within so short a period.

For to M. Meynaudier mine appeared to be a clear case. Acquainted as I must have been with the movements of Banker Hurelle, and with the basest possible end in view, the sure token for a diseased literary mind, I had, he deduced, gone to Saint Denis on the night of July 30, 1900, and slain the financier in cold blood. When evidence was being arrayed against me I was unable, with all the best will in the world, to account for my movements on the day of the murder. The police came, however, to the rescue of the prosecution in the readiest possible manner. A visit was paid to my lodgings and the results were simply astonishing. All my rejected manuscripts

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH F. ROCK, also known as JOSEPH ROCK, Deceased. No. 12,092; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of said Joseph F. Rock, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of Lewis F. Byington, 1306-08 Call Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph F. Rock, deceased.

MARY ROCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Joseph F. Rock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Atty. for Administratrix.
1306-08 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

and correspondence were put under seal, even my little bills and notebooks being impounded. Some of these attracted the attention of Meynaudier, who formed rapid deductions, by no means in my favor, from the perusal of such sentences as the following: "I expect you tonight at Dorey's cafe to discuss the affair"; "take due precautions so that no one may know"; "no sentiment, my friend. Go brutally about the business and have done with it"; "we must hesitate no longer. Now is the time to fix our man."

In vain I explained that these were notes sent me by novelists for whom I worked, and related to various plots; I could not recall the names of any of these writers, most of them hacks like myself, and the court could, of course, not accept my statements. A railroad guide, dated July 1, 1900, found in my room, blackened the case against me more than ever. Worse still, a rusty knife, with which I used to scrape my boots, was found in my trunk. When it was discovered I, who had previously admitted being in a state bordering almost on destitution, was found to have been spending money freely, the prosecution considered the affair as good as settled. I tried to explain my prosperity by the fact that about this time I had sold a comedy in four acts to a rising author, only to be laughed at by the court as a dual inventor of poor excuses.

In due course I was assigned as counsel one Dupillet, who while apparently anxious to assist me, seemed to be equally desirious of advancing the case for the prosecution. He had a habit, too, of chuckling to himself when I endeavored to explain certain facts and circumstances going to prove that I could not possibly have committed the murder in question. One day, indeed, he frankly advised me to tell him how I came to murder M. Hurelle, in order that he might try and find extenuating circumstances. When, with anger and indignation, I called upon heaven to bear witness to my innocence, he decided he should plead irresponsibility on my unforunate behalf. And so the case went over to the Assizes, everything looking bright for the prosecution and very blue for Pierre Labrique.

Three or four of the late banker's clerks believed me to have been an occasional suppliant at M. Hurelle's offices. At least six ticket-punchers and porters on the Paris-Saint Denis line recollected me as having been on the cars which reached the suburban terminus on the night of the murder. Special railroad detectives declared that my description corresponded in almost exact detail with that of a suspect who was subsequently seen flying from the spot where the tragedy occurred. Most damnable evidence of all was the incontrovertible fact that the magistrate who first investigated the case, on the day following the murder had attached much importance to a portion of manuscript found close to the murdered man. This scrap of paper when submitted to me, bore, I was forced to admit, my own handwriting!

The evidence of M. Darc proved something of a diversion in my favor. He held me, he admitted, in great esteem—admired even my poetry. On occasions I had expressed, he said, audacious views, but never could he believe me guilty of the crime charged against me. I wept as my dear old friend testified in my favor and so, indeed, did he. Then came the evidence of employers, comrades, fellow-lodgers, supposedly in my favor. Yet even some of these tried to impress the court with their cleverness by darkly hinting that they had often thought me so constituted mentally that I might of my native impulses murder a financier. As for my ex-muse, a doctor's certificate excused her. Then the doctors tackled me. The knife found in my trunk, it was solemnly declared, was just such a one as would most expeditiously dispatch a man of M. Hurelle's physique. Another, after reviewing the whole history of psychiatry and its progress, bluntly defined me as "a lyrical degenerate!" But why dwell any longer on this unhappy theme? Let me be brief—the jury sentenced me to death!

In my cell I had ample time to reflect on the strange vicissitudes that had ended in the supreme sentence of the law. My affairs, I was bound to admit, had succeeded beyond all my expectations and a tragic end stared me in the face. Truth to tell, I could not on attempting to analyze my feelings, aver that I was profoundly moved even at the notion of being guillotined. To my credit, I must be allowed to say, my sense of humor remained wtih me, even in those trying days and I was the first to realize that Literature as well as Law had the laugh on me. Some days after the close of my trial the jailer placed a bunch of violets on my cell-table. To me, at first, the little nosegay only added to the humor of the whole chain of circumstances, reminding me forcibly as it did of the "two boiled eggs which the condemned man ate with apparent relish," according to long custom served by a generous country to one of its citizens about to forfeit his life. When, however, the jailer placed another bunch beside my platter on the succeeding day my curiosity was aroused. On his informing me that an unknown lady had come in her carriage to the prison-door leaving the violets, but refusing her name, wonderment gave way to curiosity, but my imagination proved powerless to fathom the mystery. To do her complete and final justice, I never once thought my ex-muse capable of so much kindness and my judgment proved right.

Three weeks were to elapse between the sentence of death and its execution. It was some ten days before I expected to take my departure for Elysian pastures—for my counsel, Dupillet, gave me no hope of a reprieve—when, in the afternoon, the tread of many feet and the passing of many persons through narrow corridors awakened me from a dull deverie. It flashed upon me that the authorities, knowing I had written several plays, humorously desired to give a touch of dramatic surprise to my final exit—to finish the business there and then, in other words. But, no. When my cell-door opened several solemn-looking functionaries entered. With them was my counsel, Dupillet, who rushed forward and embraced me.

"I knew it, I knew it!" he cried, shrilly. "You are innocent—free!"

"And how did you discover my innocence?" I asked, trying to conceal my real feelings.

"The real murderer confessed, my dear young client," replied Dupillet. "He said he could never see so promising a poet die. Besides he is a friend of yours—the amiable Mr. Darc of Saint Denis. He it was that murdered M. Hurelle in 1900!"

Have I disappointed you, dearest reader, by not having succeeded in compassing my own death? I hope not—but stay! I can still boast of having really committed suicide. Listen, now. The lady who left me a daily bunch of violets while I languished in jail proved to be the widow of an American millionaire. Convinced of my innocence—after reading some of my poetry—she declares now that she was prepared to spend a fortune in reopening my case if necessary. She is now my wife, and I have foresworn poetry for pork-raising in Illinois. Is not this, at least, a literary suicide?

"Your motor boat is running very smoothly now."

"Yes; I think something is broken."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS,
Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A more or less uniform decline in stocks took place last week. It gained increased momentum as the week progressed, until a new low point for the year was reached in the average price of industrials and railroad stocks. At times the market looked severely demoralized. It cannot be said that the week developed a satisfactory concrete reason for the average decline of over ten points in something less than five weeks. It is all very well to talk about "short selling" and "conspiracies to create bearish conditions and depress prices." If short selling is not warranted by conditions it rapidly exhausts its force. And the market with a heavy bear account open has an important element of strength which it would lack were everyone trying to liquidate with no shorts under the necessity of covering. In a broad sense every advance or decline is accounted for sooner or later. The fact that during the progress of such movements we cannot always see all the balancing factors in the equation does not mean for a moment that it is not as true as it ever was. No doubt professionals sell stocks whenever the market looks tempting. But there has unquestionably been heavy selling of long stocks hitherto held in circles sufficiently well informed to warrant the assumption that good judges of affairs regard some elements of the situation with serious distrust.

Wheat—Last week's occurrence of especial interest and significance was frost in large sections of the Canadian Northwest, where wheat was still in a condition to be injured by such temperatures. While the trade has largely disregarded this occurrence, it will nevertheless be a market factor. It reduces the amount of milling wheat available. The last week has again given evidence that large quantities of wheat have been worked for export. There has been considerable business done in red winter wheat. With a stock of 19,000,000 bushels of wheat in Chicago, 12,000,000 bushels of which is in public warehouses, fair deliveries were natural, although they were not heavy when the volume of stocks is considered. There is an effort on the part of the carriers to widen carrying charges. They may succeed to a moderate extent only. The market will, during the next few weeks, have to take the spring wheat movement, but it is questionable whether much of the movement has not already been sold again. Spring wheat millers will be anxious buyers of all good quality hard wheat, whether of winter or spring variety, and the lower grades of wheat are likely to sell at considerable discount under the choice grades. It looks as if much higher prices will be seen in the fall and early spring and by the time these conditions are felt, holdings of wheat may be even more concentrated than they are now.

Corn—The last week has seen an increased movement of corn and this is likely to continue during the coming week. Most of this corn is coming on previous sales by the country and is needed here to fill shipping sales to go east. Probably the most important factor last week was the resumption of export business of old corn together with good inquiries for new corn for December shipment. There is a large open interest in September corn and leading shorts are showing some anxiety by attempts to purchase mixed corn in Nebraska to come to Chicago. The fact that they are bidding September price for No. 3 corn indicates some nervousness over existing conditions. The cash demand has broadened materially and better than present prices are anticipated as soon as previously made sales have been filled.

Cotton—The important factor in the market the past week was the Government crop report which came out Friday showing a condition of 73.2 against 89.1 last month and a ten year average of 73.4. Trading in the early part of the week was quiet and nervous. So many private reports were out showing a condition around 73 that the bullish effect of the Government's figures had been pretty well discounted. The Government's figures had been taken up to August 25, and up to that time the drouth in the southwest had not been broken. Since August 25 abundant rain has fallen all through Texas and Oklahoma which has relieved the situation. In the eastern belt where too much rain had fallen and complaints of insect damage were numerous, conditions have also improved. When these conditions are taken into consideration it can readily be seen why the market failed to respond to the bullish Government figures. Actual cotton is being offered freely by the southern farmer and receipts for this time of the season are running far ahead of last year. The first ginning report of the season will be issued September 8 and will show over 600,000 bales ginned up to September 1 against 350,000 bales last year and 420,000 bales, the record ginned in 1904-05. The acreage this year must not be lost sight of. In former years there has always been an abandoned acreage to contend with. This year there has been no abandoned acreage and if anything, an increase due to the poor prospects of the wheat and corn crop early in the season in the extreme southwest. With favorable weather for the balance of the season a record crop will be produced and we think cotton an excellent sale on every rally.

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Auto Notes

From New York to San Francisco in a motor truck is the trip completed the other day by E. L. Burnett of Detroit. With him at the finish were W. T. Fishleigh and Arnold Hainer, the former joining the party at Omaha, Neb., and Hainer in Detroit. It is the first time that a commercial vehicle has ever made the continuous trip and the one that did it is a three-ton Packard.

Mr. T. D. Carneal has just purchased of the Pacific Motor Car Company a six cylinder Stevens-Duryea touring car.

Mr. Sam Napthaly has just received a six cylinder Stevens-Duryea touring car from the Pacific Motor Car Company.

Mr. J. C. Graham has just taken delivery from the Pacific Motor Car Company of a specially finished Cole "30" Speedster.

Mr. B. F. Blinn, a prominent Los Angeles resident, has just started on his return trip to Los Angeles in his Stevens-Duryea. The party have a complete camping outfit and expect to spend some time at Santa Cruz and other interesting points along the way.

H. Lloyd, a well known resident of Los Angeles, arrived here recently on his way to Seattle. Mr. Lloyd is making the trip in his 1910 Chalmers "40" and although he has had the car over a year he states he has practically spent nothing on it for repair work. The record of the Chalmers is, to Mr. Lloyd, sufficient proof of its ability to do all the average owner could ask of it, and it is his intention when he returns to Los Angeles to purchase a new 1912 Chalmers.

J. H. Wheatfield, a well known wholesale liquor dealer of this city, has just taken delivery of a 1912 Chalmers "30" touring car.

Mr. Chas. B. Shanks, Pacific Coast manager of the "Commer" Trucks, has just taken delivery of a new Chalmers "30" Torpedo. This is considered by the Chalmers agents as a good indorsement for the car, as Mr. Shanks has been connected with the automobile business from its infancy and is able to judge a good car.

The Pioneer Automobile Company received a telegram from the Chalmers Motor Co. advising that the new model "36" touring car was shipped from Detroit, by express. This new model "36" is now on exhibition in the salesroom of the Pioneer Automobile Company.

To take a jump into a higher priced class but with a slight increase in the list price of the product, to embody many sterling features and to increase the body design of their equipment until seven different models are available, is the announced plan of the Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis, manufacturers of the Cole 30 automobile, to be known in the future as the Cole 30-40.

"I do not deny that any passenger car is a luxury in the sense that it is always a luxury to get where one wants to go swiftly, surely, and with the utmost comfort," said Calvin C. Eib, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, the local Chalmers dealers. "But a motor car is not an extravagance. I often wonder how many of the critics who have made the loudest tirades against the motor car have taken time to realize the many benefits which a car brings to the average family.

Perhaps the greatest benefit which a motor car brings to any user is the open air recreation. A car probably takes every member of the family into the open air more than any other agent one could name. The man with a motor car lives a fuller life than if he did not have one. And he gives fuller life to every member of his family. A motor car means more experiences, more sensations. Its users do more things. They have wider interests. Long life is not a question of years so much as it is of experience and accomplishments. And yet motor cars are great factors in increasing the average span of any man's years because they promote health through outdoor life."

R. E. Fazackerley, assistant secretary of Baldwin & Howell, has just returned from an extended automobile trip in his Chalmers.

Trans-continental tours, so much in vogue now, are not journeys accomplished through great physical labor according to Mr. Geo. A. Troutt, Coast representative of The Lion Motor Car Co., of Adrian, Mich., who reached San Francisco recently. Mr. Troutt is an old campaigner, having made three similar trips. According to him all that is necessary to enjoy such a long trip is to select a standard, service-giving car and equip it with Diamond tires. With such a combination trouble and work are reduced to a minimum. On this trip he did not raise a monkey wrench or a pump from Denver until he arrived in San Francisco, bringing Detroit air here in all four tires. This is a most remarkable record in view of the fact that the tour was made over the long southern route with stops in all cities for the purpose of demonstrating the 1912 Lion 40. The total mileage shown on the speedometer is in excess of 5900 miles. The Diamond tires do not show a cut or a scratch.

"Quality is a thing one must always pay for," said E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company, the local Chalmers agents. "And in the purchase of an automobile it is well to remember that one is not buying a price, but a car. One is investing a certain sum of money in anticipation of service which is to be rendered in return. The price of any article will seek the level of value of that article. If a motor car renders such service that the price paid for it is a good investment to the buyer, then that price is honest; but if the service rendered is not in proportion to the price paid, then that price is unjust and the law of supply and demand is bound to bring the unjust price down to its natural level."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

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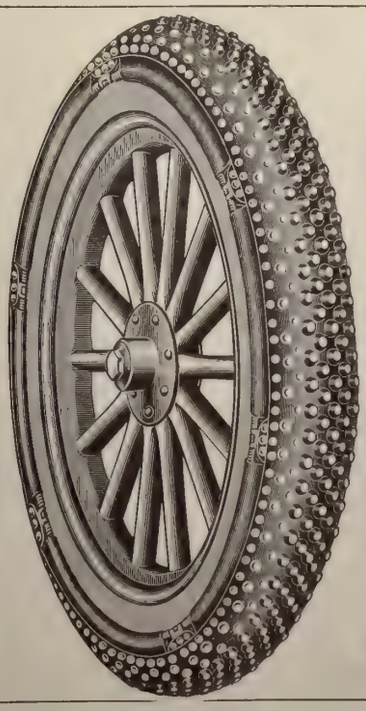

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NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims to heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim to heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-9-10.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,434; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE BOUWMAN, Deceased.

Maria V. Dunn, administratrix of the estate of Rose Bouwman, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrix should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix for the sale of such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: August 23, 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attys. for Administratrix, 1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Application of SEARIGHT-WALDECK COMPANY, a corporation, for Dissolution.

The application of the above named corporation for dissolution having been presented to this Court and the Court being satisfied that the same is in conformity with Title VI, Part 2 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, that the said application be filed with the Clerk of this Court and that the Clerk give not less than thirty or not more than fifty days' notice of the said application by publication of a copy of this Order in some newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco at least once a week, for not less than thirty days as aforesaid.

Dated, August 25th, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Applicant,
Western National Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE SAADALLAH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elias Saadallah, Administrator of the estate of George Saadallah, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of John V. Filippini, his attorney, Suite 1004 French Bank Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George Saadallah, deceased.

ELIAS SAADALLAH,
Administrator of the Estate of George Saadallah, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

JOHN V. FILIPPINI, Atty. for Administrator,
No. 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard, executrices of the will of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrices at the office of John Flournoy, Esq., Room No. 1033 in the Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased.

FRANCES EASTON TAYLOR and
ADELINE MILLS TAYLOR HOWARD,
As Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

JOHN FLOURNOY, ESQ.,
Attorney for Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard as Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. F. BRUNBROOK, Deceased—No. 10,901; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Lucius L. Solomons, her attorney, Room 1404 Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. F. Brunbrook, deceased.

ELIZABETH C. BRUNBROOK,
Executrix of the Estate of A. F. Brunbrook, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1911.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Executrix,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., 625 Market St., San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CASSIE WHELAN WILBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Charles W. Slack, No. 1101 Alaska Commercial Building, situated at the Northeasterly corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased.

JOHN H. SPECK,
As Administrator of the Estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 17, 1911.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

Letters

An Excellent Book for Boys

Edwin L. Sabin has written two far better than average boys' books concerning the cattle industry. In the first Phil Macowan, an Eastern lad in search of health, found himself, a tenderfoot, on the Bar B. ranch where he chummed with the son of the "boss," Chet Simms, and before he returned home had mastered enough of the business of the ranch life to be a useful addition with an invitation to return during the next summer vacation and take a hand with the range work and the driving to market. We have now a third volume which will prove a novelty both to young readers and to those judicious elders who give heed to the mental fodder they furnish for their flocks. The inevitable march of progress has withdrawn the Bar B. range, and Mr. Simms who still must make a living, has abandoned cattle and gone into sheep raisinging. Any one who has even casual cognizance of the attitude of the cowboy towards the despised "woollies" will understand something of the feelings of the two boys, no longer galloping across the plains on their mettled ponies, clad in chaps and gauntlets, but trailing afoot in faded overalls behind their idiotic charges. Some of the cow hands have thrown in their lot again with their old employer, and there are Haney the Texan, Ford the Harvard graduate, Hombre the Mexican, and Old Jess, besides incidental meetings with the sheriff and Charley the Ute. Old enemies also come on the scene as well as new acquaintances, and the unquenched loquacity of the cowboys is brought into contrast with the taciturnity of the veteran shepherds. A touch of humor which the young readers will appreciate is the occasional lapses of Chet and Phil who, forgetting in the excitement of the moment their change of occupation, begin to set forth the views of "us cattlemen." Naturally, when their livelihood depends on the success of the flock, they see the questions of range and pasture from an opposite point of view from that they formerly held and learn that there are rights for the "woollies" as well as for the larger quadrupeds. They learn a hearty respect for the men who brave storm and disaster and wage war on the "varmints" which prey upon the flocks and come through the summer's experience with their minds enlarged. There is plenty of adventure and thrill and a fine description of a record-breaking shearing match. This appears to be one of the first, if not the pioneer attempt, to tell the story of the sheep range in a popular form and to say that Mr. Sabin has succeeded as well with it as he has with its predecessors of the cattle range is to say much. It is doubtful whether any one could ever become greatly interested in sheep from any other than a financial point. They are so hopelessly stupid and incapable, so egotistically selfish, that it is no light task to work them even as lay figures in a lively recital. But Mr. Sabin has succeeded in doing this without overloading his pages with far-fetched adventure. Of course there has to be something more than would happen in the streets of a large city, but take it all round, "Circle K" is a fair presentation of the sheeepman's problem on the plains of the West, where the cowboy still feels himself to be monarch of all he surveys and arbiter of destiny, and though it is early in the publishers' season, it is safe to predict that this will be one of the really best juveniles of the year. From the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

That irreverence towards parents and superiors has not originated with the modern American child would seem to be proved by Dr. Grenfell's reading from ancient papyri, in one of which, dated between the second and third century B. C., a rebellious lad of fourteen thus addresses his father, who is about to make a journey to Alexandria and has refused to take his son with him: "This is a fine thing. If you won't take me to Alexandria I won't write you a letter or speak to you or say good-by to you." He also threatens not to eat or drink, in fact, to start a very modern "hunger strike," and winds up his epistle with the characteristic, "There now!"

Suicide was not the end which any one would have predicted for Myrtle Reed, for she never appeared to take herself seriously nor to delight in morbid introspection. Rather, one would have expected to find her making the best of things and turning to her work for absorption, though she has said she could never understand how any one could sit down deliberately to write a book. Some years ago, when importuned for a brief biography, she submitted to the inquisition, giving her interviewer the information he desired in spirited style: "I discovered America thirty years ago and liked it so well that I have not since left the country. When I came I had a pen in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other and was yelling for ink. From these signs my father knew I was destined for the fourth estate and searched the dictionary for a name that would look well in print, hence my present title which American reviewers take to be a pseudonym and English critics the name of a gentleman. The Academy once said 'The gentleman who calls himself Myrtle Reed,' which was very hard when I always try to be a perfect lady.' Asked what she considered her best work she answered, "Maple ice cream with nuts in it," and when her inquisitor persisted he was told it was a letter to the Chicago Tribune about dog licenses, with the signature, "Pro Bono Publico."

The story is told of Rudyard Kipling, but it is a good story, whether true or not. It was at a literary dinner where one of the guests, who was really out of place at the affair, made himself a bore by trying to spread his meager knowledge of literature and kindred matters as far as it could be made to reach. "Have you ever noticed," Mr. Kipling, he remarked, "that in the entire English language there are only two words, sugar and sumac, in which s-u is pronounced like s-h." "Are you sure?" was the politely contradictory response.

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"I declared two years ago that San Francisco most needed a business administration, conducted along legitimate, liberal lines, and I invite you now to inspect your various departments of city government and to discover for yourselves that this policy, launched by the Union Labor party, has brought to the taxpayers a maximum of good result. Your city government today is conducted as a great business institution should be, and despite the false claims of those who would capture the fortress of government, through defamation, you will find it to be upon a sound, safe and progressive basis. It is the duty of every citizen to investigate actual conditions for himself, and not to accept the insincere word of those who merely seek a political victory at the polls. You will find that, within human effort, all precautions have been taken to uplift and advance the public service in its various branches and departments, and to press forward the giant task of reconstruction, which has made our city the most famed in the universe today. Workingmen rebuilt this city after the calamity of 1906, and workingmen have no apology to offer in their legitimate ambition to continue to have something to say about their city government. They have gone ahead in peace and with patience, enduring the subtle campaigns launched against them by the capitalistic interests, and the forces of a conspiring and poisoned press. They adhere to the idea that they are, after all, quite fit and capable of self-government. They do not concede that only the forces of capital are fit, in both a moral and an ethical sense, to govern. That is an idea so abhorrent to our spirit of American liberty, that our political opponents, in seeking to force it upon the people, employ, of necessity, the most gentle and stealthy means of deception. To the thinking man there need be no mystery or uncertainty about this contest. A tremendous effort has been organized to take out of the hands of the plain people the reins of government. There must be a reason for it."

P. H. McCARTHY.

Mr. Citizen, stop a moment and ponder upon the above. A crisis is at hand in which your own material interests are at stake. Pause and think!

Vol. XIX. No. 995 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Current Revolution

A new John the Baptist made his appearance in Berkeley the other day. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord" was his message. "He was not that Light but was sent to bear witness of that Light." His name is John Graham Brooks. He is special lecturer in economics at the University of California. Being a professor his utterance made a most profound impression. This sort of impression is made whenever a professor talks in Berkeley. Be his name Boke or Jabesh Windbag he is Sir Oracle when he opens his mouth to let fall pearls of wisdom in the college town. Every pedagogue is a Gamaliel within sound of his own voice. Professor Brooks bears witness of the fact that we are in the midst of a social revolution. "I don't mean that it is coming," he said. "It is here." The professor did not mean what he said, as was to be learned from his subsequent remarks. What he terms "a social revolution" is a combination of the Socialist and union labor movements. Professor Brooks says he is not a Socialist, but an economist. Nevertheless he talked very much like a Socialist and very little like an economist, but more than all else like a college professor of this day and generation. Apparently he is of the opinion that as the revolution is on there is nothing for us to do but accommodate ourselves to it, make more concessions to the unions and enact more laws to give effect to the principles of Socialism. But what then? As an economist Professor Brooks ought to be able to indulge in a little speculative inquiry that might lead to a solution of this important question. But he has no light to reflect on the issues of the day. So he only reports what the situation appears to be and warns us that we are threatened with a bloody conflict of classes. Professor Brooks could be of more service to us if he were to tell us something about the elementary principles of economics and the elementary principles of government. If the men who were reputed to be leaders of thought were really such perhaps the prospect would not be half so melancholy as it is. Too many of these so-called leaders are encouraging the fools who fancy that the scheme of creation is to be altered by act of the Legislature. The situation in this country today is a grave one not because the eternal contest between the haves and have-nots is raging as it has always raged, but because of a political revolution that is threatening the destruction of our government. Years ago when Ernest Renan was discussing a similar situation in France he said, speaking of the United States: "There, a degree of disorder is endured which would here excite alarm. This comes from the fact that the Constitutional foundations of the United States are never really in danger." The Constitutional foundations of the United States are now in danger, and there are very few college professors raising their voices to warn the people against acquiescing in what will render them bereft of what is far more important to them than what they are now clamoring for in vain.

Some Progressive Fallacies

No matter how absurd or mischievous a fallacy may be it is possible by sober and frequent repetition to have it accepted as a truism even by persons who fancy that they have considerable sense. And it is a singular thing about all fallacies that they seem to verify the hypothesis of reincarnation. The fallacies of today are as old as the hills. They have suffered innumerable deaths, and every time they are born again they are hailed as though it were their first time on earth. Take for example the sentiment now being propagated by Socialists that patriotism is injurious to mankind. The Socialists regard that as a brand new idea. It was first sprung in ancient Egypt. It was revived again in the days of David Hume, who discusses it in his essay on moral prejudices along with the notion that marriage is immoral, which George Bernard Shaw thinks he invented. We find our Progressive statesmen uttering a lot of old-time fallacies and enthusing over them as though they were aphorisms just come to light. We find them, for example, insisting that the functions of government should be exercised for the protection of the individual rather than for the protection of property. They take it for granted that the right of property is a minor right separate and distinct from man's individuality. This is not the first time that this idea has been advanced. It has been advanced whenever and wherever inequality in the distribution of property has been the subject of debate. And this inequality is as old as society itself. So also are the methods by which reformers would equalize the distribution of property, the favorite being the exercise of the power of excessive and unequal taxation. And this power is always exercised, (as it is being exercised today), whenever there is a feeling of indefinable alarm on the one hand and of equally indefinable expectation on the other. Our Progressive statesmen who would invade the right of property under the mask of humane impulses, and substitute some new method of discriminating justice in the distribution of wealth that the rich may become poorer and the poor become richer, are but following in the footsteps of the demagogues of other days. Now as a matter of fact the right of property is one of the most cherished rights of the individual. The right of property is the right of life itself. Property is but the reflex of man's individuality in the material world around him. Man suffers in his individuality, in his liberty, in the degree in which the right of property is insecure. In scoffing at the right of property and at the courts that safeguard it our Progressive statesmen affect a deep solicitude for the masses, for the plain people. Thus again they act a part that has been played in many an ancient drama. When free, institutional government is converted into class government under pretense of a desire to enrich the poor, the strong are able to take care of themselves. The less a man has, when he has anything at all, the more important is it to him that what he has should be safe. But this is something the poor man has seldom been able to appreciate. He is always to be captivated by the specious fallacies of reformers who promise to banish inequality from the world.

The "Cousine Bette" of Easton

Speaking of Harriet De Witt, the sour and malevolent old maid, who, to gratify the passion of envy, disseminated scandal by means of annoymous letters designed to destroy the happiness of many families, the Examiner asks, "What story of fiction or of the imagination could surpass this narrative in character delineation or in vividness of malice and revenge?" The case of Harriet De Witt serves to bear out the observation that any fiction that has ever laid strong hold on human belief is the image of some great truth. The master hand of the fictionist more truthfully portrays life than the most conscientious history. Harriet De Witt's prototype is to be found in Balzac's human comedy, in the person of "Cousine Bette." In Balzac's vast gallery of human portraits no type is missing. He has given us the female of our species in her entirety, He has analyzed and dissected the nature of woman in all its phases, and though the complete society that he carried in his brain was of the early part of the last century, his characters have survived, and to this day his women are landmarks in psychological study. And so, also, though that marvel of subtle cunning, patient cruelty and bottomless hate who practiced her fiendish deceptions in the heart of the Hulot family, seems to be the incredible conception of a fantastic imagination we find that she lives today in the little town of Easton, Pennsyvlania, where for years she has been deftly pouring out the poison of her soul and exulting inwardly at the pain that her victims were suffering.

Advantage and Disadvantage

There is no law so strictly enforced as the universal law of compensation. Nor is there any law of which we take less heed. We are incessantly trying to secure betterments in details of life without calculating beforehand whether the gain sought is more desirable than the consequent loss. The fact that for every benefit received a tax has or will be levied is something that is never dreamt of in the philosophy of the zealous reformer. A case in point is that of the German wine-growers who spent much time

and money some time ago in exterminating the phylloxera. To give their vines more sunshine they rooted out every hedge, shrub and tree that was near a vineyard. Thus they destroyed the nesting places of their best allies, the insectivorous birds. Now they are planting trees to entice the birds back. The wine-growers of Germany have become conscious of the law of compensation. Many years ago the people of Chicago discovered this law. They discovered it after enacting a law against pistol owning, the same law that was recently enacted in New York and that is now proposed in this city. The effect of the law in Chicago was to encourage footpads and burglars. Respectable men having been deprived of a much needed means of protection, while the security of the criminal element was added to in no small degree, the holdup man and burglar took advantage of the situation and flourished in Chicago as never before in its history. In time the people of Chicago came to the conclusion that it was not wise to disarm all the reputable citizens of the community through a measure which was impotent to disarm the evil disposed. It would be a good thing to blazon the law of compensation on the walls of every hall in which fool men gather to legislate for the improvement of their fellows.

The Intrusive Mr. Hathorn

The sentiment of the hour in this city respecting the municipal campaign is that all good citizens should unite to elect a Mayor to represent all the people. So important is the mayoralty contest that none other should be permitted to distract attention. Any attempt to magnify the importance of any other contest must be regarded with suspicion. Now an attempt of this kind has been made in the interest of Ralph Hathorn, candidate for district attorney. This job-chaser and the men who are financing his campaign are trying to create the impression that he is the running mate of James Rolph. They have coupled the names and pictures of Rolph and Hathorn in their advertising matter, and they have been conducting a propaganda the purpose of which is to gender the notion that Rolph is as solicitous for Hathorn's election as for his own. By subterfuge and misrepresentation they are exalting Hathorn at Rolph's expense. Under their guidance Hathorn has obtruded himself on the Rolph bandwagon, and there he appears to be basking in the reflected light of Rolph's countenance. In justice to Mr. Rolph it should be stated that he has not entered into political partnership with anybody. Furthermore, in justice to Mr. Rolph, it should be stated that he is not the tool of any faction in this community. He feels that it is high time for our domestic dissensions to end and to discourage the machinations of the vindictice cabal that kept this city in a state of ferment and turmoil for three long and tempestuous years. It ought to be presumed of Mr. Rolph that he is laboring under no delusion regarding the obligations that devolve on the mayor of San Francisco. As mayor of San Francisco he will have enough to do if he attends to nothing more than the duties of the office. He is not expected, nor should it be made to appear that he expects, to guarantee the performance of duties which will devolve on other men to be elected to office. The Charter gives the mayor sufficient power. No conscientious mayor will attempt to exercise more power than the law allows. And the same may be said of the District Attorney. An honest District Attorney would rather be independent of, than subservient to, the Mayor. If Mr. Hathorn has a different notion about the matter he is not fit for the office which he is now sweating for. But whatever his notion about the principles of our municipal government the source of the noise that is being made for him is such as to justify distrust. He is the protege of the men by whom the District Attorney's office was privately conducted during all the time that Rudolph Spreckels was paying Francis J. Heney's office rent. Mr. Hathorn is sponsored and vouched for by the Bulletin, which tells us that it objects to District Attorney Charles M. Fickert because he did not prosecute "men of wealth and influence" accused of felonies. The Bulletin assumes that the public has a feeble memory. The public doubtless recollects that after Fickert's election, and before he entered upon the duties of his office, the surveillance to which James Gallagher, chief witness against the higher-ups, was subjected for three years was withdrawn. Also the public probably recollects that Gallagher was allowed to take his loot (which Burns had charge of) and go. When Fickert became District Attorney he learned that a man, whom even Judge Lawlor has since admitted was an indispensable witness, had disappeared, and that all the records in the graft cases had been carted away. That it would be vain in the circumstances for Fickert to prosecute, ten judges have since decided, and though Judge Lawlor was reluctant to dismiss the cases he had to admit that it was only because there was a possibility of Gallagher's returning some day. Manifestly it is unfair, to say the least, to infer from what happened that Fickert was partial to "men of wealth and influence." There is no blot on Fickert's record. The only men of "wealth and influence" who have been allowed to go unwhipped of justice in this city in recent years were the men who looted the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and it was their good fortune that at the time of their indictment the District Attorney's office was being personally conducted by their friends, the very same gentlemen who are now urging the election of Mr. Ralph Hathorn. These men the people of San Francisco rebuked when they kicked Francis J. Heney out of public office. And now that they are trying to "come back" by means of a species of political chicanery it ought to be made clear to them that they are not wanted. The people of San Francisco are eager to put their house in order. They don't want another reign of terror, or another District Attorney guaranteed to eat out of the hand of a revengeful millionaire with the instincts of a Malay. The people of San Francisco ought to resent the impudence of Ralph Hathorn, whose style of campaign has had the effect of alienating the friends of his opponents from James Rolph.

Perspective Impressions

Let's forget all about the jackasstors.

Have you heard the news from Maine? Dirigo! Dirigo! Rum, Rum, Rum!!

"To advertise our church" some preachers would gladly let the devil preach from their pulpits.

They say there is hookworm in California. Wonder if that's what ails some of our university professors?

The people who hooted Mayor McCarthy at the Stadium belong to the band wagon brigade. They'd cheer him just as readily if he were reelected.

Having shown her love of peace by making an arbitration treaty with the United States, France is now showing her love of war by her attitude toward Germany.

It is merely a coincidence that the primitive man discovered by a Berkeley professor bobbed up in the wake of the sideshows that accompany the Ringling circus.

Gifford Pinchot is now going to Alaska to find out what he has been talking about for several years. It's never too late to learn. Meantime business in Alaska has been languishing and the indignation of the settlers now takes the form of drilling with arms and talking foolishly of secession Doubtless they'll give Gifford a hearty welcome

Why should the Christian ministry discriminate against a poor devil of a millionaire who wishes to remarry after having been legally divorced?

Parisian women are wearing daggers in their garters for protection. The theory probably is that the bad man who attacks them will be distracted when he sees the weapon drawn.

Foreign political observers believe that the people of Mexico will exercise the right of the ballot "under the control of land owners, employers and priests." If they do they will probably do less damage to themselves than is done by the people of a sister republic who exercise the right of ballot under the guidance of yellow journals and self-seeking politicians.

Correspondence

The Insurgent Coup

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I observe that you take it for granted that "Billy" Kent and his henchmen will control the delegation to the next Republican National Convention. I beg leave to suggest that the Republican National Committee may have something to say on this subject. It is true that our "friends of the people" have tried to "fix" things. It is true that the men who never tire of talking of the outrage at Santa Cruz are felicitating themselves on having "put one over" on the dear people. They think that they have stolen the works, and they are intent on making California ridiculous in the next Republican convention, but they are likely to find that they have been counting chickens before the hatching. It is the prerogative of the National Committee to prescribe the ways and means of electing delegates. The National Committee may be depended on to do the right thing. The National Committee will probably decide to give the people of California a chance to express their sentiment with respect to the next Republican candidate for President. In that event it will become necessary, in my judgment, for "Billy" Kent and his friends to eat crow. For if "Billy" finds that public sentiment in California is to control he will drop La Follette like a hot cake. California is for William Howard Taft. California may have its vagaries. But California has not gone clean crazy. By the way, have you noticed that Senator Works has come out for Taft? The Senator may be full of isms, but he can see the political weather-cock afar. With him it is a case of insurgency well in hand.

Yours truly,

—Standpatter

About Christenings

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Do you realize the mischief Mr. O'Day set afoot with his criticism of "Baby Mine?" "A tearless christening betokens a short life." Another version is that if the child doesn't yell to beat the band the original evil has not been washed away—the baptism hasn't "tooken," and of course it cannot be repeated. There are a good many curious old sayings in connection with the christening of infants, another of which is that the name must never be told to any one else before it is whispered to the officiating clergyman, else evil spirits will learn it and eventually use it for their own bad ends. However, as to the crying, the children of society are rehearsed in these days, cold water poured or sprinkled on their heads and faces for a week or so in advance, so that they will become accustomed to the sensation and not disgrace their families by a scene at the performance. It is an odd circumstance that as religion dies out supersition flourishes, so, having reminded them, you will have the mothers of all the angelic infants scared out of their six senses.

Sincerely,

—S. C.

How About It, Governor?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Gov. Hiram W. Johnson has recently expressed himself in opposition to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and to President Taft in no uncertain terms. He is for La Follette for President in 1912 and is in favor of the initiative and referendum and the recall of the judiciary. But how does he stand in the great municipal campaign now being waged in San Francisco between the two candidates for mayor? Is he for McCarthy or is he against him? It is, of course, interesting to know that the Governor is for La Follette, who cannot possibly be nominated for President before next summer, but it is important for him, as a citizen and elector of San Francisco, to tell us whom to support in the primary election for mayor, which is almost here. Matt Sullivan and Bob Duke are for Rolph. Is the Governor following in their wake, or is he for McCarthy? Please find out and let us know. Yours truly,

—E. C. Chapman,
624 Mills Building.

San Francisco, September 6, 1911.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Christianity in India

Writing of the religious conditions in India for the Forum Mr. Lauriston Ward states that Christianity is making small progress against Hinduism, Mohammedanism and Buddhism, but points out that "the influence of Christian teaching, and especially of Christian ethics, in India has been incalculable. It has worked as a leaven in the minds of thousands of its bitterest opponents. It has served as a conscious or unconscious standard by which the practices of Hinduism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism have been measured and judged." He points out that the Christian missionaries have recognized this fact. "Conversion, though still desired, is no longer the sole aim, and efforts are made to affect the lives of natives rather by education and example." The result is significant. India's "inherited codes of ethics are being put to the test—the coldly impersonal test of their fitness and ability to help the Indian to solve the problems of modern life. Whatever the virtues or defects of western civilization, it is highly cooperative and demands of its members adherence to a certain minimum standard of commonly accepted morality. If the Indian's code of action differs from this in any essential respect he finds himself debarred from effective share in public undertakings." The result is that Mohammedanism has yielded on the question of slavery and Hinduism on the question of thugee and the immolation of widows. Child-marriage and infanticide are no longer exempt from attack.

A Chinese Government Railroad

The Pekin-Kalgan Railway has been completed for one hundred and thirty miles of its length. It traverses the Hankow Pass and the great caravan route to Mongolia down which have come all the famous Tartar invaders. This railroad was built from the surplus earnings of the government owned imperial railways of North China. No single foreigner had anything to do with its construction. It was planned by a Chinese engineer (educated at Yale and in England), constructed by Chinese and operated by Chinese exclusively. It is running at a profit. There was no "squeeze" in the whole project, so far as is known. Along the line the Chinese have established their own shops for the construction of rolling stock and its repair. They have built one tourist hotel and opened coal mines which supply fuel for the railway and for the Pekin market. The line is strategically important and when completed will shorten the railway journey from Europe to the East by many hours and several hundred miles. The success of this new line has supplied the Chinese with an argument for better terms in negotiating foreign loans. The Chinese regard it also as a strong argument for the government ownership of all Chinese railroads.

Cyprus Heard From

Cyprus has been now for thirty-three years under British administration and little has been heard from it, which might indicate that the Cypriotes are fairly well satisfied. The events of the last few years in Crete seem to have stirred them up, however, and they are beginning to complain of grievances. The great majority of the population is Greek; but, as in Crete, there is a Mohammendan element which must be protected. The Greeks are asking for more political power than the British Government grants. They are ruled much as the Hindus are in India, and naturally compare their condition with that of their race in Crete and in Greece. A complaint that is more likely to be listened to in England, however, if it proves to be justified, is that under British rule education is neglected, the number of schools and of teachers being much smaller in fact and in proportion to the population than in Crete. There has been some criticism among scholars too of the lack of interest shown in the antiquities of Cyprus by the authorities.

The Suffrage for Woman in Persia

Woman has found a Mohammedan advocate in the Persian parliament. According to the London Time's dispatches from Teheran the Mejliss was discussing an election bill and came to a clause declaring that no woman should vote, about which no difference of opinion was looked for. Then up rose the deputy from Hamadan, Hadji Vakil el Rooy, and in a long speech declared that woman have souls, that they should have their rights and therefore votes. He called on the clergy to support him, and on the Mujtahid, the head of the Persian religion, by name.

That gentleman got up and stated that "never in a life of misfortune had his ears heard such an impious utterance." He declared emphatically that women have neither souls nor rights, that such a doctrine meant the downfall of Islam, and that it made his hair stand on end to hear it spoken in parliament. The presiding officer asked the reporters to make no mention of the Hadji's remarks in the journal of the house, put the clause to a vote and the Mejliss felt relieved. It has not yet made up its mind whether the Hadji intended a blasphemous joke or whether he has lost his senses.

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Varied Types

XXXIX—WALTER DE LEON

By Edward F. O'Day

"Have you found it an advantage to have a dramatic critic in the family?"

Having something more than a passing acquaintance with Walter Anthony who is Walter De Leon's uncle and the Call's dramatic critic, I thought I knew what the answer would be. Besides, there was the precedent of Ashton and Landers Stevens. Whenever Landers Stevens crossed Ashton's path it was to realize anew that brotherly love was a domestic and not a journalistic virtue. Oh the pannings that Ashton gave Landers! When shall we see their like again? Not from Walter Anthony, it seems.

"My uncle," De Leon explained, "didn't write up 'The Campus' either this or the former time that it was given in San Francisco. Miss Mary Ashe Miller took his place both times. So it has not been much of an advantage to me to have a dramatic critic in the family.

"But in another way," he continued, "my uncle has been a great help to me. He was the first one to teach me harmony."

A dramatic critic and teaches harmony! How versatile these dramatic critics are! Admirable Crichtons of the twentieth century! One remembers that Ashton Stevens played the banjo and that Ralph Renaud woos the muse. Evidently their hearts are full of song though their pens drip vitriol. Aristarchus and Orpheus rolled into one. But let us get back to Walter De Leon. I asked him about his music, for be it known that he wrote and orchestrated all the music for "The Campus."

"Of course I play the piano," he confessed, "but it's never been a specialty with me. I've always studied music, always, from the time I was a kid. I've devoted myself particularly to the study of composition, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration."

When he is not behind the footlights Walter De Leon has a slight impediment in his speech. Some of his words come just a trifle reluctantly. And this gives De Leon's conversation the appearance of modest diffidence, an appearance which it doesn't need, for he is really modest. There is no vaunt in him. For which praise be to Heaven! He can succeed, has already succeeded, without o'ertooting his own horn. In answer to a number of questions he gave me the salient features of his career and I shall set them down one after the other to show that this youngster has already accomplished some very interesting things.

"I was born in Oakland," he said, "and went to school here, across the bay and in Santa Cruz. At high school here I edited the Lowell Magazine and graduated in 1902. Then I went to the University of California for four years. I was in the 'earthquake-fire class' and did not graduate. At the university I edited the Pelican and was athletic editor of the Daily Californian. I was yell leader for two years."

Ah! That explains one feature of "The Campus." As Bobby Short in "The Campus" De Leon executes those strange gesticulations which hypnotize the rah rah boys into hoarse vociferations. Only a trained yell leader could execute them as De Leon does. I noticed that even Ferris Hartman grinned with delight when those unearthly college yells burst forth to the coaxing of De Leon's gyrating arms. And when an old stager like Ferris is tickled you can imagine the effect on the audience.

"I wrote the junior farce, 'Just About Now' in 1905. In 1906 Jackson Gregory and I won the competition for the senior extravaganza, but on account of the fire it was never produced.

"When I left the university I went into the chorus at Idora Park. I went just for the fun of the thing, but I liked it so well that I stayed. After a time I got small parts and gradually worked up. The first good part I had was Uncle Tom in 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home.' I couldn't dance a step when I started at Idora. The Old Man taught me. In fact the Old Man taught me all I know."

"Who is the Old Man?"

"Why, Ferris Hartman. He's one of the best stage directors in the United States today. For three years I was pestering him with questions all the time. Then I used to take the prompt books home and study them. I found out how the shows were put together. Some of the shows we gave at Idora were old-fashioned and some were modern. I compared the old and the new and noticed the change in styles. In that way I gradually picked up the technique of writing for the stage.

Photo, Terkelson and Henry
WALTER DE LEON

"It took me nine months to write 'The Campus.' Of course I couldn't work on it continuously. We were playing in stock in Los Angeles, a new show every week, when I finished it. Of course when it was first produced here it didn't run as smoothly as it does now. From time to time I saw places where it could be improved.

"We needed a good 'whoop song' for the first act and the one I wrote at first didn't go well. It was good for an encore, but it wasn't what it should have been. The Old Man and I agreed that we would have to get another one. 'I'll go home and write it myself,' I told him. I hadn't the least idea what kind of a song it would be, but I went home and after working hard for three hours I had 'Is Everybody Happy" ready, words and music. We rehearsed it that day and the next afternoon I made the orchestrations. That second night we put it on and we've used it ever since."

A song written, rehearsed, orchestrated and presented in thirty-six hours! That's doing very well for a kid, is it not? If you've seen "The Campus" you'll agree with me that "Is Everybody Happy" is a corking good song too.

While De Leon was at Idora he met and married "Muggins" Davies of the same company. They've been playing together ever since.

"My wife and I like to work together," said De Leon with just the suspicion of a becoming blush. "We know each other so well that we don't have to bother too much about cues. And we have more fun than the audience."

I believe him. They're only kids. They love their work. The demands of their profession leave them little time for extra-theatrical diversion. So they very sensibly turn their work into play. The arrangement works to the intense delight of their audiences.

"The Campus" has been a great success. After its first presentation it toured the Coast, making a hit everywhere. Los Angeles liked it so well that it stayed there for sixteen weeks. And I have the word of De Leon's press agent that there have been nearly five hundred individual requests for a return engagement in the southern city. The booking will bring "The Campus" back to California in May next. By that time it will have played as far east as Chicago. And then?

"I've written another musical comedy," De Leon admitted. "With the exception of two or three numbers it's practically complete."

He told me the plot which sounded promising. The locale will be Californian, for De Leon doesn't seem to be one of those who must go far afield for his inspiration.

"When do you expect to get to New York?" I asked him.

"Oh, I hope to get there in time," he answered modestly. "I'm in no hurry. You see, so far I've only played the Coast. I need a lot more experience. I don't want to try New York till I'm ripe for it. And I know I'm not ripe yet."

There is no doubt that he'll get there eventually. For a youngster his achievement has been big, but his promise is bigger. A natural musician with a careful training, master of a magnetic stage presence, a worker who enjoys working, modest yet ambitious, a college man and happily married—here is a happy combination of qualifications which seem bound to carry Walter De Leon to success. Add to it that he has seen his first attempt acclaimed by big audiences without losing his head and who would not risk prophesying that California will some day be exceedingly proud of him?

Here's to you, Walter! We're all with you!

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Charity

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"Charity," said the Consul, "is often quite unreasoning"; he paused and added, "but so is love, and the two things are one."

In the old Moorish house, built for hot weather, the cold was glacial, and we had drawn the dinner-table into a corner to avoid a leak, from which the water, filtering through the roof, dropped in a chalky stream. Long, misty-looking glasses swung from the ceiling in brass chains, and in them, floating upon oil, burned wicks that gave a fantastic light that cast black shadows on the horseshoe arches of the patio. Curved flint-locks hooped with brass, with crooked stocks inlaid with ivory, hung on the walls, and Moorish daggers, shaped like scimitars, and bags with fringes, like those an Indian wears upon his mocasins. Bowls of Fez pottery stood here and there, and on the tables and the chairs were heaped up books and papers, with all the flotsam and the jetsam that a solitary man living far off from kith and kin collects and clings to, striving to fill the void in his life with something tangible.

Outside, the rain descended, turning the narrow lanes to muddy streams, upon whose current floated orange-peel, dead rats and heads and feet of fowls.

The call to prayers boomed like a foghorn from a ship bound in fog, and seemed as if it summoned up a watch reluctant to turn out and go aloft.

The Consul, impervious to cold, after the fashion of all those accustomed to the life in a warm climate, where damp and wet are almost welcome after the summer's heat, seemed to consider that his guests shivered for fun, or as in protest against that which every reasonable man endured without a murmur as sent from God, put his feet up upon a chair and said, "Yes, charity is sometimes an unreasonable or an unreasoning thing."

The listeners drew their greatcoats round them and waited for his tale, knowing he was a man who, being thrown upon himself and having nothing else to study but the Moors, observed them as an ornithologist might study some strange bird. Cursing the people every day for their unlikeness to himself and his ideals, he had become so much accustomed to them in his long residence in a forlorn post to which the Foreign Office had condemned him that he could scarcely have existed amongst other folk or in another place

Raising his voice, he called out "Mokh, oh Mokh", and when a little negro boy appeared, rubbing his eyes with sleep, he told him to bring whiskey and then go off to bed. "I bought the little devil," said the Consul, and then, remembering his position, added, "I mean his mother gave him to me in the last outbreak of the smallpox when they all died like flies. I used to vaccinate 'em with some stuff I got across from Gib.; but still it didn't seem to do much good, for they kept dying off so fast that we could scarcely bury 'em. Just about as much good to have done 'em with trade gin, for don't you see there was no way of keeping 'em in the least clean, and that's what does the job.'" We listened to his theories on therapeutics with the attention that good citizens accord to those in office, and then he wandered back again to where he had begun.

"The more I live amongst the Moors, the less I understand 'em At times I think I have the key of the enigma, and then I seem to lose it, and find myself forced up against a wall. Sometimes they seem to have no feeling, and then just when you think they are hardly human, they'll turn right round and do something that a white man would never think of doing, that leaves you wondering at them. I'll tell you of a case."

Outside the wind still whistled, and the water running down the street, roared like a mountain burn. Lighting a cheroot, which he did at the thinner end, explaining to us that no one who had been in India ever did otherwise, he thought a little.

We huddled round the stove, on which occasionally great drops fell from the roof with a sharp hissing sound.

The Consul came back to his theme slowly, just as a ship appears to hesitate a little after she is put about, before her sails draw and she is brought up to her course.

Speaking in that constrained and as if perfunctory way in which so many cultivated Englishmen express themselves, through dread of being natural, he struck into his tale.

"During that outbreak of the smallpox, in which I bought, I mean acquired, that little devil Mokh, there was a thing that stirred me up a little."

The Consul looked so hard to stir, that we involuntarily smiled. He saw it, and remarked, "Yes, it was curious. You know, the Moors often appear cruel to us, and we to them. For instance, if when I stray about the town I find a starving dog with a broken leg, my impulse is to shoot it, to put it out of pain. A Moor thinks such an act but little short of murder, for he holds that as long as there is life, hope linger, and Allah holds the keys of life and death, and it is impious to unlock or close, but when he wishes it. Well, just at the corner of this street there lived a widow woman. She had a boy, at that time about twelve, a little ill-conditioned wretch he seemed to me, dirty and wild, and with a scabby head that turned my stomach when I looked at it. Of course he was his mother's joy, for mothers, Christian or Moorish, are alike, just as alike as cows."

We said "Oh oh," although we knew that he was right, and he resumed. "Well, little Abd-er-Rahman, with his scabby head and dirty clothes, did not seem to me a treasure to the ordinary mind. Sometimes he used to hold my horse, and though I told him never to tie him by the reins, I usually found him with the reins buckled to the grating of a window, and the boy fast asleep. Naturally when I mounted he used to hold the stirrup, and in his anxiety to put his weight upon it he used to pull the horse's head away from me, so that it was next to impossible to mount. What he and his mother lived upon was a marvel even to me, accustomed to the Moors. Their house was bare, so I was told, for naturally I never was inside it, but clean, though I suppose not over sanitary. In fact, a place the smallpox or any other epidemic was certain to invade. The Moors, you know, take no precautions. All is in God's hands. He will send smallpox or withhold it, as it pleases Him, for they believe in Him, just as in England we believe in doctors, and as unreasoningly.

"The widow's boy played about as usual with his friends, the other boys. One day I saw him with his friends, playing at a funeral, as boys in Spain all play at bullfighting. One child was laid upon a board, with four to carry him. The way those little devils sang the chant the Arabs use was wonderful to hear. Born actors are the Moors; but then the funerals went down our street a dozen times a day."

The Consul lit another of his long cheroots, and added in a quiet tone of voice: " I used to go into their houses, and see the bodies. . . . No, not afraid a bit. I don't know why. It used to seem to me it was impossible to catch infection from a Moor, and then, in times like that, even their faith softens a little, and a kind word cheers them, just as it would ourselves. One day Jelali—that's my head man, you know, saddles my horse and goes to market . . . cheats me, of course, but won't allow anyone else to do it—came in and said that a poor woman wished to see me at the door. I went to see her, and she, catching my hand, said, 'Consul, I take refuge with you, my son has caught the plague.' Of course I went with her, taking some medicines with me, just to satisfy her. Her son lay on the floor upon a blanket, a mass of blotches, livid and horrible. He moaned a little now and then, but was already dying, as I saw at the first glance. His mother told me that a day or two ago he had come in feverish, and she, thinking it nothing, had sent him down to bathe. When he returned he had been worse, then got delirious, and before midnight was as I saw him, only a mass of sores. Merely to quiet her, I took a spoon and, opening his mouth, tried to force down his throat a little laudanum."

The Consul paused, and made a movement with his hand as of involuntary disgust, as if some detail of the boy's deathbed had occurred to him, and then went on again.

"I never saw such a black, bloated little corpse as Abd-er-Rahman's when I left his mother's house just about daylight, or such a dreary-looking place as their one mud-floored room, with the boy's body lying on the ragged blankets, and his mother swaying to and fro, stupid with misery. I tell you I went home, and had a good stiff tot of whisky, not that I was afraid of the infection, but because the thing had stirred me up a little, as I told you when I began the tale. Next day there was a lot of bother in the office, an English ship had got close to Martin, the port you know, and the captain came and bullied me about the want of lights and the defective charts.

"With one thing and another I forgot about the boy. You see there were so many dying in the place a fellow scarcely had the time to think, and it slipped, somehow, clean out of my head. However, one day, as I was going for a walk, I passed a tailor sitting sewing at his work. Upon his knees was spread a piece of fine brocade, that stuff the Moors in old times used to make in Fez, with gold threads running through the tissue so thickly that the thing would almost stand if you but stuck it up on edge. In the old days in Spain they called it guexi, but nowadays even the name is lost, for the Moors, as you know, care nothing for the past. When I clapped eyes upon it, I remembered that for a month or two I had bargained for it with the man, and could not bring him to my price.

"I spoke to him, and then after a word or two about the progress of the plague, the doings of the Government in Fez, and things of that kind, just to distract him from the subject, I said quite carelessly, 'Ten dollars for the piece.'

"He looked at me and smiled. 'Consul,' he said, 'this piece of guexi, as you say that it was called in Spain, is not for you, or any other Roman.' He called me Roman, not to say Nazarene, which,

(Continued on Page 19.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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Poems About San Francisco

(In May Wentworth's Poetry of the Pacific there are two poems by "Ingle," the subjoined and another entitled "Sunset." No clue to the identity of "Ingle" is supplied. When Alexander M. Robertson, the publisher, was asked who "Ingle" was he took down "The Story of the Files" and searched its interesting pages. But there was no mention of "Ingle." "You'll have to ask Bob Cowan," said Robertson. "He'll know if anyone does." So Robert E. Cowan who is a specialist in San Francisco history, was consulted. But even he was baffled. He thought he remembered seeing work by "Ingle" in a file of the old Golden Era, but that was all. Perhaps some reader can help us pierce this disguise of the sixties.)

V—OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

By "Ingle"

Far out, in the dim and the dark of the waves
That have gone through the Golden Gate,
Chanting a requiem over the graves
Of sailors who sleep in the coral caves,
My thoughts are wafted by fate—
Sad thoughts!
Wafted out through the Golden Gate.

Far over the rolling ocean-hill,
O'er the hill where the white ships go,
I see the barks that are rolling; and still
My thoughts go out far o'er the hill,
While my heart is aching so—
Ah, heart!
While the white ships come and go.

All around me is very fair; and, oh!
There is much in life to love!
Yet—strange that my dreams should wander so
Over the hills where the white ships go—
Why do they ever rove?
Sweet dreams,
Ah, truants that ever rove!

Oh! wandering thoughts and fairy-like dreams,
Ever roving against my will,
What star do you see? has it fairy beams
To lure you away o'er the ocean streams,
Ah, heart that is wandering still!
Truant heart!
Far over the ocean-hill!

The Spectator

No Baseballs for Preston

I am informed that the superintendent of the Preston School of Industry sent a requisition for baseballs to the State Board of Control a few days ago. To the layman no explanation for such a requisition is necessary. There are boys at Preston and they play baseball as part of the healthy life which they lead there while the State is trying to make good citizens of them. But the State Board of Control looked askance at the requisition. Why should the State buy baseballs for the Preston boys, they asked. So the State Board of Control turned down that requisition. There will be no baseballs for Preston. The saving to the State was not great, but the money which would have gone for baseballs will help pay the salaries of the State Board of Control.

Livernash's Protege

Students of the local political situation are speculating as to the significance of the appearance of Jack Dunnigan in the role of campaign manager for the Municipal Conference. Somebody started the rumor, presumably for the purpose of disseminating a "knock," that Dunnigan was slated for the job of secretary to James Rolph in the event of that gentleman's election, and it has roused the indignation of Rolph's friends. A more plausible rumor attributes to Dunnigan the design of landing in the job of clerk to the board of supervisors. The plausibility of this rumor lies in the circumstance of Dunnigan's affiliations. Dunnigan was until recently one of the editors of the Bulletin. Formerly he was confidential agent of the late E. J. Livernash, and now his sponsors are men close to the Spreckels-Phelan cabal which extorted the nomination of D. C. Murphy for supervisor and which is intent on getting control of the next board of supervisors, or, at least, of procuring the election of certain men who have taken orders in the past. The fine Italian hand of the millionaire cabal has been in evidence for some time, and it has occasioned alarm in business circles among men who appreciate the importance of having a legislative body more inclined to promote the welfare of the city than to gratify the whims of a little bunch of civic patriots.

Have you tasted all of them? Milk Chocolates, Mello Cream Chocolates and Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams. All Geo. Haas & Sons' Special Creations. Four Stores in San Francisco.

Too Much Artistic Temperament

Director-General Moore thought that he solved the problem of determining the fitness of men for the board of architects for the Panama-Pacific Exposition when he called on the Chapter of Architects to take the task off his hands. He utterly failed to reckon with the artistic temperament which asserted itself as soon as he made known his selection of Willis Polk for the chairmanship of the board. The artistic temperament of John Galen Howard, William Curlett and Albert Pissis revolted at Moore's tribute to Polk, and they deserted in a body leaving nobody but Clarence Ward to act with the chairman. While this ebullition of the artistic temperament is very much to be deplored, it will not be permitted to cause delay. I have heard it suggested that Polk and Ward will not need a great deal of assistance. Between Polk and Ward there is enough architectural talent for all purposes. They are men of ideas and originality, and they usually apply the artistic temperament to good purpose.

Willis Polk's Band

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk went down to Santa Barbara with Edouard Bennett, Daniel H. Burnham's right-hand man, a few days ago and while there Polk decided to give a little entertainment to some of his friends at Carpenteria. He hired Carpenteria's one and only band to play for his guests while they partook of his hospitality. But the band didn't play and Polk consulted the leader. "We're hungry," said the leader. "I didn't hire you to eat; I hired you to play," answered Polk. "But we're hungry just the same," persisted the leader. Polk tried the magic of his membership card in the Stonecutters' Union, but the magic didn't work. Then he lost his patience. "All right, go and eat," he said. "We'll supply our own music." So while the hungry band was quenching its hunger Polk called for volunteers and gave an amateur concert. Willis himself tortured the bass drum. Those who heard him aver that he is a better architect than musician.

Downey Harvey's Luck

"I see that poor Downey Harvey is bankrupt," I heard a man about town say the other day, "but I'd like to bet that his luck won't desert him." Personally I should not feel disposed to take that wager. For I too believe in the Downey Harvey luck. In the old days it used to be said that a will was invalid if it didn't include a legacy for Downey Harvey. When he was in dire straits somebody would invariably come to his assistance with a handsome bequest. He has just passed through the worst trouble of his financial career. He has met it with equanimity. Who knows but that he sees somewhere on the horizon the silver-lined cloud that is going to break into a shower of money for him? Of course when Mrs. Eleanor Martin dies, Downey will come into another fortune. But it is unfair to speculate on the money advantage which will come to a devoted son through such a bereavement. Besides, Mrs. Martin has no intention of dying for a long time. But something else will turn up for Downey.

Ishi, the "Uncontaminated"

Our highbrowed anthropologists are having the time of their lives with Ishi, the "uncontaminated" Indian from the wilds near Oroville.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Part of the truth about this savage leaked through to the public when a careless newspaperman recorded the fact that Ishi rolled his own Durham cigarettes. Which wasn't so bad for an abysmal brute. But that Ishi is not all the anthropologists would have us believe I have gathered from the columns of the Oroville Mercury which did not regard Ishi as an anthropological curiosity. According to the Mercury Sam Batwee, the Indian interpreter, had no difficulty in talking with Ishi. "I can understand him thoroughly," said the interpreter to the reporter of the Oroville Mercury, "but he evades every question I ask." This is in direct conflict with the statement of our university anthropoligists who said Ishi spoke an unknown language with only three intelligible words. That Ishi is not as "uncontaminated" as the anthropologists would have us believe I learn from the same source. "He tells me," said the interpreter, "that he has wandered about this section for many years living off what he could kill and steal." So Ishi is at least a thief, no doubt an "uncontaminated" thief.

A Bit of Advice

He never drank a Dubonnet
Before the Palace Bar,
He never supped at Tait-Zinkand
Where all the chickens are.

He never stood at Techau's door
What time the wind was blowing
And watched the pretty girls go by,
Their silken ankles showing.

He never held a tete-a-tete
In crowded Peacock alley,
He never saw "The Spring Maid" with
Its music, fun and ballet.

Poor old Ishi!
Savage, brute, abysmal!
How can any one that breathes
Lead a life so dismal!

He never went to Caesar's
To dance the turkey trot,
He never joy-rode to the Beach
Where chaperons are not.

He never ate chop suey
In a Chinatown cafe,
He never watched our worthy Mayor
Parade on Labor Day.

He never saw an airship fly
Across the Golden Gate,
Czar Ned invites him not to dance
Nor Mrs. Buck to skate.

Poor old Ishi!
Barb'rous, crude, a cave man!
When you seek diversion,
How do you behave, man?

And yet—he never had to read
The Porter Garnett play,
He never had to listen while
Doc Aked preached away.

He may be aboriginal,
Gross, ignorant—and yet,
He never had to hearken
To a platform Suffragette.

He never had to read about
Jackasstor and his Honey,
Or figure out a way to live
While paying alimony.

Happy old Ishi!
Free from all anxiety!
Bless your stars you weren't born
In civilized society!

He never ran for office and
Was beaten two to one,
He never had a mortgage due,
He never had a dun.

He never dodged a taxicab,
He never chased his hat,
He never had to exercise
For fear of getting fat.

He never walked the floor all night
And stepped on carpet tacks,
He never played a game of draw
And lost a dozen stacks.

Happy old Ishi!
Listen! Be advised!
Stay the way you are, old top!
Don't get civilized!

Daniel Meyer's Generosity

Daniel Meyer, the banker who died last week, had the reputation of being a hard businessman. He was not considered the sort of man to whom one would appeal in the moment of distress. And yet I know of one case which showed that this reputation was not altogether deserved. It was at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. Young Richard Barry, at that time a not too prosperous newspaperman, wanted to go to the seat of war. He could not persuade any local editor that his services were indispensable, so the matter of expense money became an acute difficulty. He had no money saved and cast about for a likely "angel" for his enterprise. Of all men in the city he hit upon Daniel Meyer. He went and told Daniel Meyer his story, asked for a loan and got it. So Daniel Meyer had a hand in making one enterprising young journalist Barry's story of the taking of Port Arthur by the Japanese was the best published.

Dr. de Vecchi's Comparison

Dr. Paul de Vecchi arrived in New York the other day after a tour of Europe and was interviewed for the New York Sun. Not knowing what else to talk to the doctor about after the Turin exposition had been discussed, the reporter mentioned the Black Hand. "I don't believe in the existence of a Black Hand organization," the doctor said. "There are of course sporadic attempts to extort money by threats of bombs and of kidnaping, but most of the latter if run down would be found to have nothing of a serious aspect about them. Of course I grant you that in Italy there is the Camorra, members of which are on trial in Italy now. But that is just about like certain organizations that exist over here by getting money out of those who have it by means of extortion and blackmail. You know we had Abe Ruef and his gang in San Francisco. One sometimes hears of similar organizations in other American cities. If you judge by methods the analogy between them and the Camorra is close." Abe Ruef and the Camorra! Abattemaggio and Jim Gallagher! Is our good doctor boosting the Camorra or knocking Ruef?

They Are Sore at Sam Blythe

Recently Sam Blythe devoted his "Who's Who and Why" page in the Saturday Evening Post to Congressman Raker of Modoc. Among other things Blythe told how Raker when he was a judge of the Superior Court took the precaution, before delivering a decision, to place two big pistols on the bench in front of him. This has "peeved" the good people of Alturas and their resentment is voiced by the Alturas correspondent of the Sacramento Union. The correspondent says the story is "a libel." Then the correspondent continues:

> While such an article appeared in a lower country paper in the fall of 1910, and, while libeling Modoc county, was used as a means of securing votes for Raker in the lower country its repetition at this time is without excuse. Such a thing never occurred in Modoc county with Raker or any other man on the bench and its being told, while helping to build Raker's reputation up, reacts against the county and its citizens. Raker has never been popular in Alturas and his votes have always come from the remoter communities of the county. Bonner beat him 200 to 130 in Alturas in 1908 for judge. The repetition of this pistol story has not helped the "fighting judge" any in the community where he maintains a legal residence.

Sam Blythe arrived in San Francisco recently for a few weeks' stay. The article in the Sacramento Union he may construe as a hint not to visit Alturas. The citizens of that law-abiding community which is "peeved" at the story of a show of weapons in court, held a very pretty little lynching bee once and who knows but that they may repeat the performance. So, Blythe, beware.

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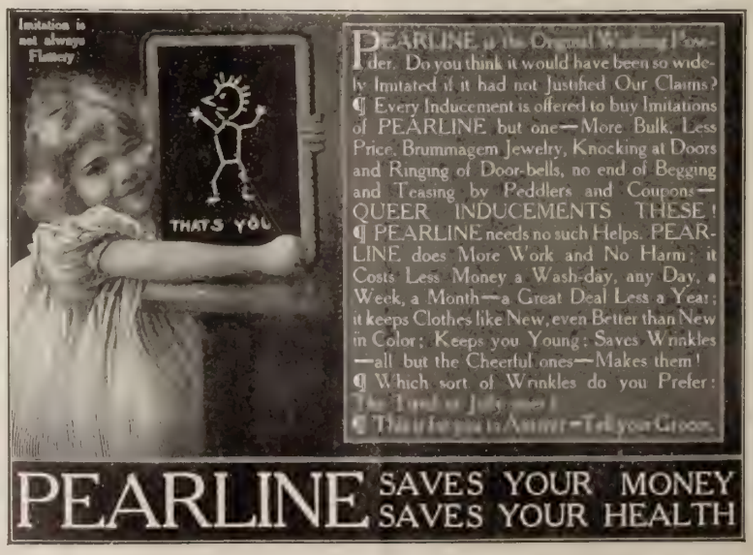

Nealon's Defection

Perhaps the severest blow that Mayor McCarthy received since the opening of his campaign was that which resulted from the defection of James C. Nealon who was formerly one of his most powerful supporters. Some of the Mayor's sincerest friends are now regretting that he did not show a keener appreciation of Nealon's advice. They say that if he had done so he would not now be threatened with the consequences of some of his worst blunders. Nealon's defection is a matter of considerable significance, as he is a man with a very large following.

Picking a Pope

This is one of the favorite diversions of the moment among editors. They have set to work to select a successor for Pius X (who is still apparently very much alive) as blithely as some of them are selecting a successor for President Taft. It is a perfectly safe proceeding. Nobody has the least idea who the next Pope will be. In the nature of things nobody can possibly have any such idea. So there is no reason why everybody shouldn't try his hand at guessing. The situation in the College of Cardinals has no mysteries for the astute editors. They have their sensitive fingers poised on the pulse of European politics; their X-ray eyes pierce behind the scenes. So they are in every way qualified to pick a Pope. Unfortunately however they don't all pick the same Pope. They seem to have their favorites. And they are inclined to be a little huffy when their favorite is deposed from the pontificate so that another editor may confer the triple tiara and the fisherman's ring on some other cardinal.

Spacious Room for Choice

There is lots of room for choice in the College of Cardinals. There are now living forty-seven cardinals. That means forty-seven possible Popes. However, there are not forty-seven different guesses. If there were, some editor would be sure to pick the next Pope. As it is, there is reason to suspect that they may all be wrong in their guesses. One remembers that no editor picked Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, as a probable Pope. The editors picked Rampolla, they picked Oreglia, they picked half a dozen others. But the College disregarded the editors most brazenly and picked Sarto. His election surprised all the editors. The election of Pius IX and the election of Leo XIII had been just as great surprises. What happened before may happen again. But nevertheless the editors have ruthlessly excluded certain cardinals from all hope of ascending the throne of St. Peter's. Their treatment is almost harsh. Some are excluded because they are considered in the editorial sancta as being too old. The editors don't want a Pope who is too near the grave. Choosing new Popes is an arduous editorial task and the editors don't want the task to recur too frequently. When they elect a Pope they want him to last.

More Cardinals Wanted?

According to some of the editors, we must have more cardinals. The Sacred College is smaller today than at almost any time in history. So the Pope must appoint some more. Among the editors most confident that he will do so is William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror: "It is probable that the Pope will soon hold a consistory and create enough cardinals to enlarge the scope of his successor." But some of the editors will have none of this. There are to be no more cardinals for a long time, unless indeed they be American cardinals. To forecast the naming of more American cardinals is always in order in this country. The editor simply picks out the bishop whom he likes best or whose influence is strongest in his State, and confers the red hat on him. The fact that the Pope has never confirmed one of these editorial appointments is in no wise discouraging to the editor. On the other hand, some editors make it perfectly clear that the appointment of more cardinals would be a work of supererogation. Why? For the simple reason that the Pope has already chosen his successor. This amazing bit of news has been going the rounds of the editorial sancta for some time. It seems that the Pope has compiled "a kind of political-religious testament" which is to be read by the Sacred College when it assembles in conclave. In this testament he names Cardinal Rampolla as his successor.

The Busy Rampolla

Now this is interesting. It sets a new pace for Popes. And no doubt it gives Rampolla a cinch on the election. Yet you never can tell. Is Rampolla trying to make assurance doubly sure? The editors have him full of feverish activity. Here is Current Literature crediting him with "a hurried trip to Switzerland." It seems he was interviewed there by "an exalted official of the Austrian foreign office." They are the ones who make or unmake Popes, those Austrians. The editors never tire of recounting how Austria vetoed the election of Rampolla last time. But this time, it seems, there will be no veto. Pope Pius has forbidden it under pain of major excommunication. So the road is clear for Rampolla, even if he hasn't been chosen by the Pope. According to other editors, Rampolla did more than grant an interview to an Austrian official in Switzerland. He gathered a lot of cardinals together at a monastery and launched his boom. We are not told whether the caucus rule obtained. The result is that the editors are backing Rampolla heavily Even Chester Rowell who wants the Vatican muckraked, is for Rampolla. He has swung the Fresno Republican into line for Rampolla. And he is very wrathy at Vance Thompson because Vance wrote an article for Everybody's in which he knocked Rampolla and boosted the candidacy of Merry del Val.

Cardinal Gibbons' Chances

It is the easiest thing in the world for some of the editors to prove that Cardinal Gibbons will be the next Pope. This appeals to American readers, but is not calculated to give foreigners unalloyed delight. The New York Times elected Cardinal Gibbons Pope a few days ago. The process was simple. "After so many centuries of Italian Popes the time has come to give the Church a foreigner as its head. As no European could be chosen without arousing unpleasant jealousies, the selection must take place outside the Old Continent." Is it not as simple as ten minus five? Thus the choice is narrowed down to two, Cardinal Albuquerque Cavalcanti of Rio de Janeiro, and Cardinal Gibbons. Following the argument the Rio candidate goes by the board without shrift, but whether because of the Monroe Doctrine or what, is not clear. That leaves Cardinal Gibbons as the New York Times' Pope. The Times neglected to say whether or not the throne of Peter would be moved from Rome to New York. And so it goes. Every editor is settling the question in his own way.

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SEPT. 26, 1911
ON HIS
Clean Record

The natural question is, Who is Town Talk's choice? The question makes us blush. We are dreadfully old-fashioned. We are actually going to let the College of Cardinals elect the next Pope. And we shall not ask them to hold a conclave until Pope Pius dies, an event which we hope will not take place for many a long long day.

An Editor's Muse

A modest white-covered pamphlet lies before me and reminds that we have in our midst an editor who woos the Muse. "Back Home" is the name of the poem and Charles Phillips, the editor of the Monitor, is its author. It seems that this poem was written three years ago for private circulation, but now the author has been induced to publish it. It is the property of the public, to be dissected and criticized. As its title indicates "Back Home" is in the nature of a family revelation. The writer takes his readers into the family circle and initiates them into all the secrets of the household economy. Now this is a dangerous thing to do. One may safely hazard it with one's friends, but with strangers who are apt to be unsympathetic and unintelligent? No, it doesn't seem just right. For which reason, it seems to me, "Back Home" should have been reserved for the intimates of the author. To them its sincerity, its heart-throb, its deep religious tone would be altogether intelligible. But the casual reader cannot divorce these things from its intrinsic worth as a poem. And as an essay in versification I doubt whether it represents Mr. Phillips at his best. Didn't the very depth of his feelings cause him to ignore esthetic considerations?

The Appreciative Glow

When Mr. Phillips circulated this poem privately among his friends there can be no doubt that he touched their hearts with it. Appended to the poem are three pages of glowing appreciations from certain friends of Mr. Phillips, most of whom are very well known. Thus, Charles Warren Stoddard said of it: "An exquisite poem which has touched me to the heart." Ina Coolbrith wrote: "You have made your way with this tribute of yours straight to my heart." Agnes Tobin congratulated him "on having written so vivid, so personal a poem." Madame Modjeska acknowledged too its effect upon her heart. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said, "You are the Whittier of the West," while a writer in the Notre Dame Quarterly declared that it would rank with "Snowbound." There is no doubt therefore that the poem has a heart interest. It appealed strongly to these friends of the author. They regarded it rather sentimentally than critically, with the heart more than with the head. That is a compliment to the strength of their friendship toward Mr. Phillips. But of course Mr. Phillips cannot be on terms of such intimacy with all those who buy his poem at the bookshops.

Specimens of "Back Home"

The opening lines of "Back Home" will indicate the manner in which Mr. Phillips handles his subject when he is not carried away by the rush of his homing memories:

No, I do not forgret. For all my days
Are thronged with thoughts of you, my evening hours
Are filled with recollections. Day and night
My comings and my goings all are sweetened
And pleasant made with memories of you.
Now even as I write to bring you near
With chronicles of old home days, my heart
Is sudden clamorous made with many thoughts,
As if, with yearning's eager, hurried hand
I threw the door of all the past wide open
And started all the trembling wings of memory
To rushing flight and swift returning welcome.
Ah, well they know me, these dear doves of memory
And clamorous they beat their wings around me,
Till, in the soft onrushing music, made
By the attentive flutter of their wings,
I hear a strain of swet familiar voices;
Till, in the cloudy hypnos of their winging,
Mine eyes see visions of old scenes I love.

As Mr. Phillips goes along his interest in his subject blinds him to its lack of emotional stimilus. He poetizes about his father's dinner pail:

I wonder now
How often we took furtive "peeks" beneath
The cover of that pail to see if doughnuts
Were tempting there in brown, sweet, odorous richness?

Here is another memory:

Even the table that I write upon
Speaks of the little home-made desk of pine

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You made for us—that wondrous treasury
Of slates, and pencils, and geographies,
And in the later years, repository
Of "Poultry Heralds" and the "Bee Journal."

Here is part of a Sunday morning scene when Mass is over:

Then neighbors met for friendly chat and gossip,
Stored up, since last the whirring wheels of buggies
And Sunday rigs and democrats and buckboards
Broke rudely, with swift clouds of dust, upon
The housewife's gossip, or new jelly recipe.

Is one justified in interpreting the intention of an author in publishing a poem? Perhaps. Then it may be surmised that Mr. Phillips desired to appeal to the heart of the sympathetic, not to compel the approbation of the coldly critical.

A Book by John P. Young

Here is an interesting announcement. Mr. John P. Young, the veteran newspaperman who for years has occupied the innermost editorial sanctum of the Chronicle, is about to publish a book. More interesting still, it is to be a book on San Francisco. It will be called "San Francisco: A History of the Pacific Coast Metropolis" and will be brought out, profusely illustrated, by the S. J. Clarke Publishing Company of this city and Chicago. From a prospectus I take this: "Mr. Young has devoted especial attention to that part of his work relating to the reconstruction of the annals of the City. Apart from the fact that there has been no attempt to present a sequential narrative of the happenings of San Francisco since the early eighties of the nineteenth century, the destruction of the histories and accounts up to the earlier period make their restoration desirable.' A glance at the chapter headings indicates that the scope of the work will be large and the presentation thorough. Mr. Young has access to all accessible Californiana and San Franciscans who lack the means or the time to collect the rare works that cover their city's history, will undoubtedly be glad to possess the book which is soon to be published.

Ingredients of a Gin Fizz

I notice that Congressman Ollie James of Kentucky and Dr. Harvey Wiley, the pure food expert, have been enjoying a little controversy with a bet on the side as to the proper way to mix a mint julep. This reminds me of a story Father "Joe" McQuaide told at the Press Club the night the heroes who won the World's Fair were entertained by the newspapermen. It concerned a drink fully as alluring and insidious as the mint julep. Father McQuaide gave a humorous description of the old mammy whom the New Orleans boosters brought to Washington to make the famous "drip coffee" and also of the black-skinned mixological expert who was taken along to make the justly celebrated gin fizz. Father McQuaide declared that this dusky bartender worked with such elaborate artistry that it was hard to take one's eyes off him. He said that he tried several times to ascertain all the ingredients of the gin fizz but that one always escaped him. When he returned to San Francisco he laid his difficulty before a local man of southern birth who smiled broadly and gave him the secret: "Father," said this southerner, "the ingredient that escaped you was the fat black finger that went around the top of the glass."

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Who's Who Politically in San Francisco---and Why

MICHAEL CASEY

A resident of San Francisco for two score of years, Michael Casey stands before the electors of his city in this campaign with a record of having undertaken and completed the greatest pieces of public work that were ever accomplished in a single city in so short a period of time. He has been a member of the Board of Public Works for the past four years and during that time he created the Department of Street Repairs at a cost of $17,000. He constructed the Municipal Asphalt Plant, with the output of which the city has in the last two years paved 4,496,131 square feet of streets, saving to the taxpayers $157,294.58. Also, Casey constructed and reconstructed 357 miles of sewers at an approximate cost of $2,615,205.29, and he built forty school houses at an approximate cost of $4,338,535.36.

Casey has always been a firm advocate of municipal ownership, and he assisted materially in the sale of the Geary street road bonds. As president of the Board of Public Works he appointed and retained the present city engineer, and with him he is directing operations for the acquisition of the Hetch-Hetchy and Lake Eleanor water supplies. And during all of these activities Michael Casey has been the champion of the rule that none but citizens of the United States be employed on public work.

"The platform of the Union Labor Party," he says, "is the platform upon which all labor men were elected to office, and that is the platform on which I stand today, the lapse of time since its advent being considered, and its provisions brought up to date. There is no clause or passage in that platform which has ever brought shame or regret to a single representative of the Union Labor Party, and whether the press is disposed to give credit for the same or not, we are here to answer for a faithful performance of our obligations, and for a vindication of our pledges. I am here to render an account to the people as a whole, and to ask that this city be permitted to continue under the real control of its really representative citizens.

"I declared two years ago that San Francisco most needed a business administration, conducted along legitimate, liberal lines, and I invite you now to inspect my department of the city government and to discover for yourselves that this policy, launched by the Union Labor Party, has brought to the taxpayers a maximum of good result. Your Board of Public Works today is conducted as a business institution should be, and despite the false claims of those who would capture the fortress of government, through defamation, you will find it to be upon a sound, safe and progressive basis. It is the duty of every citizen to investigate actual conditions for himself, and not to accept the insincere word of those who merely seek a political victory at the polls. You will find that, within human effort, all precautions have been taken to uplift and advance the public service in its various branches, and to press forward the giant task of reconstruction, which has made our city the most famed in the universe today. Workingmen rebuilt this city after the calamity of 1906, and workingmen have no apology to offer in their legitimate ambition to continue to have something to say about their city government."

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Greenway List

In former years, just as the bids to the Greenway dances were out, there was great activity at the telephones. Maids and matrons hastened to ring up their friends to compare notes about gowns and dinner parties. But this year it was different. Many enthusiastic maids and matrons failed to receive invitations. Many who received them hesitated to hurt the feelings of those who might not have been so fortunate. It would be awkward to ring up Miss Popular and ask about the dress she intended to wear at the opening dance, only to find that she had not been invited. This consideration for the feelings of others is not usually attributed to our smartsetters, so I am glad to record the fact that it really and truly exists. It takes all sorts of people to make a smart set and some of them are just as human and kindly as the rest of us. Wonderful, but true!

Photo, Scharz

MISS RUTH HALL

The charming daughter of Judge and Mrs. S. P. Hall of Oakland whose engagement to Mr. Anthony Caminetti, the son of Senator Caminetti of Amador, has just been announced.

Those Twenty Censors

The great question of the hour is, What names have been excised from the Greenway list? I doubt whether we shall know until the first Greenway takes place. To publish the list would be to supply the gossips with food for interminable chattering. The fact that a man or woman has been deemed ineligible for the Greenways this year is no reason why he or she should be unnecessarily humiliated. The question of secondary importance is, Who are the members of the Council of Twenty who helped Greenway censor the roll of guests? Here again the gossips are defeated by the secrecy which has been maintained. A good thing, perhaps. There would be a lot of heart-burning if it were generally known that such and such matrons of light and leading passed final judgment on such and such undesirables. But the names of some of the censors are bound to become public. When they are, the humiliated may endeavor to avenge themselves. It is a situation full of possibilities. It has divided our parochial society into two classes, the exclusives and the excluded.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE
REPRESENTED BY
MRS. EDGAR DE WOLFE
INTERIOR DECORATION AND OBJECTS D' ART
TEMPORARY OFFICE, GRANADA HOTEL TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 422

They Couldn't Agree

Last week I mentioned that the coterie headed by Mrs. James Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George Moore and Mrs. George Ashton had decided not to sponsor the Friday Night dances this season. Their action was not prompted by any lack of interest in these functions. They were largely attended last Winter and were of prime popularity. But this season there was a lot of trouble about the guest list. The leaders could not agree and decided that compromise would be a dangerous expedient. So they withdrew from the field. One of the questions which induced discord had to do with what some of these leaders characterized as the embarrassing popularity of the dancing matrons. When the married women monopolize the young men while the unmarried girls lend themselves to the decorative scheme of the ballroom in the guise of wall flowers, a ball cannot be accounted an emphatic success. That was the situation last season. It will not occur again if it can be prevented. There is a movement on foot to relegate the married women to their proper place in order to give the girls a chance. Some are even in favor of relegating the engaged girls to a place of secondary importance, but this is regarded by the more conservative as rather revolutionary and I don't think anything will come of it.

Young Men at Teas

Another decided innovation of the approaching season will be the presence of the beaux at tea parties. It has been decided that these feminine functions need brightening up, so the men will be asked to lend their presence. The men, with typical masculine conceit, will be flattered. But will they attend? I think a good many will. Of course they won't be restricted entirely to tea in the matter of quenching their thirst. I don't know whether to approve the innovation or not. Some of our young men are susceptible to improvement in manners and the increased facilities for social intercourse with nice girls will do them a lot of good. On the other hand a lot of our young men are inclined to be effeminate already and I'm afraid that these will be the ones to haunt the tea parties. The experiment, for as such it must be regarded, is an interesting one at any rate.

Miss Marian Miller Hesitates

Some time ago I told about Miss Marian Miller's intention of becoming a trained nurse. She was to begin her studies at a local hospital this month. Well, she has not done so as yet. Her parents are delighted at what they regard as her change of mind. So is a certain young man who has been paying her a wealth of attention. From the first Miss Miller's parents opposed the idea. They argued with her, but seemingly in vain. Their arguments seemed to have no effect on her determination. But after all, the head does not guide us as much as the heart. Along came a very eligible chap who made an appeal to Miss Miller's heart. So at least I am informed. The result is that she will probably never enter the hospital. Instead of donning a nurse's uniform she is very apt to wear orange blossoms. We can only wait and see.

Clarence Follis Best Man

Clarence Follis dropped in upon us the other day but will not be with us long. The handsome young millionaire will return to New York to act as best man at the wedding of his pal and business associate Alexander Rutherford. Aleck Rutherford is also in this city visiting his relatives and receiving congratulations on his approaching happiness. These two young men stand out together by reason of their great success in the financial circles of New York. They are among the few San Franciscans in large business who have invaded New York and made it pay. Their social success has been as brilliant as their business triumph. Many a managing mamma in this city and in New York has sighed to see them negligent of the charms of her unmarried daughter. But now Aleck Rutherford is to be married, the ceremony to take place in the middle of October. And his chum Clarence Follis will support him through the ordeal. Follis' brother Jim married the beautiful daughter of

Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MRS. F. B. GLENN

Of Glenn, Glenn County, who will spend the Winter at the Palace with her charming daughter Nancy. Miss Glenn will make her debut this season.

Art and Refinement are Displayed by Tasteful Attire
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Senator Gwin, while his sister is Mrs. Frank Griffin. Rutherford is the son of Mrs. Rutherford who married George Crocker.

Mrs. Carolan Returns

With the return of Mrs. Frank Carolan and Miss Jennie Crocker from Europe society is ready to take up the fun and frolic of a new season. Mrs. Carolan is the leader of the married element of Burlingame and the charitable and social activities of the younger element revolve largely about the sprightly young heiress who appears to be of no mind to join the ranks of the matrons. Mrs. Carolan spent a day in the city greeting her friends and then hied her to Beaulieu where she is preparing for the winter campaign. She looked extremely smart and well on her arrival and has been showing her friends some handsome creations of the Parisian modistes. One of her costumes is a dull old blue silk "one-piece" gown made with the loose panels that are worn on all the skirts abroad and having broad revers on the bodice of white satin. The hat she wears with this costume is of exactly the same shade, trimmed with full ostrich plumes to match and it is a small shape that turns back from the face.

As To That Salon

As yet I have heard no word about the salon which, I was led to expect, Mrs. Carolan would establish on her return. But of course there is still lots of time. Mrs. Carolan can afford to move slowly. She is not one who is likely to hurry merely because expectation has been kept for some time on its tip-toes. When the salon does come it will be found to have been well worth waiting for. Mrs. Carolan will no doubt devote some of its discussions to Maeterlinck. She is a disciple of the Belgian mystic and possesses his works in a variety of luxurious bindings. No doubt too she will favor the members of her salon with vocal entertainment. Having studied industriously to improve her voice in Paris, she will naturally be glad to show her friends what an improvement was wrought by the teaching of Criticos. To Miss Jennie Crocker she will probably look for assistance in the conduct of her salon. Miss Crocker is no blue-stocking, but she knows a classic better than many young women in society and can discourse about her likes and dislikes in sprightly fashion. Decidedly, the sessions of the salon will be worth while. I'd rather attend them than hear Morse Stephens lecture or Dr. Aked preach.

Not Interested in Golf

Mrs. Henry Kiersted has been visiting her intimate friend Mrs. George Newhall in Hillsboro and her mother Mrs. P. McG. McBean who is living in San Mateo. She is looking handsomer than ever but I note that she was not interested at the Del Monte golf tournament. Mrs. Kiersted was an expert golfist before her marriage. She played a clever game against the powerful drives of Miss Alice Hager at the Burlingame Club one summer and won by her skill. Mrs. Kiersted is a graceful figure on the links. She is tall and slim and carries herself well. I saw her at the matinee last week with her mother and she was strikingly handsome with a Gainsborough hat loaded with light blue plumes that were becoming to her blonde coloring.

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Come and visit this, the most beautiful and luxurious shop of its kind ever established

Frolics, Not Follies

I hear that the success of the garden fete at Uplands this afternoon will largely redound to the glory of Miss Jennie Crocker who is displaying great executive ability in its management. Miss Crocker knows how to catch the popular interest and is wise enough to cater to an admission-paying public when she takes hold of any project for charity. Her success with the Mardi Gras balls in which her ideas were adopted indicates this. Anent the fete the official announcements read the "Frolics of 1911." It has a more pleasing suggestion for a society amateur entertainment than Follies by which name the vaudeville has been advertised. I am glad to note the change. Let us see society in its frolics and leave the Ziegfeld follies to the professional stage.

Mrs. Oelrichs Denies

When the newspapers all over the country described the early morning charivari to which the inhabitants of Newport were treated by the flushed guests who attended the Leonard Thomas dance, the name of Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs was included in the list of roysterers. Mrs. Oelrichs didn't like the publicity, especially when the clergy of Newport and thereabouts hurled anathemas at the revelers. So she took pains to have the papers announce that she was not among those present. She denied being a participant not only in the charivari, but even in the more conventional festivities of the dance. This has aroused a good deal of curiosity. People in Mrs. Oelrichs' set are wondering why she went to that trouble. Does she object to being associated with such a rowdy affair? Or is her reason for the denial to be sought in a family spat? No one seems to know positively, but there is a good deal of wonderment that Mrs. Oelrichs should hazard a quarrel with one branch of her family. Lily Oelrichs who is now Mrs. Peter Martin is the sister of Blanche Thomas and Mrs. Oelrichs has always been very fond of Lily. Perhaps it was just one of Mrs. Oelrichs' moods.

Her Other Trouble

These are days of trouble for Mrs. Oelrichs. For a long time there has been talk of a great smart hotel for Newport. Now it looks as though the hostelry will be built. The site selected, it is said, is flanked by the Belmont and Whitney places and backed by the cottage of Mrs. Oelrichs. This selection or supposed selection of a site has "peeved" Mrs. Oelrichs. Think of the rattling dishes that would disturb her dignified repose! Think of the multitude of indefinable odors that would tease her aristocratic nostrils! Think of the clattering tourists, the Babel of trippers, the mixup of vagrant nouveaux riches! Is it any wonder that Tessie is mad clean through?

Tait's Cafe and the Orient

This popular cafe, ever unique and interesting, aims to furnish its friends "the spice of life"—variety—in surroundings as well as in viands.

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The latest decorations are Oriental and decidedly pleasing. The main dining-hall is beautiful. No stretch of the imagination is necessary to feel all the subtle charm of the East.

The effect is so rich and admirable that it seems as if one had stepped out of the Western World, with its noise and rush, into the repose and splendor of ancient Egypt or luxurious Turkey.

This Oriental effect is enhanced by the refined and careful service and the excellency of the cuisine.

In the Social Spotlight

Paso Robles was recently visited by a number of hotel men. Among these who dropped in as part of their well-earned vacations were Mr. E. S. DeWolfe, the manager of the Hotel Granada, San Francisco; Mr. Frank H. Powers, owner of the inn at Carmel, that rendezvous of artistic people; Mr. F. J. McHenry, proprietor of the cozy hostelry on the King Highway, at San Luis Obispo; and Mr. Fred W. Tegeler, who has had such marvelous success with his Southern Hotel at Bakersfield. Motoring down from Vanvouver, B. C., also came Mr. Robert Willis, of the Badminton Hotel, that city, and with his party were Mrs. D. M. Sweeney, whose husband is proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, San Francisco.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Wilson of the Colorado, is domiciled at the Victoria during the stay of Mr. Wilson's ship. Miss Nancy Wilson accompanied her mother from their home in Philadelphia.

Dr. D. S. Tasker, with Mrs. Tasker and their daughter, registered at the Hotel Victoria. Dr. Tasker is a physician from Los Angeles.

"Djer-Kiss"

PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

J'offre en ce parfum exquis mon chef-d'oeuvre aux Américaines. --Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "In this exquisite perfume I offer to American women my masterpiece."

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder

At all dealers. Send 6c. for Sample

Alfred H. Smith Co., 25 West 33d St., New York

Registered at Paso Robles Hot Springs are Mr. E. de la Vega Ortiz, with his wife and sister, Miss de la Vega Ortiz, Miss Martinez de Castro, and Mr. Romula Terrera. These representative people of the West Coast of Mexico are spending their summer in California, and getting acquainted by automobile trips with the principal resorts.

Del Monte has had a lot of smartsetters lately. They include Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy. Harry Hastings, Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook of Oakland went down for the Dog Show and have been there ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Girvin, who were later joined by their daughter, Miss Lee, have returned greatly to the delight of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mrs. Moses Heller, Mrs. E. M. Heller are among those who went down to cheer their friends on to victory at golf. Mr. Frank M. Wilson and Mrs. Raymond Wilson drove down in their Stevens-Duryea recently with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Gillespie of New York. Miss Marjorie Stanton of San Francisco and Mrs. Frederick Kohl arrived late last week with Mr. Kohl. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne joined the lovers of golf who gathered four hundred strong.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: M. M. O'Shaughnessy, W. M. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Walker, I. W. Tucker, M. F. Tarpey, Al Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Trodden, Mr. and Mrs. James Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Palmer, T. W. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Creel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Talbot of Phoenix, Arizona, and Mrs. E. M. Ward and Miss Russella Ward were among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

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THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

MOTORISTS AND WEEK-END PARTIES
ENJOY THEIR VISITS AT
HOTEL VENDOME
SAN JOSE
In its beautiful park—Broad verandas—Spacious public room
SPECIAL GRILL SERVICE AFTER REGULAR MEAL HOURS
PRIVATE DINING ROOM AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN
Free, but excellent automobile storage H. W. LAKE, Manager

The return of the cruisers from the north is making San Francisco the center of a renewed social activity in the navy set. Mrs. C. T. Wade and her son came down from Bremerton to be with Lieutenant Wade who is attached to one of the cruisers. Mrs. Casimir Fabregon, Mrs. Wade's mother, is up from Coronado for a short visit with her daughter. They are settled at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in the city.

Admiral and Mrs. Chauncey Thomas returned to San Francisco last week. They took apartments at the Hotel Victoria where they spent some time early in the summer.

Mrs. Bayliss C. Clark and her lively family registered at the Hotel Victoria during a visit here from their home at Sutter Creek. Mrs. Clark is a former San Francisco belle and has a host of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Raggio and their children have been guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mr. Raggio is a prominent business man of Stockton.

Lieut. E. E. Scronton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scronton are also domiciled at the Victoria.

Mrs. James H. Hough and Miss Helen Hough are stopping at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to town from their home in Stockton.

Col. and Mrs. Alexander O. Brodie are in town for a short stay. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain George E. Evelyn who is up from Panama for a visit is registered at the Hotel Victoria during his stay in San Francisco.

Mrs. J. K. Miller from Whipple Barracks and Mrs. E. J. Brochen who is up from the Presidio of Monterey complete the army coterie that is making the Hotel Victoria its headquarters.

Don'ts for Grooms

Don't imagine you are anybody.

Don't miss the train.

Don't say a word. Everybody will know it.

Don't let go her hand; you might lose her.

Don't hand the conductor one ticket, as usual.

Don't speak of "my wife" too often. Wait till you get used to it.

Don't think you are the only husband that ever was.

Don't work your solicitude for her overtime.

Don't think she has never traveled without you.

Don't be disturbed when people look your way and smile.

Don't say "we" when "I" is what you mean.

Don't forget to put two names on the hotel register.

"Two years ago I promised that if elected I would conduct the Sheriff's Office strictly along business lines. Since then I have struggled most earnestly to raise the standard of the Sheriff's Office to the highest state of efficiency and to make such improvements at the County Jails as would make as sanitary as possible the housing of the unfortunates there confined. I believe my indorsements are ample proof that I have kept my pledge."—Thomas F. Finn, candidate for re-election.

No Male at Home

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the distinguished scientist and author, tells the following experience with a woman physician:

"I was being shown about a certain women's hospital by the physician in charge, who was apparently getting a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that there are no male attaches at the institution.

"'And do you mean to tell me that the place is maintained entirely by women?' I asked.

"'Not a man in the house,' she replied. 'Why, even the elevator boy is a girl.'"

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SOME OF OUR FEATURES
A specially prepared lunch, served daily from our Kitchen on Wheels in three minutes, ranging in price from 45c to 55c including an elaborate and tasty dessert and black coffee.
A dainty lunch served gratuitously to ladies every day during shopping hours, between 3:30 and 5 p. m.
Six new daylight pictures shown every day during shopping hours, also in the evening between 8:15 and 10:30 o'clock.
Instrumental concerts at luncheon, shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre. Orchestra under the leadership of Signor Gino Severi, graduate of Italy's foremost musical conservatory, who is ably assisted by talented musicians, each a soloist.
Re-engagement by popular request of the gifted prima donna soprano, Miss Florence Drake Le Roy, who will sing during shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre.
A dainty and acceptable souvenir, presented to ladies every Saturday afternoon, between 3:30 and 5 o'clock.
Under the Management of A. C. Morrissou

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Regular Dinner with Wine, $1.00
Banquet Conveniences Lunches a la Carte
Ladies Grill Vocal and Instrumental Music
MONADNOCK BUILDING
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ALL CARS PASS THE DOOR Next to Palace Hotel

He: Do you know anything about the great Italian poet, DANTE?
She: No, but I do know something about the great Italian dinners they serve at the
Dante Restaurant
536 Broadway

St. Germain
60 and 64 ELLIS ST.
LUNCH 75c REGULAR DINNER $1.00
Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
Banquet Hall. Seating Capacity 800.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Spring Maid" and Mizzi Hajos

The little woman with the difficult name is not early as important as the operetta in which she featured. She is an attractive little person ith a very sweet voice and a manner that harms. It was inevitable that she should reeive a great deal of attention. But the first ention belongs to the music. It is very beautiul. The best of it is in a class with the music f "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier," The Arcadians" and "Madame Sherry." The peretta as a whole cannot be classed with "The Merry Widow" or "The Chocolate Soldier," but is as good as "The Arcadians" in all respects ut one and better than "Madame Sherry." here is unity to the music of "The Spring Maid." t is developed logically and economically. The emes are easily traced in their recurrences. here are times when the vocal excellence of the ompany is forgotten, so completely is it subrdinated to the splendid work of the orchestra. t would be a treat to hear the music of "The pring Maid" given at an orchestral recital. It a greater treat, of course, to have it given with lizzi Hajos, a fine company, a good chorus and retty scenery. In one respect only is "The pring Maid" poor. Its comedy is uniformly ad. Where to fix the responsibility for this I on't know, but I suspect Harry B. Smith as the rincipal offender. Smith has written some good ooks and some that are very bad. The comic art of the book of "The Spring Maid" is ecrable. The alleged comedy is supplied by an npecunious prince who masquerades for a time a woman, a tragedian and a hawkshaw. These re all timeworn types and they are not even resented in novel situations. Their jokes were ken from Joe Miller. Their horseplay is of e kind that tickled the groundlings three cenries ago. This defect serves to concentrate atntion on the music, and the music can stand it, ut it is too bad that "The Spring Maid" should not be uniformly good in book and music. Mizzi Hajos takes possession of the audience from the start. Her vivacity is irrepressible and irresistible. Her collection of smiles, pouts, winks, shrugs and grimaces is seemingly inexhaustible. Her face is pretty but her figure is nothing to rave about. Miss Dorothy Maynard is superior in that respect and so are some of the chorus girls. But let us not be overexacting. Mizzi Hajos has a beautiful voice and dances very well indeed. In Hungarian costume, dancing the czardas, she was particularly fetching. The ballet of the Carlsbad Legend was well done and the audience liked it. It looks as though our taste for this form of entertainment is improving steadily. One feature of "The Spring Maid" deserves notice. The plot is ingeniously outlined in the program. If this method becomes general we shall be spared a lot of unnecessary attention to the lines of operettas and musical comedies. Then we can lend our ears exclusively to the music. When the music is as good as in "The Spring Maid" that's a great advantage.

—Edward F. O'Day.

MISS NICOLINE ZEDELER
Violin soloist with Sousa and His Band.

"The Campus" Full of Life

No doubt one of the attractions of "The Campus" is its local color. In the first act one of the most familiar vistas of the University of California is shown, with Harmon gymnasium on the right, the great old oaks on the left and North Hall in the distance. The football statue by Douglas Tilden is spoken of as being just off stage. Even the president of the university is easily known through his name of "Wheelan," though he does not actually favor us with his presence. In still other ways is the atmosphere of Berkeley suggested. The slang, the jokes that pass current, and of course the college yells, are U. C. through and through. Naturally these points appeal to a Californian audience. They have undoubtedly helped to make "The Campus" the big success it is. Naturally, they will not have the effectiveness of strictly local color when "The Campus" is taken out of California. But college life is so much the same in its essential spirit everywhere and Walter De Leon has laid hold so firmly on the tangible things of that spirit, that "The Campus" seems destined to repeat its Californian triumph in the big world outside. "The Campus" is clean and healthy throughout. It has a slight but coherent story. Its episodes flow naturally, one from the other. Its characters are interesting characters. Last but not least, its music is good music. Lively, inspiring and good-humored music it is always and at times quite above the average of musical comedy music. That song "Is Everybody Happy?" is irresistible. It fills you with an enthusiasm for happiness, makes you glad you're happy if you are happy, ashamed of your woe if you are not. Music that affects you that way is worth-while music. But the whole of "The Campus" affects you more or less in the same way. You catch yourself beaming on the characters, for all the world as though they were youngsters in real life and you a very superior though very sympathetic oldster who were young yourself once. It is a little late in the day to praise Walter De Leon and "Muggins" Davies for their portrayal of the two principal parts. Ferris Hartman, everybody should know by now, has one of the best parts ever allotted to him, a character part devoid of low humor and admirably interpreted. Myrtle Dingwall and Josie Hart are admirable and Roscoe Arbuckle is good for many laughs.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Miss Nobody" at the Cort

Margaret Mayo's comedy, "Baby Mine" which has been packing the Cort for the past two weeks, will be seen for the last time tonight, Saturday. Mort Singer's big musical revue, "Miss Nobody From Starland" will open a week's engagement commencing tomorrow, Sunday night. So many good things have been said about this delightful musical show that playgoers are eagerly awaiting the opportunity of seeing it. It ran for three hundred nights in Chicago, which is something of a guarantee of its worth. Olive Vail, a San Francisco girl, is prima donna of the company, and her appearance here after her long absence is attracting considerable interest. Miss Vail was at the old Tivoli and Fischer's before the fire and has a host of friends on both sides of the bay. "Miss Nobody From Starland" was written by Hough, Adams and Howard and it is said that in this latest effort they have excelled themselves.

Lily Lena at the Orpheum

The Orpheum will have for its headline attractions next week Lily Lena and Edwin Stevens, two of the most famous artists in vaudeville. Miss Lena has just returned from Europe with an entirely new budget of songs. In drama, musical comedy and vaudeville Edwin Stevens stands high. There is superiority in all his work. "Cousin Kitty," a delightful conglomeration of song, dance, story and fun, will be Mr. Stevens' vehicle and assisting him in its performance will be the charming little ingenue Tina Marshall. A complete novelty will be offered by Jackson and McClaren, the "Australian Woodchoppers." They are the champion tree fellers of the Antipodes. The Four Elles, very recent European importations of the Orpheum Circuit, will make their first appearance in a number of really original dances. Next week will be the last of The Primrose Four; The Three Leightons; The Blank Family and Hermine Shone and her company in "The Little Goddess."

The Sousa Concerts

John Philip Sousa and his magnificent aggregation of sixty artists will be the opening attraction of Will Greenbaum's musical season. The organization is returning from a fourteen month tour of the world, the longest ever attempted by an orchestra or band, and the success that the "March King" has met with beggars description. One of the features of the tour has been the exceptional violin playing of Miss Nicoline Zedeler accompanied by the band. To hear the Mendelssohn "Concerto" accompanied by a band with all the delicacy and coloring of a symphony orchestra was indeed a surprise to those who did not know the capacities of Sousa and his men. In this city the band will play at Dreamland Rink, opening Sunday afternoon, October 1, and playing both afternoons and evenings for four days. Each program will be different and many important works will be given here for the first time. The Music and Dramatic Committee of the University at Berkeley has invited Mr. Sousa to give concerts in the Greek Theatre on Thursday afternoon and night, Oc-

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FOOD---BEVERAGE---TONIC
For Stomach, Bowel, Kidney and Liver Ailments
PALACE HOTEL PHARMACY 643 MARKET ST.

tober 5; and on Friday night, October 6 the organization will appear at the Assembly Hall of Stanford University. As usual the Sousa prices will be popular and there will be two thousand seats for sale at Dreamland at the minimum rate of fifty cents.

Nance O'Neil in "The Lily"

David Belasco's adaptation of "The Lily" from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Laroux

OLIVE VAIL

A San Francisco girl who returns in "Miss Nobody From Starland" at the Cort Sunday night.

will be the Alcazar's offering during the coming week, with Nance O'Neil in the role which she filled throughout two seasons under Mr. Belasco's management. It is a powerful and impressive play, dealing with subjects of vital human interest, and Miss O'Neil's acting was responsible for its run of a twelvemonth in New York and a similar period on tour. Excepting unavoidable change of personnel in subordinate characters, "The Lily" will be presented in the Alcazar as it was seen here several months ago, when the prices of admittance were exactly double those charged at the Sutter-street theatre. And it is confidently predicted that the complete cast will be equal to the original.

"The Campus" Another Week

"The Campus" will begin the third week of a most successful engagement at the Savoy this Sunday afternoon. The usual "pop" matinees are given on Thursday and Saturday and at the Sunday afternoon performance everybody in attendance will be presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant.

"The Country Boy" Next at the Columbia

Following "The Spring Maid" on Monday, September 25, comes the Henry B. Harris production of Edgar Selwyn's comedy "The Country Boy' which is accounted one of the best hits of the past season in the East. It will be played here by a strong cast which comes from a long run at Chicago. The play is more humorous than dramatic and belongs to that class of American plays of which "The Fortune Hunter" and "The Man from Home" are good examples. The story concerns an ambitious youth from the country who thinks that the big city holds better opportunities for him than do the limited boundaries of his home village.

Pasquale Amato, Great Singer, to Come

Pasquale Amato, principal baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House and in the opinion of many of the connoiseurs the very greatest male singer living, will be Manager Greenbaum's first great star of the season. Assisted by Mme. Gilda Longari from La Scala of Milan and Signor F. Tanara, conductor at the Metropolitan, Signor Amato will give recitals of German, French, English and Italian lieder in addition to arias from his greatest operatic successes. The Amato concerts will commence Sunday afternoon, October 8. On Tuesday night, October 10, a special program will be rendered under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Auxiliary.

Mabel Riegelman in Concert

Mabel Riegelman, the singer who was taken up by Gadski and subsequently won fame on the operatic stage in Europe and the East, is to give a concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, September 17. It will be the last appearance here of the young California songbird prior to her appearance with the Grand Opera Company in New York and Chicago when she sings in Hanesel and Graetel. The singer will have as accompanist the well known pianist, Frederick Maurer Jr.

On the Preacher

One phase of the divorce evil that has never been touched upon by Government and ecclesiastical experts is the divorced couple's habit of sending a notice of their separation to the preacher who married them," said a local clergyman. "That is what they do to me, all those dissatisfied people who entered, by my help, into matrimony, and I find it is what they do to most other preachers.

"Just as if we could help it. No doubt the question presents other and graver evils that demand precedence at the hands of the investigators, but when considered as a personal issue that trick of notifying the preacher contains the sharpest sting of all."

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Monday, Sept. 25th—"The Country Boy."

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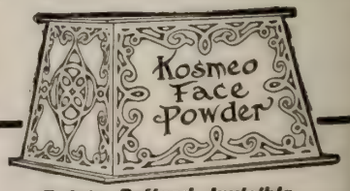

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,971; Dept. No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of EMILIE BOUQUET, Deceased.

Ernest Bouquet, the Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court his verified petition herein, praying for an order of sale of an undivided one-half interest in and to certain improved real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, being all of the estate of said decedent, for the purposes set forth in said petition, located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

And described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of land beginning at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet, running thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet, running thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet, and running thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a five room, one story frame cottage.

And more particularly described in said petition to which reference is hereby made, at either public or private sale as the said Administrator shall judge most beneficial for the said estate.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell all of said described real property with the improvements thereon belonging to said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

Now, therefore, on motion in open court of Messrs. Hankins and Hankins, attorneys for said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor, it is ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, Southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator for the sale of all of the said described real property and improvements thereon belonging to said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 13, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

HANINS & HANKINS, Atty. for Petitioner.
915-917-918 Pacific Bldg., Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

Charity

(Continued from Page 8.)

as you know, is a contemptuous method of address amongst Mohammedans.

"I asked him why, and he rejoined, half smiling as he spoke, 'Because you Romans have no belief in God, or His omnipotence.

"'Consul, when little Abd-er-Rahman died, may God remit the balance of your sins for what you did for him, his mother came to me.

"''Oh, father of the awl,'' she said to me, ''my son is dead. God willed it so, and also that I should be poor, and I have not anything in my possession fit for a winding sheet.'' I too was poor, but then as now I had upon my knees this piece of old brocade.

"''Take it,'' I said, ''and wrap it round the body of your son, as he lies on the bier, upon his journey to the cemetery. Then bring it back to me, and thus your son will journey through the streets, in a befitting style." She thanked me, snatching at my hand to kiss it, which I prevented, knowing good manners, and in due time returned the winding-sheet.

"'Consul,' he said, 'I trust in Allah,' and I took him and shook him by the hand, and as I pass him now and then as he sits sewing at his work we look at one another, but seldom speak, except a formal 'la pas' as I pass upon my way. You see we understand each other." . . .

The Consul paused, and as we rose to go he shouted loudly to his man to bring a lantern, but no one answered him, for they had slipped away to bed, leaving him all alone as usual in his bat-infested house, in the dark narrow lane. As we strolled stumbling back to the hotel the rain had stopped, and a few fleecy clouds went racing through the sky. Before the Basha's house the guards were sleeping muffled in their jelabs, and snoring lustily.

When we emerged upon the broad fidan the moon had risen, and from a side street issued a wedding party, dancing and firing a stray shot or two.

Their lanterns swung about, just as a ship's masthead light seems to swing, as the long rollers of the north-west trades catch her a little just abaft the beam, their bearers looking like a band of Capuchins, in their white, pointed hoods.

Married Folk, Take Notice

A friend of ours has compiled a list of domestic irritations. Here are a few of them:

It is irritating to her to find his cigar stumps in the flower pots.

To have him go and wash up just when dinner is announced.

To have him sit on a tilted chair, or lay his head on the sofa cushions.

To have him draw designs on her fresh table cloth while waiting for his meals.

It is irritating to him to find no salt or pepper in the shakers.

To jump out of the bath tub and find no towels at hand.

To be caught under the chin by the clothesline when passing through the kitchen in the dark.

To have hot coffee placed before him when he has thirty seconds to catch the train, and cold coffee when he has all the time there is.

English Coffee

The American opinion of English coffee is not exalted, remarks a writer in a London paper. A visitor from across the herring pond sat down to breakfast in a London boarding establishment. The landlady came bustling in with the coffee-pot. "It looks like rain," said she, by way of making conversation. "Yes," said he, sniffing, "but it smells something like coffee, anyway."

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NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ANNE GWINN, (sometimes known as and called ANNIE GWINN), an Insane Person.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, as the guardian of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, duly made and given on the 4th day of September, 1911, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, the undersigned, as such guardian, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1911, all of the right, title and interest of the said Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning of the Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue (formerly Seventh Avenue South) at a point distant One Hundred Seventy-five (175) feet Southeasterly, measured along said line, from the Southeasterly line of Newhall Street (formerly "N" Street South); running thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of Lot No. 31, in Block No. 139 as per map entitled "Map of the lands of the Central Park Homestead Association," recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book "C and D," page 87 of Maps.

Bids or offers in writing will be received by the said guardian at the law offices of R. L. Beardslee, Esq., Rooms 203-204, Yosemite Theatre Building, (situate on the East side of North San Joaquin Street between Main Street and Weber Avenue), in the City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be left with J. C. Quinlan, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at his law offices, in Rooms 714-719, Humbolt Bank Building, City of San Francisco, State of California.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in lawful money of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, the balance of the purchase price to be paid to said guardian upon confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court.

Dated at Stockton, California, September 11, 1911.
WALTER N. PARRISH,
As Guardian of the Person and Estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an Insane Person.

R. L. BEARDSLEE, Atty. for Guardian,
Rooms 203-204 Yosemite Theatre Building, Stockton, California. 9-16-3

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Securities continue their decline. The short interest has had no trouble to cover and to renew lines on the advances. The trouble with the shopmen is spreading through the western country and the outlook for labor troubles is adding its heaviness to the list. The annual reports of the railroads show a small margin over dividend payments, and unless business picks up shortly, there may be cutting back of rates. The industrial situation is a waiting one with fair business. The steel corporation reports an increase in unfilled tonnage during the month, but with railroads contemplating further economies, the market has paid little or no attention to it. The active issues have all gone to new low levels, with everybody now realizing that the future business and political outlook is as was forecasted some time ago. The stock market has always in the past discounted such utterances, and it is very probable that some of those who are now making them have liquidated their securities some time ago. The conditions confronting the business world are entirely new in the industrial history of the United States and the remedies as proposed, especially as pertaining to the monyed interests, cannot have other than a lasting and depreciable effect on securities in general.

Wheat—The market in wheat has been weak since the passing of the frost scare and is on a good export basis with Liverpool, with some wheat being worked. The general trade is inclined to heaviness. The northwest anticipates a heavy rush of new wheat despite the smaller crop, because the farming community must meet financial obligations, and is to some extent disposed to market wheat before reciprocity becomes a factor. As to the latter, the market still assumes the victory of the agreement in the Canadian elections, and the general tone of the news is in the same direction. Europe has not shown any fears of a shortage in supplies, and while Russia continues to make unfavorable reports, the light rains in India and good advices from the southern hemisphere, along with the availability of our wheat if desired, makes for a steady market. Canadian prospects have been lowered in the past two weeks, by unfavorable weather and by rust in the southern counties. There has been some damage by frost and the final yield on present reports is likely to drop to 190,000,000 bushels which is still twice as much as last year, and gives the two countries about 50,000,000 bushels combined more than last year.

Corn—The market has held its firmness and is likely to do so for some time. There is a heavy short interest in the September delivery and the bulls believe they will maintain a good control over the market and that shorts will cover at higher prices. In an ordinary year the price of corn would be much higher on the crop shortage in this and other coarse grains, and in all forage crops. The general business stagnation has caused a temporary retirement of public speculation for a rise and trade interests have never been able to advance prices very far under such conditions in the past. It is the general heaviness and uncertainty that have exerted the bearish influence in corn and other grains.

Cotton—The cotton market was firm in the early part of the week, due to the better trade outlook in Europe and higher prices from Liverpool. The market, however, did not respond fully to the advance in Liverpool, the trade being inclined to go a little slow as climatic conditions throughout the south were more favorable. Receipts of cotton early in the week were disappointing, but were accounted for by the wet weather prevailing generally throughout the belt. A decided change in sentiment took place toward the end of the week which was brought about by heavy selling from the south and on reports of spot cotton being offered freely with very little demand. It looked as if spinners' requirements for September had been filled. Climatic conditions were favorable and there was very little heard of the boll weevil as well as other pests. The trade are inclined to be bearish. Probably the pessimistic feeling in Wall Street has had some effect. The visible supply of American cotton shows an increase since September 1 of 42,967 bales and will continue to increase for some time to come. The into-sight movement next week is expected to show around 300,000 bales against 182,000 bales last year. The September movement is expected to total around 1,500,000 bales compared with 1,200,000 bales last year and 1,368,000 in 1909. Cotton looks like a sale on every rally.

Traps Mean Mice

"It's the mice," said the woman who had returned from an inspection of the renting agent's choicest flats. "The place must be fairly alive with them. I never could stand mice."

In vain did the agent protest that mice could not be hired to live in such immaculate apartments as his. The woman cut sort his protestations with a sweetly incredulous smile.

"Don't tell me that," she said. "If the neighborhood isn't alive with them, why does the hardware dealer on the corner keep all those mouse-traps in the window? That is an unfailing sign. I have lived in flats for twenty years, and have learned that if the stores in a neighborhood make a big display of mouse-traps the flats provide the mice for them to catch. So often have I had that lesson hammered home that I study the mouse-trap situation before signing a lease."

"Maybe that is the way those twenty-odd other women who scorned my flats on account of mice found out they were there," mused the agent.

Then, before showing the flats again he persauded the dealer to remove his mouse-traps to a less conspicuous place.

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Auto Notes

R. J. McKenzie of Winnipeg, owner of a score or more of fast harness horses, among them Vernon McKinney, the pacer which captured the $5,000 Chamber of Commerce stake at Detroit, is an enthusiastic motorist as well as an admirer of blooded horseflesh. Mr. McKenzie is a regular attendant at all important race meetings held in this country and hasn't missed one of the Grand Circuit meets in years. In company with the large body of horsemen who follow up these events, he has been traveling by rail and while dissatisfied with this method locomotion has adhered to it until this season. With the first meeting of the year at Indianapolis, the Winnipeg man determined, if possible, to subtract from the discomforts of travel, and turned to his six-cylinder Lozier Briarcliff as a substitute for the railway coach. The McKenzie car was originally purchased last winter for attending the races on the Pacific Coast and the scheme proved such a success that the car was shipped East. Mr. McKenzie claims that the big advantage in making the circuit by automobile, lies in the fact that the distance between hotel and track in the large cities is often so great that swift methods of travel are a necessity and the motor car is in many cases the only means of saving time.

The following telegram was received by the Pacific Motor Car Company: "Stock Cole "30," Johnny Jenkins driving, wins first in stock and non-stock events his class at Worcester Dead Horse Hill Climb, lowering record for Hill in his class. Car used was Boston agent's demonstrator stripped. Used same car for both events."

Col. A. W. Bradbury, president of the Pacific Motor Car Company, accompanied by a party of friends, motored in a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea car to Sacramento and Stockton. From there he will go to Lake Tahoe.

In ten days the Pioneer Automobile Company made sales to many prominent people and firms, among them being: E. H. Wiel, Dr. Thos. F. Madden, E. Pringle, dward E. Kelly, J. A. Secara, Chas. E. Randall, G. L. Weathers, B. M. Norton, S. Crosby, Chas. B. Marston, F. H. Swan, Mahoney Bros., Mrs. C. Truman, Western Fuel Co., Leiser Bros., F. Joseph, R. W. Burgess Co., Normandin-Campen Carriage Co., I. Salsman, Jack Dick, W. H. Taylor, J. L. Whitmore, James F. Sheehan, C. B. Shanks, C. E. Cumberson, F. W. Lurmann, R. T. Jones, M. G. Adams, J. M. Cobb, G. A. Therkof, F. A. Brock, J. L. Cook, W. J. Martin, Frederick C. Swett, Woodsan Allen, C. R. Zacharias, Central Auto Co., G. A. Dow, James F. Swift, R. C. Newell, Wm. C. Murdock Jr., D. L. Albert, A. J. Rich, Grove J. Stillman, J. W. Dougherty, P. H. Denton and Don Biggs.

There is probably no more severe test on automobile tires than that of automobile stages traveling between cities to which railroads do not run. The very fact that there are no railroad connections would show that geographical conditions must be severe. Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Co. has received a letter from Mr. G. C. Waldron, of Oregon City, in which he states that he runs two automobile stages and that he has them both equipped with Diamond tires. He says that both cars are overloaded a large part of the time, and that the road over which he must carry his passengers and freight is very hilly and rough, being composed of a variety of materials including clay, plank, crushed rock, gravel and boulders. In spite of the poor roads and heavy loads he has never had a Diamond casing fail to run out its guaranteed mileage and often they have run a great deal more.

The Republic Rubber Co. of Youngtown, Ohio, is very proud of a letter received from E. D. Richmond, one of its customers in Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Richmond writes: "I wish to tell you of the splendid service that I have gotten from one of your Staggard Tread Tires. Last winter before shipping my car southl purchased one of your tires and placed it on the left hand rear of my big seven passenger Pope-Hartford and at the same time I put a new casing of "X" on the right hand rear. After 2500 miles the "X" make had to be thrown away and a new tire put on. This tire was of "Y" make and lasted only 20000 miles. I then put on a casing "Z" make which has gone 1500 miles but shows signs of much wear. All this time the sturdy Republic was not touched. Now after 6000 miles of hard usage on our rough Southern roads your tire still seems in fair shape."

The Republic Rubber Co. of Youngtown, Ohio, is distributing through its agencies a most attractive cut-out folder entitled, "Will He Risk it?" It takes one up in the blue on the mountain side and brings out graphically one of the trying features of mountain climbing. It leaves one with a feeling that Republic Staggard Tread Tires would be a comfort and an insurance against accident on rough mountain roads. Those who love the grandeur of the Rocky Mountain country will particularly appreciate the design and excellent color work of "Will He Risk It?"

Mr. H. W. Westphal has just motored to Karlsbad in his Stevens-Duryea and while driving through Bohemia the villagers pelted the party with rocks as they do not like automobiles. Mr. Westphal says he will keep the marks on his car as souvenirs, but advises the Pacific Motor Car Company not to sell automobiles for use in Bohemia.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

"The minimum scale * * * deproves the younger members of a union of all motive for improvement." —Professor Elliott, Harvard University.

Citizens' Alliance Offices
Merchants Exchange Building
Free Employment Bureau
700 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased. WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required. the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMCOLANDER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummcolander, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummcolander, deceased. FRANK R. KUMMCOLANDER,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummcolander, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,635.

In the Matter of the Application of HARRY A. KOHL, for Change of Name.

It appearing to the Court that on the 6th day of September, 1911, Harry A. Kohl filed herein his application for an order that his name be changed to Harry A. Millsaps, and good cause appearing therefor:

It is ordered and directed, that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before the Court on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, Department 7 thereof, in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the said application for change of name should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 6th day of September, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Atty. for Petitioner. 9-16-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

[illegible] 10,139.
Dept. No. 10.

[illegible] WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

[illegible] Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Mar- [illegible] Deceased [illegible] of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, [illegible] Smyth [illegible] David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and [illegible] the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the [illegible] and that no [illegible] and de- [illegible] and there a resident of said City and County [illegible] State of California, and left as [illegible] City and County of San Francisco and [illegible] of personal property.

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the [illegible] of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter and proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made on the [illegible] day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that thereafter, to wit, on the [illegible] day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that he said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased.

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made.

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor decendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grandfather or grandmother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased.

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased.

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners.

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as above and then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grand Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased.

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or [illegible] William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate [illegible] ship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State [illegible]

[illegible] to appear on the day and date [illegible] court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

[illegible] aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and upon your failure to [illegible] and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court [illegible] your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not [illegible] and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure provided.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California 9-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No 10,434; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE BOUWMAN, Deceased.

Maria V. Dunn, administratrix of the estate of Rose Bouwman, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrix should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before the Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix for the sale of such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: August 23, 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attys. for Administratrix, 1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Application of SEARIGHT WALDECK COMPANY, a corporation, for Dissolution.

The application of the above named corporation for dissolution having been presented to this Court and the Court being satisfied that the same is in conformity with Title VI, Part 2 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, that the said application be filed with the Clerk of this Court and that the Clerk give not less than thirty of not more than fifty days' notice of the said application by publication of a copy of this Order in some newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco at least once a week, for not less than thirty days as aforesaid.

Dated, August 25th, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Applicant,
Western National Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH F. ROCK, also known as JOSEPH ROCK, Deceased. No 12,097. Dept 10

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of said Joseph F. Rock, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of Lewis F. Byington, 1306-08 Call Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph F. Rock, deceased. MARY ROCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Joseph F. Rock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Atty. for Administratrix.
1306-08 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

[illegible] brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Fran- [illegible] and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: [illegible] Defendant.

[illegible] required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the City and County, or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard, executrices of the will of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrices at the office of John Flournoy, Esq., Room No. 1033 in the Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased.

FRANCES EASTON TAYLOR and
ADELINE MILLS TAYLOR HOWARD,
As Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

JOHN FLOURNOY, ESQ.,
Attorney for Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard as Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS,
Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CASSIE WHELAN WILBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Charles W. Slack, No. 1101 Alaska Commercial Building, situated at the Northeasterly corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased.

JOHN H. SPECK,
As Administrator of the Estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 17, 1911.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 35,836.

M. L. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff, vs. AMELIE ROSALIE MACE ARON and HENRY PEARTREE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Amelie Rosalie Mace Aron and Henry Peartree, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DORN & DORN & SAVAGE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
503 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-15-10

Letters

A Kate Douglas Wiggin Treat

It is a white year for the older girls when Kate Douglas Wiggin writes a book. They can rely on wholesome interest and entertainment without preachment or priggishness. And those who have not yet developed an interest in love making are always delighted with a story that does not tempt them to skip chapters or pages. Moreover, Mrs. Wiggin's stories are never milk-and-water. So the grown-ups whose mental taste has not been vitiated by large indulgence in highly spiced literature will find their pleasure, too. "Mother Carey's Chickens" has had a serial publication in one of the women's magazines. Doubtless it has already gained a host of admirers who will be glad of its perpetuation in book form. The Careys are the kind of people it is good for us to know, and let us hope that at least the girls of from fourteen to eighteen will be brought forward and introduced to Nancy and Mother Carey instead of the inane, giddy and gushy "heroines" who occupy the center of the stage in that most neglected corner of the field of literature, books for growing girls. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are Mrs. Wiggin's publishers.

A Wasted Effort

To criticise seriously "Ranier of the Last Frontier" is much like taking a sledge hammer to crush an ant. It might have slipped through as one more of the host of mediocre books with neither virtues nor faults sufficiently marked to call for special notice, were it not for the fact that its author, John Marvin Dean, has seen fit to hark back to an old formula, and make his story an excuse for jibes at "the corruptions of Romanism" and to extoll the "purer religion" as exemplified by the Y. M. C. A.—and baseball. Clarke Ranier was by choice of occupation a war correspondent. What he did when there were no wars for him to correspond about the author does not see fit to tell us, but at any rate, on the very night before he was to have taken a position as city editor of a Seattle paper, he strolled down to the water front and finding that a cavalry transport was to sail at midnight, gave up his prospects, stowed away on the vessel, and in due course of time landed in the Philippines. Somewhat unceremiously though, for, having incurred the enmity of a Dr. Sevier en route, the vengeful medico took ocasion to hit him a coward's blow and dump him overboard. He was rescued from a watery grave by a renegade American soldier, arrested by a provost guard, despite his protests, and put to work at rock breaking. In prison he fell into the hands of a Y. M. C. A. worker who addressed him as "Brother," and forthwith he forgot all about his newspaper career and aspirations and became an ardent Christian according to the Y. M. C. A. recipe. Meanwhile he had managed to fall in love with a bewitching army nurse who wouldn't look at him but was all eyes for the same murderous medico who thought he had effectively disposed of Ranier for all time. It goes without saying that Ranier is a hero seven times a day and seven times on Sundays, but his grand chance comes when the wicked Sevier who has carried on a career of abduction and seduction from Forth Worth to Alaska, up and down the Pacific Coast and across the water, fixes up a nice scheme by which he expects to win hands down. It is a pity that the T. Y. Crowell Company has wasted good work on this book. Mr. Dean may have it in him to do better. For one, I hope he has and that he will give proof of it, though apparently he belongs to that devoted band of missionaries who begin their labors by stirring up strife amongst the flock.

Irving Bacheller whose amusing "Keeping Up With Lizzie" is soon to go on the stage, began his literary career in the time honored way, as a reporter on a New York paper. It was in the early days of the Sunday Supplement, and Bacheller was given an assignment to write up the trials and discouragements of the men out of work and looking for a job in the big city. "Get up early tomorrow, put on old clothes and visit all the places that advertise for male help. Give an account of the number of applicants and the kind of men they are. Work up the feelings of a poor devil who has had no breakfast and has walked miles because he has no car fare, only to meet one disappointment after another. Draw it strong on the pathos. People like that sort of thing," was the gist of the advice given him. At noon the next day Bacheller turned up at the office with a sober face. "I'm afraid I can't make anything of that story," he reported. "What's the trouble?" "I've got three jobs already and a promise of two more."

General Lee's Humility

Even when they knew him the soldiers sometimes took incredible liberties with General Robert E. Lee. On the hottest of July days one of them left the ranks and approached the General. The staff tried to stop him, but Lee put them aside and asked what he wanted: 'Please General, I don't want much, but it's powerful wet marching this weather. I was looking for a rag or something to wipe the sweat out of my eyes." "Will this do?" said the General, handkerchief in hand. "Yes, my Lordy, that indeed!" "Well, then, take it with you and back quick to the ranks; no straggling this march, my man." The humility and naturalness of Lee--are illustrated by another story, plausible because his dress seldom marked him, except for the faded stars on his collar, as the head of the army. The General sat down to rest one day under the shade of a spreading tree. A busy surgeon wished to establish his headquarters there. "Old man, I have chosen that tree for my field hospital and I want you to get out of the way." Then he discovered his mistake. But Lee gently relieved the embarrassment of the situation: "There is plenty of room for both of us, doctor, until your wounded are brought."

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Vol. XIX. No. 996 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

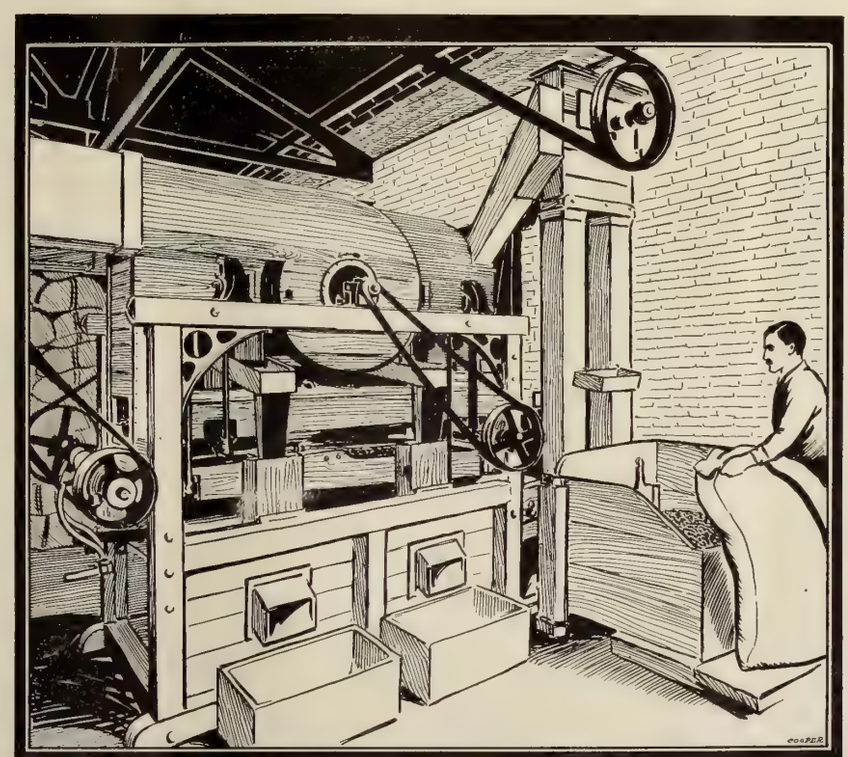
TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

NERO CAKES

Cream four ounces of butter with three ounces of sugar and one whole egg. Add when creamy two ounces of "Ghirardelli's Cocoa" and three ounces of cake flour. Dress small round cakes on buttered and floured baking sheets. Cook in slow oven. When cold stick two together with raspberry jam; if desired, dip in chocolate frosting.

Expressly prepared for us by the Pastry Chef at the Palace Hotel.



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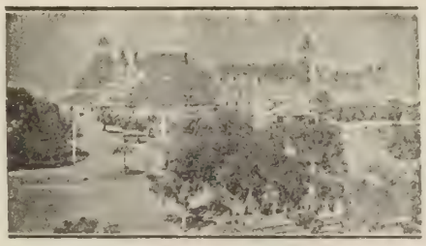

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, September 23, 1911 | No. 996

ELDA FURRY

Who plays one of the leading roles in "The Country Boy" at the Columbia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Election

If the signs of the times are not malignly deceptive James Rolph will be elected Mayor of this city next Tuesday. The prophets of change for the better are many, and each confirms the other, but let us not merely indulge in pleasant and inspiriting anticipation. There is an old saying about defunct things that crawl, which it may be well to remember at this time. We can recall other days when a consummation similar to the one now promised was as devoutly wished and hardly less confidently predicted by a united press, and we have keen recollection of disappointed expectations. It is to be hoped that we have learned the lesson of the danger of being too sure. Beyond doubt public sentiment in this city is strongly in favor of a change in the administration of municipal affairs. Beyond doubt James Rolph commands the confidence and respect of a very large majority of the electorate, but James Rolph is not to be elected without the votes of the people who are in favor of his election. To elect him we must go to the polls Tuesday; we must not wait until the election in November. Opposed to James Rolph is a powerful political organization, every unit of which has a bread-and-butter interest in the ambition of his principal opponent, and on election day that organization will attend strictly to the business of getting ballots into the box. James Rolph has behind him nothing but sentiment, a powerful sentiment, it is true, the sentiment of personal interest as well as of civic pride, but it is not organized for such efficient service as will be rendered to Mayor McCarthy. The situation as to Rolph is simply this: San Francisco expects every Rolph man to do his duty, but there is nothing but a man's own conscience to prod him to the polls.

Up-to-Date Gompers

Mr. Samuel Gompers' views respecting the Constitution are of interest if for no other reason than that they stamp him a Progressive among Progressives. In the cult of the up-to-date Mr. Gompers is in the lead by more than a head. He is not impatient of the Constitution merely because it is not in harmony with what our half-baked statesmen regard as modern ideas of government. He is impatient of it because it was written in the days when there were no such things as wireless telegraphy, automobiles and aeroplanes. He would have a Constitution that could be applied to the regulation of all the latest fads and fancies. Which shows that Mr. Gompers has a queer notion of what a Constitution is. He is far from regarding it as an established system under which a government is conducted. It has been long supposed that a Constitution should deal only with large and permanent matters, and that for that reason it can properly be nothing more than an outline or a frame, but Mr. Gompers thinks that it should contain every essential rule of personal conduct, and provide for every contingency remote or proximate and the solution of every problem social, industrial or political. Under a Constitution such as Mr. Gompers would have there would be no need of a legislative branch of the government. Since Mr. Gompers regards our Constitution as old-fashioned and out of date, it is but natural to wonder what he thinks of the British Constitution, the origin of which is hidden amidst the general obscurity which surrounds the early history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Insurgent Shibboleth

After long and laborious survey of the political field "Battle Bob" La Follette has come to the conclusion that of all the schemes with which the politicians are beguiling the credulous people there is none that fills them with so much enthusiasm, none that raises in them more delightful expectation, than that of giving them quick action in all the affairs of government. Acting on this conclusion the alert Wisconsin politician invented a shibboleth which is now blazoned on the banner of Insurgent Republicanism. "Bring the government back to the People!" is the smug phrase which "Battle Bob" has taken for his battle-cry. He expects the Insurgents to rally to it as to a slogan of conviction, and beyond doubt he will not be disappointed. Even the gallant masqueraders of this State he may confidently depend upon for passionate approval notwithstanding their reluctance to give the dear people a chance to vote for delegates to the national convention. And even "Battle Bob" himself, though aflame with a consuming passion for popular rule, will probably be content to let his friends in California appoint the delegates. For when the greater good is to be advanced, principle, no matter how sacred, must be suspended. Meanwhile, it may not be inappropriate to observe, the President of the United States continues to give the country an able and dignified administration. Among many men in office who wish to continue in office the President is singular in this—that he differentiates that many-headed monster which is being fed on flubdub and humbug from the mass of people who wish to be governed with wisdom and discretion.

Backward Trend of Progressiveness

"Bring the government back to the people!" This sentiment is typical of all so-called progressiveness, whether in politics, in art or in morals. Always affecting to be intent on going ahead your red-hot modernist is in reality always aiming at something in the dark backward and abysm of time. The "new" morality preached by Upton Sinclair and all the other feverish disciples of the Shaw school is the morality of ancient Babylon. The "new" science of medicine was practiced by Hindu sages thousands of years ago. Every new school of philosophy that bobs up today to live until tomorrow had its counterpart somewhere in ancient times. And so as to our new nationalists who talk of bringing the government back to the people, they would revive a state of affairs that existed in the most primitive stages of human development and among many ancient peoples who flattered themselves that they were so enlightened as to be able to rule. Even in our own country the "back to the people" issue is not of recent growth. Twenty years ago direct legislation was the "panacea" recommended by the Populist, the Socialist and the visionary of whatever affiliation. Direct legislation is one of the means by which the government is to be brought back to the people, and it has been tried, notably in Oklahoma, where it has proved a melancholy failure. Our government is in the hands of the people today to a much greater extent than it ever was before in its history, and some of the effects of the gradual change that has been wrought since the days of McKinley, when the people were less concerned about governing than being governed, are now visible. Perhaps if these effects were given the attention they deserve the conclusion would be reached that it is not so much to our advantage to bring the government back to the people as to bring the people back to the halcyon pre-Rooseveltion era of the full dinner pail.

The Slandering of Falstaff

In this iconoclastic age there is nothing too sacred to deter the enemies of tradition and of established institutions. They are running amuck through history and fiction tearing down everything and everybody that has enjoyed the reverence or respect of mankind. What was once a spasm of disturbance has become a chronic riot. In the midst of general widespread desecration it were perhaps of little use, not to say Quixotic, to utter a plea for mercy in behalf of one of the innumerable victims of frenetic vandalism. But it is hard to see good old Jack Falstaff go down and out without even a threnody in his honor. The career of this corpulent knight of the Elizabethan tenderloin as described by Shakespeare, we are told, is a menace to morals; it reeks of the odors of Eastcheap; it glorifies crime, etc., etc. But perhaps the ugliest indictment brought against dear old Jack is that which levels against him the accusation of cowardice. Sir John Falstaff a coward! How absurd! Whatever else may be said against Doll Tearsheet's fat bohemian friend, it cannot be successfully argued that he was a coward. Superficial commentators have taken it for granted that he was; and though he has not lacked defenders to prove

the fallacy of the assumption, the excellency of his character on the whole is something which even his warmest admirers have not had the courage to proclaim. Yet it is hardly to be gainsaid that the blemishes on Falstaff's character are more than offset by his many amiable and hilarious qualities of mind and heart. A rogue he was to be sure, but without a trace of malice or selfishness in his system. What is true of many of Shakespeare's characters is true of Falstaff—their real, is different from their apparent, nature. If Sir John was a coward how are we to account for the fact that for him we entertain a high degree of respect and affection while regarding some of his associates with the highest disdain and contempt? No, Sir John was not a coward. He was almost everything else but that. It is not to be denied of course that he acted at times after the manner of cowards. This circumstance and the tricks of actors who over-play the part have given the impression that the jovial old soldier was a coward, but the impression will be effaced by a careful reading of the play with a view to analyzing the character. The best evidence of the fact that Sir John was not a coward is the love that Shakespeare bore him. With consummate artistry Shakespeare draws our affections toward the man in whom there is to be found hardly one of the conventional virtues which our moralist friends so ardently cherish. Shakespeare loved him for his redeeming human vices. It is not fair to Sir John to adjudge him a coward on the strength of one or two episodes. It should be remembered that he is presented to us after he has arrived at a time of life and a state of body when the bravest of men might be pardoned for regarding discretion as the better part of valor. Plump Jack was unquestionably discreet. From this it must not be argued that he was a coward. Shakespeare, it may be positively affirmed, does not represent him as such. What was the corpulent one's reputation among his contemporaries? The correct answer to this question ought to settle the matter. When the Chief Justice of England inquired of his attendant "if the man who was then passing him was Falstaff; he who was in question for robbery," the attendant answered in the affirmative, but reminded his lord that Jack "had since done good service at Shrewsbury." And the Chief Justice, censuring Jack for his vices, tells him "that his day's service at Shrewsbury had gilded over his night's exploit at Gad's Hill." Presumably the Chief Justice had heard of the old soldier's exploits. Going further back in the career of the fat rogue we learn that when he was a page to the Duke of Norfolk, when "he was but a crack, thus high" he "broke Schoggan's head at the court-gate." Again, when Hostess Quickly employed two officers to arrest Falstaff, on hearing the fat knight's name one of them remarks "that it may chance to cost some of them their lives, for that he will stab." And the hostess thus: "Alas a day! take heed of him, he cares not what mischief he doth; if his weapon be out he will foin like any devil." That such was the case we know, for when he tackled the armed Pistol that swaggering wretch fled from him "like quicksilver." It is not to be gainsaid that Jack Falstaff was a fighting man in a fighting age, and it is not to his discredit that when attacked by the fiend Douglas he simulated death, or that on the occasion of the robbery he sought safety in flight. These were indeed occasions for the exercise of discretion. There was nothing characteristic of cowardice about Falstaff save his fondness for rodomontade, such as our fustian hero, Francis J., betrays, but Falstaff's braggadocio was the result of a congenital disposition to whimsical humor and fantastic exaggeration. For Sir John was above all things a humorist and a man of humor. He was ostentatious about nothing but his dissoluteness. For sober reputation he had contempt. His vices he wore on his sleeve. And with all his vices, he is loved for his incessant cheerfulness, for his intense animal spirits, and his great natural vigor and alacrity of mind. A gallant old reprobate was thirsty Jack, a frank sinner, unashamed, and we of this age with its abounding pharisaism have good reason to enjoy his companionship. Instead of sitting silent and seeing his character besmirched we ought to be raising statues in his honor.

Ghoul Care

Sour fiend, go home and tell the Pit
For once you met your master,—
A man who carried in his soul
Three charms against disaster,
The Devil and disaster.

Away, away and tell the tale
And start your whelps a-whining,
Say "In the greenwood of his soul
A lizard's eye was shining,
A little eye kept shining."

Away, away and salve your sores
And set your hags a-groaning,
Say "In the greenwood of his soul
A drowsy bee was droning,
A dreamy bee was droning."

Prodigious Bat! Go start the walls
Of Hell with horror ringing,
Say "In the greenwood of his soul
There was a goldfinch singing,
A pretty goldfinch singing."

And then come back, come if you please
A fiercer ghoul and ghaster,
With all the glooms and smuts of Hell
Behind you, I'm your master!
You know I'm still your master.

—Ralph Hodgson.

Perspective Impressions

The United States cultivates complacency by reading of the industrial troubles in Europe.

The inscription which was rejected of the mayor has become the corner-stone of controversy.

Until that inscription was erased Fuzzy Wuzzy the mayor was in danger of being submerged in Fuzzy Wuzzy the "pote".

"Colleges are hotbeds of debauchery," says a new reformer. If so we ought to start a rescue expedition for Ishi the uncontaminated.

The Hon. Francis J. Heney, jawsmith, is with us again, and, as always, pointing to men who ought to be in jail. He is accompanied on his tour of one-night stands by his whole family: spleen, his brother; venom, his aunt; malice, his cousin and vindictiveness, his grandmother. So Frank is really enjoying himself.

President Taft challenges the critics of the Supreme Court to formulate a contract in restraint of trade which shall be at once in violation of the statute and not illegal under the decision in the trust cases. Now will Governor Johnson let us see how much of a lawyer he is? Or will he merely bloviate some more?

That candidate's faith in human nature is strong which can survive the shock of the official count, for there never yet was a defeated candidate who wasn't promised more than enough votes to elect him.

The Hon. William R. Hearst-Barnum is a man of such infinite variety that he can write letters to himself without being conscious of it. The editor of the London Budget (a Hearst paper) was recently the recipient of a letter from the eminent vaudevillian of journalism, the object of which was to enable Hearst-Barnum to create for himself the pleasant illusion that he is the storm-centre of an international row.

Correspondence

"Ingle" Identified

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: "Ingle" is the pen-name of Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, a well-known California literary woman who died some years ago in San Jose. She is the author of a volume of verse entitled "Rose Ashes." Mrs. Walter belonged to the generation and literary coterie of Ina Coolbrith and Charles Warren Stoddard—the age immediately following that of Bret Harte and Louis Stevenson. Mrs. Walter's son is Roy Walter, city clerk of San Jose, and her daughter Delmas is the wife of Charles M. Shortridge of this city.

Yours sincerely,

—Felix Jose.

San Jose, September 17, 1911.

Converted by Father Crowley

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Have you read Father Crowley's reasons for being in favor of granting suffrage to women? If not read them and perhaps you'll be converted. He has given me pause. After reading Father Crowley's reasons I said to myself, "Now if a man ranking as a man of superior intelligence talks like that, why should we deny women the right to vote? The only valid objection to female suffrage is that it will increase the proportion of incompetency to competency in the electorate, but perhaps after all it doesn't matter much. The truth appears to be that you can't make the electorate much worse than it is. Even our so-called intelligent men, the representatives of our intellectual professions, who reason like Father Crowley, are quite numerous. Perhaps the sooner we carry universal suffrage to the limit the sooner the world will realize the advisability of turning back and starting over again. By the way, I notice that most of the men who have espoused the cause of female suffrage are men who think they exercise an influence over the emotions of women. Nearly all the popular preachers are for female suffrage. For the same reason, perhaps, that the newspapers favor the initiative, the recall and the referendum. What a fine country we'll have when it's run by the press and the pulpit.

—A Retrogressive.

Jordan's Epigrams

Editor Town Talk: Your frequnt allusions to David Starr Jordan and comments on his sayings and activities cause me to infer that you take a deep interest in this prodigiously great man. I wonder if you have read any of his contributions to literature. I never have—that is, not in bulk—only a few fragments having come to my attention. The other day I ran across a leaflet issued some years ago to advertise two of Dr. Jordan's books, "The Story of Matka" and "The Care and Culture of Man." Ever hear of them? Well, no matter. Perhaps, like myself, you will never have the curiosity to dig them up. The leaflet will serve to apprise you of the merits of the books, for Dr. Jordan's most brilliant epigrams are therein set forth. Here they are:

The flag of freedom can never float over a nation of dead heads.

The boys who are SENT to college often do not amount to much. From the boys who GO to college come the leaders of the future.

In a free country there can be but one poor man—the man without a purpose.

You cannot fasten a two-thousand-dollar education upon a fifty-cent boy.

All professions are crowded in America but the crowd is around the bottom of the ladder.

The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going.

Undeserved help brings the germs of idleness. The man who receives a windfall forever watches the wind.

It is better that a people should suffer with the remedy in their hands than that they should be protected by some power not of themselves.

That which endures is that which brings out the higher potentialities of mankind.

Great stuff, isn't it? How Dr. Jordan must have sweated over those lucubrations! Platitudinous? Well hardly. Said a thousand times better a thousand times before and yet might just as well have been left unsaid. Yes, Dr. Jordan is a great man. It is by his epigrams that a great man reveals himself.

—A Constant Reader.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Sanitation in the Army

During the Spanish-American war 10,759 troops were encamped at Jacksonville, Florida, for nearly four months. The water supply was from artesian wells of unimpeached purity. Yet there were 2,693 cases of typhoid fever, with 248 fatalities. The deaths from all diseases, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc., were 529. During the army maneuvers this year 12,801 men were encamped at San Antonio, Texas. Again the water was from artesian wells and pure. The climatic conditions were slightly more favorable than at Jacksonville. But there was only one case of typhoid, in which there was a recovery, and only eleven deaths from all causes. The progress in army sanitation was marked by this great improvement. Compulsory anti-typhoid vaccination was practiced. The breeding of flies was prevented by immediate destruction by burning or the disinfection and sterilization of all decomposing matter from the kitchens and of all human and animal refuse. Flies are the great spreaders of disease, carrying on their feet the serum of typhoid, cholera, dysentery and other infectious diseases. By preventing them from depositing their eggs in decomposing matter or by destroying the larvae this great danger can be eliminated. According to the New York Sun:

> Should we ever be so unfortunate as to engage in another war, 20,000 men under the hospital organization of today will have more guns on the firing line than 30,000 could furnish in 1898.

Japanese War Casualties

Surgeon General Dr. Akiyama, a professor at the Army Medical Academy in Tokio, has given out the tables of Japanese casualties in the Russo-Japanese War, which were drawn up by Dr. Mori but suppressed by the Government. The first table gives the numbers of killed and wounded in the seven important engagements and battles of the war. In the battle of Kintschu, which lasted two days, there were killed 35 officers and 663 men, and wounded 111 officers and 3,550 men. In the battle of Wafanku, which lasted two days, there were killed 8 officers and 202 men, and wounded 44 officers and 892 men. In the battle of Toshi-kiau, which lasted three days, there were killed 13 officers and 182 men, and wounded 51 officers and 913 men. The names of the remaining four battles are not given. In battle No. 4, which lasted twelve days, there were killed 22 officers and 5,355 men, and wounded 608 officers and 17,529 men. In battle No. 5, which lasted thirteen days, there were killed 179 officers and 3,917 men, and wounded 605 officers and 15,873 men. In battle No. 6, which lasted five days, there were killed 80 officers and 1,754 men, and wounded 249 officers and 7,028 men. In battle No. 7 there were killed 554 officers and 15,850 men, and wounded 1,799 officers and 51,856 men. A second table gives the number of killed and wounded in the most important engagements before Port Arthur. In the engagement of July 26 to July 31 there were killed 24 officers and 667 men, and wounded 119 officers and 3,278 men. In the engagement of August 19 to August 24 there were killed 166 officers and 3,800 men, and wounded 386 officers and 10,404 men. In the engagement of September 19 to September 22 there were killed 49 officers and 874 men, and wounded 130 officers and 3,780 men. In the engagement of October 26 to October 31 there were killed 34 officers and 783 men, and wounded 87 officers and 2,700 men. In the engagement of November 26 to December 6 there were killed 204 officers and 4,834 men, and wounded 430 officers and 11,299 men.

Where Mark Twain Is

Some Methodist ministers got together in St. Louis lately and their discussion was about Mark Twain and his books. The discussion was not literary, but theological. The point at issue was, Where is Mark Twain now, in Heaven or Hell? The prevailing sentiment was that he had gone to Hell; ergo his works should be anathema to good Methodists. Happily, it is only Methodist preachers who have inside information as to the whereabouts of the dead, so Mark Twain may still be read by members of other religious denominations with impunity. But as a matter of fact, is Mark Twain in Hell? It must be remembered that not long before his death he inspected the great Cunarder Lusitania and on leaving said, "I'll tell Noah about this." Now, no orthodox Methodist thinks that Noah is in Hell. So evidently Mark Twain thought that when he died he was going to Heaven where Noah is. As Mark was probably as good a judge of his likelihood of going to Heaven as any Methodist this side the Jordan, we must refuse to accept the dictum of these St. Louis pulpit-pounders that he has been eternally damned.

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Varied Types

XL—WILLIAM M. BUNKER

By Edward F. O'Day

"If you don't take the Daily Report you don't get the news."

Remember the words? They used to be blazoned on all the fences in town and, if I mistake not, you may still see them scrawled in black on some old hoardings along the Mission Road. They iterated and reiterated the necessity of conning the Report if you wanted to keep abreast of the times wherever the sign painter found a space not occupied with those other ubiquitous words, "The Chinese must go, for Dr. C. C. O'Donnell says so." Like the former coroner's ultimatum they belong to the dead and buried past. The Chinese are still with us and people don't read the Report any more, because there is no Report. But the man who fashioned that slogan for the extinct newspaper is in our midst once more.

William M. Bunker was one of the two owners of the Daily Report, the other owner being A. C. Heister who is now dead. The Report is but a memory now, but when I called on Bunker he dug out of his trunk some old copies of it in a fair state of preservation. "Where did you dig these up?" I asked him, as I perused the familiar looking pages, but he only smiled.

He is a great digger, is William M. Bunker, a digger in the tough clay of statistics and trade reports and industrial data. And whenever he has finished a bit of digging, he makes a report about his excavations. He has had the habit all his life and no doubt will continue to have it for a good many years to come, for he is a husky old gentleman and is as full of digging projects now as he ever was.

Bunker was born to the newspaper game which is a digging game through and through. He told me proudly that his stock was Puritan, Huguenot and Revolutionary. And just as proudly he told me that his grandfather and father were newspapermen.

"I learned my alphabet out of the printing case," was the way he described his early schooling.

Bunker came to San Francisco as a boy in 1863 and began digging type out of the cases in the Bulletin composing room. Incidentally, he dug into San Francisco politics and wrote letters for his home town (Nantucket) paper. These letters were republished in the Boston papers and so came to the notice of the powers-that-were on the Bulletin. As they took emphatic issue with the Bulletin's political policy young Bunker thought that his job was gone when the foreman said that Mr. Pickering wanted to see him. He went into the august presence in fear and trembling.

"We want you on the editorial staff," said Pickering and forthwith Bunker began digging for news.

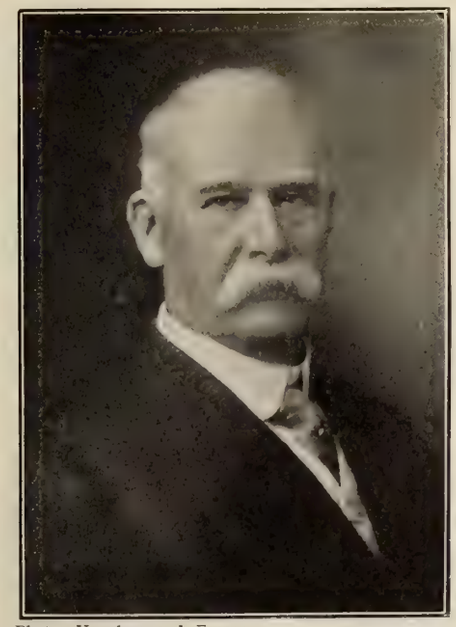
"They gave me a desk in the local room between Sam Williams who had been a protege of Thurlow Weed, and Benjamin P. Avery who was afterwards minister to China. Williams and Avery laid out a course of reading for me. They stimulated my interest in good literature. They shaped my newspaper career."

Bunker had all sorts of newspaper experience. From cub reporter he rose to dramatic critic, to book reviewer, to city editor. He reported Legislatures. In 1870 he reported a prizefight. The backers of the boxing game didn't like the Bulletin. They barred the Bulletin reporters from their entertainments. But when a big prizefight was arranged to take place in a cove on the Marin shore, Bunker was detailed to report it.

"We all left the Vallejo street wharf in the steamer Gypsy which towed six whitehalls carrying the fighters, the seconds and the other sporting folk. The Gypsy anchored half a mile off shore near the Two Brothers. They watched me, for there was no intention of letting me get ashore to report that fight. But I sneaked up to the pilot house, stripped to the skin and swam ashore with a bundle of copy paper in my teeth. I think that was the only time a prize fight was ever reported in the altogether."

When the Modoc war in the lava beds broke out, Bunker was sent to dig into the situation, the Bulletin being dissatisfied with the Associated Press reports. He was with the party that captured Captain Jack and beat the military authorities in getting the news to San Francisco by hiring a man to ride the ninety miles from Langll's Valley to the telegraph office at Ashland.

In 1875 Bunker bought the Daily Report which was then a stock report sheet. Five years later he turned it into an evening paper.



Photo, Vaughan and Fraser

WILLIAM M. BUNKER

"I was the staff at first," he told me, "but later I had a succession of brainy men around me. There was George Jessup, a Trinity medallist who used to say that only one lung stood between him and an Irish estate. The one lung failed his elder brother and George got the estate. Dan O'Connell used to write for the paper too. Then there were S. F. Sutherland and Gavin D. High and Leigh Irvine and David Williamson and Thedore F. Bonnet.

"The great fight of the Report was for a competing railroad in the San Joaquin Valley and when the line from Bakersfield to the Bay was built, our fight was won. I had no reason to continue in business unless I wanted to and I didn't want to. So in 1898 I sold the Report to the Scripps-MaRae League. I not only sold my paper, but also my fights. When I gave up the Report all my enmities were at an end."

The war correspondent turned his attention to the campaigns of peace. The journalistic digger became an excavator of trade facts. Some of his activities had suggested his future career. In 1890 when times were hard he had been chairman of the Citizens' Relief Committee which gave the unemployed work digging roads and paths in Golden Gate Park. In 1894 hard times came again and Bunker was at the head of the committee which handled $92,000 of relief money. That time the South Drive in the park was built.

"Every cent went to the man behind the shovel," said Bunker the digger. Later, in similar conditions, he helped supervise the building of Balboa Boulevard. These activities pointed the way to his future work when he quit the newspaper business.

"I decided to devote my time to studying the currents of trade affecting San Francisco. Also the development of parks and boulevards with city planning generally."

He was a trustee of the Chamber of Commerce. Is still for that matter. And he gave his digging abilities to that body, digging up information in all parts of the world and making reports to the Chamber about it. Wherever he traveled he found the stuff for reports. I verily believe that if Bunker made a trip across the Bay he would be inspired to make a report "on the advisibility of altering the bay currents for the purpose of improving the shipping facilities of the harbor" or on some such subject.

First he made a trip around the world. The Chamber of Commerce was worried at that time, 1899, about the threatened competition of Siberian with Californian wheat. So Bunker dug into the matter. Traveling at his own expense with the imposing title of Commissioner of Foreign Commerce, he did 1600 miles by river, 1000 miles by post road and the rest of the way to Cronstadt by rail, interviewing the Siberian functionaries as he went. Of course he made a report. Then he went to London and spent two years there and in Paris, digging up data and making reports with tireless zeal. Next we find him at Washington digging into and reporting on commercial issues. In 1906 he was abroad again, excavating the facts of South African trade. After two more years in Washington he set out for the study of trade in the Mediterranean basin and exhausting that, proceeded to make the dirt fly, figuratively, in Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, India and, of all places, the Balkan States. The ordinary man would not think of investigating our trade relations with the Balkans, but I'll bet Bunker made an illuminating report on the possibility of extracting the silver lining from the war clouds and exporting the precious metal to California.

Of course he couldn't miss the Panama Canal. He made two reports on that and innumerable addresses on the industrial benefits to be derived from the big ditch. He was at Nice in 1910, with the design, for aught I know, of compiling a report on the principal industry of Monte Carlo, when the Chamber of Commerce asked him to get back to Washington for more digging. He went and stayed there, digging and reporting, until quite recently when he came home.

"I am an optimist about the Canal in relation to the benefits which it will confer on San Francisco and the Coast," he told me. "I have a wider horizon than most men. I am a thorough believer in the future of San Francisco. But, mind you, mine is not the broad breezy optimism of the Golden Westerners. It is based on what I have seen and what I know."

Which is reassuring. He has dug into the facts and he has reported on them. Paraphrasing that slogan which he used to have painted on the dead walls, we may say:

"If you don't read the Bunker reports you don't get the dope."

I haven't read any of them myself, but I should like to lay hands on that one about the Balkan States.

A Sea Change

By Henri Lavedan (From the French)

Mademoiselle Lea De Toucy, eighteen years old, beautiful, pretty, Such eyes, such a figure—everything! One would die for her.

Madame De Toucy, her mother. Very considerable traces of former beauty, and, so they say, still considered.

Rose, the maid. Very neat. Many would be satisfied with her.

Raoul Gesier, thirty-two. Dark, not bad looking. The millionaire Gesier? Gelatin and tapioca? Yes.

On the beach at Dieppe at the bathing hour. Mademoiselle de Toucy comes out of her bathing-house draped in an immaculately white linen bathing gown, which she wears with the grace and stateliness of an Arab. From under a black silk handkerchief knotted about her head a few strands of hair, like blond seaweed, flutter at her neck and about her seashell ears. Her mother and her maid accompany her. Excited movement in the crowd. She reaches the edge of the water, which is calm as a lake.

She throws off her bathing robe and steps daintily forth. A dozen kodaks are leveled at her. The shutters fairly rattle. There is a flash of flesh as she dashes into the surf, the water molds the jacket to her torso—the sight is over. Lea is swimming. She slips adroitly through the huddled mob of bathers in the first row, passes the green-clad raft on which long-legged, goose-fleshed Englishmen are balancing themselves, and quickly gains the open. And here, thirty yards out, following her and tranquilly coming in her direction, she sees Raoul Gesier. She continues on her way unmoved, but she knows that the young man is coming nearer. He is almost beside her. She turns. Their eyes meet.

Gesier—Will you allow me to go a few strokes with you, mademoiselle?

Lea—If you like, sir. The sea is free to everybody.

Gesier—Does it tire you to talk?

Lea—That depends.

Gesier—In the first place, let me tell you that you can swim—oh!

Lea—I move through the water, certainly.

Gesier—Like a little boat—with legs. And then you keep your head, your neck and your shoulders completely out of the water.

Lea—Like a mermaid.

Gesier—It is simply ravishing.

Lea—You swim well, too.

Gesier (flattered)—Oh!

Lea—And you are not tired at all, you are not puffing like a seal. There are so few men who are presentable in the water.

Gesier—And women, too. You are not splashed the least bit. Yes, there is one little drop near your mouth. But it looks so well there! Did you put it there on purpose?

Lea—No, it bothers me.

Gesier—Do you want me to wipe it away? I would love to drink it.

Lea—I do not touch glasses in a toast. Is that all that you have to say to me?

Gesier—No. Do you know why I have followed you and spoken to you so boldly?

Lea—Because you were badly brought up.

Gesier—There is something in that. But the real reason is that I am very bashful.

Lea—I should never have suspected it.

Gesier—Do you know me?

Lea—I know who you are.

Gesier—Surely you must have noticed recently that I was looking at you a great deal.

Lea—Yes; everybody looks at me, and I don't pay any attention to it now. But I did notice you.

Gesier—Why me?

Lea—Because you did not look at me as everybody else does.

Gesier—That's true. Twenty time a day I have cleverly managed to meet you everywhere——

Lea (laughing)—Cleverly! Why did you not secure an introduction to my mother?

Gesier—I did not dare. She is very impressive. And then I was afraid of my friends, who are a lot of bounders. So, taking it all together, I decided to introduce myself out here in the water.

Lea—Well, for a bashful man!

Gesier—Oh, the water warms me up. Wasn't I right? You see how comfortable we are here. There is no one to take our chairs away from us.

Lea—But where are we going?

Gesier—Straight ahead.

Lea—No. If I know anything about swimming, you love me.

Gesier—Yes, that's it. I—I am getting warm. Let us stop a bit.

Lea—If you like.

Gesier (turning over on his back)—And let us sit down. (Twitching his body about and changing his place.) Not there—it's wet.

Lea—What is your motive in making love to me?

Gesier—Oh, the best, the only one!

Lea—And you are determined that I, too, shall love you?

Gesier—I do not make that an indispensable condition. I am not very handsome. My name is Gesier—not a very pretty name. But if you could feel a little flutter of emotion for me I would be delighted.

Lea—That is impossible! (Starting to return.) I am getting cold.

Gesier—I am not.

Lea—Let us make a sprint.

Gesier—All right, let's. But why is it impossible?

Lea—You are too rich.

Gesier—There it is! I was waiting for that.

Lea—Ten millions!

Gesier—A dozen. But then it isn't my fault.

Lea—It would always look as if you were loved only for your money.

Gesier—Oh, no!

Lea—When you were kissed, would you ever think it was for yourself alone?

Gesier—Try it! You'll see. But you have not answered me. Do you love me just a little bit?

Lea—No, and happily for me, for if I loved you I would rather drown myself——

Gesier—Mademoiselle!

Lea— —than tell you so. Twelve millions! I don't want to be taken for a fortune-hunter.

Gesier—Never fear, with those eyes, with the bosom that flutters over that heart.

Lea—You know nothing at all about it.

Gesier—Yes, I do! Oh, I know all about—shall I say it?—all the tricks.

Lea—You cannot possibly have any idea——

Gesier—I know, I know—all the internal tricks. Oh, I am no fool!

Lea—Poor, dear man!

Gesier—Oh, come now, what do you mean?

Lea—Well, mother brought me here expressly on your account, to corral you.

Gesier—To corral—(treading water)—I have to get my breath.

Lea—I'll be perfectly frank with you. We are ruined. I am not the daughter of the Marquis de Toucy. He is a pretended father whom mama married at a bargain and who has recognized me as his daughter. We have pensione him off in Brittany. I was told to be very flirta tious with you. Oh, it was to be a serious busi ness. Now, answer me, do me justice—have flirted with you?

Gesier—Never!

Lea—I do not wish to deceive you. If you have met me often, it is because they were alway putting me in your way. My toilets, my gowns my hats, all were for you. My bathing costume For you. This declaration that you have jus made in the sea, so originally and so romantic ally—(she laughs).

Gesier—Well?

Lea—All planned, prearranged, manipulated!

Gesier—By whom?

Lea—Oh, not by me! And, finally, do you know what was guardedly suggested to me?

Gesier—No.

Lea—The cramp trick! Once out in the water with you, I was to be seized with a cramp "Monsieur! Help!" You would dash toward me you would take me in your arms and, fainting against you, I would let myself be hauled back to the beach like a sack before the whole beachful of people. Of course, that would not force you to marry me. But, just the same, I would be compromised. You love me—who knows how far you might have been led if I had been an adventuress! So, you see! You need not thank me, but admit that I am a good girl, and keep my secret Good-bye. (She turns her back on him and starts away.)

Gesier (catching up to her with swift strokes) —No, no, mademoiselle! By gelatin and tapioca! This shall not end here. Aha, so they wanted—not you, of course, but your mother, your family —you, you are divine, and I adore you!—they wanted to do me up, they took Raoul Gesier for a pudding! Well and good! Do you know what would be the thoroughly aquatic and modern thing for us to do!

Lea—To go back. There is a current here.

Gesier—I scorn it! It would be for us two to get together and pay them back in their own coin, your mother and those who are in the plot

Lea—But how?

Gesier (very excited and waving his arms out of the water)—We must do the cramp trick! I want you to do it. If you don't do it I will do it myself. (He dashes toward her and seizes her around the waist.)

Lea—Will you stop!

Gesier (who does not release her)—I will not! Lea, dear Lea, say that you love me, that you will be my wife! Splash about! Come, have a cramp! (With his legs and his free arm he churns up the water about him.)

Lea—First stop making a propeller of yourself.

Gesier—I've got to do it. That's for the crowd on the beach. The eyes of all Dieppe are upon us!

Lea—Let me go or I'll slap you!

Gesier—Slap me! (She tries in vain to get away,

(Continued on Page 18.)

BONDS

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Poems About San Francisco

(Daniel O'Connell wrote several poems that were enriched with the local color of San Francisco. "Only a Woman's Face," for instance, was inspired by a visit to the Latin Quarter. "The Drayman," one of his best poems, is San Franciscan to the core. But of all the "Songs from Bohemia," the poem which celebrates our old Mission seems most appropriate for a collection of this sort.)

VI—MISSION DOLORES

By Daniel O'Connell

Away from the din of the city,
From the mart and the bustling street,
Stands the old church of the Mission,
With the graveyard at its feet.

Here alone in the silence and shadow
The crumbling belfries cast,
Lies the dust of the Spanish founders
Who reared the pile in the past.

The willows and tall marsh-mallows
Grow rank and luxuriant between
The monuments moldered and ruined,
The pathways neglected and green.

There are various Spanish inscriptions
On the headstones, moss-grown and gray,
Bidding those who stand over the sleepers
"Be thoughtful and pause to pray."

And sometimes a Spanish woman,
Veiled and dark-eyed and brown,
When the Angelus peals from the belfry,
By the graves of her people kneels down,

And tells her beads with devotion
For the sleeper's eternal rest,
Then noiselessly passes outward,
With a flower from the grave in her breast.

The Spectator

Reed on the Rampage

That was a great hullabaloo that the Hon. Charles Wesley Reed, candidate for auditor, raised at the Commonwealth Club last week when he arraigned Superintendent of Schools Roncovieri for divers delinquencies and talked about drunkenness in the school department and the lowness of its educational standards. Reformer Reed is something of a Savonarola in politics. He slashes about with great fury and is no respecter of persons. And like all reformers he is chock full of formulas for abating evils and procuring perfection. When anything is wrong he knows just why it's wrong. He knows exactly what the matter is with the school department: it has a superintendent who is not a professional educator; and the superintendent is elected by the people who don't know a good superintendent when they see one. To substitute sobriety for drunkenness and competency for incompetency we must get an ex-schoolmaster for superintendent, and to get the right kind we must authorize the mayor to pick him out. Nothing easier.

Convivial Teachers of the Past

Now let us reflect a little as to the soundness of Reformer Reed's formulas. There were school superintendents before Roncovieri, and all of them were schoolmasters. Was the school department of the past superior to the school department of the present? Reformer Reed will hardly have the boldness to assert that it was. Our school department of the past was prolific of scandals. The traffic in teachers' certificates is an old story running back through the years. I have heard nothing of it since Roncovieri became superintendent. If one drunken teacher is enough to make the whole department reel, how vertiginous it must have been in the old days when Nettie Craven was a principal and her good friend Dr. Clinton was a school director! Nettie used to send the boys of her school out for beer to the corner grocery. Yet Nettie was one of our most distinguished educators. She flourished when Phelan was Mayor, and long before that in the days when school directors were wont to save money by having their affinities teaching school. I remember that a dashing school teacher figured in a park murder and that she was kept in the department for years until she became so depraved that one night she showed up in the receiving hospital with a jag. I remember that when Raphael Weill was a school director he was terribly shocked at meeting two school teachers in a place where they shouldn't be, and that only one of them was dismissed. Why the scandals of the school department of the past, of the school department managed by schoolmasters would fill a large volume. The truth is that the personnel of our school department was never of such a high character as it is at this moment.

The Incompetent Demos

In Reformer Reed's dictum that the people are not competent to judge of the qualifications of candidates for superintendent of schools I heartily concur. I will go further and say that they aren't competent to detect any kind of incompetency whether it be in a candidate for superintendent of schools or a candidate for poundmaster. Reformer Reed would probably go as far were he not running for auditor. As a candidate and as a progressive reformer it is somewhat astonishing that Reformer Reed should express himself as he did about the people. But progressive reformers have confidence in the people only in the abstract. For governmental purposes in general the people, according to the reformers, are divinely inspired, but whenever a reformer's formula conflicts with the beautiful principle of democracy then the principle must be abandoned. Now Reformer Reed's formula calls for the appointment of school superintendents by the mayor. Reformer Reed assumes that though the people are not qualified to elect a superintendent of schools they never make a mistake when it's up to them to elect a mayor. He probably holds that the people have an instinct for mayors. This was the argument of James D. Phelan when he was recommending the Charter, and the people afterwards elected Phelan, Eugene Schmitz, Dr. Taylor and P. H. McCarthy. Yet the reformers who love the dear people with a consuming passion are still preaching the old philosophy. Governor Johnson is so absorbed in it that he is in favor of a short ballot. The people having elected him he is convinced they have an instinct for governors. All these gentlemen have about as much sense of humor as the dear people.

It Made Them Blush

The Panama-Pacific people have been fairly swamped beneath a flood of posters, seals, photographic emblems and other works of near-art designed to advertise our World's Fair. Among other offerings there came a few days ago a huge seal executed by a sculptor named Frolich. In heavy bas-relief a nude woman is shown perched on the back of a bear. This goddess, the sculptor explains, is the symbol of truth while the bear represents California. The goddess's right hand is clasped about a bunch of grapes while her left holds the golden key to the city. She wears in her hair sheaves of wheat and barley and that's all the clothing she does wear. The seal was displayed in a prominent position in the publicity headquarters of the Fair in the Merchants' Exchange Building. Now, there are a dozen young women stenographers working in that room and they found the undraped goddess too conspicuous to be agreeable. They blushed every time they looked at her. So they made a request that her exuberant charms be displayed less prominently. When the big seal had been rolled between two desks they felt much better.

Will We Have County Buildings?

Are we going to have separate buildings for the counties of California at the World's Fair? This is a question which will soon give the directors a lot of trouble. It was brought to their attention the other day when Kern levied a county tax to raise $100,000 for a Kern County building at the Fair. Forty other counties had already

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

decided to levy a county tax for exhibitions at the Fair, but Kern was the first to declare for a separate building. Now it is possible that a lot of the other counties will not care to be outshone by Kern. They may want separate buildings too. As there are fifty-seven counties in the State, the situation has awkward possibilities. Are we going to have forty or fifty buildings for California exhibitions only? That won't leave much room for anybody else. And yet the counties may insist on doing as they please. The State has contributed five millions directly to the Fair and by county levies California will contribute about five millions more. The people who give this money may claim the right to spend it as they see fit. Here's a situation that is going to make heavy demands on all the diplomacy that the directors possess.

Too Much for Phelps

Admiral "Tom" Phelps was strolling through the lobby of the St. Francis the other day when his nautical eye espied a youngster dressed in a sailor suit. He stopped and addressed the lad: "Are you a sailor, my boy?" "No, but all my suits are," replied the youngster. "Well, are you going to enter the Navy when you grow up?" "Yes," was the response, "I'm going to be a naval chaplain." "Holy smoke!" exclaimed the admiral as he beat a retreat.

Jockeying for Fame

When the name of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor was graven deep on the cornerstone of the new City and County Hospital, the hirsute doctor-poet was not guaranteed an immortality of fame. And when Mayor McCarthy erased his predecessor's name and substituted his own, he was neither depriving another of perpetual remembrance nor winning it for himself. In a word, the game was not worth the scandal. The cornerstones of municipal buildings have never made anybody famous and never will. Merely to carve one's name on granite or brass is not to carve it on the tablets of history. One must do more than dedicate a cornerstone to send one's name ringing down the ages. That is why this wretched business of the City and County Hospital seems so puerile, so childishly unnecessary. Fame is not to be intrigued; jockey for it, entreat it, control the approaches to it as you will, you won't get it by trickery. That is part of the compensatory scheme of life.

Thoughts on Cornerstones

Old Cheops in old Egypt,
  He made his subjects sweat
To raise a pile beside the Nile
  That is his glory yet.
And travelers say, this very day
  Upon the cornerstone
His name remains; no king took pains
  To substitute his own.

When Titus razed Jerusalem
  And led his legions home,
Their final march was through the Arch
  That told his deeds to Rome.
The Roman guide still points with pride
  To that old cornerstone;
His name is there; Rome had no mayor
  To substitute his own.

To roof St. Peter's, Angelo swung
  A temple in the sky;
Where'er he search no greater church
  Will greet the pilgrim's eye.
And I've been told, in letters bold
  Upon the cornerstone
His name still shows no Pope arose
  To substitute his own.

In later years St. Paul's was built
  To grace old London town,
And Europe then knew wondrous Wren
  Would never lack renown.
'Twas ages past, yet when I last
  Looked on that cornerstone,
Wren's name was there; what man would dare
  To substitute his own?

Bartholdi reared a goddess
  Where Atlantic laves our shore
That by her light the alien might
  Find refuge evermore.
To fix his fame they carved his name
  Upon the cornerstone:
It stays there yet; no mayor, you bet,
  Shall substitute his own!

Panurge at Sacramento

By the current dispensation at Sacramento I am reminded of Panurge. It was Panurge, you will remember, who, though he invented about forty ways of getting money, was so unfortunate as to know about one hundred and forty ways of spending it. Governor Johnson appears to be an economist of the Panurge type. For Governor Johnson, be it known, is the whole works. Nobody indebted to Johnson for a job does anything without consulting Johnson. Whatever glory is achieved by this Administration belongs to Johnson, and whatever else also. The Board of Control, which is the omnipotent of all commissions, is Johnson. When the bad boys at Preston were told that they couldn't have baseballs, the edict was signed by the Board of Control but the author was Johnson. The State Fair was conducted by gentlemen appointed by Johnson, but Johnson ran the whole show. And a great show it was, but the deficit amounted to much more than the sum that was saved by banning baseballs at Preston. Not by way of invidious comparison, but merely to indicate that the moral uplift is not always conducive to economy in government, I will observe that when James N. Gillett was Governor he pulled the State Fair out of a hole and put money in the treasury. Johnson has put it back in the hole, and the Legislature will have to appropriate $19,000 to pay the deficit. Yet it was a great show, and lots of money was taken in, for Sacramento is prosperous and growing every day. Why the deficit? Probably because like Panurge, Johnson is more adept at spending money than at saving it.

More Power for Hiram

Governor Johnson hasn't begun yet, I am told, to show his speed. He is now getting ready to call a special session of the legislature to act on the constitutional amendments which are to be carried no matter how much hell they are likely to raise. And in the call, it is said, there will be something about a new deal with respect to the management of public institutions. Governor Johnson feels that he hasn't enough power to put through all the reforms essential to the welfare of the people. Having perfect confidence not only in the rectitude of his intentions but also in his efficiency and wisdom, he is eager to run everything from Dan to Beersheba, and the legislature is to be asked to make him something

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Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Daniel O'Connell

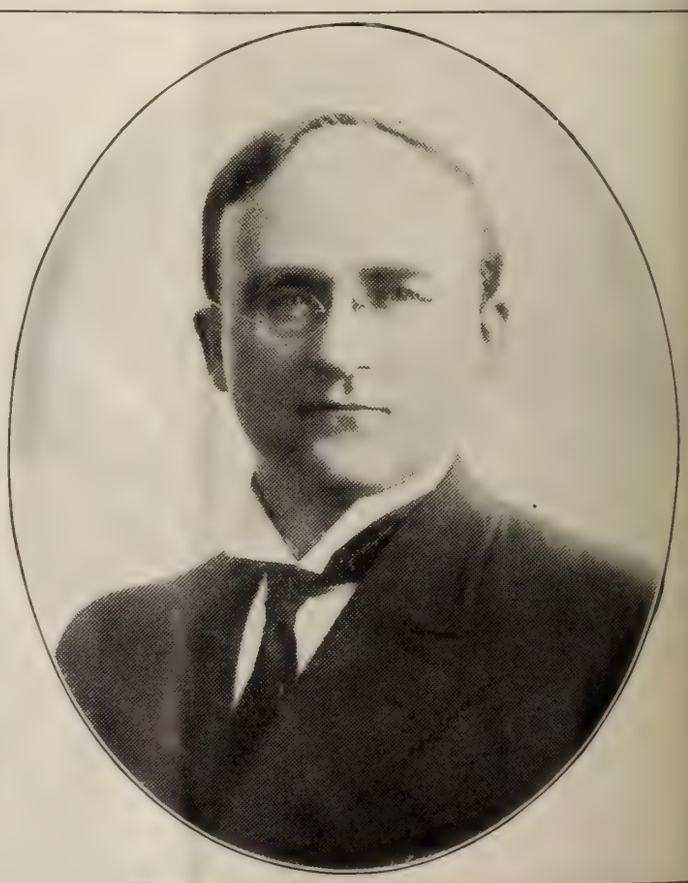
CANDIDATE FOR

District Attorney

In the past the District Attorneys paid all their attention to the 3 per cent criminal classes, neglecting the 97 per cent of decent citizens, who pay all the taxes and do all the charity.

Mr. O'Connell pledges himself that he will be the official representative of the 97 per cent who hitherto have had no voice in the spending of the money collected as taxes; while seeing to it, that the offending 3 per cent receive the punishment fitting their offences. Read his statement in the candidates' statement sent you by the Registrar of Voters.

Vote for him Primary Day.



just a little short of an unconstitutional monarch. It is predicted that something in the nature of recalcitrancy will be developed at the extra session, but I hope not. I hope that our darling Governor will be authorized to go as far as he likes. Until the bitter end or the apotheosis, whichever it may prove to be, he will have my steadfast fealty.

Panic Dread in Los Angeles

From Los Angeles comes the news of general alarm at the prospect of the adoption of the woman's suffrage amendment. Fancy Los Angeles, the hotbed of Progressives, long hairs and proponents of all the isms, wild-eyed in dread of the realization of the most advanced and revolutionary of anarchistic ideals! It would be natural to suppose that Los Angeles was heartily in favor of every constitutional amendment on general principles. But the incredible is true: there is revolt against woman's suffrage in Los Angeles. This particular amendment the Philistines of the southland have studied in its possible bearing on their own interests, and the result is that they can see themselves facing a terrible crisis. It appears that they have no hope of electing a Mayor until November. Now if the woman's suffrage amendment goes through, the women will vote at that election. One of the candidates for Mayor is a Socialist. He is an attorney, one of the string of counsel for the defense of the McNamaras. It appears to be conceded that with women exercising the elective franchise and a combination in Los Angeles between union labor and the Socialists, nothing can prevent the election of the Socialist candidate. It is taken for granted that the laborites and Socialists will be able to induce their women folk to go to the polls whereas the sisters and wives of other men will either stay at home or attend pink teas.

A Reconciliation

After many moons of estrangement Governor Johnson and Francis J. Heney have become reconciled. Each is going about celebrating the other's greatness. In a speech to one of his enraptured audiences the other night Governor Johnson took occasion to allude to Heney as a noble patriot or something equally refreshing to the anguished soul of our Bombastes Furioso. Arriving at Sacramento, the attorney without a client paid Governor Johnson the tribute of his approval. He described Hiram as the greatest governor in the United States. All of which is pleasant to record. For as we all know to forgive is divine, and everyone, especially in politics has need to be forgiven. The job-chaser who cannot forgive breaks the bridge over which he would pass on the way to the goal of his ambition. Between Heney and Johnson there was much to forgive. During the stormy days of the Graft Prosecution each wasted a great deal of precious time in detraction. The world could have no worse estimate of either man than the two formed of each other. And when it was all over Heney was very sore, for the only signal triumph was scored by Johnson when he convicted Ruef. In the gubernatorial campaign Johnson would have no assistance from Heney, and Heney was permitted to do nothing but talk for "Billy" Kent. It is believed that Kent patched up the rift in the lute that harmony might be extracted for the purposes of the Insurgent sanhedrim of which he is the principal financial backer. Kent, it is said, will put up the coin for Heney in the campaign which Heney expects to make in the indulgence of his preposterous ambition to sit in the United States Senate. As Johnson is himself yielding to the spur of the same ambition it is feared that another rupture is bound to occur.

A Job for Heney

Meanwhile the problem of keeping Heney before the public in a propitious light is gravelling the few Insurgent politicians who are at all concerned about his future. They realize that as a public scold and wandering scourge he cannot fascinate forever; that he must be put to work somewhere in circumstances that will enable him to give promise once more, however futile, of accomplishing something. Hence it is that they are all booming Ralph Hathorn for district attorney. Hathorn is reported to have pledged himself to make Heney his chief deputy and give him carte-blanche to set the community by the ears once more. Heney's friends are taking very little interest in the mayoralty campaign. They have but one fight, and that is the Hathorn fight. And Hathorn, now that the truth has been exposed, is going about shouting for Rolph at the top of his voice and declaring that dead issues must not be revived.

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For CORONER

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A
District Attorney
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McGEE
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Endorsed by Republican County Committee
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Thos. F. FINN

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SEPT. 26, 1911
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The choicest product of the still. The American Gentleman's Whiskey par excellence

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
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The Big Rich

Apropos "Billy" Kent I am reminded that the Examiner called attention one day last week to the fact that his cattle company had again been caught fencing government land in Nevada, and that the next day there were explanations galore by way of vindication; also that a few days later the sniveling Dr. Parkhurst complained on the Examiner's editorial page that "Big Rich Criminals Escape Jail." Now it occurred to me that when big rich criminals escape jail the courts are not invariably to blame. The big rich of all kinds have a pull that is never enjoyed by the little poor. God made it that way; not the courts. "Billy" Kent is one of the big rich, and he has a tremendous pull, as was evidenced by the space allotted him by the Examiner for the purpose of vindication. Did you ever see a little poor man get a retraction all over the front page of one of our big rich dailies? About as often, I fancy, as you have heard of Big Rich Hearst going to jail for libeling a little poor and inoffensive citizen. Now let us consider the plausible vindication fashioned for Big Rich Kent by Big Rich Hearst. It appears that after getting into trouble for fencing government land Big Rich Kent hired three attorneys to point out a way for him to fence government land without incurring the liability of going to jail. Then he erected the fences in a way that was perfectly safe—he left gaps in them. This is what I gather from the Examiner story. Now Big Rich Kent may be guilty of no transgression of the law. He may be just what he represents himself to be—a public benefactor—but if I have not misunderstood him he did something which Mr. Hearst conceives to be a crime when done by others: he did what Thomas Fortune Ryan often did—hired attorneys to point the way by which he might escape the penalty of the law.

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Father Against Son

There is a war on in auctiondom. Father is arrayed against son and there is to be no truce, no compromise. The competing parties are E. Curtis, the pioneer of the auction rooms and his son, H. Taylor Curtis, a newcomer in the business. There was a time when H. Taylor Curtis worked for his father, but there came a disagreement and the son set up in business for himself. Curtis pere didn't like that very much, but he kept his resentment to himself until a few days ago when Curtis fils advertised a sale of $10,000 worth of furs. Then Curtis pere could restrain himself no longer. So the public was treated to the spectacle of father fighting with son and son with father in the advertising columns of one of the morning papers. It seems that the fur dealers wanted Curtis pere to dispose of their wares. But he refused to handle them unless allowed to sell them "without reserve," that is to say, at whatever price they might bring. In explaining this Curtis pere took occasion to instruct the public in the difference between "real auctions and the frame-up brand." He was careful also to explain that he was Not a member of the San Francisco Assocation of Auctioneers. In immediate proximity to this blast Curtis fils had his say. He explained that he Was a member of that association and he announced that he was going to dispose of those furs. It's a very interesting little row and there's no telling how long it will last or how far the hostilities will be carried.

Thomas F. Finn is before the people for reelection to the office of Sheriff of this city and county. It is needless to dwell upon the many improvements that have been made in this department during his administration. That he is the logical man for the position of Sheriff, goes without saying. His past career attests the fact that we would not be benefited by a change in so important an office. In Sheriff Finn we see all that is desirable in a public servant.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.

Friend—You fought bareheaded?
French Duellist—Yes, and got a fine sunstroke.

8:00 A. M.
Shore Line Limited

8:05 A. M.
The Coaster

10:40 A. M.
The Los Angeles Passenger

3:20 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer

4:00 P. M.
Sunset Express

6:00 P. M.
The Owl Limited

8:00 P. M.
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Shopping" at Uplands

I had waited for more than a year to see "Shopping." It must be more than a twelvemonth since I first announced that Herman S. Heller, the able young conductor of the orchestra at the St. Francis and Willard Barton Jr., frequently described as the "Ned Greenway of Oakland," were collaborating on a musical vaudeville which would be given by our best society amateurs. Having heard several of Heller's compositions I was pretty confident that he would supply tuneful music. As to young Barton, I knew that he had danced with some distinction at charitable affairs. I also knew him as the son of the well known clubman who wrote "Razzle Dazzle" and "The Lay of the Lingering Lung." So I assumed that he would display evidences of the

MRS. CHARLES HUSE

Photographed in Japan with her poodles which are said to have cost a pretty penny. Mrs. Huse was Juanita Wells and was a great favorite in her debutante days.

family talent. It was therefore with expectation in a reasonably high key that I joined the crowd of all sorts and conditions that journeyed to Miss Crocker's home for the Armitage fete. I paid my dollar to Harry Scott and took my seat in the tent—behind some women who wouldn't take off their hats, although they had been requested to do so—prepared for an artistic treat. You see, I had waited a year. One is apt to expect a lot after waiting through an entire calendar.

It Was Disappointing

Well, I was disappointed. "Shopping" was not what I expected it to be. The music of Heller was satisfactory, it is true. It jingled pleasantly enough. But the libretto supplied by young Barton put my expectations to death. I looked for sparkling wit and discovered never a line that scintillated. I supposed that in a one-act vaudeville one might ask for an ingenious plot swiftly developed and garnished with enthralling episodes, but here was not even coherence. "Shopping" started from nowhere and stayed in the same mysterious locality. It didn't come to an end; it just petered out. While it lasted I wondered what it was all about, but when it was over I decided that such wonderment was superfluous. If the author hadn't bothered about such a trifle, why should I? Yet I couldn't help envying young Barton the opportunity he had missed. His skit had been widely heralded. It was produced, I should say, at considerable expense. A lot of charming young women had given abundantly of their leisure to rehearse it into shape. It was shown before an audience that must have been interested, otherwise they wouldn't have gone so far to see it. And what had they seen? An exiguous streamlet of words meandering through a meadow of meaningless stunts.

A Guess at the Plot

Let me try to remember what "Shopping" was about. The scene was the department store of Wobbers and Tieves. Frank Hooper was revealed as the floor-walker. There were counter-jumpers in blue coats. Miss Mariana Matthieu, Miss Innes Keeney and Mrs. Fred McNear entered at the head of a crowd of bargain-hunters. They sang and skipped. They cheapened bargains at Miss Enid Gregg's counter. After a while young Barton entered disguised as a British lord, an asinine lord. He was in love with Miss Kathleen De Young, a shop girl who hadn't appeared yet to punch the time-clock. The lord wanted "canary-colored gloves for his lily-white hands" and this witty request elicited some badinage from Miss Gregg, badinage unworthy of a shop girl's powers. Then Charles De Young entered. He was an army officer and was also in love with the absent shop girl. There were exchanges of wit between the lord and the soldier, wit of the "lily-white hand" level. Finally Miss De Young, the missing shop girl, appeared. She had scenes with the lord and scenes with the soldier. It was dimly suggested too that perhaps Miss Gregg would have liked to win the lord or the soldier. But Miss De Young was tired and went to sleep. She dreamed of a daffydil dance, of a Carmen dance and of a dance by Miss Gregg and Mr. De Young. Then she woke up. In a few minutes the curtain went down and "Shopping" was at an end. I'm blest if I know what happened to the lord and the soldier. I know the lord didn't get those gloves. But perhaps he was only "spoofing" or "blimming" when he asked for them.

One Thing Settled

This performance of "Shopping" settled one thing for good and all. It showed that the professional stage is in no danger of invasion by our society amateurs. Any fears our professionals may have about competition from society sketch-writers and society players may now be lulled gently to rest and may enjoy a long repose. "Shopping" would not go on the Orpheum circuit. It hasn't the motive power to go anywhere. If it hadn't been vigorously propelled from the outside it wouldn't have gone at Uplands. And even at Uplands it didn't go very far. It is always humane to speak frankly in a matter of this sort, though frankness may gall at first. Speaking frankly, I should say to young Barton: Find a more congenial use for your talents. A man may be a very useful member of society, even of smart society, though he cannot write a one-act musical vaudeville. There are so many other things to do. It is better, for instance, to succeed as a cotillon leader than to struggle with a misguided ambition to write libretto. Young Barton, I have been assured, has a talent for social gayeties. I am quite sure that he hasn't a talent for writing skits. If he realizes this "Shopping" will not have been attempted in vain.

The Managers May Rest Easy

The same applies to the charming young women who participated in the performance. One can imagine John Morrisey or Fred Belasco or some other local theatrical manager worrying at times

Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MISS FRANCES MARTIN

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Ross whose engagement to Duval Moore, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, was recently announced.

over the possibility that there is a lot of amateur talent in society which should be exhibited on the professional stage. Managers are not much given to worry of the sort, but one can imagine the thought bothering them at odd times. Let them dismiss it forever. There's nothing in it. There wasn't a participant in "Shopping" who could invade the professional theatre. In the argot of the curb they're "not there." Friends with imagin-

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ations that run riot along lines of flattery may tell these charming women from time to time that they are wasting their abilities in charitable affairs. But they are not. Charitable affairs are just the place for them. When the Apostle of the Gentiles said that charity covereth a multitude of sins he wasn't thinking of amateur theatricals for charitable purposes, but he might have been thinking of them, the words are so applicable. The sins against art committed at Uplands may be forgiven because the Armitage Orphanage profited by them. The worthy end justified the means.

A Few Particulars

We have no more persistent amateur than Mrs. Fred McNear. Her services are always at the disposal of charity. She is always ready to dance and sing for the widows or the orphans. She gave notable proof of her generosity in "Shopping." I have no criticism of her dancing to offer. Nor of her singing. Far be it from me to criticise what I didn't hear and for the life of me I couldn't hear Mrs. McNear sing. No doubt the acoustics of a tent are very bad. The same applies to the other charming young women of the chorus. They couldn't make themselves heard. It may have been the acoustics of the tent; it may have been stage fright; it may have been because they had no voices. The only two young women who made themselves heard were Miss De Young and Miss Gregg. They sang prettily and audibly. In the general gloom of "Shopping" they shot rays of sunshine across the footlights. And they danced very well, Miss De Young with abandon, Miss Gregg with spirit. Charles De Young is a very good dancer too. As for Willard Barton, I heard a young woman say "I love to see Mr. Barton use his feet," which was not an unmerited compliment. Decidedly the footwork outshone the headwork in "Shopping."

Receipts Were Small

The Uplands fete was not all that it might have been in its financial results. There was a fair crowd on the lawns, but they did not "blow themselves" to the extent that had been fondly hoped for. I am told that the Armitage Orphanage will not receive a very large sum when the returns are all in. This is too bad and must be a source of disappointment to Miss Crocker who went into the fete heart and soul and naturally felt optimistic about it. However, our smart folk have not as much money to burn just now as they have had on other occasions of the sort. Those who went to Uplands with their purses heavy were the exceptions.

The Prizes Pleased

Mrs. Laurence Scott who won the marble fountain raffled at the garden fete at the Crocker home last Saturday will have it placed in the grounds of her residence at Burlingame. A marble bench won by Mrs. Clement Tobin will be set in the De Sabla garden temporarily. The prizes came in for much approbation from the winners and others less fortunate as they were novel and useful.

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A Hunting Box in Scotland

The latest news from abroad is to the effect that Mrs. William Miller Graham has bought a hunting box in Scotland. The term "hunting box" has a modest sound, but everybody should know that a "hunting box" in Scotland is about as modest as a "cottage" at Newport. I was talking to an Englishman about the matter and he figured out for me that nobody could afford a hunting box in Scotland on a fortune of less than ten millions. Is "Bill" Graham worth that much? I doubt it. He is a great business man and a successful, but I don't think his wealth has mounted to that height yet. So whether Mrs. Graham will be able to keep her hunting box is problematical. There is no doubt that she spends an enormous amount of money. It must require all of her husband's resources to enable him to keep pace with her.

A Christian Science Lord

We are going to have a visit from a British lord who is a Christian Scientist. I refer to Lord Dunmore who arrived in New York recently and will stop in on us before long. He won't flutter the hearts of the debutantes because he's married. But he will undoubtedly be a great card for the local disciples of the late Mrs. Eddy. His Christian Science got him into trouble once. He was the vis-a-vis of the Crown Princess of Sweden, formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught, at tennis and sent a ball flying into her face with such force that she had to quit the game. Not being a believer in physical pain, he could not apologize and his failure to do so got him into hot water at court. Before he succeeded to his earldom he was Viscount Fincastle and was known as "Long Fin" on account of his stature. Dunmore has had an adventurous career. He was a war correspondent in the Indian frontier war of '97 and got the Victoria Cross for saving a lieutenant's life. He saw active service in the Boer war and with Kitchener in Egypt and the Soudan.

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Mrs. Carolan's Pal

I see by an Eastern paper that Mrs. Frank Carolan was the bosom friend of Mrs. Dandridge Spottswood while in Paris and that the two beauties so different in type were much admired, Mrs. Carolan being a brunette of the Latin type and her friend a blonde of perfect Saxon coloring. Mrs. Spottswood is one of the most beautiful women in New York society and her social

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position was attained and held in the space of a few years by the power of her beauty and a fascination that she exercises on all she meets. She first appeared about five years ago when she went to New York from Virginia and stormed the citadel of society with her only weapons, having but a meager income to assist her. Her portrait painted by a famous artist was exhibited in New York and created a furor and in a short time the name of the new beauty was on every tongue. She proved to be a young woman of social address and excellent family connections and the 400 ever on the lookout for something new found their way to her modest apartment in Washington Square. Mrs. Carolan met the vivacious Southern beauty in Paris and they became warm friends. Should she persuade Mrs. Spottswood to come to California one of these days I predict that she would create a furor in San Francisco only second to her success in New York.

Mrs. Peter Brings Her Sister

Mrs. Peter Martin will be accompanied by her sister Mrs. Leonard Thomas of Newport on her return from Paris this fall. This announcement, I take it, is of more than passing moment to society. Mrs. Martin has ever been an inspiration to our smartsetters and her dashing sister will add more luster to what promises to be a brilliant season. Mrs. Thomas was Blanche Oelrichs, younger sister of Lily who married the oldest son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Her husband is a young millionaire of Philadelphia whom she married two years ago and who will accompany his wife to the coast. Mrs. Thomas is as handsome as her sister Lily whom she somewhat resembles and is active in society at Newport where her entertainments are famous. One of them recently brought the hostess somewhat more fame than she bargained for and I am of the opinion that her intention of penetrating the untried wilderness of San Francisco society is due to her wish to withdraw from her own orbit until it is forgotten. The two dashing sisters will undoubtedly lead most of the social doings of the winter here and Mrs. Thomas will take her place in the set Mrs. Martin moves in which includes Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Alice Hager, a group of friends that was seldom separated last year.

It Is To Skate

Now come the invitations for Mrs. Carroll D. Buck's skating parties. There will be ten of these Tuesday evenings on rollers, eight of them as follows: October 24, November 4, November 28, December 5, December 19, February 13, April 9 and April 23. The two other dates will be after Easter. The meetings will be at Dreamland and the hours from eight to eleven. The patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. John P. Wisser, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick and Mrs. James King Steele.

Wedding in Ireland

The marriage of Miss Alice Burke to Captain Arthur E. Newland of the Royal Field Artillery was celebrated on Wednesday morning at Holy Trinity Church, Fethard, County Tipperary, Ireland. Miss Burke is the daughter of Mr. Richard Burke who was in this city recently, but left here in time to give his daughter away. There was a reception in the afternoon at Mr. Burke's country home at Grove, Fethard.

Smart Set Finery

The smart set leaders are appearing in new fall finery and one of the handsomest costumes seen is a black velvet robe worn by Mrs. Thomas Eastland of Burlingame. Mrs. Parker Whitney is wearing a jaunty black velvet suit with a St. Patrick's green hat. Miss Anna Peters has a small white felt hat that is most becoming, worn low on her head as are all her hats, with long earrings to add to the Oriental appearance. Another of her hats is a bright blue felt Alpine turned back from her face and set low over her ears. She wears this with a chic black and white shepherd's plaid suit. Mrs. Will Taylor was lunching at the Francesca Club one warm day of last week in a one-piece gown of blue with a broad white sailor collar and her hat was a small white leghorn trimmed with touches of black and a single American beauty rose. Her sister Mrs. Fred McNear looks chic in one of the new poke bonnets that are trying to many faces. Miss Coleridge Ertz who is always much admired has appeared in a demure little Puritan maid costume of gray. The gown is made with a moyenage skirt and the plain bodice is finished with a simple white muslin turn-over collar. Hat and shoes match exactly and the hat is trimmed with a smart plume of the same shade of gray.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have been at Del Monte and entertained informally at dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Frederick Van Sicklen has been at Del Monte with her daughter Miss Dorothy and Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Mr. Henry T. Scott arrived in his car at Del Monte recently to join Mrs. Scott who was there during the tournament festivities.

Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Molony gave a delightful reception at the Rectory of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in honor of Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cornell are registered at the Hotel Victoria from Boston.

Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. A., with Mrs. Thomas and Allan P. Flagg is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain M. O. Bigelow, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bigelow are established at the Hotel Victoria in the weeks prior to their sailing for Manila. They expect to leave on the October transport.

Appreciative Patrons

The new decoration at Tait's is meeting with much favorable comment and many words of appreciation. One naturally gets to expecting interesting innovations in this popular cafe, so each new plan of decoration is looked forward to because it is sure to be pleasing and different from any preceeding or any elsewhere.

The Oriental scheme now carried out in the main dining hall has in it much charm and subtlety, suggesting vividly the stately antiquity of Egypt and the rich coloring of Turkey.

This idea of giving glimpses from time to time of Old World interior effects in the decorations at Tait's is supplemented, to a large extent, by selecting from the world's market, the choice, carefully cooked, and excellently served meals.

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A dainty lunch served gratuitously to ladies every day during shopping hours, between 3:30 and 5 p. m.
Six new daylight pictures shown every day during shopping hours, also in the evening between 8:15 and 10:30 o'clock.
Instrumental concerts at luncheon, shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre. Orchestra under the leadership of Signor Gino Severi, graduate of Italy's foremost musical conservatory, who is ably assisted by talented musicians, each a soloist.
Re-engagement by popular request of the gifted prima donna soprano, Miss Florence Drake Le Roy, who will sing during shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre.
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Gossip of the Theatre

"Miss Nobody from Starland"

This is one of those entertainments which amuses but might have been missed without regret. Having gone to see it you extract pleasure from it with less difficulty than sunbeams are extracted from cucumbers; but all the time you realize fully that if you hadn't gone to see it you would have been just as well off. It is a musical vaudeville. "Madame Sherry" set the high mark for this form of divertisement and of course we cannot ask for a "Madame Sherry" every day. Even "The Follies" comes only once a year. "Miss Nobody from Starland" contains one of those plays within a play which have been popular ever since "Hamlet" was written. On the stage within a stage a number of vaudeville and burlesque stunts are presented, chief of which is the dancing and singing of Miss Bertee Beaumonte.

LILLIAN STEELE
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Miss Beaumonte has a style of dancing all her own. She glides through the air with a seeming indifference to the law of gravity. She sings with a seriousness that seems out of place in this particular kind of show, but is not. The other performers possess little distinction. Miss Olive Vail sings and makes fun acceptably, without stirring any enthusiasm. Miss Maude Emery has a pretty baby voice and dances well enough. Robert H. Wilson supplies most of the fun of the piece and is at his best as a very bad actor. Joe Neimeyer is a clever dancer and nothing more. The rest of the cast, principals and chorus, need no special mention. One cannot refrain, however, from wishing that stage detectives might be enjoined or indicted like detectives in real life. The comic detective is a wornout type. The fun was squeezed out of him long before the present generation began going to the theatre. In "Foxy Quiller" he lived again for a short time, but it seems as though he ought to be buried now. "The Spring Maid" had a comic sleuth as part of its poor comedy and "Miss Nobody from Starland" has one that is worse. However, it is useless to complain of anything in a show like "Miss Nobody." One forgets all about it before the waiter takes the supper order.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Country Boy" at the Columbia

Edgar Selwyn's comedy of city life, "The Country Boy," will be presented for the first time here next Monday night at the Columbia. The engagement is for two weeks with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Country Boy" is said to be a typically American comedy of the same class as "The Fortune Hunter," "The Man From Home" and "Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Contrary to what the title may suggest, the play is one of city life, and in no way connected with the bucolic drama. It crowded the Liberty Theatre, New York, for five months; the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for three months, and Powers Theatre, Chicago, for two months. The presentation will be the same in every detail as during the engagement in those cities. Besides staging the piece in excellent shape, Henry B. Harris has supplied a cast of well known players which includes Alfred Cooper, Frank McCormack, Doan Borup, Frank E. Jamison, George Schaeffer, Olive Templeton, Elda Furry, Charlotte Langdon and Nellie Fillmore.

Harry Bulger at the Cort

"Miss Nobody From Starland," the Mort Singer musical revue which has had a most successful week at the Cort Theatre will be seen for the last time tonight. Beginning with Sunday night's performance the famous comedian Harry Bulger will open a week's engagement in "The Flirting Princess." This latest vehicle of Mr. Bulger's has proven eminently successful, and he is generally credited with having the best role of his career. Bulger was last seen here as the star of "Woodland" shortly before the fire and has a great following among local playgoers who remember with delight his tramp Blue Jay in the musical piece. "The Flirting Princess" might be called a "nonsense farce" with musical embroidery. Bulger has surrounded himself with a capable company including Helen Darling, Eileen Sheridan, Billy Kent and Dale Fuller. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" will follow.

The Sousa Concerts

The sale of seats for the Sousa Concerts to be given at Dreamland Rink on the afternoons and evenings of October 1, 2, 3 and 4 will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chases's. The program will be most interesting and many really important compositions will be given for the first time in this city. Complete program books may be obtained at all the leading music stores. The assisting soloists will be Miss Nicoline Zedeler, violiniste, Miss Virginia Root, soprano, and Mr. Herbert L. Clark, cornetist.

Nance O'Neil as "Trilby"

"Trilby," with Nance O'Neil in the title part, will be the Alcazar's offering the coming week. It promises to be one of the most pretentious productions the famous play ever received. Miss O'Neil's interpretation of Du Maurier's unfortunate heroine was one of her early triumphs. In later years she has repeated it with augmented success. Will R. Walling has been specially engaged to appear as Svengalli. Stage director Fred J. Butler's enlistment to portray Taffy means much in the way of strengthening the cast. With Louis Bennison as The Laird, Charles Gunn as Little Billy, Roy Clements as Gecko, Maurice Stewart as Zou Zou, Burt Wesner as the Reverend Thomas Bagot, Georgie Woodthorpe as his wife, Adele Belgarde as Mme. Vinard, Neva West as Angelie, Walter Belasco as the opera house manager and other Alcazar favorites in appropriate roles, an excellent acting presentation is assured. The four acts demand elaborate staging, the scenes being laid in the artists' studio, the lobby of the opera house and a luxurious hotel apartment. In the second act there is a Christmas masquerade party that affords opportunity for variegated apparel, brisk action and clever comedy. In the third act "Ben Bolt" will be sung by Miss Constance Alexander, one of San Francisco's most popular contralto vocalists.

Sousa at the Greek Theatre

Prof. William Dallam Armes, chairman of the Music and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, announces that Sousa and his band will appear in the Greek Theatre on the afternoon and night of Thursday, October 5, on which occasion two specially prepared programs will be offered. Seats will be on sale at the Students' Cooperative Store, Tupper and Reed's, The Glessner Morst Co.'s, Sadler's and The Sign of the Bear, all in Berkeley and at Sherman Clay and Co.'s, Oakland and San Francisco, after September 28. On Friday night, October 6, the organization will appear at Stanford University in the big Assembly Hall.

The Amato Concerts

Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan Opera House, creator of the role of Jack Rance, the Sheriff in Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West," is unquestionably the greatest living baritone. His success this year at the gala performances in Rome was unprecedented and according to Impresario Grazi of the Paris Opera Amato was the real sensation of the Metropolitan's season at Le Chatelet in Paris last year. Manager Will Greenbaum has secured this artist for a few special concerts prior to his appearances with the Metropolitan and the artist will

MISS VIRGINIA ROOT
Soprano with Sousa and His Band.

have the assistance of Mme. Gilda Longari, soprano, and Signor F. Tanara, accompanist. Both of these singers are equally at home in the German, French and Italian song literature as well as in the operatic repertoire and Manager Greenbaum promises programs the like of which have never been heard on the concert platform in this city. The regular concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 8, Thursday night, October 12, and Sunday afternoon, October 15. A special concert with a remarkable program is announced for Tuesday night, October 10, under the auspices of the Elizebeth Murison School Association. Seats may now be ordered by mail from W. L. Greenbaum and the box office will open Wednesday, October 4, at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

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Steiner at Sutter

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, October 1, 2, 3, 4
Afternoons at 3 Evenings at 8:15

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SOUSA AT GREEK THEATRE

Thursday Afternoon and Evening, October 5th

Seats at Sadler's, Tupper and Reed's, The Sign of the Bear, Glessner-Morse Co's, Students Co-Op. Store in Berkeley and Sherman, Clay & Co's, Oakland and San Francisco.

Sousa at Stanford Friday Evening, October 6th

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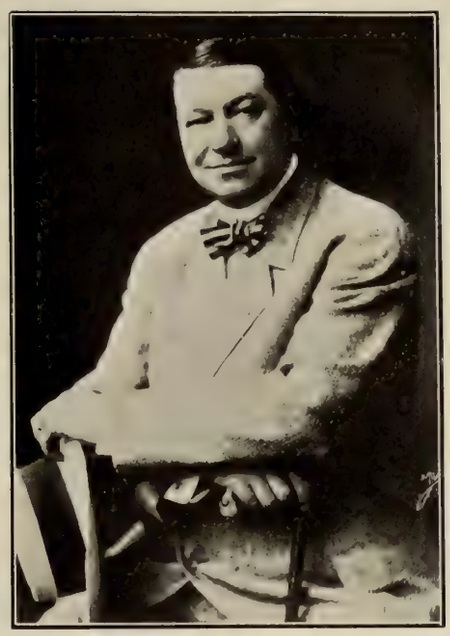
The Lure of the Orpheum

Sam Mann, a comedian of good reputation in the East, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a one-act comedy written for him by Aaron Hoffman entitled "The New Leader." It shows the vaudeville rehearsal before the opening performance. Mr. Mann will have the support of an excellent company. The Seven Belfords, athletes and feet posturers, will present their unique acrobatic performance. Conlin, Steele and Carr, "fresh from college," will appear in a breezy, vivacious and jolly skit which they call "Bits of Musical Comedy." Conlin and Carr are two clever comedians who sing and dance exceptionally well and Lillian Steele is an attractive, versatile and graceful girl. Harry Breen, the rapid-fire song writer, will be included in next week's attractions. Next week will be the last of the Australian Woodchoppers; The Four Elles; Lily Lena, and Edwin Stevens. Miss Lena will be heard in an entirely new repertoire of songs and Mr. Stevens aided by Tina Marshall will appear in a new musical vaudeville entitled "A Lesson in Arithmetic."



HARRY BULGER

In "The Flirting Princess" at the Cort beginning Sunday night, September 24.

Dante's Poem in Pictures at Savoy

"The Campus" will be given for the last times at the Savoy this Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday a theatrical attraction which has the endorsement of the best elements will be presented in Dante's "Inferno," prepared in motion pictures by a distinguished company of Italian artists who have devoted their gifts, their time and their money to the achievement. After a period of two years, success crowned their efforts and they gave to the world a remarkable reproduction of the work. While it must necessarily prove a special attraction to readers of Dante, it will be of interest to every man, woman and child and the lecture and music will be additionally charming. The music, by the way, has been written for the production by a noted Italian composer.

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Beginning Sunday Night, October 1st—H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

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SAN FRANCISCO

A Sea Change

(Continued from Page 8.)

to slap him.) That's it! Hit me! Fight! That's splendid! Bravo!

Lea—Oh, I implore you!

Gesier—No, you are compromised now. (He wraps his arms about her.) I've got you now, Lea; it's I who am doing the corralling. You will have to be my wife. (Kissing her on the corner of her mouth.) And I've drunk that drop of water!

Lea (conquered)—Oh, heavens, I am utterly exhausted! Mother! It's serious this time! Monsieur! Raoul!

Gesier (delighted)—Raoul! Lean on me. I am strong enough. (He holds her half out of the water as he swims.)

Lea—Thanks, thanks.

Gesier—Not at all. Don't talk.

Lea (allowing herself to float out in the water)—That's better. I can swim now.

Gesier—All right, but only with legs. Keep your arms about my neck.

Lea—But that is——

Gessier—Do as I tell you! Your arms about my—(she gives in and slips her arms about his neck, closing her eyes). I'm all right. With a comforter like that I could swim across the channel. (He kisses her arm.)

Lea—You are losing me.

Gesier—Me too. I am losing myself. But never mind. When I think that they thought they were going to do me up it makes me writhe like a sea serpent. We must let them think they have. We are getting in now. Tomorrow after breakfast I shall go and ask Madame de Toucy for your hand.

Lea—I shall refuse you. Do not tempt me.

Gessier—On the stroke of half-past ten.

They have got their footing now, Gesier still holding her hand. Then they separate. Lea comes out of the water first, Gesier behind her. Madame de Toucy, the maid and many others rush toward them.

The Mother—Lea! My child! (To Gesier) Oh, monsieur!

Gesier—It was nothing, madame; just a little cramp.

Lea (presenting him to her mother)—Monsieur Gesier, my mother. But for him——

The Mother (to Gesier)—How can I tell you, how can I express to you——?

Gesier—Madame, I am only too happy. (he backs away and then runs. He seems to have wings. He thinks to himself, "At last I have found an honest little heart——")

Lea is now in her dressing-room with her mother, who is rubbing her down. Rose has gone before to prepare a warm drink at their lodgings.

The Mother (anxiously)—Well, did it come off all right?

Lea—No, mama. I told him everything—our debts, papa, the corralling, the cramp trick—everything! Oh, how it all disgusted me!

The Mother—You did that? Unhappy girl, you love him!

Lea—Probably.

The Mother—All is lost! But then, if you didn't have a cramp, what were you doing so close together out there? What in the world is the meaning of all this?

Lea—Rub, and don't try to understand. He is coming tomorrow at half-past ten. We must get away tomorrow before that time.

The Mother—Where to?

Lea—To Paris! without leaving our address with anyone.

The Mother—Are you crazy? He is really hooked.

Lea—Precisely—and he has his auto, and he'll come after us.

The Mother—But how will he know where we are?

Lea—Through his chauffeur, who is pretty thick with Rose.

The Mother—Oho! I see! I begin to think you are a little stronger than I am.

Lea—Why, certainly, mama. Rub. You won't have to wear cleaned gloves much longer.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—New low records were made in the stock market the past week, although there was a good recovery at the close of the week due principally to an oversold condition brought about by too much enthusiasm on the part of the bears. Broadly speaking, we are entering a period of political, financial and economic readjustment bringing with it a revolution in security prices. Business of all kinds is feeling this now. The condition will be with us, from the present political outlook, for some time. The earning power of all industrials and railroads must meet conditions. Strong boxes are beginning to realize this now. There is plenty of money in the country, to be sure, but it will not go into new or present enterprises until the pro-socialistic efforts of the Government are established on a more workable basis. Discriminating purchases of securities, among them some of the copper shares not susceptible to these influences, would be advisable when good opportunities afford themselves. Meantime the leading stocks should be liquidated on whatever support may be extended from time to time to prevent utter demoralization.

Wheat—Trading in wheat the past week was dull and uninteresting. There is so little outside business and so much manipulation by the local element that prices are not allowed to move very far either way. News in the early part of the week was mostly in favor of the buying side. Talk of a good export demand for both spring and winter wheat as well as large sales of Durum wheat to Russia gave the market a firmer tone. The weather in the northwest was wet and reports of wheat sprouting in the shock as well as deterioration in the quality of wheat left uncut constituted another factor. However, weakness in Liverpool brought about by the official German crop report estimating the crop about the same as last year and the French official crop report estimating the crop at sixty million bushels over last year put a damper on the bullish enthusiasm and prices were allowed to drift again. Cash demand locally is very poor and stocks show a slight increase for the week. As the time approaches for the Canadian vote on Reciprocity the trade is inclined to even up awaiting the result. The general impression is that if Reciprocity carries wheat will work a little lower but if defeated we are in for a good advance.

Corn—The weather the past week has been all that could be desired for the maturing of corn. It is said that more than 75 per cent of the crop is now out of the way of frost and by the twenty-fifth of the month all of it will have passed the danger period. It is generally believed that the condition has improved and that the total crop will be about 2,850 millions while some authorities are estimating it as high as 3 billion bushels. Cash corn has been in good demand both locally and for export. Receipts have been moderate and are ample enough to take care of the present demand. The farmer has shown a willingness to part with his old corn and is already offering his new corn around 55 cents for December shipment. As with wheat, the market is quiet and trade professional.

Cotton—The sustaining feature of the market the past week was the large speculative buying in the American markets, based upon a semi-monthly condition report by the National Ginners' Association and on a small crop estimate issued by the Southern Cotton Growers' Convention at Montgomery, Alabama. The National Ginners' Association reports the condition of the crop to be 68.9 compared with 73.4 two weeks ago or a loss of 4.5 for the half month. According to report the Southern Cotton Growers estimate the growing crop at 12,500,000 bales. In contrast to the reported loss in condition of the crop since the last bureau report, Washington made favorable report on the progress of the cotton crop during the past week as a result of favorable weather in the cotton belt. If fair weather continues for a week or two in the south crop accounts will become more favorable from the central and eastern portions of the belt, as a check will be put on the ravages by the worms and a good headway will be made in gathering, ginning and marketing the crop. There is a great deal of suppressed uneasiness over the outcome of the political differences between Germany and France in Morocco, as France has made it clear that she intends to exercise a free hand, and it remains to be seen how Germany will take the independent attitude of the French Government. Trade outlook in this country is anything but favorable although Manchester reports a good trade from the continent. A traveling crop expert reports that central Alabama and south Georgia have record crops practically assured, there having been no deterioration and the crop having matured normally. Receipts of cotton continue in excess of last year notwithstanding the report that farmers are holding cotton for higher prices. The market acts heavy and it looks as if it will take a little more outside speculation to take care of the hedging sales.

Knicker—Does his auto smoke?

Bocker—Yes; but he hates to make it stop till after he is married.

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Auto Notes

Roy M. Pike, formerly connected with the Pioneer Automobile Company, paid a visit to the new headquarters of the Pioneer people last week, and congratulated them on their new building and the imposing appearance and convenience of their salesroom. Mr. Pike is of the opinion that 1912 will be the greatest season ever for the Chalmers Company. He not only bases his opinion on what he saw and the information he obtained but also on the amount of enthusiasm and the number of orders placed with the different Chalmers agents throughout the country.

One of the men to make the recent run between the Twin Cities and Helena was so enthusiastic over the way his Republic Staggard Tread Tires came through that he wrote the Republic office at St. Paul as follows: "Gentlemen: Having had such great success with your tires which were on my car in the Twin City to Helena run, I feel that I should inform you of this fact, inasmuch as the mileage covered by my car was over 1300 miles, and the tires, at the end of the tour, showed very little effects from same, to all appearances looking the same as when they started. I might add, in this regard, that I have been informed my car was the only car in the tour that had no tire troubles. I was even fortunate enough not to have any punctures. I believe that the weight of car and the running it on a twenty mile schedule, which we had to make, and the tires coming out as they did, was suffcient evidence of their merit."

There are several large establishments in Honolulu at which S. Komeya might have learned how to repair automobile tires. But Komeya, who owns a small tire store in Honolulu, wanted to get down to ped rock. So he traveled to Akron, Ohio, a distance of 5,000 miles, and is now working in the repair department of the Diamond tire factories. Before he's through Komeya intends to know all there is to learn about automobile tires. He started at Honolulu in the bicycle tire business, which wasn't so difficult. But when automobile tires came to his shop Komeya found a proposition too difficult to master unaided. "The people wanted me to repair Diamond tires. I didn't know. I come here to learn business," is the way Komeya puts it. Komeya expects to finish in the hard rubber department of the Diamond factories where he will learn how to put rubber on steering wheels.

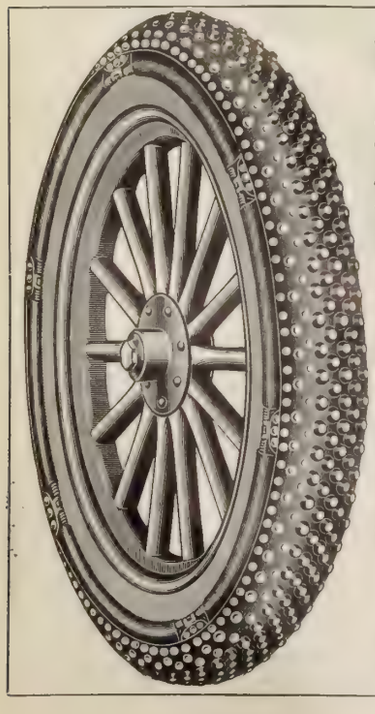
Fifty-six automobile dealers gathered from all parts of Iowa, a part of the sales organization of the Herring Motor Car Company, Des Moines, under the personal leadership of C. L. Herring, spent a day recently inspecting the factory of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company at Kenosha, Wisconsin. In addition to a thorough inspection of the Rambler factory the dealers were given a sight-seeing trip through the city of Kenosha and a banquet.

Having traveled 33,000 miles through fifty states and seven-eighths of the distance around the border of the United States the crew of the Abbott-Detroit "Bull-Dog" must now be given credit for the first pathfinder route from Mexico up the Pacific Coast, through San Francisco, Sacramento, and Portland to Seattle.

Within a period of ten minutes Saturday, September 9, the Packard Motor Car Company disbursed in wages $283,344, covering the labor account for one-half month at its factory in Detroit. The payroll for August amounted to $524,407, the largest sum ever paid out in wages for a single month by any manufacturing enterprise in Michigan. This is also the record payroll for any automobile factory in the world. There are now 7,575 employes in the Packard shops.

The business of the Chicago Motor Car Company, Packard dealers in the western metropolis, has been taken over by the Packard Motor Car Company of Chicago, a newly organized concern which is subsidiary to the Packard Motor Car Company. The establishment is doing a business in excess of $1,000,000 a year.

Another member of the racing fraternity who was among the first to recognize the possibilities of the motor car as a method of covering territory between race meets is Richard F. Carman, proprietor of a fine stable of running horses and fortunate owner of Meridian, winner of the 1911 Kentucky Derby. A large percentage of the mileage accredited to Mr. Carman's Lozier was obtained in traveling between Saratoga, Fort Erie, Latonia, Windsor and other tracks where the runners held forth. This car is of the old chain driven type and in addition to its race track ramblings, has crossed the continent several times. Carman owns a Lozier car of a later vintage, and the old car while still following the ponies, holds a more modest position in the establishment, being used for errands and catering to the needs of the attendants of the blue-blooded equines in the Carman stable.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,593; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED BECK, Deceased.

Anna Beck, the Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Beck, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, September 7, A. D. 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Atty. for Administratrix,
802 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH F. ROCK, also known as JOSEPH ROCK, Deceased—No. 12,092; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of said Joseph F. Rock, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of Lewis F. Byington, 1306-08 Call Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph F. Rock, deceased.

MARY ROCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Joseph F. Rock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Atty. for Administratrix.
1306-08 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER FISK TIRES FOR SERVICE
BRANCHES WITH REPAIR DEPTS. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND - LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO - FRESNO

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,721; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUISA M. MUIRHEAD, Deceased.

Knox Maddox and Joseph M. Loewe, the Executors of the estate of Louisa M. Muirhead, deceased, having this day filed a verified petition for authority to lease the real property belonging to the said estate, hereinafter described, for the period and at the rental hereinafter stated, and it appearing that the giving of said lease will be advantageous to the said estate,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be, and they are hereby, required to appear before this Court on the 5th day of October, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of said Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said Knox Maddox and Joseph M. Loewe, as such Executors, to execute a lease of the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter described for a term of five years, beginning October 1, 1911, and ending September 30, 1916, at a rental of $9,300.00, payable at the rate of $100 per month for the first year, $125 per month for the second year, $150 per month for the third year, $200 per month for the fourth year and $200 per month for the fifth year, as stated in the said petition.

That said real property is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is described as follows: That certain building known as and called the Newton Hotel, situate on the easterly side of Ninth Street, distant thereon 76 feet more or less northerly from the northeasterly corner of Harrison and Ninth Streets, together with the appurtenances, reserving, however, the store premises on the ground floor of said building.

For further particulars, reference is hereby made to the above mentioned petition on file herein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, September 18, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 18, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES A. BALLENTINE and DAVID FREIDENRICH, Attys. for Petitioners, 587-595 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff, 309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard, executrices of the will of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrices at the office of John Flournoy, Esq., Room No. 1033 in the Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased.

FRANCES EASTON TAYLOR and
ADELINE MILLS TAYLOR HOWARD,
As Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor. Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

JOHN FLOURNOY, ESQ.,
Attorney for Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard as Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased. 9-2-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ANNE GWINN, (sometimes known as and called ANNIE GWINN), an Insane Person.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, as the guardian of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, duly made and given on the 4th day of September, 1911, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, the undersigned, as such guardian, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1911, all of the right, title and interest of the said Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning of the Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue (formerly Seventh Avenue South) at a point distant One Hundred Seventy-five (175) feet Southeasterly, measured along said line, from the Southeasterly line of Newhall Street (formerly "N" Street South); running thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of Lot No. 31, in Block No. 139 as per map entitled "Map of the lands of the Central Park Homestead Association," recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book "C and D," page 87 of Maps.

Bids or offers in writing will be received by the said guardian at the law offices of R. L. Beardslee, Esq., Rooms 203-204, Yosemite Theatre Building, (situate on the East side of North San Joaquin Street between Main Street and Weber Avenue), in the City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be left with J. C. Quinlan, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at his law offices, in Rooms 714-719, Humbolt Bank Building, City of San Francisco, State of California.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in lawful money of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, the balance of the purchase price to be paid to said guardian upon confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court.

Dated at Stockton, California, September 11, 1911.

WALTER N. PARRISH,
As Guardian of the Person and Estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an Insane Person.

R. L. BEARDSLEE, Atty. for Guardian, Rooms 203-204 Yosemite Theatre Building, Stockton, California. 9-16-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required. the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased.

WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,971; Dept. No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of EMILIE BOUQUET, Deceased.

Ernest Bouquet, the Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court his verified petition herein, praying for an order of sale of an undivided one-half interest in and to certain improved real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, being all of the estate of said decedent, for the purposes set forth in said petition, located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

And described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of land beginning at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet, running thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet, running thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet, and running thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a five room, one story frame cottage.

And more particularly described in said petition to which reference is hereby made, at either public or private sale as the said Administrator shall judge most beneficial for the said estate.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell all of said described real property with the improvements thereon belonging to said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

Now, therefore, on motion in open court of Messrs. Hankins and Hankins, attorneys for said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor, it is ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, Southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator for the sale of all of the said described real property and improvements thereon belonging to said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 13, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

HANKINS & HANKINS, Atty. for Petitioner. 915-917-918 Pacific Bldg., Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,635.

In the Matter of the Application of HARRY A. KOHL, for Change of Name.

It appearing to the Court that on the 6th day of September, 1911, Harry A. Kohl filed herein his application for an order that his name be changed to Harry A. Millsaps, and good cause appearing therefor:

It is ordered and directed, that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before the Court on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, Department 7 thereof, in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the said application for change of name should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 6th day of September, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Atty. for Petitioner. 9-16-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ISADORE LAVENTHAL, residing at 386 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 553 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Laventhal Bros.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19, 1911.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 19th day of September, 1911, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ISADORE LAVENTHAL, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Isadore Laventhal, First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the procedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,434; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROSE BOUWMAN, Deceased.

Maria V. Dunn, administratrix of the estate of Rose Bouwman, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the Clerk thereof her verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrix should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom, situate in the building known and designated as the Grant Building, at the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 25th day of September, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix for the sale of such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: August 23, 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attys. for Administratrix, 1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Application of SEARIGHT-WALDECK COMPANY, a corporation, for Dissolution.

The application of the above named corporation for dissolution having been presented to this Court and the Court being satisfied that the same is in conformity with Title VI, Part 2 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, that the said application be filed with the Clerk of this Court and that the Clerk give not less than thirty or not more than fifty days' notice of the said application by publication of a copy of this Order in some newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco at least once a week, for not less than thirty days as aforesaid.

Dated, August 25th, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Applicant,
Western National Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONROY, also known as MARY CAWLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his attorney, Room 305 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased.

JOHN QUINN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1911.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Atty. for Executor,
304-5-6 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMERLANDER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased. FRANK KUMMERLANDER,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummerlander, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS,
Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CASSIE WHELAN WILBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Charles W. Slack, No. 1101 Alaska Commercial Building, situated at the Northeasterly corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, deceased.

JOHN H. SPECK,
As Administrator of the Estate of Cassie Whelan Wilber, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 17, 1911.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

Harold MacGrath Improves

Harold MacGrath is looking up. His latest book, "The Carpet From Bagdad," is a long step in advance of his usual quest of the mysterious lady in a masque, and with a dedication to Robert Hichens and a series of illustrations in color by Andre Castaigne, even those superior folks who affect to despise the lighter forms of literature may find the book a lure. "The Carpet From Bagdad" was not an enchanted fabric, but its effect on the life and fortune of its purchaser was scarecly less than if it had had the blessing, or curse, of the djinns. It is a thrilling bit of adventurous narrative, quite up to the average of its kind as far as incident goes, and the characters are well drawn. They range through the gamut, from the black sheep of a white flock to the white lamb of the black fold. George Percival Algernon Jones is a success. For once we have as a hero, the good, clean-living, shy and innocent youth who is neither a prig nor a milksop, and who, without having made athletics his major study in college, yet can make his fists account for themselves in an emergency. Fortune Chedsoye is rather too much of an angel child, especially considering the nest she was hatched in, but her mother makes up the average, while Ryanne, as a character, is interesting, and as a comrade would not be half bad where honesty was not especially in demand. This is another of the good summer books from the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Good Stories by Octave Thanet

It is a good many years now since the name Octave Thanet made its appearance in the indexes of the magazines as that of the author of strikingly good short stories—stories that hold their own today, whether one takes up the volume into which they were gathered or stumbles upon isolated ones in the bound volumes of the forgotten periodicals. They dealt chiefly with rural life in the old Southwest. Another more recent collection, "Heart of Toil," concerns various aspects of the life and labors of the iron and steel industry in the middle west, a business with which the author's family is connected, but for the most part her recent work has been in the form of the novel, in which her plots and themes have ranged as widely as in her short stories. Now we have a new collection, "Stories that End Well," gathered from the magazines, a short dozen, which differ widely in theme and setting, but which have a general optimistic tendency. Stories that end well do not, necessarily, come to a climax with a wedding and a shower of orange blossoms and rice, though once upon a time love and marriage were the only topics admissible and it behooved the author to steer all characters towards the altar, no matter how incompatible their characters or how unlikely they were to make a success of life in double harness. The last page saw them married and it was impolite to question what followed after the wedding procession left the church. Octave Thanet's stories end well in the sense that the conclusion is artistic, logical, the natural outgrowth of what went before, whether it be death or marriage or just plain untangling of snarls in the twine of lives. There is something for nearly every taste, grave and gay, humorous and sad, but all good. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

What the Macmillans Promise

Among the new books and new editions listed for fall publication by the Macmillan Company are a number of special interest to Californians. A holiday edition of "Two Years Before the Mast," with illustrations in color by Charles Pears, heads the list. "Panama," by Albert Edwards, is to be uniform in general style with the "Cuba" of Irene Wright, Dr. William Grenfell's "Labrador" and Mrs. Ella Higginson's "Alaska," each of which was, in turn one of the big books of its season. Kathleen Norris' first novel, "Mother," is promised and we are to have Jack London's "South Sea Tales." Winston Churchill who is said to have a superstitious regard for the letter C, calls his promised work "The Inside of the Cup." As it deals with the action of a pastor of a wealthy congregation who refuses to perform a marriage ceremony for a divorced woman, a member of his flock, its eager reception is a foregone certainty. Richard Washburn Child will contribute a volume of short stories, Robert Herrick's "The Healer" is announced as a complement of "Together" which raised such a storm of discussion in the women's clubs, and Zona Gale's "Mothers to Men" speaks for itself. Another edition of the perennial "Virginian" is to be illustrated with Remington drawings in addition to those of Charles M. Russell. Edmund Lester Pearson's "Believing Years" has an alluring title, and will deal with the doings of a group of country boys, their faiths and superstitions and their good and bad times. A new translation of five of Dostoevs' i's works, "Crime and Punishment," "The Possessed," "The Idiot," "The House of the Dead" and "The Brothers Karamazof," is also included. These are only samples, a few odd titles, a sort of window display, as it were, of the good things in stock and in reserve for readers.

Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," "The Masquerader," "The Circle" and other best sellers, died suddenly at her home in London in the early part of September. She was the recently divorced wife of E. Temple Thurston, himself an author of some note and the dramatizer of "The Masquerader." It was not until after her marriage that Mrs. Thurston took up literature and theirs was supposed to be an ideally happy and sympathetic union, but the inevitable jealousy manifested itself and two artistic temperaments were too many under a single roof. Mrs. Thurston obtained a decree on the grounds of desertion and the last important intelligence, previous to the announcement of her sudden death, was that she was about to contract a second marriage.

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Vol. XIX. No. 997 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911 PRICE, 10 CENTS

TOWN TALK

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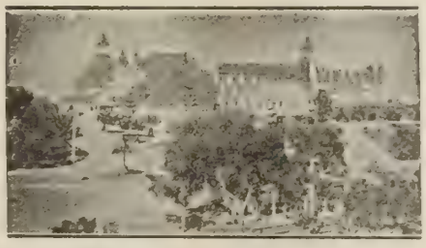

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, September 30, 1911 | No. 997

H. B. WARNER and PHYLLIS SHERWOOD

Who will be seen in Paul Armstrong's dramatization of O. Henry's story, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which begins a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre Sunday night, October 1.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Co.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

A City Redeemed

The people of San Francisco showed by their votes last Tuesday that they realize the importance of putting their house in order for the big reception which they are to give to the world in 1915. The pendulum has swung back. Baal has been forsworn once more. We have had a surfeit of the free-and-easy style of government. The people have declared in favor of a self-respecting Administration. Above all they have declared in favor of government for all the people. Class government has received its quietus in San Francisco. The danger that lurks in this kind of government was brought home to us at the last session of the Legislature when a measure was proposed by the representatives of organized labor prohibiting the Governor of the State from despatching the militia to any point except at the request of the local authorities. The obvious purpose of the author of this proposal was to enable organized labor to take San Francisco by the throat in the event of industrial strife. For with the machinery of our government in the hands of the representatives of organized labor there would never be any likelihood of a call for the militia by the local authorities. In the event of disorder the police would be supreme, and the police would be subject to the orders of the labor union mayor. Mindful of this potential abuse of authority we have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the election of James Rolph last Tuesday. James Rolph is expected to perform his duties without fear or favor. He is expected to give us a progressive administration in the true sense of the term, and to that end it is to be hoped that a new spirit will manifest itself in the Board of Supervisors. Too long have we suffered from obstructionists in that body, from men who were more eager to make the familiar noise of the demagogue than to encourage enterprise and stimulate the advantageous flow of capital. We need something more than clean government. We need enthusiasm for the welfare of the whole city, and that we cannot have if jealousies and reprisals are to continue to mark the administration of municipal affairs.

Snubbed by Canada

Our President experienced the severest jolt of his political career when his greatest achievement was rendered nugatory by the people of Canada. It is not what a man tries to do but what he does, that counts, for actions are judged by events. When President Taft undertook to establish reciprocity in our trade relations with Canada he was given credit for statesmanship of the highest order and for disinterested devotion to the welfare of his countrymen, but as it turns out the undertaking was at the hazard of a great deal of prestige. President Taft made reciprocity the piece de resistance of his policies. For whatever might be charged against the Administration as a delinquency reciprocity was to compensate. To accomplish his purpose the President braved all the hidden dangers of an extra session of the Congress, and thus he shouldered every conceivable responsibility. If he had triumphed nobody would have had any right to a share of the glory, but as a result of his zeal the American people have received a terrible snubbing, and for the moment the President's prestige has been perceptibly dimmed. As success is one of the worst arguments of a good cause, failure is one of the most convincing of sophistries. As the world fawns on success, likewise it turns its back on failure. But let us hope that the vicissitudes of the next few months will change the complexion of affairs. Whatever else may happen to President Taft confidence in his sincerity, honesty and courage cannot be impaired, and these are qualities which the American people most admire.

Clark and Kipling

To everybody familiar with the Canadian temperament and informed as to the nature of the agitation that marked the campaign against reciprocity in Canada, the defeat of the Laurier Government is significant of but one thing—a desire to rebuke the American people. Beyond doubt if nothing had been considered but the economic problem involved the Government would have won. This problem was considered of secondary importance. What occupied the minds of the people most of all was the suspicion that reciprocity would be interpreted in this country and in England as indicative of a disposition to desert the mother country and join the Union. This suspicion may justly be attributed to an idle and silly observation of that loose-jawed statesman from Missouri, the Hon. Champ Clark. It was Clark who first spoke of annexation in connection with reciprocity. Now there is nothing that so enrages a descendant of one of the old American Tories on the other side of the boundary as the suggestion of the possibility of the annexation of Canada. The fact is, and perhaps not without reason, there is vastly more pride of government in Canada than there is in this country. Also the fact is that in Canada there is deep-seated resentment of the tone of superiority affected by our jingo statesmen of the Clark type and our jingo journalists of the Hearst type. The result of Clark's absurd remark was that the questions of annexation and loyalty to England were injected into the reciprocity campaign, facilitating appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people. Rudyard Kipling took a hand in the controversy, writing a letter of warning against establishing any kind of relations with people so vulgar, so unfit for self-government as the lawless people of the United States. That letter served its purpose of fanning the flame of resentment. Kipling's powerful pen, which probably never would have been employed against reciprocity had it not been for the issue raised by Champ Clark, contributed more than any other factor to the snubbing which we received from our proud and haughty neighbors.

The Looseness of Language

Every little while some scholarly gentleman in London calls attention in a melancholy strain to the liberties that Americans are taking with the tongue that Shakespeare spoke. It is becoming the perennial lament of didactic English scholars that the King's English is undergoing divers forms of torture on this continent. Mr. Logan Pearsall-Smith is not of the number, but he voices in the English Review the familiar complaint that our language "has lost definiteness, energy, sharpness of edges and become abstract and subjective." He does not blame us for these things, but some of his readers do, and from what they say it appears that they are laboring under the delusion that the language was fixed about the time of Samuel Johnson, who said that its volume and range was quite adequate to all intelligent use. The truth is our language has been growing from the days of its infancy. It has been growing words and acquiring words, and words have been expanding and taking on new meanings, and even undergoing complete change of meaning. What was known as word-branching began in the days before the Norman Conquest. A familiar example is that of the word *byrn-an* which meant *to burn*. From that word we derived *brimstone, brown,* (the burnt color), *brunt, brand, brandy* and *brindle*. Long before the discovery of America foreign words were substituted for good old Anglo-Saxon words; as for example, the French word *beauty* was substituted for the beautiful word *fairhood*, and the Latin word *caution* was substituted for that much stronger word *forewit*. This sort of thing was tolerated by Mr. Pearsall-Smith's forefathers. And in later years, in England, long before American journalism began to defile the well of English, "echo-haunted of many tongues," words began to lose their "definiteness, energy and sharpness of edges." It was in the literature of England that *animosity* began to mean something more than high spirits; that *blackguard* ceased to mean a kitchen servant; that *conceit* came to mean something more than *thought;* that *impertinent* lost its narrow signification. It was in the literature of England that words took on new and lost their old meanings; as for example, *abandon*, which once meant "to proclaim openly"; *admire*, which formerly meant "to wonder at"; *delicious*, the original meaning of which was "too scrupulous"; *insolent*, which originally was the epithet that described anything unusual. Right in the

heart of England words by the score have acquired greater breadth, and words by the score have completely changed in meaning; and words will continue to do so despite the jealousy of the zealous self-constituted guardians of the language. There are tremendous forces which make for change, and which cannot be resisted, and the pressure becomes all the greater the farther flung become the boundaries of the English-speaking race. The common people exert a greater influence on language than the finest and most scrupulous writers. The colloquialisms of one day become the choice phrases of the next. The common man speaking the common speech cares nothing about fine shades of distinction, or the adaptation of words to thoughts or thoughts to objects. It is he that makes words pass for more than they are worth, and in time they become gold and silver in the commerce of speech. It is doubtless true that words have come to have so many meanings as to breed looseness of expression, fluency rather than felicity of language, but it is the privilege of every writer to employ the simple phraseology of the Bible and Bunyan. There is no style that requires more precision than what is known as the old English style, and he who makes himself master of it will have no reason to complain of lack of definiteness or sharpness of edges.

The Uncertainties of Medicine

Perhaps there is nothing about which there is so much misinformation as the science of medicine. This is due to several causes. One of them is that the practice of the science is attractive to charlatans. In no profession are there so many quacks as in the medical. Another, and perhaps the chief cause, is that the science compels the curiosity of all mankind. Everybody is concerned about the ills that flesh is heir to, and eager to know how to avoid them and how to cure them. Consequently there is a greater amount of "little learning" on the subject of medicine than on any other. And this dangerous thing the press is fostering every day by affecting to inform the people of the new advances made by men in the conquest of disease and death. The people derive their knowledge of medicine along with their knowledge of government from the newspapers. They learn from the Sunday Supplement a great variety of things about the progress of medicine: that tuberculosis can be cured; that tuberculosis is on the increase; that x-ray therapy has solved the cancer problem; that cancer is on the increase; that the Pasteur cure is a fraud; that organic diseases can be cured by starvation and that starvation leads to madness or death. The newspapers are not altogether to blame for this welter of confusion that so intimately concerns the lives and health of the people. Much of it is due to the pseudo-scientists who abound in the medical profession, and who jump to sensational or curious conclusions that they may attract attention to themselves. It was but the other day that Dr. Puleston, described "as an eminent London specialist," inspired an editorial in the Examiner by the statement that the nervousness of Americans is due "to too much sunlight on the skin." Of course Dr. Puleston has done nothing toward vindicating this theory, but it doesn't matter. Sufficient is it for Dr. Puleston that he has a theory, and having a theory he is like a chicken about to lay an egg. This is a peculiarity of nearly all scientists. The history of all science is a history of abandoned theories most of which were never conclusive of anything but a lively and somewhat disordered imagination. But a theory in medicine is not the harmless thing that a theory in astronomy is or a theory in geology. Theories in medicine have destroyed many lives. And it is because there is so little that may be considered authoritative in medicine that much of the progress that has been made in the science is in nowise beneficial to many thousands of people. There is so little that may be considered authoritative because doctors disagree even upon principles that were once considered elementary. It was but a few years ago that Dr. Osler was quoted as maintaining that with the exception of two drugs, mercury and castor oil, our entire pharmacopeia might as well be pitched overboard. Not long ago the Dean of the medical college of New York University declared in court that fumigation was a delusion and a fraud born in superstition and fostered by the ignorant and unscrupulous for gain. Thus did the gentleman bear out Bernard Shaw in "The Doctor's Dilemma." Now when doctors challenge the efficacy of the most common sanitary practice, and when respectable authority can be cited against the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria and against vaccination, it is no wonder that the old schools of medicine meet with so much opposition when they seek to have legislation enacted for the conservation of their interests. The science of medicine finds its greatest menace in the house of its friends.

Perspective Impressions

Let us hope the saddle is on the right horse.

Samuel Gompers also feels bad.

Labor leaders here can now turn all their attention to Los Angeles.

How would you like to have to pay some of the defeated candidates' bills?

There is no woman so candid as the one that loves to discuss the affairs of her neighbor.

How will it avail the city to beat a McCarthy if the whole State adopt the constitutional amendments?

"The soul," says Ernst Haeckel, "is a cell function." To the orthodox Haeckel's soul must be a condemned cell function.

The argument that because all men have the franchise therefore all women should have it is grounded in that rock-ribbed principle beloved of the unfittest of both sexes, that two wrongs make one right.

Like Jonah when he saw the whale getting ready to swallow him P. H. looks down in the mouth.

When a man makes the board of supervisors a sort of professional sphere of action he's of more use to himself than the taxpayers.

Mary Garden says she likes Paris because she breathes there "an atmosphere of passion." Thus we see that Mary's press agent deals in erotomania as well as rot.

Where, oh! where was Hiram when McCarthy's light was going out? Fighting the people's battle way down south. It's a wise politician who avoids incurring the disfavor of organized labor.

By continuing to keep tab on the doings of Governor Johnson, in time Secretary of State Jordan may find that if smelling salts are a luxury for the Executive mansion they are essential for sanitary purposes in the Executive office.

Many people are hearing of Tripoli for the first time since they closed their school histories of the United States.

The way across the Sierras is as difficult for the pioneer aviator as for the pathfinders of '44.

Anne Warner is leaving America for England because America is very crude. We agree with Anne. If America were not crude, her "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" would never have succeeded.

After we let women vote and have the recall, the initiative and referendum our population will increase rapidly. It will be recruited from the universal brotherhood of long-haired milleniumites.

Now that the field of Supervisors has been reduced to thirty-six competitors the vagrancy laws may be enforced again. They were in abeyance while some of those supervisorial candidates were canvassing.

"A common puppy," said Mr. Heney at Sacramento, "gets its eyes open after nine days, but it took me almost fifty years to get mine open." Whatever else has been thought of Mr. Heney nobody ever regarded him as a puppy of the common variety. In his canicular heats he is obviously in a class by himself.

Correspondence

Maudlin Humanitarianism

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Isn't it about time to call a halt on this maudlin humanitarianism that concerns itself with the business of improving the lot of our convicts. My attention has been called to a discussion of the subject in a New York paper which quotes from the London Times with reference to "the decline of the antipathy or repulsion to evil or evildoers." The Times says this is an American phenomenon, and that there is so much pity for the offender that none remains for his victim. The sense of sin has gone. We regard crime as a disease and hope to turn the worst materials into honest citizens. The truth is, as the New York commentator observes, the pendulum has swung to an extreme of philanthropic sentiment and the old fashioned but salutary idea as to punishment of crime has somewhat lost its force. Our flabby humanitarians seem to be disposed to turn our penitentiaries into first class hotels. They are for pampering the criminal element and making the worst criminals star performers. No wonder Rudyard Kipling talks of the growth of the spirit of lawlessness in this country. The psychology of this form of philanthropy discussed by the London Times affords an interesting study. I believe it to be a species of egoism. I have observed that many of the men who plead the cause of the hardened criminal are self-conscious individuals very much of the type of the religious convert who goes about preaching his cult, and the reformed criminal who has an attack of religion and wants everybody to be pious. A notable case is that of the ex-convict from Los Angeles, one of the worst brutes that ever served time in San Quentin, a man who maimed his wife in one of many spasms of fury. Having had a taste of life in the penitentiary and finding it unpalatable he is now going about censuring our penological methods. He wrote a book on the subject, and it reveals a spirit that is far from contrite. He is an extremely censorious person, but after reading his book one cannot say offhand whether he is actuated more by sympathy for criminals than a feeling of resentment toward his former keepers and the State itself. These ex-convicts are receiving too much consideration. There may be some analogy between crime and disease, but there are some classes of crime in which the analogy is far-fetched. But at any rate it is as much the duty of the State to discourage crime as to prevent the spread of diseases and there is no more effective way of discouraging crime than to make life in our penitentiaries unpleasant. It may be all right to try to convert criminals into good citizens but it is better to teach all citizens the advisability of abstaining from crime.

Yours truly,

—L. F. K.

Too Much Politics

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I would recommend to your readers "Switzerland of the Swiss" by Frank Webb, as it contains much that may be of interest now that we are thinking of taking a few steps further in democracy. Switzerland is a country which often has been referred to for proof of the practicability of democratic principles. To be sure there is no analogy between Switzerland and this country. If simple democracy is practicable anywhere it is in a small country where there is no great diversity of interests, and where it is easy to bring everybody in close contact. But this is what Webb says of the referendum in Switzerland: "One can have too much of it. The people are always up in arms and in a constant state of ferment over some trivial question. Legislation is sometimes impossible. . . . The cantons are in a constant state of effervescence. In a general way, when the vote is taken the attendance at the polls does not represent 25 per cent of the electorate." There you have corroboration of what you have said in several of your editorials—the people get surfeited of elections. The more you occupy the public mind with politics the less attention will they give to politics. You can multiply elections but you can't make the people vote. Bring the government back to the people and the politicians will run it. The more pronounced the democracy the more powerful the oligarchy.

Respectfully,

—Thomas Francis Meagher.

San Jose, September 25.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Hope of the Zionists

The Zionist Congress recently held at Basel in Switzerland was a great success, according to Richard Gottheil, one of the leaders of the movement. One of the most important subjects discussed was the relation of the Young Turks who are in authority at Constantinople, to Zionism. It was pointed out that the Zionists wanted to found a Jewish home, not a Jewish State, in Palestine. As David Wolfssohn said, "Only as a free people on perfect equality with all other Ottoman peoples will we be able to do what a people like ours is capable of, to the benefit of the Ottoman Empire and to our own well being. It is our dream to be a prosperous, happy Jewish people in a prosperous and powerful Ottoman State." Max Nordau held that the only people that can welcome a Jewish immigration en masse is Turkey; and that all Jews, whatever their religious views may be, ought eagerly and gladly to aid this emigration to the East. Stress was laid on the efforts of the Zionists to bring a new life into Palestine and to settle there a population that shall be able to raise the country economically and intellectually. It was held that the Ottoman Government must in the end see that Jewish work in Palestine is to the advantage of just those ideas of progress and melioration for which the new regime in Turkey stands.

Voltaire in Santa Cruz

The trustees of the public library at Santa Cruz have been discussing the advisability of admitting Robert W. Chambers' latest pot-boiler "The Common Law" to the shelves. The book was excluded from the library of Porterville and as Santa Cruz considers itself just as moral, if not more so, than Porterville, it is quite likely that the literary censors of the beach town will follow suit. The editor of the Santa Cruz News discusses the matter in a lengthy editorial, taking care to straddle the issue. There is one sentence in the editorial which is curious. "As to the propriety of 'The Common Law,'" writes the News man, "that should not be questioned very seriously by any library that sees nothing to object to in the novels of Voltaire." This sheds no light, but only darkness visible. Is Voltaire the standard by whom the trustees of Santa Cruz measure fiction? What novels of his are there in the library of the Surf City? Does the News man regard "Candide" as a novel? It is no more a novel than "Rasselas" is. It would be interesting to have this Voltaire-Chambers argument developed more fully for the benefit of the trustees. Best-seller Chambers certainly will not object to the company and there is no way of hearing from Voltaire.

The Drain on Ireland

The rosy hope of home rule in the very near future does not seem to check the steady drain on Ireland's population. In fact, the official figures which have just been made public, indicate a very marked increase in their loss over the year previous. Probably when Ireland has control of her own affairs there will be an improvement in conditions which will keep the cream of the Irish people at home. The annual report of the registrar-general shows that the excess of births over deaths in 1910 was 27,069, as compared with 27,786 in 1909. The loss by emigration amounted to 32,457, as compared with 26,676 in 1909, and with a yearly average for ten years from 1900 to 1909 of 35,888. There would appear, according to these figures, to have been a decrease of 5388, as compared with 890 in 1909. The population on April 2 last, according to the census, was 4,381,951, as compared with 4,458,775 in 1901. One of the most interesting facts brought out in the report is the maintenance of the decrease in the mortality from tuberculosis. Since 1908 this has continuously decreased, from 2.7 per 1000 to 2.3 in 1910.

To Close Gibraltar

Gibraltar, long the favorite Mediterranean bargain counter for American tourists, seems destined to lose its chief trade. The British Government at the present time contemplates banishing the coaling scows from the harbor, and this is but a preliminary step to closing the town itself to foreign visitors. The reasons are entirely military. Too many instances of espionage in recent years and too freqeunt visits from German passenger steamers explain the present purpose. What Gibraltar loses commercially Algiers, or even Tangier, when the Morocco question is settled, will doubtless gain, but with all their attraction neither can quite replace for the tourist the pleasure of trespassing upon forbidden ground and penetrating even a little way into the world's greatest fortress.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's ASTI SPECIAL, SEC is a true champagne, produced according to the French method. It is naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated.

Varied Types

XLI—INA COOLBRITH

By Edward F. O'Day

"If I may ask such a question, which do you regard as your greatest poem?"

Before answering, Ina Coolbrith looked out through the bay window of her apartment in Broadway to where Goat Island sprawled in a field of unruffled blue. I wondered what her answer would be. I remembered that Whittier had said that her "When The Grass Shall Cover Me" was the best poem in his "Songs of Three Centuries." Her eyes, the eyes of a sybil they have been called, turned from the window and an appealing smile illuminated her face.

"The poem I haven't written," she said.

"But which you expect to write?"

"Hope to write," she corrected with another smile.

The poem which she has not written but hopes to write. It was an answer to induce reflection. One could take so much meaning from it. Had Ina Coolbrith been really a Cumaean she could not have chosen more pregnant and at the same time more cryptic words. One never knows for certain what a poet means. I am by no means sure that I caught Ina Coolbrith's meaning when she spoke. The poem which she has not written. Does that mean a set of verses? Or are the words used in a more spacious sense? Was it her life she referred to? To many of those who know her it may well be that her life with its many poignant sorrows is the greatest of her poems. She has suffered and has not been embittered. She has sung while her eyes were wet with tears. Yes, it is quite likely that the poem she hasn't written, her best poem, is a poem whose music cannot be reduced to any words of hers.

Ina Coolbrith is almost the last survivor of the golden literary era of San Francisco, the era whose glory was crystallized in 1868 in the first numbers of the Overland Monthly. Her dearest friends have all laid down their pens forever. With a new generation has come a new literary school with more cleverness, perhaps; with more flash and flippancy, certainly, than the old. But not to be compared with the old. Yet to some of the members of the later school Ina Coolbrith extends the heartiest appreciation.

"I am not in a position to speak of all the later writers, but some whose works I know are very fine," she says. "There is Frank Norris. Had he lived he would have been our leading California writer. He was most wonderful and it is difficult to say to what height he might have risen.

"Mrs. Atherton is by far the leading woman novelist of the world. I make no exception. 'The Conqueror' placed her in that position. I certainly think that she has won a permanent place in literature by 'The Conqueror' and 'Tower of Ivory.' By her romances of early California life she will be forever identified with the literary history of the Pacific Coast.

"Herman Scheffauer has done most excellent work. And Herman Whittaker I rank very high. He has a fine command of English and is a careful writer. He masters his subject, too. Before he wrote 'The Planter' he went to live among the people he wished to describe. Work done that way always counts. Mr. Morrow too I hold in high estimation as writer, scholar and man.

"Ambrose Bierce is one of the greatest of the satirists. But satire can be kindly and I have always regretted that Bierce's lacked kindliness. With kindliness he might have done even greater things.

"George Sterling is a great poet. But he is a college man, a bookman and not as original as Harte and Miller who scarcely knew the grammar school. They possesed, however, a keenness of personal observation which Sterling lacks."

The mention of these great names carried Miss Coolbrith from the present to the past, that past of which she was no small part.

"As a short story writer," she said, "Harte has never been equalled and never will be equalled. As for his verse, it possesses a certain quality which does not raise it to the highest place in poetry but makes it rank side by side with the poetry, let us say, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Harte has been very greatly misunderstood. Nowadays people say that he made up his stories. But he didn't. He took them from life. 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat' was founded on an actual occurrence, although the outcasts didn't

INA COOLBRITH

die. Some people laugh too at the idea of an unlettered boy reading the Iliad. They consider it ridiculous to suppose that such a book could be found in a mining camp. But there were such books in the mining camps. My stepfather had Byron, Shakespeare and other poets with him when he crossed the plains.

"As a very young girl I saw a great deal of that life. When we crossed the plains our first camp was on the top of the mountains of the Plumas range. We spent our first summer in a mining camp. I used to rock the cradle for the miners. I was their pet and they used to make me presents of gold. Our party, by the way, was the first to come in through Beckwith Pass. Jim Beckwith himself guided us through.

"There is another thing I should like to say about Harte. Like Charles Warren Stoddard he was as intimate in my home as my own brothers. There were very few of his poems and stories which I didn't see in manuscript. I had my own heartache when he went away and seemed to forget his old friends in San Francisco. But it must be remembered that his life here had not been all roses. There was much suffering which he wished to forget, so he put a wall between him and the old life. But he still loved San Francisco and California. A friend of mine met him in the Tyrol afterwards and they were expressing their admiration of the scenery when Harte said, 'I'd give this whole country for one look at the blessed Sierras.'

"Joaquin's muse," Miss Coolbrith went on, "is a thing apart. It is strong and rugged. He belongs to no particular school. His was the first voice in California poetry. He is in very truth what he has been called, the poet of the Sierras.

"Stoddard I rank very high among the authors of the world. There is a fineness of style in his work which is not inferior to that of any author living or dead. I have a letter from Kipling in which he says that of the three who wrote about the South Seas, Herman Melville, Stevenson and Stoddard, Stoddard was the greatest. But there was a break in Stoddard's literary career. When he took up the pen again, he was crippled. Art, you know, is a jealous mistress and will have no rivals. Personally he was full of charm, of what a French writer, speaking of him, called 'an old world courtesy of manner.'

"Mark Twain always considered himself a Californian. 'The Jumping Frog' and other sketches which made him famous were first published in San Francisco. He was a remarkable man. He wrote me once that there was very little poetry on his shelves, but that he always had near at hand a copy of the Rubaiyat."

To Miss Coolbrith too the Fitzgerald quatrains are very dear. So are the works of Tennyson, dearer than Browning's. She thinks Browning scarcely superior to his wife. "He couldn't have written the Sonnets from the Portuguese," she thinks.

"There are very few great women poets," she remarked. "Only Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti and Jean Ingelow are in the first rank. We have some fine ones in America. Louise Imogene Guiney comes first. Then there are Edith Thomas and Theodosia Garrison."

"I have always been angry at myself," she went on, "because I did not try to portray the early Spanish life in verse. That period lives in stories by Mrs. Atherton and others, but it is not represented in poetry. As a girl I lived in Los Angeles when Los Angeles was still a Spanish town, but the old saying that in familiar places there are no wonderful things, was exemplified in my case. I was brought up in the midst of wonderful things and did not realize it till they had passed away.

"Poetry," continued Miss Coolbrith in answer to a question, "is a very distinct and very peculiar part of the art of literature. Nobody can tell where it comes from or how it comes. I began making songs before I could write them. I made verses to my dolls. My first published poems appeared in the Weekly Californian which was edited by Charles Henry Webb and afterwards by Bret Harte. Then it was merged into the Overland and I wrote for that. The Weekly Californian was a fine publication. Men like Mark Twain and Prentiss Mulford contributed to its columns. Twain used to write half a page of answers to correspondents every week. They were very funny but have not been included in his collected works.

"Those early writers formed a group that was really harmonious. They were not afflicted by jealousy. The success of one pleased all, for they were united by sincere friendship. I do not think that that condition exists today, do you?"

In concluding her pleasant remarks Miss Coolbrith told me that a manuscript volume of her verse was destroyed in the fire of 1906. I expressed my sympathy.

"Yes," she replied, "the annihilation of one's thoughts is a terrible thing."

From which I reluctantly infer that that volume will never be rewritten.

The Butterfly

George d'Esparbes (From the French)

The poor court gaiety. Never had Mademoiselle Aline laughed so madly as that morning.

"It's incredible!" scolded her grandmother. "So gay the very hour before your contest!"

The young girl gave a merry laugh.

"But, grandmother, you wouldn't want me to present myself before those gentlemen with a face drawn zig-zag like yours! Besides, what would the queen of the tournament think—the fresh rose that they are going to give us to paint—if I posed before her a solemn little countenance?"

Mademoiselle Aline was not solemn, oh not she! Fancy hair like fine spun silk, a mouth from morning to night adorable, two hazel eyes glowing with youth, their irises tinkling like two bells—for there are glances that ring in the hearts that they touch! Mademoiselle Aline was a love of a girl, the conspicuous figure in Cahors, where she instructed a class of young people in the fine arts. She was like a fresh sweet-pea pinned upon the old coat of the town. And talented!

This contest, childish in form but excellent in intention, was the result of a last benefaction of an amateur painter dying unrecognized. By establishing an annual prize of three thousand francs for "the young man or the girl not younger than fifteen and not older than twenty-five, who should best reproduce landscape or still life, fresh flower or fresh fruit," the generous artist bequeathed, if not to his paintings, at least to his compatriots, the care of keeping him in delightful remembrance. A member of the Institut de Paris was to preside. Every brush in the department was invited.

"Behold the garland!" whispered Cahors. "There are fifty of them under one single rose! Poor little rose!"

"It is today that I most feel our poverty," complained the old lady. "Ah, if your father only had not been a gourmand (in Gascony all spendthrifts are called gourmands), he would have left you enough to buy Sunday clothes. Are you pirouetting? Stand still till I look at you. Saber and cannon! I surely must have something on my old bonnets to give a touch of coquetry to your hat."

With tiny steps she went into the other room. Soon the hat of Mademoiselle Aline was adorned with a gay rosette of tulle. In just such rosettes must the elfs be born.

"And your gown! Turn around—turn, quickly! Now walk a little! It wrinkles in places; let me smooth out this crease." The grandmother broke the offending thread. "Now put out your foot. There, now you will do!"

The girl was still laughing.

"Your feet are perfect. Don't laugh! Be quiet! You worry, you, you terrify me. People don't laugh like that in competitions; you look as insolent as a new whistle!"

Her grandmother's coquetry kept the artist merry. "If you are not a perfect old 1828, grandmother dear! But no, I sha'n't laugh in the face of those gentlemen judges. On the contrary"—she affected a demure courtesy—" I shall choose my smile!"

"Then there are several kinds?"

"Know, dear little old person, that I have at least two—one every-day smile and one for company."

"You tipsy little rogue, who on earth taught you—" At the sound of the cathedral bell the frail old woman jumped like a ferret. "But that isn't all, and the clock is striking! Your easel, your pencils! Have you everything? Oh, and your color-box! How confusing it is to think for two—one forgets the most important things! Come, now!" She sank exhausted upon a sofa.

"Your kiss, dear heart!"

They embraced. The sun outside seemed to be saying: "Well, I am waiting for you!" The girl took her paint-box, drew down her veil with a bold little snap of her lips as if to say: "Those gentlemen of the competition shall see!" And Mme. de Colainville let her arms fall pathetically at her side; her spirits were gone.

"And yet," she said to herself, "a rose cannot be hard to paint! If Aline could make her rose understand how our flower-bed is cared for, the flower ought to inspire her with talent. What a noble action for a rose, to save two women!" That was the right word—"save." Not merely by the three thousand francs, but because the prize would lead a procession of honors. The prize, that is, the title of first woman painter in the department, with pupils crowding into the bright studio hung with blue-flowered chintz—it was better than a fortune, this prize; it meant a future!

Old Mme. de Colainville, snug in her corner of the sofa, her hands clasped on her knees, kept purring these dreams into the hollow of her black apron as the hours passed. "Shall I not be repaid today," she said to herself, half asleep; "I, the stubborn aristocrat, for having put on a peasant's shoes? When, so young a girl, I lost family and fortune, I gave up, too, the dance and the hunt, I sold my pearls, I bought no more pralines, I bathed in ice-cold water, my little elf and I have eaten only scraps of bread for ten years." Mme. de Colainville moved her dry lips feebly. "When she wanted to learn to paint, pardieubelle! I showed my horns. A Colainville in trade! She only laughed: 'Colain-ville or Colain-village, times are changed, grandmother; the king is dead. We are only just common folk; let me work like all the rest.' Then I left her to her brushes. Surely these judges ought to award the prize to such virtue as that!"

With these words Mme. de Colainville fell softly to sleep.

When the girl came home in the evening she could not hide her anxiety.

"You don't seem happy," said the old lady. "Will there not be the least bit of a laurel for us in the competition?"

"I believe not. Yet the model was well chosen. It was a great Gloire-de-Dijon rose, all fresh. It seems to me that my painting was pretty and true to life, but the inspector passed three time before my picture without stopping—I had place Number Nine. Yet he stopped often to admire others, especially Number Thirty-four. I could have cried!"

Then Mme. de Colainville grew angry: "What silly notions! Sit down, my blessed Number Nine; let us dine. We are not so poor that I couldn't make a special dainty for you tonight. Why, your inspector must be a patron of dunces! I should like to meet him!"

"As I was finishing my picture other judges passed; they didn't stop, either."

One of the rare tears that slept in Aline's eyes trembled an instant on her lashes. "Already I feel as if I detested Number Nine! I have no talent!"

"Take some of this custard. Dearie, a king would smell your rose Number Nine! You'll have first prize; don't cry. With the three thousand francs we shall get our winter provisions—we shall be rich, rich, and you shall grow white-haired in the country that saw you a little child! Wipe away your tears. My blood boils! Such a jury! As fit to judge as cocks in a china-closet! Do you know their names?"

"There is M. Carolus Duran, but he is too important a person; he will not come. Then M. le premier President Baconel, M. de Saint-Felu, M. Prades, the horticulturist, and M. Lambeye, the dealer in mortgages. The others I don't know."

"I'll go out and see them!"

"Oh, don't! Please, please! Besides, tomorrow morning the jury is to meet and assign the prize."

"To you!"

"No, I know who will get it—a pale, sickly rose that seemed to charm the gentlemen. It was done by a young person from Figeac, a pretty blonde, third in line at my left. M. de Saint-Felu even applauded her."

"Your head is a veritable bag of false coin, child! You talk and talk, and worry and worry! Tomorrow, when M. de Saint-Felu sees Number Nine he will applaud with his heart if not with his hands. The moon is already above the elm; it is bed-time."

And they went to sleep.

Next day, at ten, in a great room with blinds flung wide open, the judges were assembled before the fifty pictures. They proceeded by process of elimination. In the first hour fifteen canvasses, the poorest, were pushed aside. Carefully compared, twenty of the remaining thirty-five suffered the same fate; these were the mediocres. Fifteen were left. From this group of fifteen they drew out seven; then three.

On their easels the three painted roses looked equally pretty. But for other than those of ordinary men they could not be of equal value; there must be a little more of something or other in one than in the remaining two. Hence, perplexity.

"For my part," said the mortgage-dealer familiarly, "I am certain that if Carolus were in this room he would vote for Number Twenty-two."

"It has faults of drawing," said M. le premier President Baconel. "But Number Nine is of too somber a composition. How shall I express it? It is too simple, too natural. Number Eighteen is more picturesque. I vote for Number Eighteen!"

The horticulturist, something of a peasant, said nothing. Bent over, his heavy, knotted fingers resting on his knees, he studied the roses Number Twenty-two, Number Nine and Number Eighteen with breathless attention.

"These pictures are charming," chirped M. de Saint-Felu; "and I honestly believe that we shall have to give even prizes—no first, but two second prizes and one third. That is my judgment."

At that instant, entering by an open window, a little white butterfly fluttered above the heads of the gentlemen, alighted on one of the roses and caught its feet in the fresh paint.

The horticulturist rose: "As for me, I would give the prize to Number Nine!"

It was Number Nine that won; they dared not refute the butterfly's decision. "Glory and three thousand francs under a butterfly's wing!" cried the grandmother that night.

The artist had asked permission of the jury to free her benefactor, but when she removed him from the canvas he was dead. Mounted in one of those medallions in which superstitious women put a four-leafed clover, he hovers now on the wrist of Mademoiselle de Colainville, who, when she paints, softly invokes his aid.

Poems About San Francisco

(Joaquin Miller's "As It Was in the Beginning" or, as he calls it now, "A Song of Creation," created something of a sensation when it was first published, because the poet connected his inspiration with the Rooseveltian pronouncements about race suicide. It is a long poem in four books. Part of its action takes place in San Francisco. The following extract is the beginning of the second canto of the first book.)

VII—THE SEAL ROCKS

By Joaquin Miller

From out the surge of Sutro's steep,
Beyond the Gate a rock uprears,
So sudden, savage, unawares
The very billows start and leap,
As frightened at its lifted face,
So shoreless, sealess, out of place:
A sea-washed, surge-locked isle, as lone
As lorn Napoleon on his throne—
His Saint Helena throne, where still
The dazed world in dumb wonder turns
To his high throned, imperious will
And incense burns and ever burns.

Here huge sea-lions climb and cling,
Despite the surge and sethe and shock,
The topmost limit of the rock,
And one is named Napoleon, king.
Behold him lord the land, the sea,
In lone, unquestioned majesty!

She saw, she raised alert her head
With eager face and cheery said:
"What lusty, upheaved, bull-built neck!
What lungs to lift above the roar!
What captain on his quarter-deck
To mock the sea and scorn the shore!
I like that scar across his breast,
I like his ardent, lover's zest!"

The huge sea-beast uprose, uprose,
As if to surely topple down;
He reached his black and bearded nose
Above his harem, gray, black, brown,
Sleek, shining, wet or steaming dry,
And mouthed and mouthed against the sky.

What eloquence, what hot love pain!
What land but this, what love but his?
What isle of bliss but this and this—
To roar and love and roar again?

What land, what love but this his own,
Loud thundered from his slippery throne;
Loud thundered in his Sappho's ear,
As if she could not, would not hear.

At last her heart was moved and she
Raised two bright eyes to his black beard,
Then sudden turned, as if she feared,
And threw her headlong in the sea,
Another Sappho, all for love.
While Phaon towered still above—
An instant only; yet once more
That upheaved head, that great bull neck,
That sea-born, bossed, bull-throated roar—
A poise, a plunge, a flash, a fleck,
And far down, caverned in the deep,
Where sea-green curtains swing and sweep
And varicolored carpets creep,
Soft emerald or amethyst,
Two lion lovers kept sweet tryst.

The Spectator

Administration Vindictiveness

Several days ago a member of the State Board of Control took a Sacramento newspaperman to task for an article which he had written. It seems that the State Printer and several San Francisco firms had filed competitive bids for the printing of the Insurance Commissioner's report. Four bids were higher than the State Printer's and three were lower. The member of the State Board of Control complained that the newspaperman had mentioned the bids which were higher than the State Printer's. He thought that the newspaperman might have suppressed that part of the facts in his article. He thought that it would have been "more effective" to state that three bidders had underbid the State Printer, without mentioning that four had overbid him. The newspaperman expressed some amazement at the Control Board member's conception of news. Whereupon the member of the State Board of Control blurted out: "You're not standing in with that big stiff downstairs, are you?" "That big stiff downstairs" was W. W. Shannon, the State Printer. This story is told because it illustrates very clearly the attitude of the members of the Johnsonian clique toward those who are regarded as outsiders. That attitude is an attitude of vindictiveness and vindictiveness is an important note of the Johnsonian dispensation. Those who are not of or with the Johnsonian clique are "big stiffs." If you don't take the Johnsonion program you are standing in with the "big stiffs."

Three "Big Stiffs"

Adopting for the nonce the elegant diction of the aforesaid member of the State Board of Control, it may be stated that there are three "big stiffs" at the Capitol against whom the vindictiveness of the administration is working. These are Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan, State Printer W. W. Shannon and Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt. These men were doomed to exclusion from the governor's happy family before they entered upon their terms of office. The reason is simple. Frank Jordan defeated Friend Richardson of Berkeley, the Johnsonian candidate for Secretary of State; W. W. Shannon defeated Florence O'Brien of Chico, the Johnsonian candidate for State Printer; and Edward Hyatt defeated Allison Ware of Chico, the Johnsonian candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. So these three men are "'big stiffs." The administration is out to "get" them. Against Shannon and Hyatt the administration has already loaded its engines of attack. They have been placed publicly on the defensive and are privately worried, hampered and embarrassed in the performance of their official duties with a petty ingenuity usually regarded as the mark of the small mind. Jordan is made the victim of much private bedevilment, but he has himself assumed the aggressive in public and is giving the clique a dose of its own medicine. From all accounts they find it very bitter to the taste.

Efforts at "Getting" Them

When a holdover senatorial committee was appointed to investigate the State text book situation, the machinery for crushing Hyatt was set in motion. When that committee organized a member of it told Shannon in plain terms that there was no intention of going into the affairs of the State printing office. But they changed their minds. The new Board of Control started digging into Shannon's office and the text book committee decided to follow suit. The source of this decision may be easily traced when it is known that when Shannon made his first appearance before the committee he found that the governor was represented there by an attorney. Evidently the governor was taking a deep interest in the proceedings. But the Governor takes a deep interest in every measure that is initiated against his political enemies. If the opportunity had offered the Governor would have started proceedings to "get" Frank Jordan too. But Jordan proved impregnable to his attack, that is, to his open attack. He gave him blow for blow. He challenged the Governor to find fault with the administration of his office. As Jordan's office is being conducted better at the present time than ever before, in the opinion of those who do business there, the Governor had to decline the challenge. Instead, he resorted to vituperation and to underhand methods which in Jordan's picturesque vocabulary are those of "Darkest Russia."

The Administration Press Bureau

A press bureau is maintained at the Capitol to boost the friends of the administration and to discredit its enemies. Great mystery surrounds this press bureau. It has no headquarters that are known, no open channels for distributing its lucubrations; even its manager moves in darkness. The honor of presiding over this bureau has been variously assigned to J. Francis Neylan, formerly of the Bulletin and now of the Board of Control; H. A. French, formerly of the Call and now clerk to the superintendent of the Capitol; and W. R. Ellis, who was Johnson's press agent during the campaign. Jordan has been the recipient of particular notice from this bureau; so has Shannon. They were jointly charged in some of its articles published by administration papers with "juggling the constitutional amendments." When three printing firms underbid Shannon for the insurance commissioner's report the press bureau sent out an article, which was duly published in some papers, calling attention to that fact but ignoring the

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
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other fact that certain other firms had overbid him. The press bureau handles news in a different fashion from the Sacramento newspaperman who was accused of "standing in with that big stiff." The press bureau also charged Jordan with being the "willing tool of the railroad company" and with attempting to defeat the constitutional amendments. But while the press bureau pays its respects to Johnson's enemies, it does not forget the Governor.

"With Biting Irony"

The press bureau does not hesitate to flatter Governor Johnson. But its flattery is crude and inartistic, raising the suspicion that no newspaperman of any ability can be connected with this curious agency. Among other articles the bureau sent out several dealing with Johnson's stumping trip in support of the Recall. These were written in advance of the governor's setting out and blank spaces were left for the insertion of dates. One of them has become the laughing stock of the Sacramento newspapermen. It begins thus:

> With biting irony Governor Johnson at the outset of the constitutional amendment campaign has exposed the position of those who are accustomed to sneer at the idea of having the people rule. Furthermore, he has fashioned the words "mob" and "rabble" into two-edged swords and rendered them dangerous for the use of opponents of decent government. Governor Johnson has no patience with references to the people as the "mob" or the "rabble," whether the term be used by a high official of the nation or merely by a paid attorney of the Southern Pacific.

That expression "with biting irony" has become a favorite with the irreverent newspapermen. It is the latest pet phrase in Sacramento. Here is another sample of the press bureau's flattery:

> Governor Hiram W. Johnson, who gave up a handsomely lucrative law practice to lead the fight for the restoration of decent government in California, has not that fear of the recall of the judiciary that has been expressed by some of the high-priced attorneys of the Southern Pacific and other corporations. Governor Johnson's experience in the courts of California was far greater than most of the attorneys of the State, and his faculty of observation has been conceded to be keen by friends and foes alike. Of his judgment the people of California best can express an opinion.

Methods of "Getting" Foes

Together with that touching confidence in the people which finds expression in all the lucubrations of the Johnsonian press bureau, the administration combines a lively sense of the necessity of using suggestion to accomplish its ends. It is laying wires to "get" its enemies with the help of the dear people. There was considerable disappointment when it was discovered that Shannon could not be impeached because his was not a constitutional but a statutory office. So it is expected to make the findings of the Board of Control and the text book committee the basis of recall proceedings against him. Hyatt, too, may be subjected to the operation of the recall. So far there has been nothing found against Jordan to hang recall proceedings on, but the administration is hoping for the best or rather, the worst. Around the Capitol it is said with considerable assurance that recall proceedings will also be started against the members of the Supreme Court. Of course these things are problematical. The recall is not yet part of the State Constitution. But if the recall amendment is adopted there is no doubt that the administration will work it "to a fare you well" in order to "get" its enemies. Meanwhile the public is being suggestionized by means of inspired attacks circulated by the press bureau. In the case of the members of the Supreme Court, another administration mouthpiece has been kept busy. Franklin Hitchborne in his inspired articles is continually harping on the infamy of the Shay letter.

Board of Control Activities

The Board of Control devotes a good bit of its time to the vindictive purposes of the administration. But when it is not after the "big stiffs" it is by no means idle. It takes baseballs away from the Preston boys. It takes a leather contract away from a Stockton firm because an Eastern firm underbids by a total of seven or eight dollars. It declares that no official shall crease his trousers at the expense of the State. Two more recent performances of this board have been brought to my attention. Job Wood Jr., who is the statistician in the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, was sent to San Francisco during the convention of the National Educational Association to help entertain the guests on behalf of the State. He put up at the Palace Hotel and on his return filed a bill of expenses for some twenty odd dollars. This bill the State Board of Control has held up ever since because it considers that Wood paid a dollar per day more for his room at the hotel than he ought to have paid. Thus does the Board of Control justify its existence. In another instance the Board of Control jarred the feelings of one of its "own kind." French Strother gave up the propaganda of reform as a member of the staff of the beloved California Weekly to become a deputy in the office of Edward Hyatt. When Chester Rowell was lecturing on journalism at the State University he invited Strother to go to Berkeley and talk on magazine writing. Strother went and on his return turned in a bill for expenses amounting to six dollars or so. The Board of Control rightly refused to pay it, but Strother's feelings were hurt. His enthusiasm for a reform administration has cooled six dollars worth.

On the Road to Cathay

Spite of all that has occurred and is to occur to spread the name and fame of San Francisco over this sublunary sphere it is far from familiar even to inhabitants of English-speaking countries. Of this James H. O'Brien became aware on his recent visit to Europe. He arrived at the Lakes of Killarney shortly after they became the property of our prosperous townsman, Mr. Billy Bourne of the water octopus. With a view to getting a little local sentiment regarding the change of ownership Mr. O'Brien started a conversation on the subject with one of the guides. "Who was it bought this property the other day?" he asked.

"A man be the name iv Boorke," was the reply.

"From America?"

"Yis; he's fr'm a place called—eh—well—eh—oh, it's away out there where you take th' bote f'r China."

The Quick Mr. Magee

Tom Magee's friends—and others— have been discussing the performance by which he distinguished himself after the collision between the Olympic and the Hawke off the coast of England. Sentiment appears to be divided as to the motive and inspiration of the performance, which, to say the least, was sensational if not romantic. Immediately after the collision Mr. Magee made a hurried exit from the damaged liner, letting himself down a rope into a small boat, without so much as "by your leave" to the captain or "I'll see you later" to Mrs. Magee. Indeed Mrs. Magee, from all accounts, had no knowledge of her husband's departure, a circumstance that lends the color of eccentricity to the performance. Now the question under debate in club circles is, Was Tom seized with panic dread?" The question cannot be satisfactorily answered without full knowledge of the situation. We are told there was much excitement aboard ship, but no panic unless it be that which Magee carried away. Tom says that he left the ship because he was in a hurry to get home to his baby. With that keen insight for which he is distinguished, he realized that the Olympic couldn't take him across the Atlantic. He had an acute sense of the liner's crippled condition and a lively apprehension of the great crush there would be at the steamship ticket office. The echo of the im-

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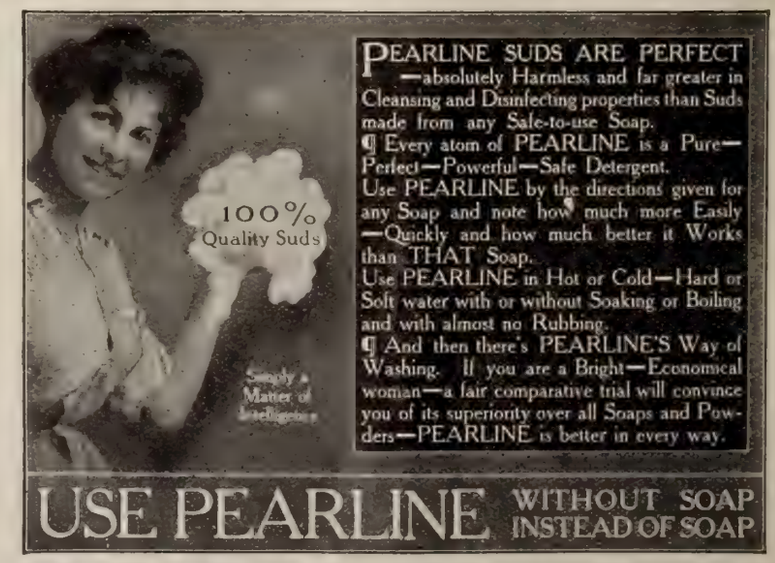

pact had hardly died away when Tom thought of home and baby and the urgent necessity of getting ashore before the rush. Of course he knew Mrs. Magee was safe and that her consternation at finding herself husbandless would be temporary. Those who know Tom intimately, who remember his daring exploits in the Yosemite, his grit on the polo field and his insensibility to danger on many occasions that may yet be celebrated in song and story, have no misconception of his performance in the emergency that confronted him the day of the collision. As a matter of fact it required no little courage to hang by a rope over the foaming deep and no little self-possession to beat all his fellow-passengers to the ticket office. But of course Tom's exploit has been misunderstood by persons who don't know him. They regard his explanation of his conduct as fishy. It has been always thus. The eccentricities of genius are always over the head of the man in the street. The truth is Tom Magee was the one and only hero of the collision.

When Heney Fell Down

In the course of a characteristic speech at Sacramento Frank J. Heney advocated, among other panaceas, the referendum. He declared that when the Western Pacific wanted to get into Sacramento its entrance was opposed by the Board of Trustees who were subservient to the Southern Pacific. Then he told how the Referendum was invoked with the result that the Western Pacific was admitted to Sacramento by a vote of 24 to 1. After making this statement, Heney paused but there was no applause. So he went on speaking and gradually worked over the same ground, repeating his statement about the glorious result of the referendum. Still there was no applause. He repeated the statement a third time with the same discouraging result. The explanation is not far to seek. The people of Sacramento are sorry for their action. They are sorry, not of course for admitting the Western Pacific to the city, but for admitting it where they did. The Board of Trustees wanted the Western Pacific to enter the city on the outskirts and offered it a depot site on the waterfront. But that route would have made a difference of about ten minutes to the Western Pacific and they held out for the plan with the Board turned down and the voters upheld. The result was that the Western Pacific came into the city between Nineteenth and Twentieth and J and K streets. When trains are passing these streets are closed. There have been a number of accidents and it is feared that there may be more, as the trains run close to the big new high school. That is why Heney failed to get a hand when he cited to Sacramento an instance of the triumphant working of the referendum.

The Cinnamon Bun

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Was Dr. Aked Ungallant?

The cause of woman suffrage suffered somewhat at the Unitarian Club Monday night when the merits and demerits of the cause were the topic of debate. It suffered at the hands of one of its champion, the Rev. Charles F. Aked, who made application of a principle which in all probability will come to be generally recognized as soon as women are vouchsafed the privilege of voting. The principle is that the arming of women with the ballot must work a forfeiture of their hitherto respected claim to the indulgence and protection of men. Dr. Aked's behaviour on this occasion seemed to indicate the assumption that woman already, by reason of her participation in the strife of politics, has put herself on a level with man, there to expect no indulgence or traditional courtesy, and to receive none. It was surely a far cry from the Unitarian Club debate to the days of the Knight of La Mancha or to any of those later days when the habits derived from the spirit of chivalry retained a striking effect on the manners of men, causing the observation of graceful and useful punctilios, and when the rights of the weaker sex demanded protection from every one who would hold a good character in society. One of the least of the inalienable rights of woman is that of having the last word. That right was denied a lady at the Unitarian Club debate. It was denied her by a minister of the gospel, by the Rev. Charles F. Aked.

His Harsh Language

Since the writing of the foregoing paragraph Dr. Aked has deemed it advisable to explain matters in the press. He denies that he denied a lady the last word. He explains that he didn't know she wanted the last word. The lady in the case is Mrs. William Force Scott, an advocate of the old order of things that came down to us from the days when Knighthood was in flower. Now the unfortunate thing about it all is that Dr. Aked put Mrs. Scott in an embarrassing position on the night of the debate. Mrs. Scott had said that Dr. Aked had been asked to vouchsafe her the privilege of closing the debate. When Dr. Aked took the floor he alluded to Mrs. Scott's impeachment of his gallantry, and in denying it made out a case against himself by his rather brutal language. He declared that there was not a word of truth in what the lady had said. Whether he meant that the lady was guilty of inaccuracy or misstatement, or merely that she had been misinformed, I am unable to say, but the impression that he made on many of his hearers was that he had put Mrs. Scott in an embarrassing, not to say humiliating, position. Which was as unfortunate for Dr. Aked as for Mrs. Scott. No man can afford to appear to be discourteous or even lacking in the good nature that goes before good breeding. Now Dr. Aked treated Mrs. Scott rather cavalierly, and whatever were his intentions he really hurt her feelings and excited for her the sympathy of many people. It is but fair to assume of course that Dr. Aked, carried away by his zeal for the cause was unconscious of the effect of his emphatic remarks.

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The Colonel Challenged

Dr. Aked has in a measure made amends by offering to meet Mrs. Scott in debate again and give her the last word. Furthermore he has challenged that veteran of the platform, Colonel John P. Irish, to debate the question of woman suffrage. Dr. Aked has the courage of his convictions and supreme confidence in his ability. A debate between Colonel Irish and Dr. Aked will be worth while.

A Question of Veracity

Now that it is all over it may be pardonable in one to be curious as to the facts respecting Mrs. Scott's plea for the advantage of the last word. Even though Dr. Aked merely holds that Mrs. Scott was misinformed, obviously there is a question of veracity between the clergyman and somebody. And notwithstanding Dr. Aked's denial Mrs. Scott insists that he was importuned to allow her the privilege of closing the debate.

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It is perhaps unfortunate that when Dr. Aked finished his speech he did not vindicate his inherent courtesy by inviting Mrs. Scott to reply to all that he had said. Had he done so all would have been well.

Primary Election Delights

Though the primary election is a thing of the past the municipal campaign is not yet over. We shall have another month of what Lincoln described as the "human wriggle and struggle for office." A grand thing is the direct primary. It takes the mind off business. It keeps the people keyed up to a high pitch of excitement for a protracted period. It holds the people by the ears for months at a time. It brings the government back to the people through the medium of a "municipal conference" of self-constituted guardians of the public weal. It gives everybody a chance to run for a job. It puts money in circulation and into the coffers of the newspapers and of printing establishments. The campaign cost Rolph's backers $70,000. It probably cost the McCarthy organization an equal amount. An average of $1,000 apiece is probably what the supervisors spent. The campaign for District Attorney cost almost as much as the mayoralty contest for Hathorn's backers spent money like drunken sailors. Hathorn's principal backer, I hear, was Heney's bosom friend Congressman Kent who is certainly no piker, as we know from the manner in which he loosened up when running for Congress.

Nonentities and Has-Beens

Now that the primary has come and gone it is interesting to look over the field of battle, take stock of the wrecks with which it is littered and study the psychology of it all. How curious is the vanity of man! There were scores of candidates at the primary who had no more chance of success than the proverbial cat in hell without claws, and yet each counted on his popularity to carry him through. Some of them were men of average intelligence, such as Nat. Coghlan and Henry Owens, who hoped to be in the running for District Attorney. There were veteran politicians who ought to know better, but they were under as great a delusion as nine-tenths of the inmates of the Napa asylum. Consider, for example, Robert Fitzgerald, candidate for Tax Collector, William Kennedy, candidate for County Clerk, Charles Wesley Reed, candidate for Auditor. Probably nobody suffered so keen a disappointment as ex-Congressman and ex-Judge James G. Maguire, who when he was the Democratic candidate for Governor received nearly 100,000 votes. He was one of the candidates for District Attorney and was lost in the race.

The Mayor's Emotions

Mayor McCarthy was able to make a pretty good front after his defeat, the reason being, perhaps, that it was not in the nature of a surprise. The handwriting on the walls of the Mayor's office was legible weeks ago, and the Mayor assuaged himself by easy stages. When he first saw the portentous shadow of the impending event he was transported with rage. That was about the time that the news came to him of the defection of James C. Nealon. The Mayor's satellites were terribly indignant at Nealon. Just before the big Rolph meeting at which Nealon presided the word went out that the meeting was to be broken up and that the principal speaker would be attacked by the Mayor's henchmen. The Chief of Police heard the report, and a large squad of police was sent to the hall to preserve the peace. In time the Mayor got control of his emotions, and when the battle was over he found solace in the evidence of the fact that despite the bitter fight made against him union labor had remained true to its champion.

Those Statue Suggestions

It was inevitable that Bishop Nichol's suggestion of a gigantic statue of St. Francis of Assisi should meet with opposition. The opposition was a little chary of showing itself when the enthusiasm evoked by the bishop's suggestion was still warm, but now it is beginning to make itself visible. Comes a veteran of the Mexican war and declares that either General Vallejo or Pathfinder Fremont should surmount the monument in Lincoln Park. "Let us have American history in the Panama Canal Exposition," says this veteran, "not the ecclesiastical learnings. As our poet Longfellow said in the last poem he ever wrote:

> "Out of the shadows of night
> The world rolled unto light—
> It is daybreak everywhere."

This looks to me like a carefully calculated "knock" against the patron saint of San Francisco. It is the worst "knock" he has had since Abe Friedlander confused him with Sir Francis Drake and declared: "This here St. Francis was the worst pirate that ever sailed the Spanish Main." There is still another suggestion for that statue which should come any day. It is William M. Bunker's idea that the figure on the monument should be a soldier in khaki to commemorate the fact that California was the first State to send troops over the sea. But we already have one soldier in khaki at Van Ness and Market street and lots of people don't consider him very artistic.

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Carl Browne of Coxey's Army

Mr. W. V. Lucas writes to the Santa Cruz Sentinel calling attention to an article about Jacob S. Coxey and his army of "The Common Weal of Christ" from the pen of Ray Stannard Baker who accompanied the army to Washington for the Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Lucas adds some particulars of his own, having stood on the steps of the Capitol when the "battle" took place. He calls Carl Browne the "real brains of the whole movement" and tells how, when Browne ordered the first division of the army into action, he was subdued by a couple of policemen. I have often heard Browne regaling an audience with the story and he has always declared that it took seven coppers to arrest him. Browne is a picturesque character. He eloped with and married Coxey's daughter and they have a ranch at Calistoga which, according to Browne, raises rocks and rattlesnakes but can't raise its own mortgage. He turns up at every session of the State Legislature and with the aid of a mimeograph gets out a queer sheet which he calls "the only itinerant newspaper in the world."

Browne and His Octoplane

Just now Browne is trying to defy the laws of gravity with an octoplane of his own invention. He started to make a flight at Oak Park, Sacramento, a few days ago but didn't succeed in getting away from terra firma. It is not to be expected that he ever will. Incidentally Browne claims to be a pioneer in airship invention. He says that he completed an octoplane in 1898 and went to the Patent Office with it. He was told that they couldn't think of issuing a patent for any airship which was not propelled by gas. If the story is true, it shows what an advance has been made in the past few years.

How Kearney Got His Money

In the old days of the Sandlot Browne was a sort of private secretary to Denis Kearney. He tells some very interesting stories about the great agitator. Among others he tells one which, I think, has never been in print, to account for Kearney's sudden rise to affluence. The story runs that one of our mushroom millionaires got wind of the fact that Kearney was going to attack him in the Sandlot and tell the history of his humble origin. Being sensitive on that subject the millionaire sent to Kearney and induced him to preserve silence by promising to open an account for him on the Stock Exchange by placing a lot of valuable Comstocks to his credit. According to Browne Kearney accepted these terms. His stocks were worth a great deal when he and Browne went East on that trip during which Kearney helped Ben Butler campaign for the governorship of Massachusetts. But during his absence Kearney's enemies were at work. They undermined his influence with the workingmen. At the same time there was a drop in Comstocks and Kearney was wiped out. Kearney came flying home and just in time. He regained his political ascendancy and compelled the millionaire to carry him for another bundle of Comstocks. This time Kearney watched the market, with the result that he cleaned up about one hundred thousand dollars. But he afterwards lost all his money in wheat.

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Edna Wallace Hopper Celebrated

Edna Wallace Hopper is of a volatile temperament and the soul of gayety. She loves excitement and when there is none about, she creates it. Her tour of the Sacramento Valley with Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter" had been uneventful until she reached Marysville. Incapable of standing the deadly dullness any longer, Edna took the situation into her own hands and soon raised a very tempest of hilarity. The climax came late in the afternoon of her arrival when she pedaled down the middle of the main street of Marysville on an old-fashioned bicycle, much to the delight of the citizens. The petite comedienne was so busy having a good time that an understudy had to play her part that night and when the company moved on to Chico, Edna stayed behind at Marysville, so the understudy had another chance to distinguish herself.

Glavis and the Reporters

I am told that since Louis R. Glavis arrived in Sacramento to become a member of Governor Johnson's official family, he has fought shy of the newspaper fraternity. He doesn't want to be interviewed and withdraws into his shell when a reporter appears within hailing distance. If the dreaded interview is unavoidable Glavis, I am told, goes through it in a condition bordering on nervous collapse. Apparently Glavis has had all the experience with newspapermen he wants and is determined to keep out of print as much as possible.

A Critic's Slip

"There is a legend," say Ralph E. Renaud, interviewing Mizzi Hajos for the Chronicle, "there is a legend that the most beautiful women in the world come from Vienna, or, rather, are to be found there. As Budapest is right across the blue Danube, in much the same relation that St. Paul bears to Minneapolis, a similar condition would doubtless hold true in the sister city." A pretty compliment, i'faith, but out of all consonance with geography. Get thee to the map, Renaud, get thee to the map!

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lady-in-Waiting to the Czarina

From St. Petersburg comes word of a high honor which is to be conferred on a young San Francisco girl. Miss Miriam Jones, the daughter of the Countess Artsimovitch, is to be made a lady-in-waiting to the czarina. This is a most unusual honor for a foreign-born girl and is particularly noteworthy as it comes at a time when the czar has given emphatic expression to his antipathy for the American invaders of the Russian aristocracy. Miss Miriam Jones is one of the two children of Mrs. Webster Jones, the other being a boy named Purcell Jones. Mrs. Webster Jones who was Beulah Hobbs before her first mrriage, is now the wife of the Count Artsimovitch and therefore fills a recognized position at the court of St. Petersburg. In order that her daughter may accept the position near the

Photo, Habenicht
MRS. VINCENT WHITNEY
With her two interesting youngsters. Mrs. Whitney was Pearl Landers, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Landers. Her sister is Mrs. F. W. Tallant.

throne which has been offered to her, it will be necessary for her step-father to adopt her according to Russian law. The necessary legal steps will soon be taken. Miss Jones is a very beautiful young girl, a Titian-haired beauty like her mother. It will not surprise the friends of the family if she marries like her mother into the Russian nobility.

A Sensation in Sacramento

The haut ton of Sacramento had a sensation of large proportions a few days ago when Miss Freda Cox became a bride. Miss Cox is the sister-in-law of George W. Peltier, the vice-president of the California National Bank and one of the leading citizens of the city. The Peltiers are extremely wealthy and hold a high position in the social life of the capitol city. What was the surprise of their friends therefore when it became known that Miss Cox had given her heart, hand and fortune (the latter very large) to her hairdresser. It is said that the family of the bride did everything in their power to prevent the marriage, but without avail. There was no doubt about the devotion of Miss Cox to the wielder of the curling irons, for it is said that for the pleasure of his company she used to have her hair dressed as often as three times a day.

Too Much Champagne

Rumor hath it that some of the girls who took part in the fete at Uplands for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage drank too much champagne at dinner and showed the effect of it afterwards. I am also informed that their unusual imbibition so worked upon their generous impulses that they disposed of some of the wares in the booths for ridiculously low prices. This would help to account for the comparative failure of the affair. It might also serve for the pointing of a moral, but moralizing about members of the smart set is not in my line. The clergymen who minister to the spiritual needs of our parochial aristocrats are careful to avoid hurting their feelings by condemning their transgressions, so why should I rush in where the men of religion fear to tread. But it is worth noting that there is to be less champagne dispensed at the parties this winter. The wise matrons who got together and decided to put the brakes on drinking knew what they were about.

Miss Miller Is a Nurse

Miss Marian Miller has carried out her intention of taking up nursing as a career and has entered the training school of the Children's Hospital. None of her friends thought she would go the lengths of giving up a luxurious home and her position in society where she has been a much sought belle, but to their surprise and sorrow she has adhered to the decision announced several months ago. Early this week Miss Miller's trunk was packed and removed from her father's residence in Pacific avenue to a small room in the nurses' quarters at the hospital and the young lady entered upon her duties that will give her no time for social functions for some time to come. Her intimate friend, Mrs. Douglas Fry, has, I hear, abandoned the idea of following her example for the present. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, prevailed upon her to remain with them where she has made her home since the separation from her young husband. Miss Miller is a beauty of the blonde type whose pulchritude is an inheritance from her mother, the first Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, who was one of the handsome Tucker sisters. Mrs. George W. McNear who was Etta Tucker and Mrs. Edward L. Brayton of Oakland who was Clare Tucker are the others. Miss Miller and her cousin Miss Ernestine McNear have been close companions since childhood. The present Mrs. Miller was Miss Janet Watt of Oakland, a sister of Mrs. Donald Campbell. I am reminded of other society belles who have donned the nurse's uniform in the past. Miss Blethen graduated from the same training school and after a year of professional nursing became a bride. The case of Miss May Hoffman who entered Bellevue Hospital in New York as a nurse is still fresh in the memory of her San Francisco friends. She is happily wedded to the Reverend James Johnson and lives in New Jersey. Both young women met their fate while following their profession.

The Debutantes and Their Mothers

A correspondent writes to ask me why I don't say something about certain young girls who are disrespectful to their mothers. The correspondent says that there are some girls who are to make their bow to society this season who scandalize by the snubs they administer to their mothers in public and by the shocking language which they apply to their mothers in conversation. It seems that they make fun of their

Photo, Scharz
MISS GENEVIEVE STURM
A young woman who is prominent in the smart set across the bay.

mothers, laugh at them, expose their foibles. In some cases, says my correspondent, they are even ashamed of their mothers for being old-fashioned, behind the times. The correspondent goes so far as to mention certain names. Well, this is a pity, but I don't see what can be done about it. I have noticed some of the things of which my correspondent speaks. I have thought at times that certain girls who offended in this way needed a good spanking. The hopeful circumstance is that in most instances the girls are almost young enough to spank. When they are a little older they will probably know better. Meanwhile the remedy rests with the mothers themselves. They can make their girls behave if they try. In some instances, however, foolish mothers are so impressed with the thought that their daughters are going into the smart set that they look up to them as though they were made

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The First Debuts

One of the first large functions of the winter season will be the reception at which Mrs. Eugene Bresse and Mrs. George Tyson will introduce their debutante daughters at the Fairmont on October 18. The two young ladies are pretty and attractive and have been active in the entertaining of the sub-debutante set where the popularity of both is well established and presages their success as belles of society. Mrs. Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, spent six months in Europe in preparation for the young lady's debut and brought home with them a wardrobe of beautiful frocks. I predict that Miss McMahon will be one of the best dressed of the winter's buds. Last year Miss Marie Louise Elkins was voted the possessor of the handsomest costumes of the season in the young set. Miss Tyson is the sister of Mrs. Harry Weihe and is pretty and bright. She has been hostess at several dances at the Claremont Country Club, the Tyson family being prominent in social circles across the bay. There is a whisper that the young lady has bestowed her heart on a certain naval cadet but no engagement exists as both are o'er young for a betrothal.

Where Will They Be Married?

The announcement that the marriage of Miss Marie Louise Elkins and Christian De Guigne Jr. is not to be solemnized in California has caused much disappointment in local society that had been anticipating a brilliant function at the home of Senator Felton in Menlo Park. Since the return of De Guigne and his brother-in-law-to-be, young Felton Elkins, from Europe it has been stated that the nuptials will be celebrated at the home of the bride's mother and step-father, the William Delaware Neilsons in Philadelphia. I have heard no confirmation of the report however and am inclined to believe that the original plan will be followed. Mrs. Neilson has ever been loyal to California, spending a portion of each year as the guest of her father since her first marriage took her East to live. When her daughter reached young womanhood she was brought to San Francisco to make her debut among the old friends of her mother who as Kate Felton was a much-sought belle. It seems meet that the wishes of the young bride's aged grandfather who is desirous to have the wedding here, should be observed. All of the groom's relatives on this side of the pond live in San Mateo and his grandmother, Mrs. Abby Parrott of San Mateo, would urge that the marriage take place in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, after a long sojourn in Europe, returned to their apartments in the St. Francis last week.

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Christian De Guigne is a cousin of Robin Hayne who will wed Miss Jane Selby on October 18 in San Mateo, and Miss Selby is a close friend of Miss Elkins, who however will not be in the bevy of attendants at the wedding. Miss Selby has selected Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Frederika Otis and Miss Barbara Parrott, the cousin of the groom, to attend her, and the marriage will take place in the Catholic church of San Mateo where Miss Nora Brewer became the bride of Edward Cudahy. It will be the first appearance of Miss Ethel Crocker and all but Miss Myra Josselyn in the role of bridesmaid. Miss Elena Eyre, step-cousin to the bride, is not yet out of school and it will be her first formal appearance in society though she will not make her debut for a year or two to come. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and her mother was Miss Nina Macondray. Miss Selby's mother was Mrs. Macondray by her first marriage.

A Piedmont Tea

Mrs. Edgar A. Jones gave a tea at her bijou bungalow in Piedmont on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Ruth Sadler and Miss Virginia Walsh. It was a most delightful affair marked by a display of many beautiful gowns and attended by society of both sides of the bay. Miss Sadler's engagement to Mr. Bertrand Yorke was recently announced. The pretty hostess of last week is to be the matron of honor on the occasion of the marriage. Miss Walsh is a star-eyed beauty from Los Angeles where she was by far the most popular debutante of last season.

Our Dances Invade Detroit

I am in receipt of a weekly paper from Detroit which conveys the interesting intelligence that the elite of that city are to dance the turkey trot and the grizzly bear at the fashionable affairs this winter. "It will not be many weeks," says the authority, "before certain progressives of Detroit's ultra set will divulge the fascinations of both the 'bear' and the 'trot.' It will be the guaging of a new pace for those who pride themselves on familiarity with all that is abreast the date and at the same time smart as distinguished from the merely sensational and vulgar." The paper calls these dances the "pet products of San Francisco's nether crust," so I suppose we must bear our blushing honors as modestly as we can. It takes pains to explain how the grizzly bear is danced, so that no smartsetter may be in ignorance, but warns its readers that it has not specified the "hilarious variations" known to San Francisco.

Recipe for the Grizzly Bear

Here are the directions which have been given to Detroiters desirous of being prepared when the fashionable hostesses introduce the grizzly bear: Position.—This is important. The man grasps the woman under the arms, his hands resting side by side on her belt line. The girl's arms rest beneath his shoulders, her fingers hanging limply and gracefully. During the dance she may sway at an angle whereby his strength is her only support from collapse. To lively ragtime in four-four measure the dance begins. With the faces close together they start the length of the ballroom, the man backward. The step is not a glide nor a fairy skip. It is a hop, the weight first on one foot, then the other. The couple sway sideways down the room like a ship at sea or a forsaken straw hat in the wake of a whaleback. There are no turns on the course—just that lumbering hop. Then the pair by mutual inspiration begin to revolve slowly but sharply. It is not a gliding revolution, nor exactly a pivot. It is similar to the dance of a couple of fancy roller skaters. A series of backward dips begins, although this series is minimized in the society edition. The slow but acutely accented twists increase in velocity until a cyclonic speed is attained. Such a whirlwind number lasts only one trip down the room. While it is in motion other dancers are forced not only to clear the way but to pause and marvel. The finish is perhaps the most sensational of it all. The man stops as he would in skating. The halt is short, sharp and decisive. Were it not for his firm mastery the damsel in his arms might be dashed to smithereens, lose puffs and coiffure braids. After this finale the only thing to do is to sit down breathless or else start the English Channel stuff all over again. Primeval, is it? Yes, a rhythmic echo from an age when the male sex dominated with what some femmes of this day have been moved to term a perfectly lovely brute tyranny. Society may win some thrills out of the new fad for which it does not reckon.

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In the Social Spotlight

Messrs. H. K. and A. K. Macomber, capitalist from Paicines Rancho, are guests at the St. Francis.

Marco H. Hellman, the banker from Los Angeles, together with his family, stopped at the St. Francis en route from Tahoe to their home in the southern city.

Mrs. F. W. Coleman of Washington, D. C. is registered at the Hotel Victoria during a short visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman have closed their country home and have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Hatch and Miss Jeanette Hatch have returned from a vacation in the country and are domiciled at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baker, Mrs. Winfield Scott, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McPherson and W. R. Hubbard motored from Los Angeles during the week, and made a short stay at the Hotel Victoria. The party motored in Mrs. Scott's big touring car.

Among the arrivals at the Victoria during the week are Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Hall of Lockport, New York, Dr. and Mrs. N. Telford of Vancouver, Mrs. C. B. Shaver and Miss Doris Shaver of Fresno.

Mrs. A. C. De Cora entertained a company of friends at bridge and tea during the week at the Hotel Victoria, where Mr. and Mrs. De Cora make their home. Two tables of players made up the company for the afternoon's pleasure.

Mrs. W. H. Garlick arrived at the Hotel Victoria during the week, to be the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. F. Morris for several weeks. In honor of Mrs. Garlick Mrs. Morris entertained a number of young friends at luncheon in the Dutch room at the Hotel Victoria on Tuesday afternoon.

The "International Trio," Miss G. Eubank, soprano; Mr. M. Sokolay, tenor; and Mr. A. Dziedzina, baritone, will be heard in a recital at Kohler and Chase Hall on Wednesday evening next. They are appearing under the auspices of their teacher, Professor Joaquin S. Wanrell.

Alvan B. Wilson, for the past three years assistant manager of the St. Francis Hotel, has resigned his position to engage in other pursuits. Wilson is one of the best known hotel men in the country, and during his business career in San Francisco he has made a host of friends, who received the news of his resignation with a great deal of surprise and regret. He will sever his connection with the St. Francis today.

Among the guests at E. S. Armstrong's dinner at the Del Monte Club House recently were Vincent Whitney, Chapin Tubbs, Harry Scott, Frank Kales, Stewart Lowery, "Dusty" Millar, Edgar Parsons, Cyril Tobin, Joseph Tobin, C. Turner, Dr. D. P. Fredericks, E. Lestock Gregory, H. Schwartz, A. H. Keeney, M. H. De Young and George Cameron.

Tuesday Evening at Tait's

Mr. Tait who is ever alert in the interests of his guests, made arrangements to show election returns on Tuesday evening. A merry and expectant crowd were gathered at that friendly and popular cafe and rejoiced over the good news while they partook of the generous hospitality. Tait's is always an interesting place, peculiarly San Franciscan. City people make a practice of taking their out-of-town friends there because it is different and entertaining. The decorations, which change frequently, are always artistic; the music splendid; the dishes delicious and the service unsurpassed. Take it all in all, Tait's is a favorite place constantly making new friends and retaining the old ones.

Hotel St. Francis
SAN FRANCISCO
Reserve tables now for the evening of Saturday, October 14th, to be devoted to a typical San Francisco night of celebration in honor of President Taft, to whom we are largely indebted for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.
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SOME OF OUR FEATURES
A specially prepared lunch, served daily from our Kitchen on Wheels in three minutes, ranging in price from 45c to 55c including an elaborate and tasty dessert and black coffee.
A dainty lunch served gratuitously to ladies every day during shopping hours, between 3:30 and 5 p. m.
Six new daylight pictures shown every day during shopping hours, also in the evening between 8:15 and 10:30 o'clock.
Instrumental concerts at luncheon, shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre. Orchestra under the leadership of Signor Gino Severi, graduate of Italy's foremost musical conservatory, who is ably assisted by talented musicians, each a soloist.
Re-engagement by popular request of the gifted prima donna soprano, Miss Florence Drake Le Roy, who will sing during shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre.
A dainty and acceptable souvenir, presented to ladies every Saturday afternoon, between 3:30 and 5 o'clock.
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LUNCH 75c REGULAR DINNER $1.00
Short orders at all hours. Music every evening.
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A Real Newspaperman at Last

By Edward F. O'Day

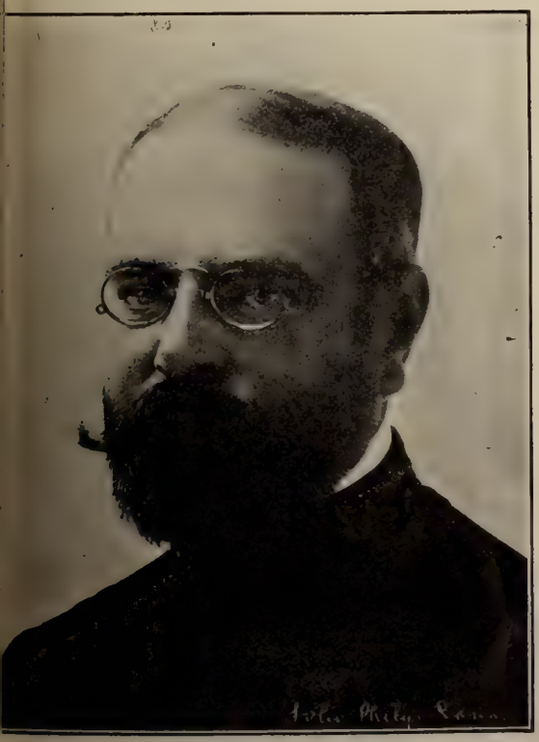
For years we've been waiting for him. Not, it must be admitted, with the liveliest confidence that he would eventually make his appearance, but with a sneaking notion that he couldn't be excluded from the stage forever. And now at last we have him. The real newspaperman has been shown behind the footlights. The glory of showing him belongs to Edgar Selwyn and the honor of portraying him is well taken care of by Frank McCormack who plays Fred Merkle in "The Country Boy" at the Columbia. Offhand it doesn't seem a difficult task to write the part of a newspaperman into a play. The newspaperman is omnipresent. Men and women of affairs meet him every day. Like death and the tax collector he comes at intervals into every family. People who write for the stage are bound to see a lot of him. He's not given to mystery. More than most busy men he wears his purposes on his sleeve. He is not difficult to understand. But just the same, most playwrights have failed to hit him off. They parody him. They give him a notebook (which he has never been known to use) and drag his pencil (which he keeps in the background) into the most distressing conspicuity. His time which is the most precious thing he has, they waste on all sorts of melodramatic stunts. They keep him away from his office when the paper is going to press, to make him a hawkshaw or a lord bountiful. They insist that he shall do things for which any self-respecting city editor would fire him. They show him killing stories which even his managiing editor would hesitate to kill. They make him sentimental and mawkish when, as a matter of fact, he outgrows sentimentality and mawkishness in his cub days. But Edgar Selwyn has not done any of these things in "The Country Boy." Fred Merkle is the real thing. His status is not fixed, but I suspect that at some time in his career he has been a night editor, he's so crabbed. Or perhaps the head of the copy desk. When we meet him he's probably just a copy reader—a copy reader with rheumatism in his shoulder. Like the great mass of newspapermen he's not been a great success. But again like most newspapermen his lack of success has not turned his blood to vinegar. His bark is loud but he has no bite. He is willing to share his last dollar with a youngster in distress or with a gambler who has a hunch. Having an eye in his head he can see when a lad's in trouble and possessing a brain that works quickly he knows how to act to save the lad from folly. When his luck changes and he is able to start a paper he knows how to run it. He actually refuses to kill a big story for sentimental reasons—a thing hitherto unheard of among stage newspapermen. Yes, Fred Merkle is "the goods." And Frank McCormack plays him to the life. Frank McCormack must know newspapermen as well as Edgar Selwyn does. There are some delicious touches which only a newspaperman can fully appreciate. "Ever work on a newspaper?" Fred Merkle asks the country boy. "I was Fairview correspondent for the Buffalo Express." "I said a newspaper" is the contemptuous reply. Well, it was about time we were getting the real thing. The real newspaperman has been appearing in some of the magazine stories occasionally. Why not on the stage? "The Country Boy" is a good play all through. You enjoy every minute of it. But if it were a poor play, it would still be worth while because it signalizes the appearance of the real newspaperman on the stage.

Gossip of the Theatre

Harry Bulger and "The Flirting Princess"

Shows of the sort in which Harry Bulger and others like him ingratiated themselves with theatergoers are not being built anymore. Instead of constructing funny shows and picking a comedian of the Bulger type to head the cast, the stage carpenters nowadays fit a frame of fun, music and spectacle about the person of a star. The show has become a "vehicle" for the star. The star gains in prestige, but the volume of popular pleasure is diminished. "The Flirting Princess" is a "vehicle" (detestable word!) for Harry Bulger. Without Harry Bulger it wouldn't amount to much. When he is not displaying his comic powers "The Flirting Princess" is slow. Bulger has two songs, "He was a Soldier Too" and "What Us Girls Go Through" which are the cream of the entertainment. He indulges also in a lot of horseplay and nonsense which make you forget that you are a highbrow. Decidedly, "The Flirting Princess" would be a vehicle standing still if it were not for Harry Bulger. It is too bad, for Bulger's and the audience's sake, that it doesn't move faster than it does. Bulger could maintain a much swifter gait, but the stage carpenters who fitted the show together had a timid respect for the speed ordinance. The flirting princess is not much of a flirt. She merely desires to kiss her men once. But then, she's from Egypt which hasn't been abreast of the times since the last pyramid was built—and that, I believe, was before Mrs. Potiphar's flirtatious tendencies were checked by Joseph. The kissing flirt is attired in the sort of harem costume which a lot of young women wore at a recent charity fete near Burlingame, but she isn't nearly as attractive as some of those girls. That may account for her securing very few kisses in the course of the play. Miss Eileen Sheridan is much more attractive than the flirting princess from old Nile. She dances very well and is a young woman of some initiative, for she is responsible for one of the best dances in the show, "The Gloomy Gloom." This is a much better dance than the Egyptian turkey trot or the oogie dance. The turkey trot from Egypt is not to be compared with the turkey trot from Caesar's. I can imagine the fat presiding genius of this latter resort turning up his nose in contempt at the performance. The oogie dance is supposed to be an importation from China, despite the fact that men don't dance in China. It is the reduction to the absurd of the present craze for interpretative dancing. Some Chinese who sat in front of me at the Cort looked at it with the nearest approach the Chinese countenance allows to an expression of unspeakable amazement.

—Edward F. O'Day.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
"The March King."

The Sousa Concerts

Sousa and his band of sixty open at Dreamland Rink this Sunday afternoon, October 1, and concerts will be given every afternoon at three and every evening at eight-fifteen until next Wednesday night inclusive. At tomorrow afternoon's concert the special features will be Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" Suite, Richard Strauss' Tone Poem "Till Eulenspigel's Merry Pranks" and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Paul Dukas, the young French composer. In the evening Sousa's latest suite, "The Dwellers of the Western World" will be heard for the first time here. Professor William Dallam Armes announces two Sousa concerts at the Greek Theater to be given next Thursday afternoon and night, October 5.

A Polo Game at the Orpheum

The Six American Dancers, "Sextette of Stylish Steppers," will head the Orpheum bill next week. It is two years since they were last seen here and during their absence they have practically danced themselves round the world. They give four numbers: the American Vivandieres, by the Misses Lovenberg and Ramsay; the dancing Adonis, by Purcella and Orben; and the Pierrot by Charles Connor; and a finale. The Avon Comedy Four in their farce "The New School Teacher" comes next week. John W. World and Mindel Kingston will present a mixture of singing and dancing that is novel. Miss Kingston's beautiful soprano will be heard in several grand and light operatic numbers and she will wear a number of beautiful costumes. A game of polo will be played at every performance next week by the international polo teams, the Shamrocks and the Thistles. Bicycles are substituted for horses and the tires are used to knock the ball about. Next week will be the last

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of Harry Breen; Conlin, Steele and Carr; the Seven Belfords and Sam Mann in "The New Leader."

"Alias Jimmy Valentine at the Cort

Harry Bulger will be seen for the last time in "The Flirting Princess" at the Cort tonight. Sunday night will mark the opening of a two weeks' engagement with the distinguished actor, H. B. Warner as the star of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the famous Paul Arsmtrong play which is

PASQUALE AMATO

Star baritone, Metropolitan Opera Co., as the Sheriff in "The Girl of the Golden West."

based on O. Henry's story, "A Retrieved Reformation." Mr. Warner comes here with the same company that acted as his support during the two years' run at Wallack's Theatre, New York. The completeness which characterized the Gotham engagement will be in evidence here. In addition to Mr. Warner the cast is notable. Phyllis Sherwood and Frank Monroe may be mentioned. Gertrude Hoffmann's "Saison des Ballets Russes" will follow the engagement of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," beginning Monday, October 16.

Amato, the Greatest of Baritones

Pasquale Amato, star baritone of the Metropolitan and creator of the role of Jack Rance in "The Girl of the Golden West," will be heard for the first time in this city at Scottish Rite Auditorium one week from this coming Sunday. He will have the assistance of Mme. Gilda Longari from La Scala of Milan and Signor Fernando Tanara, conductor at the Metropolitan. On Tuesday night, October 10, Amato will give a special concert under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association which promises to be a big social as well as musical event. The other Amato concerts are announced for Thursday night, October 12, and Sunday afternoon, October 15.

Nance O'Neil in "La Tosca"

"Las Tosca" which has been pronounced Sardou's masterpiece, will be the Alcazar's attraction the coming week, with Nance O'Neil in the title part and the full strength of the regular company in her support. The play has not been presented here since Miss O'Neil last appeared in it, about eight years ago, when it had a very profitable run. In operatic form, however, it has been given by the Conried and Lambardi companies, and for its success the Sardou book was no less responsible than the Puccini score. It is a play of intense situations and powerful climaxes. Its action proceeds swiftly and with cumulative interest until the final curtain falls. As all the scenes are laid in modern Rome, opportunity for picturesque staging is afforded.

The Offerings of the Columbia

"The Country Boy" will be seen throughout the coming week at the Columbia. It has been attracting big attendance. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The next attraction at the Columbia will be Henry B. Harris' production of James Forbes comedy, "The Commuters" which will be seen here for the first time on Monday night, October 9. It is said that Forbes has successfully followed up his other big success "The Chorus Lady." This new play will be played by a strong cast.

Another Week of the "Inferno"

The realistic presentation of Dante's "Inferno" will be given for another week at the Savoy, commencing Sunday, with a matinee every day at half past two and an evening performance at half past eight. All the incidents in the "Inferno" are reproduced in a most life-like manner by motion pictures. The explanatory lecture, music and effects accompanying the five reels of pictures lend an additional charm to the entertainment.

Nordica Coming

Madame Lillian Nordica, assisted by an excellent company, will be heard in concert in this city before long. The great diva's first concert will be given on Saturday, October 14, at the Pavilion in Sutter street. That will be a great day for San Francisco, for it will see President Taft break ground for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Madame Nordica will appear here under the auspices of S. H. Friedlander, the well known theatrical manager.

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And His BAND
DREAMLAND RINK
Steiner at Sutter
FOUR AFTERNOONS and FOUR EVENINGS
Starting this Sunday Afternoon and Evening, October 1st
Seats, $1.00, 75c and 50c at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's.

SOUSA AT GREEK THEATRE
Next Thursday Afternoon and Evening
OCTOBER 5th
At Stanford---Friday Night, October 6th

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AMATO
Star Baritone of Metropolitan Opera Co.
Assisted by Mme. Gilda Longari, Soprano
M. Gernando Tanara, Conductor-Pianist
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Two Sunday Afternoons, October 7-15
Tuesday Evening, Oct. 10 (Auspices Elizabeth Murison School Association)
Thursday Evening, October 12
Prices, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Sale opens next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's.
Baldwin Piano Used.
Coming—LEONARD BORWICK, Piano Virtuoso.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Gottlob, Marx and Co., Managers
Nightly, including Sunday
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Second and Last Week Begins Monday, October 2d
Henry B. Harris Presents
THE COUNTRY BOY
A Story of City Life by Edgar Selwyn
Prices: $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.
October 9th "The Commuters," by the author of "The Chorus Lady."

CORT THEATRE
Ellis and Market Sts.
Leading Attractions Only
Phones, Sutter 2460 and Home C 1050
Matinee Today—Last Times Tonight
HARRY BULGER in "The Flirting Princess"
Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Night
Two Weeks—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
H. B. WARNER
In Paul Armstrong's Great Play
"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"
Based on O. Henry's Short Story, "A Retrieved Reformation." Liebler and Co., Managers.
Prices: 50c to $2.00.
Beginning Monday Night, October 16th, GERTRUDE HOFFMANN in "La Saison des Ballets Russes."

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A Most Remarkable Exhibition
Five Highly Artistic Reels
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Monday Evening, October 2d, and Throughout the Week
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NANCE O'NEIL, Aided by the Alcazar Company in
LA TOSCA
Sardou's Most Dramatic Play
Prices—Night, 25c to $1.00. Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday
Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.
Next Miss O'Neil in "Elizabeth."

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon—Matinee Every Day
THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
SIX AMERICAN DANCERS, a Sextette of Stylish Steppers; AVON COOMEDY FOUR in "The New School Teacher"; JOHN W. WORLD and MINDEL KINGSTON, Running the Entire Range of Vaudeville Work; INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAMS, Shamrocks vs. Thistles; HARRY BREEN; CONLIN, STEELE & CARR; 7—BELFORDS—7; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of SAM MANN and His Players in "The New Leader."
Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Suspicions that the recent recovery in stocks was only temporary were confirmed last week when prices broke with considerable severity and further new low records for the year were made. Toward the close of the week there were well defined fears that the liquidation by important interests, which has been the bane of the market, had been renewed. If there was any banking support, it extended no further than purchases on the break. There certainly was nothing like aggressive bull buying. Last week's renewed slump, coming after such a prolonged decline and after prices already appeared to have discounted every prospective evil on the calendar, was a bitter disappointment to the financial community. It appeared to be founded chiefly on a renewed outbreak of hostilities against trusts by the Administration. Contributory causes were disturbing labor, political and financial conditions abroad. Much emphasis was laid on what looked like a suggestion by the Chief Executive that big corporations anticipate the government by dissolving of their own volition if they find themselves violating the Sherman act as interpreted by the Supreme Court. The implied threat read into the speech by a good many interests that the government would act if the corporations failed to, was regarded by the more pessimistic ones as signifying that wholesale dissolutions were inevitable, with all attendant evils such an outcome would bring. Across the seas developments were also unfavorable. The Imperial Bank of Germany put its discount rate up to five per cent while private discounts advanced in all parts of Europe. In London English consols made a new low record for the year. At the moment stocks look lower.

Wheat—The principal factor in the wheat market the past week was the long looked-for action on the reciprocity treaty by our Canadian friends. It was the general opinion throughout the United States that Canada would vote in favor of reciprocity and the trade backed their opinion by getting short wheat anticipating a drop in the market when this was ratified. The farmer thinking it would be unwise to hold his wheat against the probable passage of the treaty, had sold his surplus wheat. The miller of the same opinion deemed it unwise to load up with wheat or have a surplus of flour on his hands. As a result, receipts of wheat at all primary markets have been very large and stocks have shown a steady accumulation. Now that reciprocity is a dead letter millers are compelled to come into the market at higher prices for their supplies and the cheapest market in the United States is Chicago. Receipts from now on will show a heavy decrease from week to week and prices of all futures are bound to advance. Our crop of wheat this year is only 635 million bushels and our requirements are right around 600 million bushels. We have already exported 25 million bushels and will probably export a good deal more in the way of flour before the season is over. Wheat is not high compared with other food products and should anything happen to the Argentine crop, sensationally high prices may be realized. We strongly favor the purchase of wheat at this level.

Corn—The market has been very quiet and price changes have been slight compared with last week. September option seems congested and elevator interests are scouring the country for corn to be delivered on contract. The growing crop is getting along nicely under favorable conditions and the next government report is expected to show an improvement in condition. Corn looks high at prevailing prices.

Cotton—Weather during the past week was favorable for the growing crop in all sections of the belt, except perhaps in south Texas where moisture would be of benefit for the making of a fall crop. As a result, crop accounts show an improvement, considering that this is the period of deterioration and maturity of the plant. There was less complaint of damage by worms and other insects. Picking and ginning made favorable progress and the movement to market was quite free. Another week of such weather would advance late cotton all the more. This would lessen the chances of injury by frost and freezing weather next month (in the event of a cold wave materializing), as was the case last year when the crop was so late in maturing outside the drouth sections of Texas. As yet there has been no storm of consequence in the cotton belt this year other than the blow off the Carolina-Georgia coasts. The period of high temperatures is past, the weather being a little cooler of late and will probably gradually moderate until colder weather makes its appearance, probably by the middle of October. Receipts of cotton at all ports would indicate that the farmer is a free seller of cotton as the into-sight movement for the week showed over 500,000 bales. Exports are rather heavy, but not unusually large for this time of the season, and the demand is not great enough to effect the price of the staple. This is due, perhaps, to the interior meeting the market. With a continuance of favorable weather it is probable that the market will continue its downward course next week.

Randall—My wife plays and sings and recites.
Rogers—Has she any other defects?

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	$ 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund	$ 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911	$44,567,705.83
Total Assets	$47,173,498.51

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Auto Notes

The Pacific Motor Car Company reports the delivery of a 1912 Cole 30 to Mr. George P. Machedo.

Mr. H. W. Westphal who is touring through Europe in his Stevens-Duryea writes the Pacific Motor Car Company that there are but forty thousand autos in all Germany and a peculiar feature of most all the machines is all the rear wheels reverse when making a sudden stop. The cost of 75 degree gasoline is but thirty cents per gallon. Berlin has the finest taxis in the world, the most courteous drivers and the cheapest rate, as the fare is but twenty cents per mile.

Mr. W. H. Weilbye, an enthusiastic motorist and Stevens-Duryea owner, has just returned from a three months' tour, driving his Stevens-Duryea from San Francisco to Los Angeles, San Diego and to the Mexican line, a total distance of over three thousand miles.

One day recently the Packard company shipped forty-one passenger cars, of which twenty were "Sixes." Twelve trucks left the factory the same day, establishing a new high record for one day's business for this concern. Although three machines were shipped by boat and two were delivered at the factory, twenty-seven freight cars were required to handle the day's shipments by rail.

Fruit growers have been slow to recognize the many advantages offered by use of auto trucks in their business. Their argument has been that because of the speed possible in traveling the fruit would be damaged to a considerable extent by the jolting. This was a question almost entirely up to the tire manufacturers, to develop a tire of such resiliency as to absorb all road shocks and thus protect the fruit from injury. Mr. Orlande Moore of Visalia, Cal., one of the important fruit raisers of that locality, has just demonstrated that the question has been solved to the satisfaction of the most sceptical. With his big Kissel Truck Mr. Moore brought 7240 lbs. of grapes the 315 miles from Visalia to San Francisco without a grape being bruised. The actual running time was only 31 hours. The truck was equipped with Diamond Demountable Wire Mesh Base Tires. The roads from Fresno to Los Banos, as well as the roads over the Pacheco Pass, are in very bad shape, but in spite of that fact and also that the four inch tires carried nearly a ton overload, they scarcely showed any effects of their hard journey.

Ralph Mulford, who through an accident to his Lozier car at Elgin, lost the Elgin National Trophy Race, is in New York City. His failure to win the Elgin Trophy for the second time was a great disappointment to him as he had a car which was faster than any car in the race and until the accident which put him out of the race felt confident of winning. The Elgin road race was the sixteenth race in which Mulford has taken part since he won the 24 hour Brighton Beach race in 1908, and this was the first time in these sixteen races that he and his Lozier car failed to finish. This record of Mulford and the Lozier car for consistency is without parallel, and when the Lozier car drew up at the pit on the eighth lap, it was difficult for the spectators to realize that the car was out of the race for good. Mulford took the lead from the start, and during the 65 miles which he ran he was never headed, gaining from 15 to 20 seconds on the entire field at every lap. The slowest round which he made was faster than the best time made by any other contestant, and his fastest lay in 7 minutes and 13 seconds established a record for the course which will stand for the next year.

Mr. C. E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of the Diamond Rubber Co., claims that the automobile tires are largely responsible for the present development of the motor car. He said recently in an interview: "One of the glaring omissions in nearly every story of the development of the automobile is the entire absence of mention of the part which the automobile tire has played, and is still playing in the growth. Nevertheless, it is an incontrovertible fact that the modern automobiles would have been utterly impossible of achievement without the simultaneous development of the tire to the present state of near perfection. The automobile tire is the true foundation of the automobile."

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 9,593; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED BECK, Deceased.

Anna Beck, the Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Beck, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, September 7, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Atty. for Administratrix, 802 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 37,796.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS RUFFIEUX, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louis Ruffieux, deceased.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 30, 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER FISK TIRES FOR SERVICE
BRANCHES WITH REPAIR DEPTS. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND - LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO - FRESNO

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,721; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUISA M. MUIRHEAD, Deceased.

Knox Maddox and Joseph M. Loewe, the Executors of the estate of Louisa M. Muirhead, deceased, having this day filed a verified petition for authority to lease the real property belonging to the said estate, hereinafter described, for the period and at the rental hereinafter stated, and it appearing that the giving of said lease will be advantageous to the said estate,

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be, and they are hereby, required to appear before this Court on the 5th day of October, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of said Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said Knox Maddox and Joseph M. Loewe, as such Executors, to execute a lease of the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter described for a term of five years, beginning October 1, 1911, and ending September 30, 1916, at a rental of $9,300.00, payable at the rate of $100 per month for the first year, $125 per month for the second year, $150 per month for the third year, $200 per month for the fourth year and $200 per month for the fifth year, as stated in the said petition.

That said real property is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is described as follows: That certain building known as and called the Newton Hotel, situate on the easterly side of Ninth Street, distant thereon 76 feet more or less northerly from the northeasterly corner of Harrison and Ninth Streets, together with the appurtenances, reserving, however, the store premises on the ground floor of said building.

For further particulars, reference is hereby made to the above mentioned petition on file herein.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, September 18, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 18, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES A. BALLENTINE and DAVID FREIDENRICH, Attys. for Petitioners, 587-595 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff, 309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY HUNTLY TAYLOR, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard, executrices of the will of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrices at the office of John Flournoy, Esq., Room No. 1033 in the Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Henry Huntly Taylor, deceased.

FRANCES EASTON TAYLOR and
ADELINE MILLS TAYLOR HOWARD,
As Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor. Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

JOHN FLOURNOY, ESQ., Attorney for Frances Easton Taylor and Adeline Mills Taylor Howard as Executrices of the Will of Henry Huntly Taylor, Deceased. 9-2-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ANNE GWINN, (sometimes known as and called ANNIE GWINN), an Insane Person.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, as the guardian of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, duly made and given on the 4th day of September, 1911, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, the undersigned, as such guardian, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1911, all of the right, title and interest of the said Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning of the Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue (formerly Seventh Avenue South) at a point distant One Hundred Seventy-five (175) feet Southeasterly, measured along said line, from the Southeasterly line of Newhall Street (formerly "N" Street South); running thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of Lot No. 31, in Block No. 139 as per map entitled "Map of the lands of the Central Park Homestead Association," recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book "C and D," page 87 of Maps.

Bids or offers in writing will be received by the said guardian at the law offices of R. L. Beardslee, Esq., Rooms 203-204, Yosemite Theatre Building, (situate on the East side of North San Joaquin Street between Main Street and Weber Avenue), in the City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be left with J. C. Quinlan, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at his law offices, in Rooms 714-719, Humbolt Bank Building, City of San Francisco, State of California.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in lawful money of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, the balance of the purchase price to be paid to said guardian upon confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court.

Dated at Stockton, California, September 11, 1911.

WALTER N. PARRISH,
As Guardian of the Person and Estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an Insane Person.

R. L. BEARDSLEE, Atty. for Guardian, Rooms 203-204 Yosemite Theatre Building, Stockton, California. 9-16-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased.

WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,971; Dept. No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of EMILIE BOUQUET, Deceased.

Ernest Bouquet, the Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court his verified petition herein, praying for an order of sale of an undivided one-half interest in and to certain improved real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, being all of the estate of said decedent, for the purposes set forth in said petition, located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

And described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of land beginning at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet, running thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet, running thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet, and running thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a five room, one story frame cottage.

And more particularly described in said petition to which reference is hereby made, at either public or private sale as the said Administrator shall judge most beneficial for the said estate.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell all of said described real property with the improvements thereon belonging to said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

Now, therefore, on motion in open court of Messrs. Hankins and Hankins, attorneys for said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor, it is ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, Southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator for the sale of all of the said described real property and improvements thereon belonging to said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 13, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

HANKINS & HANKINS, Atty. for Petitioner. 915-917-918 Pacific Bldg., Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,635.

In the Matter of the Application of HARRY A. KOHL, for Change of Name.

It appearing to the Court that on the 6th day of September, 1911, Harry A. Kohl filed herein his application for an order that his name be changed to Harry A. Millsaps, and good cause appearing therefor:

It is ordered and directed, that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before the Court on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, Department 7 thereof, in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the said application for change of name should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 6th day of September, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Atty. for Petitioner. 9-16-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ISADORE LAVENTHAL, residing at 386 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 553 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Laventhal Bros.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19, 1911.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 19th day of September, 1911, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ISADORE LAVENTHAL, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Isadore Laventhal, First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the procedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

ORDER

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Application of SEARIGHT-WALDECK COMPANY, a corporation, for Dissolution.

The application of the above named corporation for dissolution having been presented to this Court and the Court being satisfied that the same is in conformity with Title VI, Part 2 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California,

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, that the said application be filed with the Clerk of this Court and that the Clerk give not less than thirty or not more than fifty days' notice of the said application by publication of a copy of this Order in some newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco at least once a week, for not less than thirty days as aforesaid.

Dated, August 25th, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Applicant,
Western National Metropolis Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMERLANDER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased. FRANK KUMMERLANDER,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummerlander, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONROY, also known as MARY CAWLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his attorney, Room 305 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased.

JOHN QUINN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1911.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Atty. for Executor,
304-5-6 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS,
Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH F. ROCK, also known as JOSEPH ROCK, Deceased—No. 12,092; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of said Joseph F. Rock, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the office of Lewis F. Byington, 1306-08 Call Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph F. Rock, deceased. MARY ROCK,
Administratrix of the Estate of said Joseph F. Rock, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1911.

LEWIS F. BYINGTON, Atty. for Administratrix,
1306-08 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

A Tale of High Adventure

Lloyd Osborne's "A Person of Some Importance" is not another "Wrecker," though it is a very good tale of adventure and mystery built against a background of well known happenings The legend that Rudolph, the crown prince of Austria, did not commit suicide, but has been seen and recognized from time to time in various places, after another body was buried in the imperial vault; and the complete disappearance of that other Austrian prince who, having renounced his claim to honors and married the woman of his choice, set forth as John Orth on a voyage, the definite end of which no one knows, are the bases of the plot. Matthew Broughton was an Annapolis cadet dismissed in disgrace from the academy for an infraction of rules. Cut off from his destined career, he shipped before the mast on a tramp collier which was burned in the South Pacific, but the brief experience convinced him that the merchant marine offered no future, and instead of returning to the United States, where he had neither friends, relatives nor property, he elected to remain where he was and engage in island trading. In the course of time he became the confidential agent and friend of a mysterious recluse who lived, with a companion, on a lonely island where his surroundings were most luxurious, his means apparently unlimited and his contentment complete. He was known as John Mort, and though evidently of Germanic origin and a person of some rank, did not give nor did Broughton ever ask for any explanation of who or what or how or why. After six years of these confidential relations Broughton tired of the South Pacific and resolved to return to the United States. The mysterious hermit parted reluctantly with his trustworthy captain, and made him an off-hand gift of the schooner in which he had made so many voyages, together with the ship money in her safe, a matter of some twenty thousand dollars in all. In addition he took from his own finger a ruby ring and added it as a keepsake, and while still withholding any hint of his identity, he urged Broughton to the utmost care lest he should inadvertently drop some remark which would prove a clue to his hiding place. On the way to San Francisco some carelessness on the part of the Kanaka crew resulted in the foundering of the North Star, and Broughton and his men picked up in mid-ocean by a Pacific liner, were destitute save for the proceeds of a concert given for their benefit by the passengers. In this case, the ring being his only asset, Broughton carried it to a firm of jewelers intending to sell it or obtain a small loan, and was surprised to discover its great value. He pledged it with them for a comparatively small sum, thus unconsciously leaving a connecting link, and proceeded to the little New England village where he was born, there to lead a somewhat aimless life in a boarding house, the beau of the church sociables and the chief object of village gossip until he was made the hero of a yellow supplement story in which he figured as the king of a cannibal island, revelling in untold wealth and luxury, and at home in quest of a queen for his domains. The immediate result was the letting loose of a swarm of reporters, photographers and silly letter writers, but the main fact was the appearance of some persistent inquisitors who by bribes, threats and finally physical violence, endeavored to extract the secret of John Mort's hiding place. All these failing, resort was had to persecution, and finding himself deprived of a livelihood, Broughton determined to leave the country and return as speedily and as secretly as possible, to his tried friend. Now begins the real excitement which includes a virtual kidnapping, a mysterious crew of sailors who are not sailors, and secret telegraphing at night by wireless; a scuttled ship, an undaunted crew who secure nothing but champagne and cigars and who, instead of making a course for the nearest land ship their oars and wait for something to happen, and other happenings so tremendous that despite his innurement to the unexpected, even Broughton is staggered. These last chapters recall "The Wrecker," both in their intensity and the completeness of the tragedy. There is a tempestuous love story beginning in the New England village and carried through to the end, but though it would have proved interesting and absorbing to the lovers themselves, it might as well have been left out, for it has no bearing on the main events and with so much of the thrilling and tragic in every chapter, one has no attention to spare for girls, especially for the incidents and particulars of their courting. There are some interesting bits of description of old San Francisco, and after reading "A Person of Some Importance," it's odds but that the reader will turn again to "The Wrecker," which will be so much gain. From Bobbs-Merrill.

The Caldwell Announcements

The H. M. Caldwell Company of New York which makes a specialty of holiday editions, decorated booklets and ornamental trifles, will have an exceptionally attractive offering for this season. Besides the artistic publications for little chilldren there will be a new version of the Arabian Nights, two boys' books dealing respectively with the boy scouts and the Panama Canal, and reprints of some of George Macdonald's best known works. Additions to the "Value" series, the Remarque and Edina editions of prose and poetic masterpieces, etc., will also be made and a "Bride's First Cook Book" will lengthen out the catalogue of recipe books from this house. A Tercentenary Souvenir commemorative of the three hundredth anniversary of the authorized version of the Bible in Englsih will be in the form of a miniature lectern to which is chained a copy of the Scriptures, a facsimile of the "chained Bibles" to be seen in some of the old cathedral towns. The booklet is no toy, but can be read through a magnifying glass which accompanies it.

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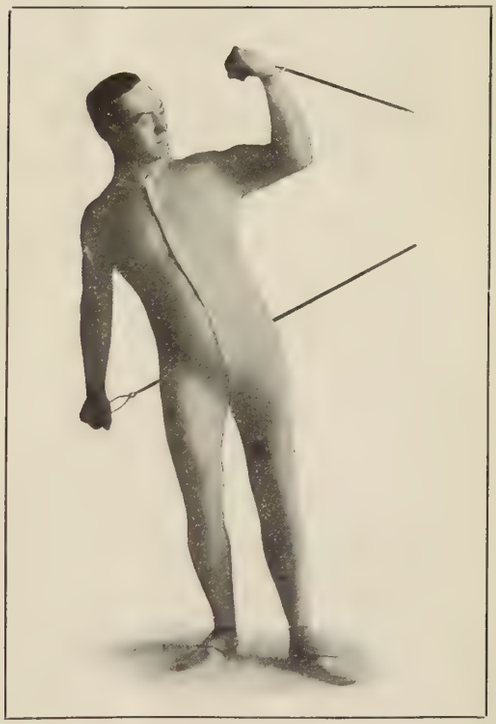

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Strike

Whenever a strike occurs the news regarding the situation of affairs is handled by the dailies with such studious caution, lest offense be given to the strikers, that it is almost impossible to learn the truth. Such is the case respecting the strike of the shopmen of the Harriman system. Instead of conducting an independent investigation with a view to presenting the facts the dailies accept the statements of both sides, and as is always the case we hear more from the strike leaders than from their former employer, the reason being that the strike leaders are always eager to avail themselves of publicity. And the strike leaders in every strike pursue the same course. They pronounce the strike a success from the beginning; declare that they have crippled their former employer; assure the public that there will be no violence; and express great indignation at the prospect of the employment of strike breakers, by which they mean all non-union men who accept employment for the purpose of earning a living. Now whatever the outcome of the present strike may be, the outlook is certainly not discouraging to the railroad. The strike had hardly begun when the lawless spirit of the strikers asserted itself in Houston, Tex., where the disembarkation of non-union men, who are described as "strike breakers," was followed by an attack on guards employed by the railroad. From this it is but reasonable to infer that the strikers are not in a sanguine mood; and from other things, too, as, for example, the complaint they are making to the effect that the railroad is shipping strikers from their home towns to other towns where they are not known. This is a bit of infernal strategy which ought to be reprehended by all good men who believe that the principles of unionism are sanctified and that employers of labor who attempt to conduct their business in their own way, with reverence for nothing but the law, are undesirable citizens. If the railroad is shipping strikers from one point to another it is evident that it is converting union men into strike breakers; nay, that it is disintegrating the unions, which, of course, seems to be a disgraceful piece of business. But the explanation of it may be that the rank and file of the unions really do not approve of the strike. Whatever be the truth of the matter, the indications are that the octopus has the situation well in hand. Thus far, at any rate, it has been giving the public uninterrupted service, and doubtless it will continue to do so unless it should, by way of diversion, pursue the tactics peculiar to capital whenever it is harassed, of blowing up its own property.

The Municipal Conference

What is laughable is not necessarily absurd, as we may perceive by a study of the genesis of things with which we were concerned last week. Most of the aspirants for office bearing the brand of what is vaguely described as the Municipal Conference received very flattering attention at the polls. Beyond doubt the success of most of them is justly to be attributed to the recommendation of the so-called Municipal Conference. Now what is the Municipal Conference? By what principle is it justified? From what does it derive its prestige? As a matter of fact the Municipal Conference bears a very close analogy to those famous tailors of Tooley street at whom the English-speaking world has been laughing for generations. "Municipal Conference" is a name assumed by a few men of no particular importance, who got together one day and constituted themselves a political convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for office. Absurd as their conduct appeared at first blush they were not laughed at. On the contrary they were taken seriously by a sober community. Furthermore, as is now evident, great prestige was bestowed on all who received the Municipal Conference brand. How are we to account for this strange phenomenon? For strange it certainly is that a whole city could thus be suggestionized by a few citizens, not one of whom in all probability could be elected to office were he to get himself on a ticket. Strange it is that the endorsement of this presumptuous body of men should have commanded the reverence of the people. These reflections are not in the spirit of carping criticism. We appreciate the zeal and the civic patriotism of the men of the Municipal Conference. They are good citizens, and they made some good recommendations. But what is the principle of the fascination which they exercised? All that could have been truthfully said in their favor when they first met was that there was nothing to be said against them. They were good men in a negative sort of way. Yet there were thousands of people who voted for the Municipal Conference candidates merely because that is what they were. Perhaps if we knew the psychology of the matter the explanation would be that the newspaper didnt "knock." But whatever the explanation it cannot be gainsaid that the experience of the primary election teaches that the nearer you get to democracy the more powerful becomes an oligarchy; for it is plain that a few men in a back room carried the election.

A Call for Leadership

A cry has been raised in New York for organized effort to stem the tide of hysterical politics that threatens to engulf everything. Men of sober thought in the great metropolis are alarmed at the spirit of radicalism which has spread all over the country, and they are calling for leadership of a movement to induce business men everywhere to organize for the purpose of insuring common sense in legislation and government. It is certainly high time for the business elements of the country to unite and combat the pernicious influence of demagogues. It has been suggested that if the majority of the people really favor the preposterous reforms recommended by the cult of New Nationalism it is because the conservative men of the country have made no effort to refute the theories preached from every street corner by irresponsible agitators. The present apathy is attributed to lack of leadership of the type that took hold of affairs in 1896 when, as a result of a campaign of education, the forces of dissatisfaction and distrust were routed and the bryaniac propaganda received what was believed to be its death blow. Of late, it has been observed in one New York journal, business men have been acting as though Roosevelt had made cowards of them all. They have shown a disposition to compromise when possible, and, failing in that, to run away and leave the field in the hands of a noisy minority. The result is that we have been going from bad to worse at such a vertiginous pace that the man who would today urge the adoption of a system of government such as was conceived by William J. Bryan fifteen years ago would be stigmatized as a shameless and hopeless reactionary. What appears to be public sentiment to day savors of confirmation of the judgment of Macaulay—that our Constitution is "all sail and no anchor" and bound to drift to destruction as soon as the prosperity of the capable and the deserving rendered plausible the proverbial appeals of the vicious demagogue to the envy and ignorance of the multitude. In the days of Bryan's first appearance as a presidential candidate no one would have suggested the expediency of subjecting the judgments of the courts to the censorship of the multitude. Such a thing was not dreamt of in the philosophy of either the craziest or the wisest of anarchists. The mere suggestion of it would have been regarded as the curious product of a brain-storm induced by morbid sympathy with the Commune that murdered, sacked, raped and burned. But such is the receptive mood that we have come to that today there is no folly that cannot be recommended with impunity. It may not be too late for an organized effort to stem the tide of radicalism, but the indications are that the forces of disorder will have their way and that nothing short of a financial crisis such as was experienced in 1893-94 can impress the people with the advisability of putting their political agitators and hair-brained doctrinaires where they belong.

New Government for California

Since the adoption of the Constitution which is now the organic law of this State there has been no election in California of such vital importance as the one to be held

n Tuesday, the 10th inst. Indeed the oming election is of greater importance han the one at which the Constitution was dopted. For the question whether the 'onstitution should be adopted or rejected vas not one that deeply involved the charcter of the commonwealth. The fundanental principles of the representative form f republican government, such as was esablished by the Founders of the nation, vere not at issue. Nor was any question t issue touching the character of the elecorate. But now we are to pass upon undamental principles, and now we are to letermine whether it would be well to rant the elective franchise to women. Never in the history of this country were he people of a State called upon to alter heir government to such a degree as has een proposed in California. If we make he alterations proposed the government of California will be completely metamorphosed. It will bear as little resemblance to the government of today as the government of Great Britain bears to the government of Russia. And yet with this prodigious transformation in prospect the people are pursuing the even tenor of their way, apparently indifferent to consequences. The average citizen regards the election of James Rolph a week ago as of paramount importance. So far not more than half a dozen papers in the State have given the subject of the constitutional amendments more than desultory discussion. The questions to be passed upon next Tuesday have occasioned nothing approximating a genuine controversy. With the State at what may prove to be the turning point of its career there is no agitation save by the politicians of the current dispensation, who are advocating the experiments that were proposed in the heat of "reform run mad" lest the defeat of them be construed as repudiation of the Administration. And though these politicians are going about vociferously disseminating false and mischievous doctrines with impudence unparalleled, but rarely is a pen lifted in refutation or merited rebuke. Nowhere is there organized opposition to a scheme of government that will put California in the category of States that are notorious and ridiculous for their populistic vagaries. Frequently has the question been asked, "What is the matter with Kansas?" and always the answer is, "Her crazy politics." Yet it is proposed that California should out-Kansas Kansas; should appropriate as its own whatever marks the imbecility of the politics of Kansas and aggravate matters by borrowing whatever is distinctly freakish from Oklahoma and other States that sane people enter only to pass through. We are told by the advocates of the direct method of legislation, of curb-stone justice and womanhood suffrage, that what they are proposing for us is nothing more nor less than the genuine brand of representative government. And hardly anywhere is a voice raised in contradiction. Now it is inconceivable that Governor Johnson and his henchmen really believe that the style of government which they are advocating is what is universally recognized as representative government. Governor Johnson, it is true, is not a learned man. As a lawyer he was known to have no more than a smattering of the science of law. As a practitioner he depended chiefly on his lungs. But even Governor Johnson ought to be credited with more intelligence than he has been exhibiting on the platform during his present tour of the State. It ought to be presumed of him that he is conscious of the revolutionary character of the system which he is advocating. Far from credible is it that he is not aware that the purpose of representative government is to prevent precisely the state of affairs which he is urging the people to introduce. Representative government means something more than government by deputies. And there is certainly no analogy between representative government and a democracy that makes laws by popular vote and constitutes the populace the court of last resort in the administration of justice. Representative government, as Governor Johnson must know, if his education has not been neglected, is designed as a bar against the absolutism of the executive on the one hand and of the masses on the other. Its chief aim is to maintain the supremacy of the law. Are these the things that Governor Johnson is advocating? Governor Johnson is in favor of rule either by the Athenian pebble or the procheironia. He is urging us to go back to the days of the market democracy, when the people in mob assembled adopted laws and compelled the performance of whatever was the whim of the moment. He is urging us to establish in California the absolutism which existed wherever power was unmitigated, undivided and unchecked. It is not even genuine democracy that he is recommending. Genuine democracy is government of the whole people by the whole people equally represented. What Governor Johnson wants is government of the whole people by a majority of the people exclusively represented; in other words a government grounded in the vicious principle that because the majority ought to prevail over the minority therefore the interests of the minority are not entitled to protection. The violation of a sacred principle is not the less damnable because those who suffer from it are the minority. Governor Johnson is doing a great deal of mischief for the furtherance of his political designs and the gratification of his vanity. And it is not likely that he will be disappointed. For it is not to be supposed that the people are apprehensive of the dangers that menace this great State. It is not to be supposed that the people even appreciate the importance of the election to be held in a few days. How violent such a supposition would be will be evidenced by the size of the vote. The probability is that the amendments will be carried by a minority of the electorate. And the responsibility will be on the head of one Hiram Johnson, a reform Governor, generated in the heat of a moral spasm, and commissioned by a malign power to chastise us with scorpions.

Perspective Impressions

If we keep on pampering our convicts and converting murderers and highwaymen into heroes, the youth of the land will soon have reason to scorn the excitement of the campus and look forward to the delight of matriculating at a penitentiary.

Admiral Dewey carried off the unripe honors of the moment after victory, but Admiral Schley lived long enough to be vindicated. The hero of the "loop" at Santiago will have an important place in our naval annals; not so the hero of the sham battle of Manila Bay.

We shall not have a really truly paternal government until we have a commissioner of fashions empowered to prevent the introduction of new freaks in headgear before we have become inured to the prevailing mode.

Every unendorsed and really independent candidate was beaten at the primary. Thus we see how far the new device brings the government back to the dearly, rapturously beloved, and always to be humbugged, people.

Though the money has been paid there is some doubt as to what Cavalieri got, but as to Chanler none whatever.

In one column we read that a bucket shop had been raided; in another, the winning lottery numbers.

How is it none of the papers has dragged Katherine Elkins into the Italian-Turkish imbroglio? Is it possible they have forgotten her romance with d'Abruzzi?

Dr. E. Robeson Taylor is helping to organize the California Democracy for Woodrun Wilson. Looks as though Hearst is putting up a job on the professor of bosh.

Italy finds it no easy job to clamp the lid on the Barbary Coast.

Secretary of State Jordan, though a practical politician of the old school, being frank and unpretentious, will have less difficulty in making good than those of his fellow public servants who are laboring under the handicap of being righteous overmuch.

Greece solemnly assuring the powers that she is unprepared for war blurs the line which separates diplomacy from tomfoolery.

Varied Types

XLII—BERNARD D. MURPHY

By Edward F. O'Day

There were no Democrats in California before "Barney" Murphy came. But since his auspicious advent the party has done very well indeed. Not that it has done as well by "Barney" Murphy as it might have done. There was that little matter of the governship for instance. Some of the boys thought that it would be an excellent idea to nominate the pioneer Democrat for governor. Liking politics and having had a very tolerable success therein, "Barney" Murphy allowed his name to go before the convention. But Jim Budd got the nomination. "Barney" was not perturbed. His philosophic calm was not ruffled. His persistent sweetness of temper took no sour from the defeat. In fact, viewing the situation from that lofty eminence where his soul dwells in liberality and good humor, "Barney" has always insisted that it was a good thing the Democrats nominated Budd instead of himself.

"Taking into consideration the situation which obtained at that time," is the way he puts it in that slow, drawling, high-keyed utterance of his, "it was fortunate for the Democratic party that I was beaten in the convention. It was at the time of that wild religious craze known as the A. P. A. As a Catholic I might have been defeated, although I had never been defeated for any office before. Budd filled the bill much better than I because he rode both horses. The Catholics looked upon him as a liberal man and his father was an A. P. A. Between them both he was elected by a small majority."

That convention contretemps has not prevented "Barney" from being "Governor" Murphy. From the moment when the delegates who rallied to his standard saluted him in too optimistic anticipation as "Governor" to the present time, he has been "Governor" Murphy or, more affectionately, "Guv." That is only one of his appellations. Having adorned the upper chamber at Sacramento he is Senator Murphy. Having presided for four terms over the municipal destinies of San Jose he is Mayor Murphy. Having been Judge Advocate on the governor's staff he is Judge Murphy. And having been all his life a magnet drawing friendship and deep affection from men worth while he is, lovingly, "Barney" Murphy.

He is one of the first of the gringos. Born in Quebec, he spent his baby days in Missouri and started across the plains to California with his grandfather, his father and the other members of his father's large family, at the age of four. That Murphy-Miller party entered California two years before the Donners. Which reminds me that when "Governor" Murphy was asked why the Murphys and the Millers had not obtained the prominence in written California history accorded to the Donners, he explained:

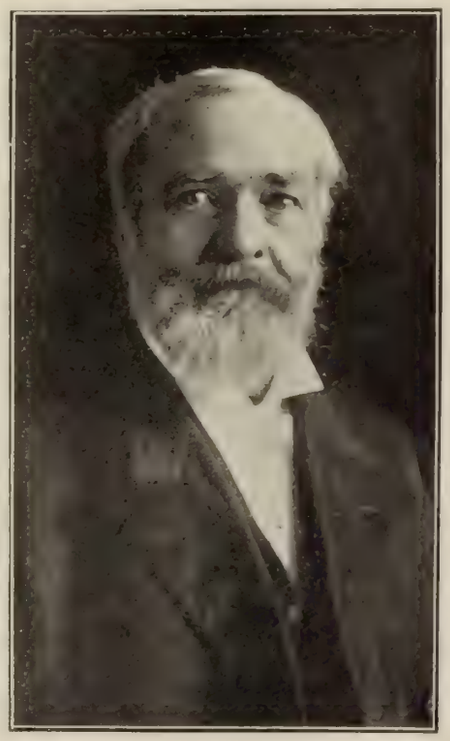
"Perhaps because, unlike the Donners, they hadn't the good fortune to eat one another."

"We passed through all the hostile tribes," he says, "but had no trouble. We lost only one man on the trip, and he died of consumption. Our party discovered the Indian Truckee. He communicated with us by signs and piloted us as far as what was afterwards called Donner Lake. The first white people who ever saw Tahoe were Miss Murphy, afterwards Mrs. Webber of Stockton, and Mrs. Townsend, wife of Dr. Townsend.

"When we reached Sutter's Fort we found that there was war between the native Spaniards and Michel Toreno, the very cultured Mexican gentleman who had been appointed Governor of California. General Sutter told us that if we didn't sustain Toreno we should probably be driven from the country. For once the Irish were not against the government. My grandfather and father organized a company, marched to Monterey and installed Michel as Governor.

"We settled on the Cosumnes eighteen miles from Sacramento. The first skirmish in the Bear Flag movement occurred there on my father's ranch when the Sonoma fellows came and seized a band of cavalry horses belonging to Captain D'Arcy.

"The family stayed there till '49, trading with the miners. There were only three or four houses in the Sacramento Valley at that time. I can remember the bands of elk and antelope that used to roam there. There were a few houses and an embarcadero at Stockton. Then there



Photo, Terkelson and Henry
BERNARD D. MURPHY

was no sign of habitation till you reached Livermore and again a wilderness between Livermore and Mission San Jose near Niles.

"The missions had been secularized in 1834, the civil authorities grabbing the lands, horses, sheep and cattle belonging to the Franciscans. The Indians were dispersed and civilization in the form of small pox helped to wipe them out.

"There was this difference between the Spanish and the Anglo-Saxon method of colonization," explained "Governor" Murphy, digressing a moment; "the Spaniards built on humanitarian lines. They believed in conserving the native races. The Anglo-Saxon theory, on the other hand, was that a dead Indian was a good Indian. The result was that the Anglo-Saxon wiped out his Indian from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while the Mexican preserved his and now has a revolution on his hands every six months. The question is, which showed the more sense? Or shall we leave that to be decided by a good and wise Providence at the last day?

"There was no church or school in the Sacramento Valley and so we moved to San Jose to be near a church and also the school which the Jesuits were establishing on the ruins of the old mission at Santa Clara.

"At that time the Santa Clara Valley was a magnificent park studded with oak trees. With the exception of one or two adobes in the foothills there was neither house nor fence between San Francisco and San Jose. The region produced wild mustard in great abundance and when it was in bloom the valley looked like a great sheet of gold. J. Ross Browne included it with the Vale of Cashmere and the Valley of Mexico among the most beautiful in the world."

There were only six students at Santa Clara when "Barney" Murphy began his studies there, but at the end of two years the number had increased to one hundred. The next school of any prominence established in that section, he says, was the University of the Pacific.

After graduating "Governor" Murphy studied law and practiced for a while in partnership with D. M. Delmas who had been a college friend. Then he abandoned law for banking and politics. He served two years in the Assembly, three terms in the Senate and was four times elected mayor of San Jose. In later years he was a Bank Commissioner.

"I held office more or less for forty years," he says, "and am still out of the penitentiary, which is a good record for a Democrat to retire on."

"A reformer? Yes, I was something of a reformer. When I was first elected mayor of San Jose the town was wide open. The hurdy gurdies ran all day and all night. Women were employed in the saloons. There were a great many robberies. I drove the women from the saloons and introduced an ordinance closing the saloons at midnight. The boys complained that this was unreasonable, but I pointed out that it was a fair division—it gave them half the night to get drunk and the other half to get sober. The ordinance was passed and the saloons of San Jose have closed at twelve ever since. I think it was the first city in the State to adopt that measure.

"In those days I also owned the San Jose Herald. It was a Democratic paper and ran along for three or four years without paying. As soon as it paid dividends I sold it. I didn't like the business. I could have made the paper go by attacking people—and there were plenty open to attack—but I didn't care for that sort of thing. One day a lumberman named Doherty came to me and asked why I didn't get something lively into the paper. 'It's as dead as the Bible,' was the way he put it. So I went to the editor and told him to dig up something lively about Doherty and print it. He did. I left town the next day and just in time, for Doherty was hunting me with a shotgun.

"So you can see I was a reformer, but not too much so. Many of the reforms of the present day seem to me to be of doubtful utility, such as the initiative, referendum and recall. We have always had these things from the beginning of our government, though they were not enacted into

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statutes. The American people always knew what they wanted and generally agitated it in the press and on the stump, so that their candidates when elected introduced bills to carry out the wishes of their constituents. That's the initiative. If the laws thus framed were good they were carried out; if bad they died on the statute books. That's the referendum. As for the recall, I'm opposed to that for the reason that it will divide our community into factions. The time comes when the people are more or less dissatisfied with all their officials. Then under the recall, the minority can force the majority to act. This makes bad blood; the desire for revenge is born; and more bad blood follows. As a matter of fact, the recall has always been in existence. The tenure of office is short. If an official is bad, he is defeated at the next election. Any other way of handling the situation will be a dangerous innovation."

One of the things of which "Governor" Murphy is particularly proud is his connection with the development of Alum Rock Park. He remembers when it was a dense unexplored thicket in litigation between the city of San Jose and a man named Shaw who wanted to buy it when the mineral springs were discovered. The city won, but it was years before the park was developed. For twelve years "Governor" Murphy was chairman of the Alum Rock Park Association. He was responsible for the installation of the free baths which were modeled on those of Munich.

"Alum Rock Park," he says, "contains a greater variety of springs within the distance of one mile, hot and cold sulphur springs, vichy, iron and so on, than any other part of the State. The springs are medicinal, convenient and healthful. In addition to that they are contiguous to the city that represents the culture, the virtue and the intellect of the whole State of California."

There was a twinkle in his eye when he pronounced that last sentence. There is nearly always a twinkle in his eye. The twinkle is particularly apparent when he tells, for instance, how John Gash, the architect, and J. J. Owen, the editor, built in San Jose during his term as mayor that wonderful steel tower which, says the "Governor," was a greater undertaking than the construction of the Southern Pacific because "it was started without money and without brains."

But there is no malice in him. There isn't a sweeter-tempered, more kindly man in the State. Ill fortune has had no effect upon his disposition. He is today what he has always been, the embodiment of all the generous qualities that made the California of old famous throughout the land. I have yet to meet a man who can speak in any but the kindliest way of "Barney" Murphy. I have yet to meet a man who doesn't esteem it a privilege to be able to call him "Guv" and regard him as a friend.

Correspondence

The Immoral Automobile

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Every Monday morning I scan the paper for automobile accidents, confident that the modern car of Juggernaut will have taken its accustomed tale of Sabbath victims. I seldom fail to find the account of some joyriders whose Sunday speedings have had a bloody finish. That the automobile is dangerous when a reckless hand is at the wheel none can deny who reads the accounts of the havoc it wreaks on riders and pedestrians. But have you ever realized that the automobile is also immoral? It is, in my opinion, the greatest agent of immorality ever devised by mechanical ingenuity. The telephone also is a great help to wickedness, but not to the same extent as the automobile. The telephone facilitates the making of assignations. It is the Sir Pandarus of modern life, bringing men and women together with the minimum of risk. But the automobile does more than this. It is an excitant of those desires which good men and women are constantly trying to control. Speeding in an automobile produces on men and women a distinct physical as well as mental effect. Mentally it makes for recklessness; physically it produces a thrill which transforms a person ordinarily discreet into a creature of impulse. The well understood values of life are blurred in a haze of blood-intoxication. Speeding goes to the head like wine and sets the senses on edge. The breaking of the speed laws, moral as well as municipal, too frequently follows. The automobile takes a terrible tithe of life . But that is almost nothing compared to its garner of souls. I am going to preach on this subject. I think that other clergymen should follow my example.

Very respectfullly,

—D. D.

The Recall on Doctors

Editor Town Talk: If the principle of the recall be a good thing, as it may be, would it not be well to extend its application to other fields besides that of the law? Why not apply it to the medical profession? I hear there are some doctors in favor of the recall. Now perhaps it would be well to apply the recall to doctors. What is more important than the life of the citizen? When a man is granted a license by the State to practice medicine, in a sense he is put in charge of the lives of citizens. In the course of his practice he determines the question whether a patient should be operated on or merely physicked, and as result of his judgment the patient dies. Sometimes the rumor goes forth that a doctor has decided on an operation because the operation pays better than the mere administration of medicine. Doubtless in some instances this is true. There are rogues in hospitals as well as on the bench. Human nature is frail everywhere. And if the populace is to be permitted to pass on questions of law, why not also on questions of medicine. The people know as much about the science of medicine as they know about the science of law. In truth they know more about medicine than they know about law. The science of law is the most intricate of all sciences. So if we are going in for the recall let us be logical and consistent and universal in its application.

Yours truly,

—A Layman.

Bad Manners—Questionable Logic

San Francisco, Oct. 2, 1911.

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: We do not understand how the chivalry of one man, or the lack of it, should be of such public interest as to justify four paragraphs on the subject in a weekly like Town Talk. But since you are so concerned for the good manners of individuals in San Francisco, we wonder why you do not devote a solid page to the lack of chivalry, for instance, of Colonel Irish. At a meeting a few days ago Colonel Irish was rotundly orating upon the certainty of support from all males to the womenkind dependent upon them. And a lady in the audience protested against this flourish of rhetoric, so contrary to common experience. There are in New York City 50,000 deserted wives; and in San Francisco, judging from the reports of the daily papers, there must be an analagous number. That only one-fourth of the divorced women of the country receive alimony, is a fact vouched for by statistics quoted in The Forum for 1910—and this notwithstanding the loud wail of the men on that subject, which to them in the shame of family exposure is the chief discomfort. Colonel Irish, with as little "chivalry" as logic, retorted to the lady by the personal argument. "If your husband doesn't pay you what he should, Madam, let me know, and I will see to it that you get your just dues." The argument ad hominem is never conclusive and not even intelligent, and the personal twist to a syllogism is said to be the peculiar characteristic of the female mind! The interesting exhibition therefore of this gentleman, who I believe is to debate with the one to whom you have given your exclusive attention, Dr. Aked, is surely as worthy of note, as Dr. Aked's failure to perceive Mrs. Scott's desire for the "last word."

But we find your repudiation of democracy more interesting than the limitations of your lecture in manners. In any country where men had fought less passionately for liberty and won less gloriously, the treason of your exhortations against the fundamental principles of the Constitution of the country would be scarcely safe. But here you can protest ad infinitum against the principle of democracy while enjoying all the liberty which it guarantees. The fact that to justify the withholding of the franchise from women, you must lament the enfranchisement of men, is comment enough both upon the patriotism and the logic of your position. For the rest, "Long haired Milleniumites" or, indeed, whatever your fancy may elect, leaves us quite composed. Calling names is the last resort of unsuccessful argument.

Respectfully yours,

—College Equal Suffrage League,

By M. Fay Coughlin,

Chairman Press Committee.

(The College Equal Suffrage League is as dogmatic as Dr. Aked and less scrupulous. Treason as defined by the Constitution of the United States is something quite different from what the College Equal Suffrage League assumes it to be. It would be interesting to know in what civilized country it is dangerous to express an honest opinion regarding the fundamental principles of the law of the land. Also it would be interesting to know on what principle lack of patriotism may be justly attributed to him who deplores a principle of government which he believes to be fatal to the stability of government. As to our reason for justifying the withholding of the franchise from women, we have as good an opinion of it as the College Equal Suffrage League has of its reasons, and at the same time we are convinced that we are not under the delusions from which that League suffers respecting the fundamental principles of Democracy. Even under our Democracy a man may forfeit the franchise. The vice of our Democracy is that some men are entitled to it whereas some women are not. As to the observation with reference to calling names it is worse than unsuccessful argument. It is downright meanness and a species of dishonesty to impute to your opponent something that is not true. The proponents of Equal Suffrage were never described as Long Haired Milleniumites in these columns.—Editor Town Talk.)

The Man in the Bottle

By Gustav Meyrink (From the German)

Melanchthon was dancing with the Bat, whose costume represented her in an inverted position. The wings were folded close to the body, and in the claws she held a large gold hoop upright, which gave the impression that she was hanging, suspended from some imaginary point. The effect was grotesque; and it amused Melanchthon very much, for he had to peep through this gold hoop, which was exactly on a level with his face, while dancing with the Bat.

She was one of the most original masks—and at the same time one of the most repelling ones—at the fete of the Persian prince. She had even impressed his highness, Mohammed Darasche-Koh, the host.

"I know you, pretty one," he had nodded to her, much to the amusement of the bystanders.

"It is certainly the little marquise, the intimate friend of the princess," declared a Dutch councillor in a Rembrandt costume. He surmised this because she knew every turn and corner of the palace, to judge by her conversation. And but a few moments ago, when some cavalier had ordered felt boots and torches so that they might go down into the courtyard and indulge in snowballing, the Bat joined them and participated wildly in the game. It was then—and the Dutchman was quite ready to back it with a wager—that he had seen a well-known bracelet on her wrist.

"Oh, how interesting," exclaimed a Blue Butterfly. "Couldn't Melanchthon discreetly discover whether or not Count Faast is a slave of the princess?"

"Don't speak so loud," interrupted the Dutch councillor. "It is a mighty good thing that the orchestra played the close of that waltz fortissimo, for the prince was standing here only a moment since."

"Better not speak of such things," whispered an Egyptian, "for the jealousy of this Asiatic prince knows no bounds, and there are probably more explosives in the palace than we dream. Count de Faast has been playing with fire too long, and if Darasche-Koh suspects—"

A rough figure representing a huge knot dashed by them in wild flight to escape a Hellenic warrior in shimmering armor.

"If you were the Gordian knot, Mynheer, and were pursued by Alexander the Great, wouldn't you be frightened?" teased the inverted Bat, tapping the Dutchman coquettisly on the end of the nose with her fan.

"The sharp wit of the pretty Marquise Bat betrays her," smiled a lanky Satan with tail and cloven foot. "What a pity that only as a Bat are you to be seen with your feet in the air."

The dull sound of a gong filled the room as an executioner appeared, draped in a crimson robe. He tapped a bronze gong and then, resting his weight on his glittering cudgel, posed himself in the centre of the big hall.

Out of every niche and lobby the maskers streamed toward him—harlequins, cannibals, an ibis and some Chinese, Don Quixotes, Columbines, bayaderes and dominoes of all colors.

The crimson executioner distributed tablets of ivory inscribed with gold letters.

"Oh, programs for the entertainment!" chorused the crowd.

The Man in the Bottle
Marionette Comedy in the Spirit of
Aubrey Beardsley
By Prince Mohammed Darasche-Koh

Characters:

The Man in the Bottle,
Miguel, Count de Faast
The Man on the Bottle,
Prince Mohammed Darasche-Koh
The Lady in the Sedan Chair .....
Vampires, Marionettes, Hunchbacks,
Apes, Musicians

Scene of Action: A Tiger's Maw

"What! The prince the author of this marionette play?"

"Probably a scene out of the Thousand and One Nights."

"But who will play the part of the Lady in the Sedan Chair?"

"Oh, there is a great surprise in store for us," twittered a seductive Incroyable, leaning on the arm of an Abbe. "Do you know, the Pierrot with whom I danced the tarantelle was the Count de Faast, who is going to play The Man in the Bottle; and he confided a lot of things to me: the marionettes will be very gruesome—that is, for those who appreciate the spirit of the thing—and the prince had an elephant sent down from Hamburg—but you are not listening to me at all!" And the little one dropped the arm of her escort and bolted into the swirling crowd.

New groups of masks constantly poured out of the adjoining rooms through the wide doorways into the big hall, making a kaleidoscopic play of colors, while files of costumed guests stood admiring the wonderful mural frescoes that rose to the blue, stardotted ceiling. Attendants served refreshments, sorbets and wines in the window niches.

With a rolling sound the walls of the narrow end of the hall separated and a stage was pushed slowly into view. Its setting, in red-brown and a flaming yellow proscenium, was a yawning tiger's maw, the white teeth glittering above and below.

In the middle of the scene stood a huge glass bottle in the form of a globe, with walls at least a foot thick. It was about twice the height of an average man and very roomy. The back of the scene was draped with pink silk hangings.

Then the colossal ebony doors of the hall opened and admitted a richly caparisoned elephant, which advanced with majestic tread. On its head sat the crimson executioner guiding the beast with the butt of his cudgel. Chains of amethysts dangled from the elephant's tusks, and plumes of peacock feathers nodded from its head. Heavily embroidered gold cloths streamed down from the back of the beast, skirting the floor; across its enormous forehead there was a network of sparkling jewels.

The maskers flocked around the advancing beast, shouting greetings to the gay group of actors seated in the palanquin; Prince Darasche-Koh with turban and aigrette, Count de Faast as Pierrot, marionettes and musicians, stiff as wooden puppets. The elephant reached the stage, and with his trunk lifted one man after another from its back. There was much applause and a yell of delight as the beast seized the Pierrot and sliding him into the neck of the bottle closed the metal top. Then the Persian prince was placed on top of the bottle.

The musicians seated themselves in a semicircle, drawing forth strange slender instruments. The elephant gazed at them a moment, then turned about and strode toward the door. Like a lot of happy children the maskers clung to its trunk, ears and tusks and tried to hold it back; but the animal seemed not to feel their weight at all.

The performance began, and somewhere, as if out of the ground, there arose weird music. The puppet orchestra of marionettes remained lifeless and waxen; the flute player stared with glassy, idiotic eyes at the ceiling; the features of the rococo conductor in peruke and plumed hat, holding the baton aloft and pressing a pointed finger mysteriously to his lips, were distorted by a shrewd, uncanny smile. In the foreground posed the marionettes. Here were grouped a humpbacked dwarf with chalky face, a gray, grinning devil and a sallow, rouged actress with carmine lips. The three seemed possessed of some Satanic secret that had paralyzed their movements. The semblance of death brooded over the entire motionless group.

The Pierrot in the bottle now began to move restlessly. He doffed his white felt hat, bowed and occasionally greeted the Persion prince, who with crossed legs sat on the cap of the bottle. His antics amused the audience. The thick walls of glass distorted his appearance curiously; sometimes his eyes seemed to pop out of his head; then again they disappeared, and one saw only forehead and chin; sometimes he was fat and bloated, then again slender, with long legs like a spider's.

In the midst of a motionless pause the red silk hangings of the background parted, and a closed Sedan chair was carried on by two Moors, who placed it near the bottle. A ray of pale light from above now illuminated the scene. The spectators had formed themselves into two camps. The one was speechless under the spell of this vampiric, enigmatic marionette play that seemed to exhale an atmosphere of poisoned merriment; the other group, not sensitive enough to appreciate such a scene, laughed immoderately at the comical capering of the man in the bottle. He had given up his merry dancing and was trying by every possible means to impart some information or other to the prince sitting on the cap. He pounded the walls of the bottle as though he would smash them; and to all appearances he was screaming at the top of his voice, although not the slightest sound penetrated the thick glass.

The Persian prince acknowledged the movements of the Pierrot with a smile, pointing with his finger at the Sedan chair.

The curiosity of the audience reached its climax when it saw that the Pierrot had pressed his face against the glass and was staring at something in the window of the Sedan chair. Then suddenly, like one gone mad, he beat his face with his hands, sank on his knees and tore his hair. Then he sprang furiously up and raced around the bottle at such speed that the audience saw only a fluttering cloth in his wake.

The secret of the Lady in the Sedan chair

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Poems About San Francisco

(Through the kindness of the author this poem is now published for the first time. In the breasts of those who have fought against heavy odds for the preservation of Telegraph hill, it will awaken a responsive sympathy. They will hope that the prophecy of this sonnet may come true in the not too distant future.)

VIII—TELEGRAPH HILL

By Ina Coolbrith

Scarred with the jagged wounds from ruthless hands,
  Despoiled, dishonored of my fair array,—
  The gold and emerald vesture of the day
When first I signaled to these virgin strands
The argosies and fleets of alien lands;
  Rampart and sentinel of this my Bay,
  Whose untracked waters leaped in jeweled spray
And beat in melody the tawny sands!

What guerdon mine? I wait! To greet these skies,—
  Throned on my breast, lifting from fronded trees,
    I see a templed splendor yet to be:
Whiter than Shasta's snows it shall arise,
  And proud as that which shone on Pericles,—
    The marble dream by the Aegean sea.

The Spectator

Will Rolph Make Good?

I have heard that question asked on all sides since the primary election. One answer was noteworthy: "He'll be a wonder if he makes good. He's handicapped by the support of all the newspapers." This observation looks cynical at first blush, but consideration will show that it is founded on some knowledge of San Francisco's political history. No mayor of San Francisco has ever been able to keep the friendship of all the papers, for the simple reason that the papers are actuated more or less by selfish motives and the time is bound to come when the selfish motives of one paper will conflict with the selfish motives of another. When that situation arises Mayor Rolph will have to act as he deems best for the general good, and then the aggrieved paper will probably turn against him. That at least is what has always happened in the past. It may be of course that we are about to see the dawning of millennial conditions and that Mayor Rolph will be able to please everybody. Certainly the fact that one or more newspapers turn against him will not mean that he has ceased to make good. But it will be a severe handicap for him in his efforts to give everybody a good administration. The people see a mayor and his administration through the colored glasses of the spectacles of their pet newspaper.

He Is Not Pledged

Men who have been close to Rolph during his primary campaign assure me that he has not made a single pledge to those who assisted him. This may be true. If it is, it signalizes an unprecedented condition. I have never before known of a man who went into an important elective office without some strings of the patronage kind attached to him. If Rolph is really in an enviable state of independence he starts under the most auspicious conditions. He will be able to pick good men for his associates and will not have to accede unreasonably to the suggestions of those who backed him. In other words, he will have no boss. Time will have the last word in this matter and will let us know whether the situation is as it has been represented. I sincerely hope it is. Meanwhile I am curious to see whether any of the plums fall to the eleventh-hour boys who got slivers in their bodies in their mad scramble for the band-wagon when the outcome of the election ceased to be in doubt. I don't think that Rolph was deceived by their tardy exhibitions of enthusiasm and activity.

The Aked-Irish Controversy

Even with the Taft banquet as an event of the near future there is nothing I should like better than a good seat at the Aked-Irish debate. If the two feasts were pulled off the same evening at $20 a plate I should have to forego the pleasure of listening to Billy Bourne and the other amateur post-prandial phrase-makers, whereas, the Colonel and the preacher for me at any price. And I am going to that debate with the expectation of seeing Dr. Aked get the walloping of his career. That of course is not the reason of my enthusiasm for the debate. I am not at all prejudiced against Dr. Aked; but I know something of Colonel Irish's skill in the science of dialectic as well as of his ability as an orator; and though I have never seen Dr. Aked in action I have observed him quite often in print and have glimpsed his mental processes. If he is a match for Colonel Irish my perceptive faculties are in need of a whetting-block. It occurs to me that Dr. Aked suffers from the infirmities peculiar to all men in certain spheres of activity that breed the spirit of dogmatism. He reminds me of the evangelical preacher, Dr. Cumming, whom George Eliot blistered in one of her brilliant essays. As George Eliot explained, a preacher is not subject to the restraints of the ordinary public speaker in court or in parliament. He is not contradicted even though he riot in gratuitous assertion. He is never hissed. Whatever he says he may say with impunity, being assured that those of his hearers who are not sympathizing with him are not listening. In time he comes to assume that he stands on a moral elevation to which those who differ from him are compelled to look up. "The clergy," said George Eliot, "are the most irresponsible of all talkers."

The Retort Courteous

In the desultory controversy between Dr. Aked and Colonel Irish thus far conducted in the press the distinguished clergyman has exhibited some of the characteristics discussed by George Eliot. For instance he has assumed that his arguments on womanhood suffrage have not been refuted, and that he has confuted and confounded his adversaries. After engaging in a debate he passed judgment on it and crowned himself with laurel. Furthermore his manner toward Colonel Irish since has been far from gracious or graceful. To challenge a man to debate and to attempt at the same time to belittle him, is neither good taste nor good judgment. Nor in repartee thus far has Dr. Aked prospered. Manifestly he has lost his temper, while Colonel Irish has remained calm and apparently has enjoyed the querulousness of the clergyman. "Your last letter," said Colonel Irish, "was published before I received it." No word of comment; merely an observation that must have penetrated to the quick. Dr. Aked comments on the letter for publication, but has nothing to say about the stinging allusion to a breach of etiquette. He merely thinks it strange that a man who has been challenged should assume the privilege of dictating the terms, and yet he had to confess that the terms were not unreasonable. Evidently the debate is not to be held for the amiable purpose of comparing views to find out the truth. And precisely because it is not it will be worth hearing. I hope that when it is over nobody will complain that the amenities of debate were not punctiliously observed.

The Prophet from Oakland

From one of the dailies I learn that the good people of the First Congregational Church of Oakland have been receiving gladsome news from their former pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Brown. And as I know that it pleases them to hear of the hits that he has been making wherever he has cast the graceful shadow of his

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benign presence, I will give them a few extracts from the London Signal of September, a sectarian paper of high standing in the British metropolis. Be it known that Dr. Brown, whatever some of us may think of him, is a prophet tottering b neath a weight of honors thousands of miles from his old home. If he did not vindicate himself in Oakland to the satisfaction of all of us he has satisfied people in foreign parts that his soul is well nigh stainless. The explanation has been accepted everywhere that in California he was the victim of the vindictiveness of enemies who hated him because of the active part that he played in the Graft Prosecution. It was thus that some of us learned that he had played any part at all. In London Dr. Brown has just closed a season of preaching, having occupied what is known as a "vacation pulpit," and the September number of the Signal is nearly all Brown. There is a Brown sermon, and there is an appreciation of Brown, and there are several Brown paragraphs. Take it all in all the September Signal looks as though it might have been written by Brown.

His Break-Down

From the "Appreciation of Dr. Charles R. Brown," I learn that the gentleman is "one of the greatest preachers in America"; that his church in Oakland "was the most active and influential church on the Pacific Coast"; that he had a church membership of nearly 2,000 and that "the work of shepherding such a flock nearly killed him." "Very often," says the writer, "Dr. Brown had to conduct four or five funerals in one day and then slip into his evening clothes and rush off to officiate at a wedding." From which it is clear that sky-piloting for the First Congregational Church is no easy job. The Signal encomiaster says, "It is no wonder that Dr. Brown broke down under the heavy burden." All things considered, it is no wonder.

Such a Passionate Man!

Dr. Brown, according to the Signal appreciation, is a man with "a glowing passion," but it's a glowing passion "for social reform." Furthermore he is a man "whose message is passion and insight and blood and nerve." Also he is "one of the tenderest and kindest of pastors," and "in America he is the terror of evil doers" and "knows no fear when he is in the midst of a crusade against graft." He purified Boston during a short stay in that city on his way to England. All of which shows how little we knew Dr. Brown when he was in our midst. And I have not mentioned half the ingredients of his greatness. "He is a master of delicate yet piercing irony, and he is blessed with a sunny buoyant humor." And besides attending to funerals and weddings and graft and terrorizing evil doers and getting terror-stricken himself, he arbitrated differences between labor and capital. It is related of him that he was in a labor council in Oakland, "and sat between two labor leaders clad in overalls and smoking clay pipes, taking part in his share of arbitration and conciliation." Which is a remarkable experience for a man to have nowadays, since most of our labor leaders dress like bankers and scorn any kind of pipe, much preferring good cigars. It is also related of this great man Brown that once upon a time he was sole arbiter between the Laundry Girls' Union and the Laundrymen's Association, and that the union "was represented by three Irish Roman Catholic girls and the men by a Roman Catholic Irishman." And Dr. Brown averted the strike. This performance would not have been more wonderful or more incredible had the union been represented by three Prohibitionists from Maine and the men by one Puritan from Rhode Island. So complete is this eulogy of Dr. Brown that it would be in the nature of carping criticism to complain that nothing is said of the exquisite generalship with which he handled the whitewashing of himself on the eve of his departure for more verdant meadows.

Snapped in the Nude

There is a very estimable woman in San Francisco (whose name I see no reason to divulge) who has a kodakful of pictures of three of our well-known physicians in the nude. That may seem a scandalous statement, but the incident which led to the taking of the pictures was simply funny. Dr. W. B. Coffey, Dr. B. A. Mardis, Dr. John Graves and Dr. M. O. Austin went in Dr. Coffey's automobile on a fishing trip to the Eel River in Humboldt. On their way back they had to cross a creek. Finding the ford which was close to a bridge, they sent the machine into the water on the high speed, but the water was too deep and they stuck fast in the middle of the creek. There was nothing for it but to get out and push the machine across to the other side. It was a tough job and three of the medicos jumped into the water and sweated at it for hours, gradually shedding their clothes until their only covering was the water in which they worked. Dr. Coffey alone retained his clothing, owing to a slight attack of rheumatism which he feared to aggravate, and directed operations from the wheel of the car. While the other three doctors were in the midst of their labors the honk-honk of an automobile horn was heard and a big car carrying a man and a woman appeared, making for the ford. Dr. Coffey jumped up in the car and excitedly warned them to stop. It was some time before the driver grasped the situation but when he did he stopped his car at a discreet distance and came down to look the scene over. He was a San Francisco man who knew the doctors and it was his wife who accompanied him. Curiosity got the better of the wife after a time and she left the car and walked out to the middle of the bridge to get a view of the medicos at their heartbreaking labors. In consternation they yelled to her, "Get back, get back!" but she paid no heed. Instead she unstrapped her kodak, took up a good position on the bridge and leveled her lens at the interesting group. The three doctors buried themselves as deeply as possible in the creek, but despite their efforts the snapshotter got a number of very interesting pictures. Then laughing very heartily at their confusion she returned serenely to the machine. The doctors are wondering what will be done with those pictures.

Sproule of the S. P.

When the news was received of the appointment of William Sproule to the presidency of the Southern Pacific Company there was rejoicing in the Bohemian Club. For Sproule, in the old days, was one of the most popular members of that club. He was also one of its most brilliant wits. And, singular as it may appear, his popularity never waned despite the biting character of his wit. Sproule loves to puncture a tough hide, and when he releases a barbed epigram it usually strikes home. At the same time he is one of the most amiable and affable of men, the type of man peculiarly fitted in these piping days of corporation-baiting for the position to which he has been appointed. And he is especially qualified for the field to which he is coming, for it was here that he worked his way up the ladder from the bottom. He has had intimate friends in all walks of life. He began his career as a clerk in a store in Sacramento. When he entered the railroad employ it was in an humble position in J. C. Stubbs' office. And while he was yet a young man he won recognition for his rare ability. That he is a man of exceptional attainments is evident from the progress that he has made of recent years. It was not so long ago that he was discovered by the Guggenheims, who are always on the alert for men with executive ability. He was with them but a short time when he was offered the presidency of Wells, Fargo & Co. and now he is to take his place among the leading railroad magnates of the world.

Our Leading Captain of Industry

While it is inspiriting to know that foreign capital is already anticipating the expansion of California's industries, it is equally agreeable to perceive that our own captains of industry are full of energy and enterprise and conscious of the potentialities of the State. There is much evidence of their alertness, but the most striking illustration of it has been afforded by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's absorption of the plants and properties of the Sierra Light and Power Company. This was accomplished by Mr. Frank G. Drum, one of the brainiest of California financiers, who probably represents more capital than any man in the West, and in whose ability the leading financiers of the country have absolute and unwavering confidence. Mr. Drum and his associates are enthusiastic Californians, who are

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The Misunderstanding of Magee

The presumption that Tom Magee was seized with panic dread in the collision between the Hawke and the Olympic is pooh-poohed by his friends. Tom Magee bears the reputation of being one of the most couragerous of men. And that the reputation was well earned is evident from his achievements. Few men have so many daring and hazardous feats to their credit as the San Francisco real estate man, and as many of them were performed in the water it strikes his friends as laughable that he should be thought to have been frightened on shipboard not many miles off shore. The fact is Tom Magee could have swum ashore. Years ago he used to swim across the bar for light exercise. Not many months ago he jumped off a boat in the bay and saved the life of a drowning man. He is one of the most expert of swimmers and a man of wonderful endurance, as he proved when he saved his father's life in the Klondike by carrying him across miles of snow and ice. Magee is one of the few men that ever climbed the Half Dome in the Yosemite; and it is hard to conceive of a more hazardous feat. But perhaps there is nothing of which he has more reason to be proud than the tribute of Captain Hobson, the hero of Santiago. Captain Hobson dedicated his book to Magee, saying that if he should ever want the services of a man of nerve, without fear, and of quick judgment in an emergency he knew of none to whom he would more quickly appeal than Tom Magee of San Francisco. How curious that because of this very quickness of judgment the impression should have been created that Magee had lost his nerve. The truth is, as Frank Carolan has reported, that so great has been the crush of Americans in Europe this year that accommodations on all the Atlantic liners have been reserved up to November; and hence the eagerness of Magee to get ashore in advance of the rush from the Olympic.

Bothwell Browne in His Element

Our old townsman Bothwell Browne, the female impersonator, is having the time of his life in New York. Bothie is never so happy as when he has a role which enables him to counterfeit feminine charms of the lusciously voluptuous order and the greatest of his many opportunities came to him when a new play called "Miss Jack" began its Broadway career recently. "Miss Jack" was to have been a sort of "Charley's Aunt" part, a grotesque pretense at feminine disguise. But Bothie would have none of that. He went the limit in his characterization with the result that many in the audience wondered if he was not a woman pretending to be a man disguised as a woman. According to the acute critic of the New York Sun Bothie "assumed the character of a young man caught in a girl's school and compelled to assume feminine dress in order that he might not be discovered. But his evident purpose throughout the performance was to appear as much like a woman as possible. He even dressed up in tights and led the chorus through an old fashioned Amazon march. He changed his feminine dress several times and although the women chorus at one point appeared in pajamas, he was guilty of nothing so masculine." We also learn that Bothie showed "visible signs of emotion at the sight of a pair of trousers." The critic says that Bothie's model was evidently Valeska Suratt. "There is much in common between their dramatic methods. There seemed to be a resemblance between them at more than one point during the afternoon." Then the critic slaps Bothie on the wrist by remarking: "To the observer it does not seem as if such acting would be difficult. Getting one's own consent seems in fact the hardest thing about it."

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Addressing a King

David Lubin of Sacramento has a legitimate grievance against the Eastern publication which represented him as addressing the King of Italy at follows: "Mr. King, now you know you're only a third-rate king, but if you listen to me I will put you in the first class. I don't like to see a monarch appear like small potatoes." Of course Lubin never said anything of the sort, for he has enough experience to understand the courtesy of courts. But there is no doubt that Americans have difficulty in finding the proper form of address when conversing with royalty. John Hays Hammond, alias "Jack the Nudger" pressed his finger against King George's waistband when he desired to attract the royal attention. Lots of people thought that the finger which had desecrated the anointed ought to be cut off. I remember another instance of informality in addressing royalty. It took place in the court of the old Palace. The king wasn't much of a king, it is true. He was King Kalakaua of Hawaii. He was standing in the court of the hotel one day when his chamberlain Colonel McFarlane brought forward a number of army men who were desirous of meeting a potentate. A very cheeky hotel reporter named Fritz Morris joined the group and on being presented to the king immediately invited him to a demonstration of fire-fighting by one of our engine companies. The king accepted, asking Morris to fix the time. Morris suggested ten o'clock at night, which was agreeable to the chocolate ruler. But Morris thought a moment and giving the king a vigorous poke in the ribs, said: "Oh, by the way, King, let's make it ten-thirty. I've got an engagement at ten."

Keeler Heard From

When last heard from Charles Keeler, the Berkeley poet, had reached Honolulu in his poetical peregrination over the seven seas. Judging from a short squib in the Hawaiian Gazette I am afraid that Poet Keeler did not score heavily with the highbrows of Honolulu. I quote:

> I have been interested in reading various random remarks recently concerning our local brand of poets. According to all I can hear we have as fine a bunch of rhyme-slingers in Honolulu as ever crossed the pike, meaning the tropic of cancer. Not knowing 'em personally I am willing to take their word for it.
>
> What I want to know is this: Where were those poets when Charles Keeler held forth at the Young Hotel the other night, before thirty-two people? When his long locks were floating in the breeze and his eyes were in a fine frenzy rolling over some of his own compositions, where were our local students of the rhyming dictionary? Surely they weren't down below at the bar?

The Blind Boss and the World's Fair

There have been many claimants for the honor of swinging enough votes into line to assure San Francisco of the World's Fair in the fight before Congress. The latest and most remarkable story I have heard gives that honor to old Chris Buckley, the erstwhile boss of our Democratic party. Buckley was brought up on the East Side in New York with Charles F. Murphy, the boss of Tammany. The story goes that when it was found necessary to land the votes of the New York delegation in Congress Mike Tarpey procured a letter to Murphy from the old blind boss and thereby saved the day. I give the story for what it is worth. Perhaps the truth is that Buckley, like a great many others,

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lent what influence he had and that the combined efforts of all accomplished the thing.

Toby Rosenthal in Munich

I think it is safe to say that most people think Toby Rosenthal died years ago. As a matter of fact he is still very much alive. He has a studio in Munich, and finds a ready market for his portrait and genre pictures which are highly regarded by connoisseurs. Charles Sutro who recently returned with his wife from a six-months stay in Europe tells me that he met Rosenthal in Munich and found him a vigorous worker whose brushes have lost none of their power despite his years. Rosenthal told Sutro that he hoped to get back to San Francisco once more before he died. He loves the old town, where he made his first success, as much as ever.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMERLANDER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased. FRANK R. KUMMERLANDER, Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummerlander, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: Grace Howitt Power, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the sale to you of certain real property should not be vacated and set aside, and a new sale ordered of said real property described in the petition herein in the same manner and upon the same terms as prescribed by the order of January 19, 1910, referred to in said petition.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1911

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

Where Is "Elaine?"

I have often wondered what became of Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine." The picture was stolen while on exhibition, but was recovered It seems to me that it was purchased by Irving M. Scott for whom Rosenthal also painted his great "Immolation of Constance de Beverley." If that is the case it probably still belongs to the Scott family. While in Sacramento recently I had an opportunity to compare Rosenthal's with Tojettit's "Elaine." It may not be generally known that in the California section of the State Library which is presided over so efficiently by Miss Eudora Garoutte there is a very full collection of photographic reproductions of the best works of California artists. Among these are the two "Elaines." Holding them side by side it is impossible not to award the palm to Rosenthal's. Of course the color values cannot be compared in the photographs, but in composition Rosenthal's seemed to me immeasurably superior. There is a simplicity about his picture which Tojetti's lacks. Rosenthal seems to have interpreted the poetry of the subject with more imaginative insight. It would be interesting to hear a sound critic of art compare the merits of these two pictures.

Gladys Unger's Success

Another San Franciscan whom Sutro met in his travels was Miss Gladys Unger, the talented daughter of Frank Unger. Miss Unger lives with her mother in a picturesque villa at Loughton near London. She has arrived as a playwright. Her first efforts were translations and adaptations from the French and in that field she was eminently successful. But more recently she has devoted herself to original work and I learn that four of her plays have been accepted by London managers. One or two of them will be produced soon. Meanwhile, in accordance with the English custom, she is receiving royalties for them.

California Wines at Turin

Word has been received from Turin, Italy, that the wine exhibit of the Italian-Swiss Colony was awarded the "Grand Prix," the highest award. Inasmuch as in this exposition thousands of samples of wines from every section of the globe were offered in competition, this victory for California wines is a notable one. The jury was composed of some of the most famous wine tasters in Europe, and when their decision was announced, great surprise was expressed by many of the foreign exhibitors. California wines have won medals and diplomas in former French, German, Italian and Belgian expositions, but this is the first time in the history of our viticultural industry that our native wines have reached the very top of the ladder.

A Tipless Hotel?

John McDermott, who used to be with the Palace, and Thomas P. Keating, one of the assistant managers of the St. Francis, are going to have a big hotel in Mission street near Fourth. The lease has been signed and the building, to be known as the Acme, will be erected by the Crocker Estate. It is pleasant to know that two hotel men enjoying the popularity that McDermott and Keating enjoy, are prosperous enough to embark in business on their own account. But there is to be a peculiar feature in this new hotel, worth calling attention to. It is to be primarily a hotel for hotel employes. Hotel men from bell hops to managers will be catered to with particular care. Which suggests the query, How about tips? Will the hotel men who sojourn at the Acme "come through" with gratuities? Or will this hotel stand alone in San Francisco as a tipless hotel? It will be interesting to find out.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States. "New York Herald, June 20, 1911."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The De Sablas Return

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene De Sabla and their attractive daughters from Europe has set speculation rife as to whether Miss Leontine will make her debut in the coming winter. Should she decide to do so, I predict that she will be the beauty of the year. She is not yet eighteen but possesses a savoir faire gained from much travel and the offices of an English governess who has been the young lady's constant companion for the past three years. Miss Leontine resembles somewhat her handsome sister, Mrs. Clement Tobin whose blonde pulchritude has made her noted as one of the most beautiful women in society. Miss Vera De Sabla who was

Photo, Moore and Clarke
MISS TOSCA BRUNTSCH

Who is prominent in society across the bay and enjoys a reputation for unusual cleverness as well as charm.

dubbed the "heiress of El Cerrito" when she made her debut two winters ago is of a different appearance. She is of the dainty Dresden shepherdess type. By the way, I am told Miss Vera has returned with no abatement of her interest in a certain young society bachelor whose admiration for the pretty heiress has been marked for some time.

El Cerrito Improvements

Improvements are to be made in the De Sabla home at El Cerrito. It is intended to surround the home with the most beautiful grounds in the aristocratic suburb of San Mateo. A landscape gardener will be consulted on the location for a marble swimming pool that will soon be added to the attractions of the place.

The Crockers' Plans

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker are home from their wedding trip to Europe and the latter is even more dashing and handsome than she was as Helene Irwin. She is the picture of happiness and is enthusiastic over plans for the renovation of Uplands for which many beautiful furnishings and tapestries were brought from Europe. While the work is going on Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will occupy the residence of Dr. Barkan in Laguna street not far away from the paternal roof-tree of the Irwins in Washington street. The young couple will take an active part in society next winter and will no doubt entertain extensively for the exclusive set they move in. Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Julia Langhorne are the most intimate friends of Mrs. Crocker. Miss Jennie Crocker came from Hillsboro Wednesday to greet her relatives, who went to the Irwin home until they are settled in their own residence. Mrs. Irwin, by the way, looks younger than before she departed for Europe when the plans for a large wedding had fatigued her. She has lost none of her enthusiasm for bridge.

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Mrs. Jephson's Romance

The many San Francisco friends of Mrs. Mountenay Jephson regret that her stay among them will be brief. Mrs. Jephson will return to her English home the first of November, her visit being one necessitated by business in connection with the estate of the late Colonel Head, her father. Mrs. Jephson's marriage was very romantic. It took place in London ten years since at a hospital where Lieutenant Jephson was lying, it was believed, at the point of death. The pair had met in this city some years earlier when the young British army officer who had been with Stanley in Africa accompanied the explorer on a tour of the United States and it was love at first sight. Colonel Head did not encourage the young man's attentions and finally refused to countenance the engagement of his daughter to a penniless young Englishman. Jephson returned to England and Miss Head devoted her life to charitable work for a number of years. After Colonel Head's death she went to England with her mother and the marriage soon followed while the groom was suffering from an attack of pneumonia. His death occurred two years ago, and this is Mrs. Jephson's first trip to California since her wedding. She has been entertained by such old friends as Mrs. Hearst, Miss Casserly and others.

The Mistakes of the Bavardes

Every once in a while it becomes necessary for me to correct the mistakes of the bavardes of the daily press. The comings and goings of our parochial aristocrats may not be of tremendous importance, but it is just as well that they should be accurately reported. And in other ways accuracy of statement is still more necessary. For instance, it may cause a man annoyance to be heralded as a millionaire when he is nothing of the sort. When the engagement of Miss Clarice Lucke to Mr. Bruce Fair was announced recently, the bavardes gave Mr. Fair a millionaire's rating, much to his confusion. Mr. Fair is not a millionaire but a business man earning a salary. Neither is he a stranger in our midst, as the bavardes would have him. True he is an easterner, but he has been living here for several years. Again, I read that Mr. and Mrs. John Tallant were on a trip to New York. But Mr. Tallant has been dead these ten years. In the list of those present at a recent smart affair I noted the names of Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer. Mrs. Mintzer's death threw a large circle of friends into mourning last year and Mr. Mintzer has been for some months desperately ill.

That Champagne, a Correction

I am sorry that a paragraph embodying a misstatement crept into these columns last week. It was to the effect that the girls who took part in the Armitage fete at Uplands waxed too enthusiastic in their dalliance with the champagne at dinner and showed a little too flushed behavior afterwards. Certain good women who helped manage that charitable affair have assured me that my informant erred in this matter. I regret that the error should have been given prominence

Photo, H. Pierre Smith
MISS IRENE SABIN

With her favorite dogs which have captured many prizes in competition with the best animals of the fancy.

here and I hasten to correct it. Need I add that the guilty paragraph was inconsistent with the policy which I have followed in my social comment, and would never have been published if it had been carefully read?

The Charming Mrs. Sproule

The promotion of William Sproule to the presidency of the Southern Pacific will bring back to San Francisco an interesting and well known young matron in the person of Mrs. Sproule. She will be remembered as Miss Marie Baird, daughter of Mrs. Veronica Baird by her first husband. Mrs. Baird, after the death of her first husband, married his brother who also died several years ago. Little Marie Baird surprised society when in her early teens and still a school girl by eloping with Barry Baldwin Jr., a young University of California student. Mrs. Baird had planned an elaborate debut party when she suddenly

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learned of her daughter's marriage. This was ten years ago when elopements were not an everyday occurrence as they are today. The sudden death of Mr. Baldwin left his widow with two small sons. A few years later she married the supposed "confirmed" bachelor William Sproule. She is petite and attractive, possessing a wealth of Titian's favorite shade of hair. As a toddling baby here she used to surprise people by her command of French. She will be a decided acquisition to the local smart set.

Young Touchard to Marry

One of the largest and most brilliant weddings of the season in New York will be of great interest to Californians. I refer to that of Miss Emeline Williams Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jabish Holmes of that city, to Mr. Gustave Fitzhugh Touchard, which will take place on Wednesday, October 11. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock in the South Church, and a reception will follow at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride is the last of the coterie of bridesmaids who attended Marjory Gould when she married Lord Decies last season. All have since fallen victims to Cupid. Miss Holmes is an expert tennis player and it was on the courts at Newport that she and young Touchard who is a champion player, first met. Gustave Touchard comes from old and prominent families on both sides. His father Gustave Touchard is the eldest son of the well known French bankers here. His aunts, the Misses Touchard, live in a palatial new home across the bay. His mother was formerly Miss Margaret McPherson, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Maynard McPherson, members of an old and aristocratic southern family. Mrs. Alexander McCracken, widow of Commodore McCracken, U. S. N., (Belle McPherson), is an aunt of the prospective groom. Miss Isabel McCracken is a cousin and William McPherson is an uncle. The groom is related to the Thompsons, Thorntons and Fitzhughs of this city. So it will be seen that this marriage is of unusual interest to San Franciscans. Mr. and Mrs. Touchard Sr. have resided in New York for the past few years. Gustave Jr. is the eldest son. Maynard is a younger brother. Gustave had intended going to England to enter the tennis tournament to defend the American championship abroad when his engagement was announced. It is not yet known whether he will carry out his intentions. Miss Alberta Touchard, sister of the prospective groom who is at present visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alexander McCracken in this city, will leave soon for her eastern home in order to be present at the wedding. Mrs. J. Naglee Burke and Miss Burke whom Miss Touchard accompanied to California will leave for the east at the same time. Mrs. Burke is a daughter of the late General Henry Naglee of San Jose.

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Mrs. Sullivan's Illness

The long continued illness of Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan has been the cause of great anxiety to her family and friends. She is lying at the point of death at the Lane Hospital from an attack of brain fever, several of the prominent physicians in this city having been called in. An operation performed recently not proving a success, a second one is deemed necessary. As Miss Alice Phelan, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, she was a cultured and most lovable girl and a general favorite in society. Mrs. Sullivan recently returned from a lengthy tour abroad.

Importuning Mrs. Buck

Many of the prominent matrons and all the younger members of society are earnestly trying to persuade Mrs. Carroll D. Buck to sponsor a set of dances this winter. It is more than certain, however, that she will not. Her final answer will be received this week.

A Journalist's Daughter

Mrs. Charles Taylor who is visiting her daughter Mrs. Horace Pillsbury is the wife of the millionaire proprietor of the Boston Globe. General Taylor was in San Francisco several months ago and his daughter accompanied him on his return east where she passed the summer at her parent's palatial home near Boston. Mrs. Pillsbury was Miss Elizabeth Taylor, who met and was betrothed to the son of E. J. Pillsbury when he was attending Harvard. General Taylor is a self-made man who amassed a fortune by his up-to-date methods in journalism introduced into Boston when the Globe was known as a yellow sheet. One of his innovations was to publish weekly several pages of correspondence from small towns of New England thereby extending the circulation of the Globe and increasing its influence. He is a brainy man with a weakness for baseball, his son John Taylor who married Miss Van Ness, sister of Mrs. William Denman, being manager of the American league.

Mr. Allen's Organ Recital

Mr. Warren D. Allen, a native son of California, has just returned from Paris and Berlin where he has been studying organ, piano and composition under Charles Widor and Rudolph Ganz, for the past three years. He announces his first organ recital for Wednesday evening, October 18, in Kohler and Chase's Hall. He will be assisted by Harald Pracht, baritone. Society people have grown enthusiastic over his talent as will be seen by the following list of prominent patronesses: Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Mary Tobin, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Mary Sesnon Austin, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Francis Sullivan, Miss Phelan, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Maurice Schweitzer, Mrs. M. H. De Young and Mrs. Louis Sloss.

Casa del Rey to Remain Open

Casa del Rey, the beautiful beach hostelry of Santa Cruz, is to remain open all winter on the American plan, and is catering for winter trade, giving social hops each Saturday night in the Casino ball room for the entertainment of its guests. The Casa del Rey Hotel company are about to build one of the finest 18-hole golf links on the Pacific Coast, keeping them perpetually green. The course will be regulation, set for championship games, located at a most beautiful site overlooking the city, and but fifteen minutes' ride from Casa del Rey. On the grounds will be built an artistic club-house where social functions can be held. Casa del Rey is an up-todate house in every respect, steam heated throughout. This is the first time that Santa Cruz ever had a tourits hotel to be kept open all the year round.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. C. P. Williams and wife, and Miss Mallory, delightful people of Pasadena, remained at Paso Robles for some days last week, before continuing the drive homeward.

The Panama Pacific International Exposition Co. have completed their plans for the reception of President Taft and party due to arrive in San Francisco on October 13. Reservations have been made for the President at the Hotel St. Francis, together with Major Butt, Secretary Hilles, Dr. Rhoads, and the corps of stenographers, messengers, secret service men, as well as the representatives of the press.

Morris Gest, manager for Gertrude Hoffman, is at the St. Francis to prepare dates for the dancer's appearance in San Francisco.

Brigadier General Robert Wankowski was at the St. Francis en route from the East to his home in Los Angeles.

Charles W. Clark came into San Francisco in his private car and registered at the St. Francis with Dr. and Mrs. Renich of Butte, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Clark of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. W. Carter and Mrs. M. S. Largey of Butte in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Drake of the Virginia, Long Beach, motored up from the southern city for a visit in San Francisco, registering at the St. Francis.

Major Ben C. Truman and Mrs. Truman who have been staying at the Tahoe Tavern for two months, are at the Palace Hotel for a few days.

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Mrs. E. B. Clement, sister of Mrs. Gardner F. Williams, spent a few days last week with Mr. Gardner Williams and his daughters. The Williams made a season visit at Del Monte and their friends will deeply regret their departure. They expect to arrive in Washington, D. C. this month.

F. G. Carnahan of Minneapolis has been spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe and went on to Del Monte to spend two weeks on the golf course on his way south. He expects to remain on the Coast through the winter.

W. C. T. Stiles, U. S. N., is a prominent naval man who is making the Victoria his headquarters during a stay in town.

FLORENCE MALONE

With the farcical comedy "The Commuters" at the Columbia.

Dr. A. C. Kahn and family, and Mrs. P. Rainey, all from London, England, are stopping at the Hotel Victoria during a visit to San Francisco.

Mrs. C. T. Mills, accompanied by Mrs. C. W. Seidel of San Diego, spent a week at Del Monte. Mrs. Mills has many Del Monte friends as she has been going there for years.

Mrs. C. B. Munger, wife of Dr. Munger, U. S. N., is settled at the Hotel Victoria during the weeks that the "California" is cruising hereabouts.

Major and Mrs. Frank Green, and Colonel and Mrs. Charles Ruggles from the Benicia Arsenal have been staying at the Hotel Victoria during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Morrison, their son G. W. Morrison, and Charles M. Hutchinson, are a party of Pittsburg visitors who are staying at the Hotel Victoria during their stay in this city. Mr. Hutchinson is an architect in Pittsburg.

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Alexander Rutherford of San Francisco favored Del Monte with a brief visit last week.

F. E. Booth of the Monterey Packing Company, with his wife, spent a few days at Del Monte during their recent trip to Monterey on business.

Among the many automobile parties stopping at Paso Robles recently are Mrs. G. Robinson, and her son Mr. R. L. Robinson of Sacramento on their way south. Mr. S. V. Childs and wife of Los Angeles stopped over for a time, on their way home, to enjoy the baths, after an extended tour of the northern part of the State. Mrs. Martin A. Chase of Riverside, accompanied by her sister Mrs. E. C. Taintor of San Francisco, stayed for a short time at Paso Robles, southward bound after a visit to the golf tournament at Del Monte, and a round of pleasure in San Francisco. Mrs. Chase is one of the noted golf players of Southern California, and also drives her own car.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Klamp of Honolulu have taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria.

In the list of arrivals at Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz, are: C. A. Hellwig, wife and child, Bert Mooser, S. N. Bostwick and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Holden, Mrs. Frank Ames, Miss Helen Gay, Lawrence Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Folsom, E. B. Jones and chauffeur, Higgins, H. O. Thrales, Miss J. Steinbring, A. T. Riggs, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, F. W. Swanton and wife, H. E. Decker, Miss Gertrude Leonard, George Nason, C. H. Smith, D. Hatlan, L. Kenned, W. Hilton, J. B. Dusinberry, A. Crawford Green, F. D. Fagan, F. R. Koening, Mr. F. A. Obermeyer and wife, John C. Wunder and wife, Chas. F. Thierbach and wife, Geo. Smidt, C. F. Aked, Andrew Bonner and wife, Robt. M. Fulton and wife, W. W. Alverson, all from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. I. Fobriner and child, Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Eastland, Burlingame, Mrs. Athol McBean, Reno, Mr. and Mrs. L. Scott, Hillsborough, R. P. Lathrop, Hollister, A. D. McKinnon, Hollister, Douglas Brown, New York City, N. F. Wilson, New York, W. P. McCoy, Chicago, Malcolm McLeish, Denver, Miss Minnie Beavan, Pittsburg, Miss Celia Glading, Pittsburg, Louis W. Buckley, Mgr. Director, Omoha Land Show, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Hamilton, Berkeley, Mrs. J. F. Sims, Berkeley, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Sawyer, Paso Robles Hot Springs, R. P. Marion, Paso Robles Hot Springs, W. B. Helm, wife and babe, New York City, C. N. Behrens, Petaluma, A. P. Behrens, Petaluma, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Schwarting, Milwaukee, Alon W. Schwarting, Milwaukee, Scott Lawton, Oroville, F. W. Loomis, New York, Alfred Harrison, Kansas City, Miss E. K. Harrison, London, England, Robt. M. Fulton and wife, New York City, Miss Katherine Fuller, New York, Mrs. Wm. D. Ried, New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daly, Eureka.

Where the Blues Are Lost

Every day during the luncheon hour at Tait's for the last week, there have been evidences of a sort of loosening of the tension that has, of late, held San Franciscans. There is a more jovial "getting together" spirit and a talking over of affairs in a more hopeful fashion—and Tait's is just the place to do it—a cheerful, bright, comfortable place—a cafe where the "blues" are lost, especially in the evening. The beautiful lighting and scheme of decoration, the inspiring music, the gay throng and the delicious viands, make an evening at Tait's a brilliant and delightful diversion and justify its growing popularity and all the appreciative things which are being said about it.

Your physician will tell you that a glass of Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO at your meals will aid digestion.

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"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

By Edward F. O'Day

For us virtuous folk who would no more lay our hands on our neighbor's property than we would turn our thoughts to our neighbor's wife, there is a strange fascination about crooks. Looking down from the ivory tower of our snowy integrity we inspect the underworld with feelings of superiority mixed with awe. Here are men and women who dare to disregard the laws that bind us and seem to have a corking good time while they are doing so—until they land in jail. The license of their lives horrifies our lofty moral nature but attracts our weaker sympathies. We know we are better than these denizens of Alsatia and on that comfortable sense of self-satisfied purity we build a sneaking curiosity that might be found to contain an admixture

H. B. WARNER

Who will appear again in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" next week at the Cort Theatre.

of envy if we were stern analysts of our looser thoughts. In other words the best of us—and we are all eminent for our goodness, are we not?—cannot resist thinking at times that it would be exciting to exchange places with the criminal who cracks a safe or commits some other crime that is not too mussy and does not involve blood. Who can resist the feeling of affection for "Raffles"? Who that has read the recent "Leontine and Company" does not think that the hero's was a very splendid career? Who does not hope devoutly that he will "get" Chou Chou when the story is resumed? There is a potential criminal in every one of us, and frequently it is only cowardice that keeps us moral. Hence we admire the courage of Jimmy Valentine who dared to be a yegg as much if not more than we applaud the will power of Lee Randall who had the strength to reform. It is a long time since I have met so engaging a crook as Jimmy Valentine. In real life my acquaintance with crooks has been less extensive than I could have wished. The few who have honored me with their confidence I have found the most engaging of conversationalists, the most worldy wise of observers. Not to have penetrated a bit into the mysterious realms of Alsatia is to have missed a whole phase of our current civilization, and I cannot but regret that in my limited excursions I have never won the intimacy of such a one as Jimmy Valentine. He is most decidedly worth while. To know him would be a liberal education in the night side of life. Just to make his acquaintance in the theatre is to participate in the activities of an artist and to explore the riches of the artistic mind. Rose Lane is speaking with more than the usual feminine accuracy when she says in the first act that men like Jimmy Valentine, Blinky Davis and Jimmy the Rat are artists. What though the first is a yegg, the second a forger and the third a gun? Art is catholic and embraces all forms of human endeavor without regard to the two tablets of stone. Artistry like Jimmy's is preeminently unmoral and its pursuits leave no twitches of conscience to ruffle the serenity of a well ordered mind. To Jimmy the opening of a safe is the great achievement; the incidental profit is no more and no less to him than the honorarium which a painter receives for his completed picture. Being a man of deep thought as well as profound sentiment Jimmy in time sees the necessity of changing his course, of abandoning his art. The conventions of a civilization which he had no part in shaping place a superior power in the hands of his antagonist, the policeman, and he comes in time to realize that the cunning of his craft, while it commands admiration, can never compel the esteem of the majority. Being an artist he would probably disregard this intellectual conclusion were it not that his heart reinforces the argument. There is a woman. Being a banker's daughter she cannot be expected to change the prejudices of a lifetime. She is hopelessly committed to a theory of meum et tuum very popular with bankers, not to say depositors. So Jimmy forsakes his art to win the woman. The sacrifice proves worth while and the complications it entails supply an outlet for that enthusiasm which is never again to be expended in hypnotizing the tumblers of a combination lock. Not being maudlin he does not sigh, like Nero, that the world is losing a great artist; he merely turns his talents to other channels. The manner in which all this has been conveyed to us in Paul Armstrong's play is admirable. There are few false touches. One o the least convincing characters is the warden o Sing Sing. I never knew a warden who would al low an insignificant person like a lieutenant-gov ernor to bulldoze him. I can't imagine Hoyl of San Quentin or Reilly of Folsom taking th "lip" of a pompous second-rater as Handler take it. I can't imagine any warden coddling a pris oner as Handler is shown coddling Jimmy at th end of the first act. But that's a small matter It is more than atoned for by the lifelike presenta tion of the busybodies who regard all convicts as angels with clipped wings. The members of th Gate of Hope Society might have been drawn from some of our most misguided San Francisco humanitarians. Detective Doyle too is drawn cunningly to the last stroke. In the end he is triumphant. A carefully constructed alibi outwits

MME. GILDA LONGARI

Soprano with Amato, Scottish Rite Auditorium.

but does not deceive him. And then chance, the right arm of the detective, gives him his quarry. Then he decides, as I have known detectives to decide, that he doesn't want him. You see, Doyle too is an artist and the profit is a negligible factor to him when his masterpiece is completed. From first to last "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is splendid. For the players who present it there can be nothing but praise. Mr. Warner is wonderful. He knows his Alsatia, I'll be bound. Of course he has to make his yegg melodramatic, but what of that? Life is apt to be melodramatic, especially in the underworld, and life must be heightened when it is shown in such pieces as "Alias Jimmy Valentine." For the first time in a moon I was sorry when the show was over.

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Commuters" at the Columbia

The New York and Boston cast who made a big hit in James Forbes' farcical comedy "The Commuters" will be seen in that piece when it is offered at the Columbia for the two weeks commencing with next Monday night, October 9. "The Commuters" is a domestic story of the Sunday supplement type; as a play, in fact, the fabric is rather out of the ordinary. With characters familiar in daily experience, amusing situations and clever dialogue, it is said to form an excellent entertainment. The cast includes Harry Davenport, Florence Malone, Amy Lesser, John Robertson, Frederic Malcolm, Pauline Duffield, Lillian Thurgate, E. Y. Backus, Hazel Malcolm, Maude Sinclair, Minnie Williams and Kerra Kenwyn. The prices during this engagement range from $1.50 to 25 cents.

The Incomparable Sousa

Impresario Greenbaum and the Incomparable Sousa opened our winter music season at Dreamland Rink last Sunday afternoon. It was a gloomy, damp day, but there were not many empty seats in the big pavilion. There was a crowd on hand to greet the march king that would have overflowed any of our theatres. Sousa is never neglected. He has certainly

marched his way into the hearts of the people. They love him for his music, and they love him for his appreciation of their enthusiasm. Sousa appears to get as much pleasure out of his band as anybody that pays to hear it. And no wonder! It is a great band. Every instrument is in the hand of a thorough musician. Sousa seems to revel in the harmonies of his band; to be on the point at times of being transported by its magic rhythms. And when the audience calls for more one almost expects Sousa to express his thanks,

CHARLES and FANNIE VAN
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

so quickly does he get into action again. Last Sunday his concert was almost a continuous performance, and a ravishing performance it was. All tastes were gratified.

Seat Sale for Nordica

The sale of reserved seats for the first concert to be given by Mme. Lillian Nordica, which takes place at the large Pavillion in Sutter street near Pierce, on Saturday night, October 14, will begin Monday morning, October 9, at 9 o'clock at the Owl Drug Store, No. 778 Market street. The prices will be lower in San Francisco than in any other city west of New York. Mme. Nordica will be assisted by Myron B. Whitney, the famous basso, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, the eminent pianist. Mme. Nordica has been invited to participate in the ground breaking exercises on the day of her concert with President Taft.

"The House Next Door" at the Savoy

The presentation of Dante's "Inferno" will conclude a successful engagement of two weeks at the Savoy with the afternoon and evening performances of this Saturday. Next week the cozy McAllister street playhouse will be renovated in preparation for the fall and winter combination season and on Sunday afternoon, October 15, "The House Next Door" will begin an engagement limited to one week. This modern comedy by J. Hartley Manners has enjoyed long and successful runs in New York and Chicago. While very entertaining and amusing, "The House Next Door" points a moral. Perhaps that is why it is so successful, everywhere attracting the attention of the most critical and observant theatregoers.

Underworld Panorama at the Orpheum

Paul Armstrong's "A Romance of the Underworld" comes to the Orpheum next week. In the cast are twenty-three characters—each a study. The sketch is a panorama of the New York Criminal Court. It shows the court, the Bridge of Sighs and the Tombs. The play was a sensation in New York. Everything that happens in "A Case of Emergency" which Charles and Fannie Van will present next week, is funny. Mr. Van is happy as a stage carpenter while Miss Van is a soubrette. Faithful impersonations of the negress will be given by the Nichols Sisters in their skit "The Kentucky Belles." They have been termed the feminine McIntyre and Heath. They dance well. The Four Floods appropriately announce the act they will appear in as "the acrobatic merry-makers." Next week will be the last of The Avon Comedy Four; World and Kingston; The International Polo Teams and the Six American Dancers.

"Elizabeth" by Nance O'Neil

"Elizabeth" in which Nance O'Neil will open the eighth week of her engagement at the Alcazar, was written by the Italian dramatist, Paolo Giacometti. In addition to possessing a very interesting plot, it is historical in its main incidents and the principal characters are distinguished personages at the court of England's queen. Among them are Elizabeth herself, Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Francis Drake, Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Essex, Lord Howard of Effingham, the Marquis of Mendoza, Lady Burleigh and Lady Howard. Mary Stuart and William Shakespeare are involved in the story, but do not appear. There are five acts, and all the scenes are laid in the Queen's palace, London, each act having a different setting. Admirers of Miss O'Neil's versatile art can perceive the opportunity for its display she is afforded by the title part. Others in the cast are E. L. Bennison as the Earl of Essex; Roy Clements as Lord Burleigh; David Kirkland as Lord Howard of Effingham, Burt Wesner as Sir Francis Drake; Charles Gunn as King James of Scotland; Viola Leach as Lady Howard and Adele Belgarde as Lady Burleigh.

The Pasquale Amato Concerts

For the past two years everybody who has been fortunate enough to be visiting New York pending the Metropolitan Opera season has returned wildly enthusiastic about the voice and art of Pasquale Amato who is best described as "the Caruso of the baritones" and of whom even Emilio De Gogorza has said: "Amato—that is the greatest baritone that has ever visited America." Through Impresario Greenbaum our music lovers will have the opportunity to hear this artist this Sunday afternoon, October 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium when he will have the assistance of Mme. Gilda Longari, soprano from La Scala of Milan, and Fernando Tanara, pianist of the Metropolitan Opera House. Next Tuesday night a special program will be given under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association. Two more concerts are scheduled for Thursday night, October 12, and Sunday afternoon, October 15.

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"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"
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A Historical Play by Paolo Giacometti.
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The Man on the Bottle

(Continued from Page 8.)

puzzled the audience considerably—they could only see that a white face was pressed against the window of the chair and was staring over at the bottle. Shadows cut off all further view.

Laughter and applause rose to a tumult. Pierrot had crouched on the bottom of the bottle, his fingers clutching his throat. Then he opened his mouth wide and pointed in wild frenzy to his chest and then to the one sitting above. He folded his hands in supplication, as though he were begging something from the audience.

"He wants something to drink! Such a large bottle and no wine in it? I say, you marionettes, give him a drink," cried one of the maskers.

Everybody laughed and applauded.

Then the Pierrot jumped up once more, tore his garments from his chest and staggered about until he measured his length on the bottom of the bottle.

"Bravo, bravo, Pierrot! Wonderfully acted! Da capo, da capo!" yelled the maskers.

When the man in the bottle did not stir again and made no effort to repeat his scene the applause gradually subsided and the attention of the spectators was drawn to the marionettes. They still remained motionless in the poses they had assumed, but in their miens there was now a sense of expectancy that had not been there before. It seemed as if they were waiting for a cue.

The humpbacked dwarf, with the chalked face, turned his eyes carefully and gazed at the Prince Darasche-Koh. The Persian did not stir.

Finally two figures advanced from the background, and one of the Moors haltingly approached the Sedan chair and opened the door.

And then something very remarkable occurred—the naked body of a woman fell stiffly out on the stage. There was a moment of deathly silence and then a thousand voices arose: "What has happened?"

Marionettes, apes, musicians—all leaped forward; maskers climbed up on the stage.

The princess, wife of Darasche-Koh, lay there naked, strapped to a shell frame. Where the ropes had cut into her flesh were blue bruises, and in her mouth there was a silk gag.

A nameless horror took possession of the audience.

"Pierrot!" a voice suddenly shrilled. "Pierrot!" Like a dagger, indescribable fear penetrated every heart.

"Where is the prince?"

During the tumult the Persian had disappeared. Melanchthon stood on the shoulders of Mephisto, but he could not lift the cap of the bottle, and the air valve was screwed tightly shut.

"Break the walls of the bottle! Quick!"

The Dutch councillor tore the cudgel from the hand of the crimson executioner and with a leap landed on the stage.

A gruesome sound arose, like the tolling of a cracked bell. Like streaks of white lightning the cracks leaped across the surface of the glass. Finally the bottle was splintered into bits. And within lay, suffocated, the corpse of the Count de Faast, his fingers clawing his breast.

Silently and with invisible pinions the gigantic ebon birds of terror streaked through the hall of the fete.

A good story is told, in Barry O'Brien's new book on John Bright, of Sydney Smith, who, while looking critically at the unfinished portrait of a celebrated Nonconformist divine, said to the artist, "Do you not think you could throw into the face a stronger expression of hostility to the Established Church?"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Following an irregular market early in the week which reflected the inability of most traders to discover from Attorney General Wickersham's latest statement the exact attitude of the Department of Justice toward the United States Steel Corporation and other big industrial combinations, the stock market toward the end of the week recovered from the low levels of the year which it had begun on Monday morning. Though some of the leading stocks sagged under selling at the outset of trading, these issues joined in the general upturn as the rallying tendency became more pronounced, and despite occasional attacks by the bears, the undertone of the market continued strong right up to the close of the week. The steel coporation issued a statement setting forth the highly satisfactory business which is now being enjoyed, which was made public by its chairman of directors. It was also believed in many quarters that the chairman of the steel corporation directorate was preparing a statement proclaiming the conviction of its management that the company is not repugnant to the law, that it has shaped its policy in good faith on this assumption and that, if the management's belief in the proper conduct of the company's business is challenged by the government, it will try to convince the courts that the government is mistaken and, failing to do so, will make every effort to protect the interest and equities of the security holders. It was this belief that inspired the buying of stocks late in the week. The strike on the Harriman lines was not a factor.

Wheat—During the past six months millers all over the country have been slow in accumulation of supplies, on account of the fear of free wheat from Canada and the probability of a decided change in the distribution of flour. Mills will now be forced to buy on a more liberal scale than for two years past. In the Southwest millers have very small supplies on account of the small crop and there is already a very strong demand for wheat at Kansas City by Texas and Oklahoma. Minneapolis, in order to float off the low grades of spring wheat, will be forced to mill a larger proportion of winter wheat than in recent years. Soft winter wheat has accumulated in the Chicago market and it has been a bearish factor and is likely to continue so for some time. However, we regard this as affording excellent opportunities to buy for future delivery, as eventually th soft wheat will be in just as strong demand as the hard winter and spring. As we have said frequently in discussing the market prior to the Canadian election, on a domestic basis wheat should sell very much higher and our judgment is now confirmed.

Corn—Our corn reports are showing an excellent condition and will show an improvement over last month. The fall has been ideal with plenty of moisture everywhere which has put the soil in fine shape for late grass. There is everywhere a husbanding of forage, and especially of corn, which will go very far to offset the small hay yield. In the far West and Southwest the corn and kindred foodstuffs will be close to an average yield. Last year's record crop has been used more closely than any similar crop of corn in this country. The relation between crop and price of corn this year is at variance on account of the small supplies at primary markets. Receipts have been heavier than usual this summer and fall and the demand has been equally as great and there is no pressure to sell in any market. The past two weeks of rainy weather have retarded shipments from the country and the cash price is not apt to weaken until supplies accumulate. This will have the effect of holding up future deliveries, but we look upon the crop outlook as certain eventually to bring down December corn and our advice is to sell this month on all strong spots.

Cotton—Outside of a few fitful rallies the contract market was on the decline the entire week in keeping with southern hedging sales against continued heavy offerings of actual spot cotton. Both government reports were bearish, but did not effect prices much, as the trade had anticipated and discounted just such figures as were published. The census report showing 3,666,300 bales ginned to September 25 is about one million bales more than the largest on record, while the Agricultural Department made the condition of the 1.4 per cent better than 1906 in which year 13,422,000 bales were harvested from an acreage of 33,370,000 acres compared with 35,004,000 acres this year. Based on the average yield and condition of the three former large crop years, the condition report of 71.1 indicates a crop of 14,320,000 bales. With such a large crop now almost an assured fact and trade conditions so unsatisfactory, there is no incentive for any one to bull cotton and nothing more than the usual rallies resulting from profit taking and short covering need be looked for until prices reach a level sufficiently below the cost of production to attract investment buying. Present prices, while low compared with the price at which the last two crops were marketed, are nevertheless much higher than the lowest prices reached during the heavy marketing period in either of the three previous large crop years of 1908, 1906 and 1904.

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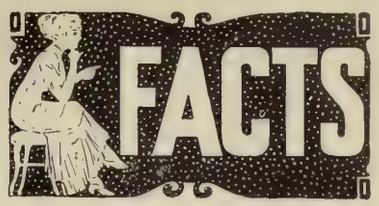

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Auto Notes

Mr. C. H. Holbrook Jr. has just purchased another Stevens-Duryea six-cylinder touring car from the Pacific Motor Car Company.

Colonel Frank H. Johnson is the recent purchaser of a Chalmers "30" inside drive coupe. This is the closed model that has been so popular throughout the East during the past season.

Carl H. Page & Co., the New York Chalmers agents, have written the Pioneer Automobile Company here that they are very enthusiastic about the new model "36." They write: "It has lots of power, is just about one hundred per cent better in every way than we expected it to be, and we feel justified in stating in all sincerity that it has everything skinned to death we have ever handled, big or little. It has the power, smooth running, long stroke motor and the four speed transmission, just as ideal for city traffic as for hill climbing and there seems to be an added value in carefulness of finish, in mechanical features as well as body construction. We have had a regular automobile show in our salesroom the last two or three days and we have not had a criticism yet. The self-starter works all right and seems to be a most attractive feature to the purchaser."

Mr. Philip L. Bush has just taken delivery of his 1912 Cole 30 from the Pacific Motor Car Company.

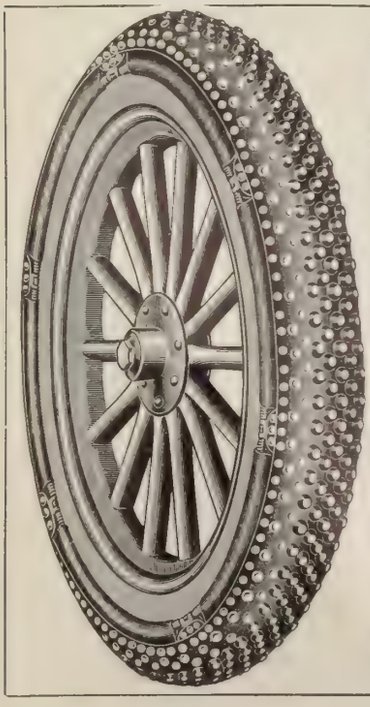
A. H. Howe, agent of the Chalmers cars in Tonopah, Nevada, is spending a few days at Pacific Grove, having driven his Chalmers "30" car there from Tonopah via Los Angeles. Mr. Howe expects to spend some little time here with the Chalmers agents.

G. R. Parker, one of the famous traveling crack shots of the Remington-Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., has just completed a 2000-mile trip through the interior desert of Oregon, in a Chalmers "30" car. This trip was a part of Mr. Parker's regular tour in which he gives exhibitions of sharp-shooting and incidentally sells the goods manufactured by his company. During the trip Parker visited towns sometimes as much as 200 miles from a railroad. In several instances he visited settlements that had never before seen an automobile. Sometimes hundreds of people came to see the combination of a motor car and a man who could shoot flying targets with the sight of his Remington obstructed, or with the gun upside down. At times during the trip Parker climbed to an altitdue of 9,000 feet. "This trip," says the famous crack shot, "certainly convinced me that the motor car is the best means of conveyance under the most trying conditions of travel. Often on my trip it was from 75 to 100 miles between water stations. My car negotiated this dreary waste of absolutely barren sand under a sun as hot as any in the tropics, without a bit of trouble."

Several hundred cars of all makes and sizes, from the lowly runabout to the car of high price and power, are owned by the city of New York at the present time. The heads and sub-heads of departments whose work calls them almost daily to the outlying districts, demand machines with the ability to "get there," and it is with these members of the city government that the Lozier car has found high favor. With the recent purchase of three Lozier cars by the city of New York, the number of high priced cars of that make, now in the service of the metropolis total fifteen, all being used by commissioners or heads of departments.

Despite the fact that Johnny Jenkins in a stock Cole 30 had to run his car into a ditch to avert running down a careless spectator at the Worchester Dead Horse Hill climb who walked directly into the path of the swift moving Cole, Jenkins won first place in both the stock and non-stock events of his class on this hill, lowering the record of the hill for cars of from 231 to 300 piston displacement by over eight seconds.

Mr. J. C. Ford, a former resident of Berkeley, now of San Diego, a retired capitalist and veteran motorist who makes a trip from San Diego to San Francisco and from San Francisco as far north as Humbolt county and Eureka each summer in his Stevens-Duryea, called on the Pacific Motor Car Company on his return trip to San Diego. This is Mr. Ford's ninth trip to the Big Trees and the Yosemite. He carries with him a complete camping outfit and wherever the fish bite the best or the most inviting spot bids them stop, camp is made. Mr. Ford has never been stopped on account of any accident to his car, has never been in a repair shop, and has never been towed in. This is a decidedly remarkable record. His average mileage per day is one hundred miles. As Mr. Ford expresses it, a hundred mile drive is a pleasure both to the driver and his party. After you drive one hundred miles you are working and then motoring ceases to be a pleasure.



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There are many imitations; most of them will injure a tire more than they will save it.

The Woodworth Treads have been on the market for years, and have had the test of time.

They are **puncture-proof, non-skidding** and will save double their cost by prolonging the life of the tires.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,190, Probate; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS GOSLINKSY, Deceased.

Julius Brownstein, Frances Brownstein and Estelle Putzel, having presented to and filed with the Clerk of this Court, their petition for an order of Court declaring that certain property of the estate of the above name deceased is held by the Executrix of said estate in trust for said petitioners, and praying for a decree of Court authorizing and directing said Executrix to make, execute and deliver a conveyance to petitioners, of an undivided one-quarter interest in and to the following described parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows:

That portion of lot 48 of the 500 acre lots of the former Pueblo de San Jose, being the westerly half of the northerly fourth of said Lot 48, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the Public road known as the McKee Road (the same being the extension of Julian Street, in the City of San Jose, easterly of the mountains) at the westerly corner of the so-called Cavanaugh Tract; running thence along the center of said McKee Roard North 49 degrees, 34 minutes East, 15.32 chains; thence South 37 degrees, 45 minutes East, 30.52 chains; thence South 49 degrees, 34 minutes West, 15.32 chains; thence North 37 degrees, 45 minutes West, 30.52 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 46.55 acres of land more or less.

It is ordered, that all persons interested appear before this Court on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause if any they have why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be served upon MINNA GOSLINKSY, personally, as the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, at least ten days before the time set for the hearing thereof.

And it is furthered ordered, that this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, October 3, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

D. FREIDENRICH and M. L. SCHMITT,
Attorneys for Petitioners. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI UZZOVICH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. G. Antonovich, No. 604 Montgomery Street, Room 209-210, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased.

LUCA UZZOVICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

WM. G. ANTONOVICH, Atty. for Administrator,
604 Montgomery St., Room 209-210,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS J. LEE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of W. C. Graves, Attorney at Law, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased.

W. C. GRAVES,
Executor of the Estate of Thomas J. Lee, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

W. C. GRAVES, Atty. for Executor,
911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS,
Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

FISK TRADE MARK

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FISK TRADE MARK

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONROY, also known as MARY CAWLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his attorney, Room 305 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased.

JOHN QUINN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1911.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Atty. for Executor,
304-5-6 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,593; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED BECK, Deceased.

Anna Beck, the Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Beck, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, September 7, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Atty. for Administratrix,
802 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD RATIGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Carpenter & Hittell, 602 California Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased.

F. E. DAVERKOSEN,
Executor of the Estate of Edward Ratigan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

CARPENTER & HITTELL, Attys. for Executor,
602 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,895, Probate; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM FRASER, Deceased.

William L. Fraser, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of William Fraser, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition, in due form, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing him, as such Administrator, to sell all the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to this Court, by the said verified petition, that it would be for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the estate and those interested therein, that the said real property be sold; and that it is necessary to sell the said real property described in said petition, which is hereby expressly referred to for further particulars and for a description of said property, in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or hereafter may accrue during the administration of said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in said petition, should not be granted to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale for the purposes mentioned in the said petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of the said estate and of the persons interested therein; and,

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 28th day of September, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed Sept. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Atty. for Administrator,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ANNE GWINN, (sometimes known as and called ANNIE GWINN), an Insane Person.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, as the guardian of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, duly made and given on the 4th day of September, 1911, in the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an insane person, the undersigned, as such guardian, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1911, all of the right, title and interest of the said Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning of the Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue (formerly Seventh Avenue South) at a point distant One Hundred Seventy-five (175) feet Southeasterly, measured along said line, from the Southeasterly line of Newhall Street (formerly "N" Street South); running thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Galvez Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a portion of Lot No. 31, in Block No. 139 as per map entitled "Map of the lands of the Central Park Homestead Association," recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book "C and D," page 87 of Maps.

Bids or offers in writing will be received by the said guardian at the law offices of R. L. Beardslee, Esq., Rooms 203-204, Yosemite Theatre Building, (situate on the East side of North San Joaquin Street between Main Street and Weber Avenue), in the City of Stockton, County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court of the County of San Joaquin, State of California, or said bids or offers may be left with J. C. Quinlan, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, at his law offices, in Rooms 714-719, Humbolt Bank Building, City of San Francisco, State of California.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash, in lawful money of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, the balance of the purchase price to be paid to said guardian upon confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court.

Dated at Stockton, California, September 11, 1911.

WALTER N. PARRISH,
As Guardian of the Person and Estate of Anne Gwinn, (sometimes known as and called Annie Gwinn), an Insane Person.

R. L. BEARDSLEE, Atty. for Guardian,
Rooms 203-204 Yosemite Theatre Building, Stockton, California. 9-16-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased.

WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,971; Dept. No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of EMILIE BOUQUET, Deceased.

Ernest Bouquet, the Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court his verified petition herein, praying for an order of sale of an undivided one-half interest in and to certain improved real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, being all of the estate of said decedent, for the purposes set forth in said petition, located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

And described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of land beginning at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet, running thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet, running thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet, and running thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a five room, one story frame cottage.

And more particularly described in said petition to which reference is hereby made, at either public or private sale as the said Administrator shall judge most beneficial for the said estate.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell all of said described real property with the improvements thereon belonging to said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

Now, therefore, on motion in open court of Messrs. Hankins and Hankins, attorneys for said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor, it is ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, Southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator for the sale of all of the said described real property and improvements thereon belonging to said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 13, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

HANKINS & HANKINS, Atty. for Petitioner.
915-917-918 Pacific Bldg., Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,635.

In the Matter of the Application of HARRY A. KOHL, for Change of Name.

It appearing to the Court that on the 6th day of September, 1911, Harry A. Kohl filed herein his application for an order that his name be changed to Harry A. Millsaps, and good cause appearing therefor:

It is ordered and directed, that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before the Court on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, Department 7 thereof, in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the said application for change of name should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 6th day of September, 1911.

E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Atty. for Petitioner. 9-16-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ISADORE LAVENTHAL, residing at 386 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 553 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Laventhal Bros.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19, 1911.

ISADORE LAVENTHAL,

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 19th day of September, 1911, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ISADORE LAVENTHAL, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Isadore Laventhal,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23 5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS RUFFIEUX, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louis Ruffieux, deceased.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 30, 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

An Idyll of East Tennessee

Maria Thompson Daviess has taken for her own a small district in East Tennessee, back from the railroads and great highways, where the inhabitants uncontaminated by city ways and social aspirations, live a somewhat placid existence, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, as well as the material good things of field and orchard and the products of oven and store pantry. None is rich and none poor, and the kindly common interest welds them into one big family, old folks and children alike. "Rose of Old Harpeth" is the third book Miss Daviess has given us. The locality is not identical with that of "The Road to Providence" or "Miss Selina Lou," and it is only occasionally that some one we have met before flits across in the background, yet to have read one of the stories puts one at home in the others. The interest in "Rose of Old Harpeth" centers about the Alloway farm at Sweet Briar. It has been in the same family for more than a century, and the Alloways have been thrifty and provident folk who take a pride in the fact that they have held their lands intact since the first grant. The family had dwindled until it consisted of two octogenarian sisters and their brother, an old man at the far verge of his physical capacity, with a small grandson and a niece, a young woman, the Rose of the story. Rose is a type of character of whom we see few glimpses in modern fiction, a girl of capable intellect and good sense who had begun her college course when circumstances made the pursuit of it impracticable but who, instead of seeking a career and making money, has the clear sense to discern that she herself is needed more than any amount of earning, and that her natural domestic tastes will be better satisfied in raising chickens, making butter and taking care of her folks than in living in a hall bedroom and taking up task work. Owing to the ill conduct of a son, the old Alloway place has been heavily mortgaged and the veiled rascality of the apparent friend who has made the loan is drawing it by inches from the hands of its owners. The alternative is the marriage of Rose to the holder of the mortgage, but though she would sacrifice herself for her family, the old Alloways will make no such bargain and prepare to depart. The situation is saved by Mark Everett, a young geologist and mineralogist who has been cared for on the farm after an accident. It is in the line of his professional work to have an eye to formations, and in addition, his suspicions have been aroused by the discovery that there has been another investigator taking notes. The result is the disclosure of mineral wealth undreamed of by any save the money lender, and even he is on the wrong track, so there is a general rejoicing instead of almost a funeral in the last chapter. The plot is by no means the whole story. One cannot but be interested in Stony and his Swarm, and particularly in Tobe and his predicaments. Energetic and capable Mrs. Rucker is a perfect foil for improvident and easy-going Mrs. Poteet who simply sits with her lap spread and looks for the rain of good things. The villagers are a quaintly garrulous group without the usual acrimonious and critical spirit of small communities. A good part of the action and discussion, as well as the love-making which is an essential part of most novels, takes place in the cool spring house amidst the crocks of milk and cream, where, under the shadow of Old Harpeth, Rose Mary works her butter under the honeysuckles. To come across a book like this of Miss Daviess', in the midst of the hectic problem novels of the twentieth century, is like finding a shady nook and a cool breeze in the dog days. From Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Fine Book for Children

"Four Gordons" is so good that after reading it one is inclined to knock wood or observe some other form of incantation lest nothing worth room on the same shelf shall appear for seven years to come. It is a story for young folks and should be equally well received by boys and girls, though it is probable that the girls will claim it, for though they never object to boys and their doings, the boy is yet to be born who wants girls in his books. Not only is the story itself beyond anything that has appeared in recent years, but it is written in excellent English, without resort to slang or gibberish. Who is Edna A. Brown, the author? No other books by her are mentioned on the title page, but her light should not be hidden under a bushel. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are her publishers. Illustrations are by Norman Irving Black.

"Some Outdoor Prayers" is a little booklet of prayers composed by Rev. George A. Miller, a Methodist clergyman, but the prayers are undenominational, and will appeal to any one of reverend mind and prayerful inclinations, and especially to those who are ungifted with a readiness of language in which to clothe their thoughts. Printed in two colors, with cover decorations of green and violet on a white ground, it is an extremely attractive little booklet and would be an appropriate gift for any religious occasion. Thomas Y. Crowell is the publisher.

"Boys and Girls at Home," the H. M. Caldwell Co.'s annual for very little folks, is all that can be asked in the way of book-making. It is designed for children just beginning to read alone and for those to whom pictures tell as much as text, but it is not to be confused with the cheap and gaudy prints which are a literal eyesore. There are over a hundred and fifty illustrations in color and black and white, and the print and paper are excellent.

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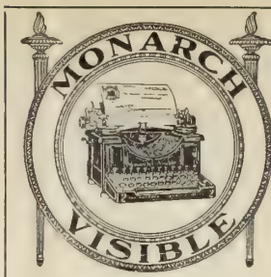

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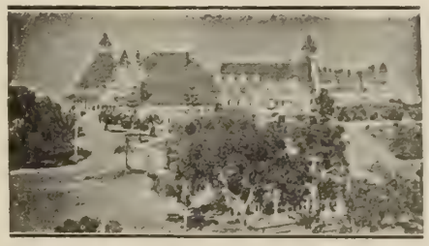

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Vol. XIX | San Francisco, October 14, 1911 | No. 999

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Election

The expected has happened. What was predicted in these columns last week has come to pass. Speaking of the initiative, the recall and the referendum we said: "It is not to be supposed that the people are apprehensive of the dangers that menace this great State. It is not to be supposed that the people even appreciate the importance of the election to be held in a few days. How violent such a supposition would be will be evidenced by the size of the vote. The probability is that the amendments will be carried by a minority of the electorate." As we have seen, these amendments that will revolutionize the government of the State were carried by a minority. Indeed not fifty per cent of the electorate went to the polls. Thus we have seen the principle of "bringing the government back to the people" in practical operation. The organic law of the State was brought back to the people to have them tinker it and to enable them to govern rather than to be governed, and a large proportion of them were indifferent to their opportunity. The most important election in the history of the State was marked by nothing so much as the frigid apathy of the masses. By what occurred last Tuesday additional testimony was afforded in support of the trite proposition that the more power you give to the people the more you facilitate the machinations of the designing leaders of the people. For the election shows that the people do not concern themselves even about so important a matter as the very groundwork of their government. Their apathy last Tuesday was a complete refutation of the argument in favor of the extension of the principle of democracy. If but forty per cent of the people will take an interest in a constitutional election affecting the fundamental principles of their government how many will concern themselves about the making of a mere statute? It is not to be argued that if a more general interest had been taken in the election the result would have been different. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, but many ten thousand men cannot save a State from the mischief propagated by malignant and destructive demagogues. The people of California were shrewdly suggestionized for the action taken last Tuesday. The poison had been artfully poured into the capacious public ear. A larger vote would have but produced a greater majority for the recall. The sweep of sentiment for that infamous amendment was such as to justify one in wondering whether some malign unseen power had not stolen away the faculties of men that the State might be chastised for its sins. Not alone that absurd individual, the average citizen, but men known to have more than ordinary intelligence, gravely argued that as the administration of justice was imperfect and as the courts frequently erred and as bad men were sometimes elected to the bench therefore the people, who elect judges, should be permitted to recall them. How astounding that men of intelligence should not be able to perceive the utter folly of such a sentiment! In this world justice has never been perfectly administered by men, and never will. Even by judges occupying a position of absolute independence justice has not been perfectly administered, but here in this State where the shortcomings of our courts are due chiefly to the inability of the mob to select men best qualified for the bench, and to the failure of the people to make their judges independent, the people have come to the conclusion that justice is to be more nearly approximated by making of their judges mere deputies to be sensible at all times of the importance of interpreting the law in the manner most likely to win the approval of the populace. In other words they have resolved to reduce the minister of justice far below the level of a baseball umpire. How much of intelligence was exercised by the voters may be judged from the circumstance that while voting to apply the recall to judges they also voted to put the railroad commission beyond the power of the electorate for ten years. Governor Johnson, who believes that the people are capable of passing judgment on their judges, also believes that they are incapable of passing judgment on the commission that is to have actual control of the transportation business of the whole State. He has fixed matters so that the railroad commission will eat out of his hands for ten years after he goes out of office. So the election was a fine tribute of respect and confidence to the Governor of the State. No finer tribute was ever paid to an Executive by any State. True it was a minority of the people that paid the tribute, just as it was a minority of the people that elected Governor Johnson, but such is Democracy as it is understanded of the people in this progressive State which has yet to wake up and learn that government is made to provide for human wants and that the paramount want is what Jefferson described as the "want of protection for the people against themselves." In time we shall learn that it is better to be happy citizens than subtle disputants in continuous campaigns; better that we should be fairly well ruled than that we should eternally wrangle. Meanwhile it may be well to reflect on the sentiment of one Francis Bacon: "When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened (which are religion, justice, counsel and treasure) men had need to pray for fair weather." Let us pray.

The President's Confession

A confession to be good for the soul must be accompanied by repentance and a firm purpose of amendment. President Taft confessed the other day that he was a follower of Roosevelt's, but he said naught of repentance, naught of resolution to abandon the ways of the transgressor. Nevertheless we are inclined to grant President Taft absolution. We believe he has seen the error of his ways and that he will make amends. And besides we believe he is less to blame than the dear people, as his fidelity to the Roosevelt policies was exactly what they demanded of him. President Taft's confession was supererogatory. Everybody knows that he has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He has stuck to the Roosevelt policies with something of the zeal that Solomon exhibited for the plans of his father David; and to the advantage neither of himself nor the people. For President Taft has been in a most embarrassing position from the day that he began the performance of his duties. Pledged to carry out the Roosevelt policies he was expected also to perpetuate the Roosevelt dynasty. Now to disappoint this expectation was to alienate the only politicians who were warmly in sympathy with the policies he inherited. To a man of his temperament the sycophants of the Tennis Cabinet were intolerable. So he banished them. And then he proceeded to give force and effect to the policies about which Roosevelt had been bloviating for several years, the policies by which the Colonel had endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen, but the efficacy of which he had never attempted to demonstrate. As a consequence of President Taft's course of conduct he has been harassed on all sides. He alienated Roosevelt and his cabinet by destroying Roosevelt's political machine; and for sticking to the Roosevelt policies he alienated much of the conservative element of his party. He has had no sympathy from either side. But he has gone ahead, giving the people what he thought they wanted, and what, perhaps, he believed was good for them. Yet he was not altogether insensible of consequences. In a message of nearly two years ago he said that the enforcement of the Sherman act would seriously derange business, and the soundness of his judgment has been vindicated. It was shown the other day that the shrinkage in the price of twenty industrial and railroad stocks since the date of President Taft's observation about the effect of enforcing the Sherman act amounts to nearly $900,000,000. For many years statesmen have regarded that act with dread. They realized that it was a menace to the prosperity of the country, and they appreciated the importance of applying it cautiously. Not so Colonel Roosevelt. He was for even more drastic legislation, and all his policies were directed to the one end of restraining commercial enterprise and energy. And all his policies have been followed. Even the worst of them—that of talking too much and inveighing against trusts and threatening to send men to jail. This policy has become the particular pet of Attorney-General

Wickersham. Have we not had a surfeit of the Roosevelt policies? Is it not time to call a halt on everything that savors of Rooseveltism? The people are still being led to believe that the whole commercial structure rests on falsehood and crime. Our politicians and muckrakers continue to demand that business ability be rewarded with threats of the destruction of its fruits. No wonder legitimate enterprise is in a state of panic; that the markets are dull and labor not in demand. As it was President Taft's misfortune to fall heir not only to Roosevelt's policies but also to the fruit of all the mischief of his planting, we may rest assured that he has reached a point where he would like to take a fresh start—to try a few Taft policies for a change. President Taft is deserving of our indulgence. What has happened was bound to happen, and it was perhaps our good fortune that it happened with William Howard Taft in the White House.

A Cradle of History

"For the first time since the Knights of St. John were defeated by the Turks and lost Tripoli in 1553, the cross of Christianity has been raised over this land." The words are picturesque and one need not inquire too closely as to whether the Apostolic Delegate at Tripoli actually addressed them to the Pope. They suffice to remind us that another chapter has been added to the history of one of the oldest places in the world. Before history was, Tripoli had a neolithic civilization that erected monuments no less wonderful today than Stonehenge. When history was mythical, Tripoli was colonized by the Phoenicians. Seven hundred years before Christ the Greeks carried their culture thither. When Carthage rose Tripoli passed beneath her influence and shared her fortunes, good and evil, finally succumbing to the power of Rome. The Vandals desolated it in the fifth century of our era, only to go down one hundred years later before the onslaught of that mighty Byzantine captain, Belisarius. Then the Arabs overran Tripoli and Christianity gave way to Islam. So it continued through the twelfth century when the Normans harried out of Sicily to pillage it, and until 1510, when Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain took Tripoli from the Turks and gave it to the Knights of St. John. Corsairs expelled the Hospitalers in 1553, and thenceforward the piratical pashas of Tripoli were the scourge and terror of the Mediterranean. Half the States of Europe sent their fleets at one time or another to bombard its capital. We are not proud to remember that our own Government paid these pirates an annual tribute of $83,000 for the protection of our commerce. But it is pleasant to recall that when an increase was demanded, it was refused. Not the least glorious exploits of our fighters were Eaton's march across the desert from Alexandria to capture the city of Derna, and Decatur's reckless dash into the harbor of Tripoli to burn the captured "Philadelphia." That was the end of Tripolitan piracy and the end of Tripoli's stirring history—for a while. Tripoli seems fated never to pass entirely from view. Perhaps owing to its situation, it has at one time or another drawn all the older races. It stands at the northern terminus of three of the great caravan routes, and was the depot of the slave trade. Jews went there in the time of the Ptolemies and their posterity are there still, the only Jewish troglodytes in the world. It is unlikely that Tripoli's ancient glories will be revived. Its five cities of Cyrene, Apollonia, Arsinoe, Berenice and Barca have fallen never to rise again. Its Ghadames, the Cydamus of the Garamantes whom Cornelius Balbus overthrew, is a desolation. But perhaps the Italians will restore the great white marble triumphal arch of the Antonines which still stands in the streets of its capital. The perfectly legible inscriptions on that arch will tell them that they have come into their own.

Democracy In Its Variety

The word democracy is a word of more than one meaning. Hence the irreconcilability of many of the political controversialists of the day. For some, democracy stands for one thing, for others, it stands for an entirely different thing. Apparently the New York Post is unaware of this fact. Discussing the question how to decide whether proposed statutes have a reason for being, the Post says: "With us the great test is real democracy." The great test indeed! How is the test to be applied unless we know what is meant by real democracy? If we were all agreed as to what constitutes real democracy the probability is we should all be attending strictly to business and bothering not at all about the future of the country. According to the Post, "we in this nation are committed to real democracy." This assertion would seem to supply a clue as to what the word democracy stands for in the Post's philosophy; for what we in this nation are committed to is outlined by the Constitution, which still remains the voice of the people in the midst of a confusion of tongues. But the democracy to which the Constitution commits us is not at all akin to the democracy approved by the Post. The Post is an advocate of primitive democracy, the democracy that enables the majority to rule as it sees fit; to make laws, abrogate laws and ignore laws. Now the idea of democracy as expressed by the Constitution is the idea of a rational democracy as defined by that profound philosopher, John Stuart Mill: "It is not that the people themselves govern, but that they have security for good government"; which security they cannot have by any other means than by retaining in their own hands the ultimate control. Is it not obvious that this is the principle of the Constitution? Assuredly there is nothing in the Constitution about the initiative or the referendum. But there is a great deal in the Constitution conclusive of the design of the Founders to prevent the establishment of a pure and absolute democracy in this country and to create what Justice Story described as "a mixed democracy or republic." The truth is that the Founders of this republic were prejudiced against the kind of democracy to which the Post and other populists would commit the whole nation. If we wish to know precisely what the Founders wished to commit us to we have but to go to the debates in the constitutional convention. From these debates it is clear that the Founders deemed it important, in the language of Madison, "to refine popular appointments by successive filtrations." Of the importance of this they were convinced because, as Madison said, "Democratic communities may be unsteady and may be led to action by the impulse of the moment." If Madison were living today he would be described by Governor Johnson as a "hireling of the interests," for he went so far as to argue that Senators "should hold office for nine years that they might serve as a 'barrier against democracy.'" And nobody so much as suggested the recall. It may be asked, "Why was Madison so unreasonably prejudiced against "real" democracy? Perhaps the answer is to be found in one of the speeches of Elbridge Gerry, Democratic Vice-President in Madison's second term. "The evils we experience," said Gerry, "flow from an excess of democracy." Equally luminous is the observation of George Mason who refused to sign the Constitution. "We have been too democratic," said Mason. The colonial statesmen by reason of their experience of the tendencies of the populace were strongly in favor of government by institutions. As Edmond Randolph said in the convention, everybody knew that the evils from which the colonies suffered "had their origin in the turbulence and the follies of democracy," and as a consequence all concurred in the sentiment expressed by Roger Sherman: "The people should have as little to do as may be about the government." And so if we are really committed to any kind of democracy it is certainly not the kind which is known as the absolutism of the masses. It was never postulated of the people of this country that they were enlightened enough to govern themselves on the principles of sound government. And it is no reflection on their intelligence to say that they are not sufficiently enlightened to discover and apply those principles. "Every one," as Mill has said, "who has ever crossed the threshold of political philosophy knows that on many of its questions the false view is greatly the most plausible; and a large portion of its truths are, and must always remain, to all but those who have specially studied them, paradoxes, as contrary in appearance to common sense, as the proposition that the earth moves round the sun." The plausibility of the false view is well illustrated by the success of the political charlatans of the day who are urging the people to take more power and embrace the principles of a pure and unadulterated democracy.

Varied Types

XLIII—BEN C. TRUMAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Forty years ago Marchand's was the finest restaurant in the world. I suppose it is pretty good now. Delmonico's in New York and Marchand's and the Poodle Dog in San Francisco were far ahead of the Parisian restaurants even in their best days.

"In 1866-69 the Occidental Hotel of this city was regarded by all tourists and especially by actors and actresses who had been all over the world, including such people as Barrett, Forrest, Keane, Gottschalk, Parepa and Julia Deane-Hayne, as setting the best table in the world. The Occidental people not only served the best meats which had been fed on the fine fields of Alameda, Santa Clara and other neighboring counties, but they also served strawberries and peas and all garden vegetables every day in the year."

I have selected these tidbits from the delightful conversation of Major Ben C. Truman and placed them at the beginning of this article for two reasons. In the first place, they coddle that local pride which is one of San Francisco's engaging weaknesses. In the second place, they come from a gastronome of the first quality and are therefore authoritative and final.

Major Truman is the premier gastronome of the West. We haven't a man who can approach him in the accurate appraisement of a wine, a sauce, an entree or a piece de resistance. Nor are we likely to see the rise of anyone who will threaten his laurels. He belongs to an era that is passing, if it has not already passed. The race of bon vivants has not been perpetuated. The gross feeders and heavy drinkers of today have nothing in common with the dainty epicures who flourished when Major Truman was in his prime. In the age which approves the quick lunch and countenances the impossible cafeteria Major Truman looks in vain for his peers. The few old boys who are of his way of thinking, the orthodox disciples of Brillat-Savarin, cannot remain with us long. And there are none to carry forward the gospel of dainty cheer. So at least it seems to one who is not temperamentally pessimistic, but who searches his memory in vain for distinguished gastronomes on the juvenile side of fifty.

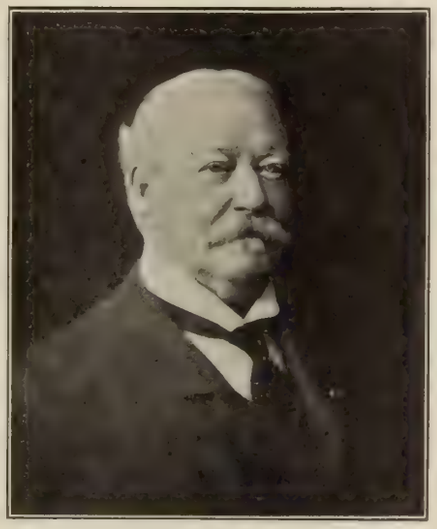
"Forty years ago," says Major Truman, "I knew all the crack restaurants of Paris and the United States, most of those in London and a great many in Vienna, Berlin and Budapest. I consider that forty years ago Paris had the finest restaurants in the world. But they have deteriorated shockingly. I lay this partly to the trade unions which are as severe in their exactions in Paris as they are here, and to the tips, the hold-up part of the restaurant situation. The tips are ten times bigger now than they were then. A couple of centimes used to satisfy your favorite waiter, but now—"

And Major Truman made a gesture which showed the inadequacy of mere words.

"Paillards's, Voisin's, Maxim's, Cafe de la Paix, Cafe de Paris and Hotel St. Honore were the best restaurants of Paris. After Delmonico's, Marchand's and the Poodle Dog in the United States was the Parker House of Boston. According to Webster, Clay, General Scott and all the other statesmen and generals of the forties, fifties and sixties, Guy of Baltimore stood first in the cooking of canvasback, terrapin and oysters. About twenty-five years ago I was in Guy's with a party of friends and I asked him what he considered the happiest moments of his life. 'When Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay,' he answered without hesitation, 'came up from Washington and I served them with a canvasback and a bottle of Chablis which'—and here his face grew radiant—'I knew they couldn't pay me for.'"

Continuing in the same strain Major Truman told me that the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo was one of the finest restaurants in the world and that he considered Shepheard's at Cairo the best hotel of the present day outside of the United States. The Fifth Avenue Hotel he also ranked among the best.

"Our noted gastronomes?" mused the major. "The list is a long one. There were Charlie Strong, the superintendent of the Gould and Curry mine, General Winters of the Yellowjack, John P. Jones of the Kentucky, Colonel Avery of the Chollar-Potosi and other superintendents of mines in Virginia City during the palmy days of the Comstock Lode which were about twelve years before the Bonanza discovery of Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair. None of these was



BEN C. TRUMAN

a bon vivant. Then there were Dick Sinton, Hall McAllister, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Tom Madden, George Ensign, General Leonard, Jack Williams, Newton Booth, Dr. J. Campbell Shorb, Captain Poole who sailed the Capital between San Francisco and Sacramento ten years before the railroad was finished, Frank McCoppin, Eugene Sullivan, Henry Wetherbee, William Ralston, Milton G. Latham, Tom Derby, Dr. Whitney, Dr. Bowie, Joe Redding and Raphael Weill. We must not forget Governor Romualdo Pacheco, Tom Bard of Ventura, Jarrett Richards of Santa Barbara, and in Los Angeles, Dan Freeman, Dan McFarland, Tow Rowan, W. J. Brodrick, Baron Rognait, Harry Gillig, James B. Lankershim, George Denis, Colonel Baker and Charley Hastings.

"In New York the great gastronomes were Henry Raymond, James Watson Webb, William M. Tweed, Isaiah Rynders, Fernando Wood, George Wilkes, Edwin Adams and Sam Ward. Washington had General Beale, Tom Ochiltree, Matt. Carpenter and Governor Throckmorton. In Philadelphia were Colonel John W. Forney, Morton McMichael, Tom Florence and Tom Scott."

A long list, and containing many names unfamiliar to the present generation. Yet these were all great men in their time. Your true bon vivant does not confine his achievements, as a rule, to mere table feats.

Take Major Truman, for instance. Born in New England, he was teaching a New Hampshire school at seventeen and at eighteen was setting type on the Boston Herald. A year later he went to New York and stuck type and read proof on the Times till 1859. He is the only man living today who worked on the Times in '54 under Raymond. In '62 when Andrew Johnson was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee and Brigadier General, he selected Truman as his private secretary. Truman was in sixteen battles in and around Nashville and in Georgia and Alabama and did such good work as the special correspondent of the New York Times that for eighteen months he was receiving the highest salary paid to any newspaperman in the country. When Johnson became President Major Truman acted as his confidential secretary at the White House and made two or three tours in the South to investigate the condition of the whites and blacks, handling the delicate commission to the satisfaction of Congress and the newspapers.

Major Truman came to San Francisco in '66 by stage coach from Kansas City as special agent of the Postoffice Department and held the position for three years, during which he established more than a hundred postoffices in California, Nevada and Arizona, including those at Reno, Wadsworth, Riverside, Pasadena and Phoenix. He established many mail routes and re-established the old Butterfield mail route between Los Angeles and Santa Fe which had been put out of service during the Civil War on account of the disunion feeling in Southern California, Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. From 1873 to 1878 he owned the Daily Star in Los Angeles. Then he held his old postoffice position for another year, resigning to take charge of the literary and advertising bureau of the Southern Pacific. In this work he continued for twelve years.

A pretty full life for a bon vivant, is it not? In 1869 he was married and with Mrs. Truman and one daughter he now lives, when he is not traveling, under his own vine and figtree in Los Angeles, a very vigorous and a very happy gentleman. And contented too.

"I don't own an automobile," he told me; "I don't pay alimony, and I have never been operated on for appendicitis."

The list of Major Truman's books is an imposing one. There are nine on California including "Semi-tropical California," "From the Crescent City to the Golden Gate," "Homes and Happiness in California" and "Tourist Guide to the Summer and Winter Resorts of California." Then there is his "History of the Columbian Exposition," "Occidental Sketches," "Campaigning in Tennessee," "See How it Sparkles," a work on wines which is highly esteemed by the cognoscenti, and "The Field of Honor," the only complete book on duelling in existence.

Ever since he has been on the coast he has

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written for our best newspapers and periodicals. A great deal of his writings have been devoted to gastronomics. I need only mention that for three years he wrote a weekly causerie on the subject for the Los Angeles Times and that at intervals he has contributed papers on the same subject to Town Talk. A series of six entitled "The Physician at the Supper Table" embodied a number of delightful conversations between Dr. Ainsworth and himself and stirred an unusual amount of interest among our readers.

I must not forget that Major Truman was a California commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900; an honorary California commissioner to the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876; assistant chief of floriculture at the Columbian Exposition in 1893; and that at various times he had charge of special exhibits at fairs in London, Paris and New Orleans.

A traveled man is the Major. He knows Europe as well as his own country and has seen China and Japan, Egypt, Palestine, Algiers and Morocco. With the great wine cellars and vineyards in Rheims and Epernay, Bordeaux and along the Rhine and Graves as well as in Portugal, Spain and Madeira he is intimately acquainted.

George Alfred Townsend and John Russell Young said of him that he came out of the Civil War the most brilliant and successful of all the war correspondents. When he was in public life it was said that he had a larger acquaintance with the generals of both armies, with statesmen and journalists than any other man in the country. And nowadays, wherever he is known, he is regarded as one of the most genial of men. "Sunshiny Ben Truman" they call him, and the adjective is happy. But if he had no other distinction, his career would be valuable as showing that a bon vivant may be all his life a very busy man and still retain his discriminating taste for good food and the best wines.

In Lonesomeness

(From the German of Friedrich Nietzsche)

By Herman Scheffauer

The cawing crows
  Townwards on whirring pinions roam;
Soon come the snows—
  Thrice happy now who hath a home!

Fast-rooted there,
  Thou gazest backwards—oh, how long!
Thou fool, why dare
  Ere winter come, this world of wrong?

This world—a gate
  To myriad deserts dumb and hoar!
Who lost through fate
  What thou hast lost, shall rest no more.

Now stand'st thou pale,
  A frozen pilgrimage thy doom,
Like smoke whose trail
  Cold and still colder skies consume.

Fly, bird, and screech,
  Like desert-fowl, thy song apart!
Hide out of reach,
  Fool, in grim ice thy bleeding heart.

The cawing crows
  Townwards on whirring pinions roam;
Soon come the snows—
  Woe unto him who hath no home!

Perspective Impressions

Here's to the ladies—God bless 'em.

Hurrah! Nothing to vote on till November!

Watch the irresolute progressives lay their hands on the tailboard of the Taft bandwagon.

Dr. Aked has earned a rest. Will he please take it?

Though Hiram was for kicking the S. P. out of politics he was for putting himself in control of the railroads even unto the end of the next decade.

The hand that rocks the cradle will continue to rule the world.

The dear people of California will now have a monkey-and-parrot time pending the reaction from "reform run mad."

If the thing had carried consider the temptation to perjury. What woman would swear to her age at the Registrar's office?

No longer will bandaged eyes be appropriate for the symbolic figure of justice in this State. The California brand of justice may be indicated by an ear anchored to Mother Earth.

Thank heaven, our wives will now have time to prepare our meals on schedule.

The Democrats of this State who are now getting aboard the Woodrow Wilson bandwagon are somewhat premature. They should remember the embarrassment of the Democrats who went to Fresno shouting for David B. Hill.

Friday the 13th for the Taft banquet! Strange that nobody suggested that the President should walk under a ladder on entering the banquet hall and have an umbrella raised over him just as he sat down to make the thirteenth at the speakers' table.

Correspondence

Uninfluenced by the Debate

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: After hearing the Irish-Aked debate I made up my mind to vote against giving the franchise to women; not that Irish convinced me that they shouldn't have it, but that Aked failed to persuade me against the sentiments of Henry Frederick Amiel which I have often pondered. Amiel says: "Women introduce into everything favor, exception and personal prejudice. As soon as a man, a people, a literature, an epoch, become feminine in type, they sink in the scale of things. As soon as a woman quits the scale of subordination in which her merits have free play, we see a rapid increase in her natural defects. Complete equality with man makes her quarrelsome; a position of supremacy makes her tyrannical." A foretaste of the tyranny and stupid stubbornness of women has been offered us by their attitude on the canteen question and toward the liquor question so far as it affects the navy. Everybody knows what effect the abolition of the canteen has had on enlisted men in the army. But everybody doesn't know what effect prohibition has had on our navy. To know this one must go to foreign ports where the men of our war vessels are known to be in a class by themselves and all because of their rush for liquor whenever and wherever they are given shore leave. In the Far East the men of our navy are the terror of the citizens of every port, whereas the men of other navies who are allowed to drink beer or some light wine with their meals are respected for their good behaviour.

Respectfully,
—A Traveler.

A Biased Witness

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I did not attend the Aked-Irish debate but from what I read in one of the newspapers I judge that the discussion of equal suffrage resolved itself into a question of veracity between Judge Lindsey and himself. This sage of Denver was quoted for and against the proposition. But the preponderance of his testimony seems to be on Dr. Aked's side, which is not surprising, since Lindsey is a philosopher whose principal aim in life is to hold his job. Such being the case, how absurd would it be to expect him to supply evidence of the failure of womanhood suffrage in Colorado where women constitute a large proportion of his constituents. Judge Lindsey is not an unbiased witness. Judge Lindsey is a devout lover of the dear people and every woman with a vote in Denver is one of them.

Yours truly,
—Thomas L. Burton.

San Francisco, October 9.

For Hallowe'en Parties. Grinning Jack O'Lanterns, strange Goblin Candy Boxes and appropriate Dinner Favors—all these for the Hallowe'en party on October 31st. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near the Ferry.

An Inspired Plea

By Loris (From the French)

We were talking of crimes and criminals.

In the group was the young and celebrated Monsieur Z, whose clever and persuasive pleas have preserved to society a goodly number of noted thieves and murderers.

He was telling us how, little by little, he had made up his famous collection of weapons, each one of which had destroyed a life. We were listening with keen interest when that attractive little doll, Madame D, interrupted him unceremoniously:

"Tell me, have you never had an adventure with any of your friends the assassins?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean in your interviews with them you cannot have escaped without experiencing some emotion, some thrill of terror, of which the memory must be decidedly interesting."

He thought for a moment, then said with a smile, "Perhaps."

"Very well, then, tell us all about it at once, and try to make it very frightful," and she smoothed a fold of her skirt daintily with the end of her fan.

"Some years ago when I was still a law student, I was fortunate enough to secure some lucky verdicts which the press was pleased to comment upon favorably. But I was always on the lookout for a sensational affair—a great crime which would attract public attention and make a reputation. In the criminal of today I already foresaw the client of tomorrow."

"That is an aberration," interjected someone.

"No, it is professional instinct. Note, moreover, that in life facts in themselves have little existence; they are what we make them. We take them into consideration only when they touch us personally—our interests or our passions. Human beings, even, have in our eyes only a subjective value. One accords them no attention unless they affect one's own life or play some part in it. Thus you, my dear fellow, who believe yourself to be Monsieur R pure and simple, what a lot of things you are in reality! For your doctor, a patient; for your surgeon, a case; for your grocer, a customer; for the collector of your ward, a tax-payer. In the army you were to your captain 'second-class cavalryman R,' in the convict prison—"

"Oh, allow me to—"

"It is only by way of hypothesis. In the convict prison you would be to the gaolers Number 832, or any other number. And had I previously defended you, to me you would be a criminal and your crime an affair. That's all there is to it.

"But to return to my subject. I happened most fortunately to be appointed to defend a case which made considerable talk at the time. A woman, still young, known to be respectable, had been murdered in a railway carriage in the suburbs of Paris, under peculiarly dramatic conditions. She had been strangled by the simple pressure of the hands, which is rather unusual, and the position of the body as well as the disorder of her clothing indicated that a terrible struggle had taken place. The assassin had made no attempt to escape and allowed himself to be quietly arrested.

"A certain mystery surrounded the crime, for which there appeared to be no motive. The circumstances precluded from the first the hypothesis of theft. Was it vengeance? A drama of passion? The murderer remained impenetrably silent upon the subject. What explanation remained? Unconscious impulse? The brutal act of a madman?

"I did not believe this at first, but the actions of my client, a young man about twenty years old, gave me reason to reflect. He was of a melancholy disposition and taciturn, replying only by monosyllables to the questions I put to him.

"In vain I explained to him that a lawyer was like a confessor; that he ought to know all the facts before the trial in order to prevent being taken by surprise during the proceedings and to be able to parry the thrusts dealt by the prosecution. While I was talking he stared at me, sometimes with annoying obstinacy, but more often his eyes avoided mine, and his furtive, restless glances caused me singular uneasiness.

"At times he would turn around suddenly as if to assure himself that there was no one behind him, and remain in that attitude, apparently listening, his lips, which drooped at the corners, attempting a smile.

"One peculiarity struck me from the first. His hands, remarkably long, dry and nervous, remained glued to his sides. They were agitated from time to time by a convulsive trembling. I expected to see them raised, but not at all; they only contracted the more as if he were making an effort to control them.

"His speech was usually hurried and abrupt, but was modulated at times. After a number of interviews he grew a little more communicative, except when I questioned him about the crime itself. Then he again became dumb and began to stare at me, as if to imply, 'Enough on that subject!' I did my best to lead up to it by roundabout ways, but always at the moment when I thought I had cornered him he escaped by talking not merely incoherently, but so oddly that I was baffled. He was intelligent, perhaps even a scholar, for he had a passion for proverbs and quotations.

"I was more and more convinced that I had to deal with a man who was impulsive and mentally unbalanced—one of those designated by specialists a "superior degenerate'—who might very well have killed without any motive, dominated by a transitory brain storm.

"I observed him from this point of view. I studied up mental diseases in the works of our most famous alienists—Esquirol, Legrand, du Saule, Tardien—and I soon found in my sick man, for such I, at least, considered him, a number of the symptoms described by them.

"I confided my belief to the judge, who was a magistrate of the old school and wore sidewhiskers. He laughed in my face. I asked for a medical examination, which he curtly refused me. That was ten years ago; today his successor would have ordered it himself.

"Preparations for the case were nearly completed and the motive for the crime still remained a mystery. I went to see my client to make a last attempt to unravel it.

"At that time suspects were confined in the dismal and gloomy prison of Mazas, compared with which La Sante is prepossessing and La Maison de Fresnes gay. The poor fellows received the visits of their lawyers in special cells about six feet by nine, situated on the ground floor and honored by the title of parlors. These were shut off from the long corridor by thick oak doors in which were small grated openings Day-light penetrated dimly through a barred window opposite the door. In each cell were a table and two chairs and near the door an electric button which, his interview finished, the lawyer could press when he wished to be let out. I give you these details so that you may thoroughly understand the situation.

"I entered the cell and sat down according to my custom, at the back, in order to be in the shadow and to have the light from the window fall on the face of my client, who was seated in the other chair and separated from me by the width of the table.

"The green-and-gold clad custodian brought in the prisoner, and after doubly locking the door, retired.

"My client's first words indicated that he was not in his normal state. He seemed nervous, agitated, uneasy; his speech was sharper and the movements of his head appeared to me to be more frequent. His hands, always pressed to his sides, trembled perceptibly, while his fingers rose and fell spasmodically. I informed him that the date of his trial was at hand and asked if he had anything to disclose.

"The glassy look returned to his eyes, and his head sank between his shoulders. He stammered at first, then broke out into a torrent of words among which there was mention of a traitor who should be punished. Without doubt the word 'trial' had acted upon his unbalanced mind and he was speaking at random, a prey to an attack similar to that which some months previously had impelled him to commit the crime.

"Decidedly ill at ease, I endeavored to calm him, speaking soothingly and entreating his assistance in the task which I had undertaken.

"A sudden change took place in his manner. He abruptly ceased speaking and, pivoting around in his chair, his back half turned to me, he looked at me over his left shoulder with an air of malicious cunning which I had never observed in him before. At the same time, by a series of side movements he edged his chair nearer to the table that separated us.

"Then I was frightened. A piercingly sharp, cold sensation, if I can thus describe it, passed down my spine like the blade of a knife. The situation was this: I was imprisoned in a space a few feet square from which it was practically impossible to escape, locked in with a maniac who had already shown the lengths to which he would go when unduly excited. What should I do? Call out? I hated to make myself ridiculous, and, besides, I feared it might exasperate him and provoke him to violence. I could press the call button! But it was at the other end of the cell and my client barred the way. I did not dare get up, but I drew the table toward me to serve as a shield in case he attacked me.

"I looked as his hands, the hands which had committed the murder. They shook as with St. Vitus' Dance; the fingers seemed to be playing on a keyboard. One would have thought that his arms were fastened down and that he was making violent efforts to detach them. Suddenly his hands sprang to the level of his eyes, he leaned across the table—mad with fear, I was about to scream. But at that instant the door opened to let in the keeper who had brought my permit to enter dully signed by the recorder.

"I was on my feet like a shot. The prisoner had resumed his passive attitude and quiet man-

(Continued on Page 19.)

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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Poems About San Francisco

(The best poems of Mabel Porter Pitts, the author of the following, were gathered together in a volume published in 1907, "In the Shadow of the Crag." A great many of the poems in this volume were contributed to Town Talk; and the files of this paper contain many more which have never been placed between book covers. The same is true, by the way, of many fine poems by Louis Robertson. San Francisco is waiting impatiently for the building of a new Tivoli on the site of the old theatre; so this poem possesses a more than merely poetical interest.)

IX—THE PASSING OF THE TIVOLI

By Mabel Porter Pitts

When man, grown rebellious, relinquished the right
To all things reflecting God's spiritual light,
An angel, in pity, considered the cost,
And music was left him when Eden was lost.

And so, little Tivoli, this is goodbye;
I make it, old friend, 'twixt a laugh and a cry.
I know by the sigh that will not be repressed
Another will never hold sway in my breast
As you have; no structure of new-fangled grace
Can blot from my heart this Bohemian place.
I love your old back-breaking, hard seated chairs,
Your quaint, little, dark, nestling boxes upstairs
Where many a man, under stress of the play,
Has said foolish things he regretted next day.

I love your old stage with its fanciful hue
Of settings, no stage but this queer one ere knew,
And though your drop-curtain is marvelous, quite,
I haven't the heart of a critic to-night,
For all the defects you so frankly reveal
Are lost in the honest regret that I feel.

The Catskills? Why, yes, I have seen them before,
And old Rip Van Winkle, tired, weary, and sore;
Hush! Hartman is speaking beneath the disguise
In a way that brings unbidden tears to our eyes.
A weird and incongruous, hurrying throng,
Some singing, some tragic, sweeps blindly along;
Old forms and old faces I view from my stall
Long since praised or blamed by the Critic of All.
I hear distant music that stirs in my breast
A whirlwind of passions, then soothes them to rest;
For music can cleanse, like a chastening rod,
And send the starved soul, pleading, back to its God
The melody wakes a long slumbering sense
That dies, ere 'tis born, from its own impotence.

What's this? Shadow-faces grow dim, and the show
Is not what it was half a minute ago.
The curtain goes down, and the Tivoli's page
'Twixt the farce of the world and the farce of the stage
Is finished; comes silence where laughter has dwelt
Impatience I may have at other times felt
Is absent to-night. Old Bohemian place,
I make my adieux with a sorrowful face.
Let's walk down your aisle for the last time, and try
To whisper goodnight, and forget 'tis goodbye.

The Spectator

The Call and Taft

It may be significant that the Call which has undertaken the defense of President Taft and the Taft policies against all comers in California, should have been the only paper to send its political editor to meet the President and accompany him to this city. In the course of his ten days or so with the President, Mr. Van Smith must have learned much about the plans for the next presidential campaign as they affect California. Undoubtedly what he learned under this head was much more interesting than what he gathered about the condition of political feeling in the States of Utah, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. That it is not considered ripe for publication may be guessed from the circumstance that it has, up to the time of this writing, been studiously withheld. Another thing which may be surmised in connection with Van Smith's trip is that he may have given the President as much, if not more information, than the President gave him. A sympathetic political writer can always be of great service to a politician; and on this visit, despite the paramount interest which attaches to the ceremony which President Taft will perform in this city, he must be considered as a politician. So it is possible that the Call's representative has told the President many things about the political situation here, many things which it would take him a long time to find out through the usual channels of political information.

The "Put Him in a Hole" Boys

Indulging a little more in surmise, may it not be that the meeting of President Taft and Governor Johnson will lack that element of cordiality which would be present if there were perfect trust on one side and perfect sincerity on the other? Governor Johnson does not like the Call and the Call is not wont these days to fall into ecstacies every time it mentions Governor Johnson's name. I believe Governor Johnson has said on the public platform that the Call "froths at the mouth" when it mentions him. That being the case, may we surmise that Mr. Van Smith imparted to the President, among other pieces of valuable political information, certain details of Governor Johnson's policy toward the head of his party? We all know that Governor Johnson swatted the President hip and thigh in his mad prancings up and down the State during the campaign which he waged for the recall. It would certainly be within the rights of a friendly political editor to inform the President of the hostile utterances of the Governor. I am not saying that Mr. Van Smith has done so. I am merely engaging in surmise; but to me the surmise seems exceedingly plausible. Mr. Van Smith very aptly calls the opponents of President Taft, particularly those who are marching behind the gonfalon of "Battle Bob" La Follette, the "put him in a hole" boys. Has he informed the President that Governor Johnson is one of the "put him in a hole" boys? And if he has, what will the President of the United States say to the Governor of California when they meet? I'll bet it won't be anything smacking of that friendliness which characterized the remark the executive of one of the Carolinas made to the executive of the other.

A Los Angeles Authority

It might be worth while for the men who are interested in President Taft's candidacy in this State to find out who was the special correspondent who wrote recently from Los Angeles to the Boston Transcript about the political outlook. He's a wonder, is that same special correspondent. He unloaded upon the Transcript, in the space of less than a column, more misinformation than I have seen gathered together for a long time. "Wilson will carry California against Taft" he quotes some unnamed "progressive Republican" as saying and goes on to find "a sound basis for the prediction." It is only necessary to quote some of this correspondent's statements to indicate their absurdity. For one thing, he calls Southern California "the center of the business activities of the State, and by far the most progressive and populous part." He blithely annihilates the Democratic party with the following: "California, as most people know, has no Democratic party worthy the name. Democracy here is a joke, and a confessed member of the party is as rare a bird as a Republican in Texas." Which probably means to this writer, as rare as the dodo. He ought to take a look at the figures before he generalizes so prettily. But listen: "Not even the most case-hardened standpatter will deny, in private, of course, that the California delegation to the Republican national

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convention next June will be strongly for La Follette." A piece of information which will no doubt surprise even "Battle Bob" himself. Finally our correspondent finds that the Republicans of California are looking toward 1916, being convinced that a sound drubbing in 1912 will regenerate the party. I wonder how much of this sort of political piffle a paper like the Transcript will swallow.

Good Morals, High Rates

There is still prevalent in Oakland a strong sentiment against the consolidation of that city and San Francisco. It was given expression the other night at a meeting of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, but the old familiar objection was not voiced. There was a time, not long ago, when the good people of Oakland were fearful of the terrible consequences of political affiliation with the unregenerate populace of San Francisco. They pointed in terror at the bad government on this side of the bay, and they solemnly affirmed that they would never consent to leaven it with the civic virtues that abound from the hills of Berkeley to the flats of Alameda. Now these good people must be somewhat chagrined if ever they ponder the difference between the tax rates of San Francisco and Oakland. By the tax rate of a city is its government judged. A tax rate may not be an accurate index to the moral character of the people, since even the most sinful community may from sheer selfishness exact good service, but on the other hand even the most virtuous taxpayers are convinced that a low rate covers a multitude of delinquencies. Now the rate in Oakland for State, city and county purposes is $3.26. In San Francisco, the bad, glad metropolis, notorious for its thinly clad vices, even with McCarthy on the job and everything going to the demnition bowwows to the accompaniment of lamentations from Berkeley, the rate for all purposes is only $2.05. If this sort of things keeps up the protest against consolidation will be confined to this side of the bay.

Gertrude Hoffmann's Queer Press Agency

I am in receipt of a communication signed by Gertrude Hoffmann, the dancer, which strikes me as an unusual bit of press agency. The letter commends to my notice a clipping from a newspaper in which the dancing of Miss Hoffmann is highly praised. It is by no means unusual for the press agents of theatrical stars to send such clippings to newspapers. But the use which Miss Hoffmann makes of the clipping is something new to me. She says that the article she encloses "is the first recoil from the flood of abuse directed against me by a set of men who have been sending you too pages of lying matter about myself and my company." This is interesting. If Miss Hoffmann has been flooded with abuse and is now enjoying a reaction of praise, she is to be congratulated. It would be interesting to know who were the members of "the set of men" who treated her abusively. Were they by any chance dramatic critics who did not approve of her act? Or were they clergymen? I haven't the slightest idea. I haven't interested myself in what was said or written about Miss Hoffmann in other sections of the country, having more important matters to claim my attention. So I can't imagine who that "set of men" may be. All I can glean is that this "set of men" does not include the critics of Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, for Miss Hoffmann informs me in this same letter that the critics of these cities "united in their verdict that the performance given by the Gertrude Hoffmann Company has never been equalled in their cities." As Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg are renowned centers of culchaw, Miss Hoffmann may be pardoned for so highly esteeming the opinions of the critics who disport in those places. But the mystery of the "set of men" who flooded her with abuse remains impenetrable.

They Didn't Reach Me

Miss Hoffmann in her autograph letter informs me that this "set of men" has been sending me "pages of lying matter" about herself and her company. This is news to me. If Miss Hoffmann speaks from a knowledge of the facts, then I have a legitimate kick against the postoffice and should take it up with Mr. Fisk. For I have never received any "pages of lying matter" about Miss Hoffmann. What became of them? Is Miss Hoffmann merely assuming that I received them, the better to excite my sympathy? Here is another mystery. The only piece of copy I have ever received dealing with Miss Hoffmann was an elaborate booklet issued apparently by her press agent and adorned with sketches of dancers whose most conspicuous characteristic was their grossness of ventral development Aside from that I have received nothing. Miss Hoffman may enlist me among her admirers if she exhibits real ability as a dancer; but I refuse to act as one of her defenders in advance. Her appeal leaves me cold. Her further suggestion that I "refrain from judging in advance" is more than superfluous; it might be characterized as impertinent if a man's name were signed to the letter.

The Mendocino "War"

Pity the poor settler of Mendocino County, who has been fighting for his fireside and his rooftree against the aggressions of a sordid and heartless corporation. His sad lot as pictured by sympathetic and inspired writers stirs the most poignant emotions. A great war has been raging in the Alder Creek section, we are told. On the one side are the minions of the L. E. White Lumber Company; on the other the humble settlers whom the corporation would dispossess of their little sections of land. Reads like an old story of medieval despotism, but there is another side to it. For example some of the poor settlers aren't poor at all; they are well-to-do residents of Mendocino County; storekeepers and big land owners. Some of the poor settlers aren't settlers at all; just ordinary professional squatters and blackmailers. Indeed on the land in dispute can be found none of the men by whom was achieved anything in the nature of a "settlement." Of rooftrees and firesides there is none to fight for; nor any land susceptible of cultivation for agricultural purposes. It is a wild forest. It is of value for its timber. And most of this land was purchased in 1903 by the L. E. White Lumber Company from a corporation by which it had been taken up with forest lieu scrip under approval of the commissioner of the General Land Office. The sum paid was $30,000.

The Breeding of Claimants

It was easy to purchase the land, but it has been a pretty hard job holding onto it, as Frank Drew, the attorney, can tell you. Drew has a personal interest in the quarrel, being the principal owner of the timber company. The trouble was started by George W. Hoxie, a land operator who has had a good deal of trouble with the Government. He questioned the title obtained with forest lieu scrip and supplied "settlers" to establish claims. Litigation ensued. From a physical examination of the land Drew learned that there was but one genuine settler, and his home had been located by mistake twenty feet across the township line. Drew would not dispossess him. The man's land went to patent, and then, without solicitation, he sold it to the company. All but three claimants were declared by the Government to have no legal claim to any of the land in dispute, and those three claimants subsequently sold their land to the company. It would seem that by this time the title was pretty clear. Not so. When Congressman Kent was running for the job he now holds he found that some of his prospective constituents were among the defeated claimants. He took up their fight and caused the controversy to be reopened. Then a large herd of squatters rushed to the scene, some of them claiming title to land that the lumber company had purchased twice. Among these was a man named Philbert who seemed to have some slight foundation for his claim. The company purchased it, but before he gave up possession he was ousted by a squatter who tore down the Philbert cabin, and who is now one of the "outraged settlers." This man represents Joe Bishop of Mendocino, the most active of all the claimants.

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Joe has peopled the land with members of his family, and hopes to make a small fortune by compelling the lumber company to "come through" once more. But according to Drew the company has grown tired of purchasing peace when there is no peace, and is now determined to fight it out. This company, by the way, one of the oldest in the State, has done a great deal for the development of Mendocino County, and it has never been accused of oppressing anybody.

Will Hearst Come Back?

Buffalo Truth asks the question and replies with gossip from Albany to the effect that our own William Randolph will probably be a big factor in politics next year. Governor Dix is expected to be a candidate again, and it is thought that former Speaker of the New York Assembly James W. Wadsworth will be his Republican opponent. Both are conservatives. It is thought that by uniting the radical elements in New York politics Hearst could come back with a vengeance. Meanwhile, the New York Sun repeats a conversation which two Hearst men had at the Lotus Club. One gave it as his opinion that Hearst and Bryan could easily defeat Governor Harmon of Ohio for the Democratic nomination for President. Said the other Hearst man: "It is my opinion that if Harmon is nominated eighty dozen Hearsts and two hundred dozen Bryans will not be able to defeat him. I believe that Harmon would brush them aside like so many flies."

Hearst and "Fingy"

Meanwhile it seems that Hearst and "Fingy" Conners have renewed their alliance for defensive and offensive warfare in the New York State campaign of 1912. It was the pudgy boss of Buffalo who enabled Hearst to obtain the nomination for the governorship in 1906 and the editor-politician was given the credit of elevating "Fingy" to the chairmanship of the Democratic State committee. "Fingy's" supremacy in that position did not last and he has resigned, rather than risk open defeat, on the advice, it is thought, of his ally. Speaking of alliances, they are saying in New York that Hearst and Bryan have also formed a coalition for the purpose of defeating Harmon. Take it all in all, Hearst is as busy just now as a baby with a fistful of molasses and feathers.

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There are a lot of people in Stockton who are beginning to sleep soundly o'nights after several weeks of nervous insomnia. Their deferred repose is induced by the burning of a small account book. This may seem strange, but not when it is explained that the small account book belonged to a wretched woman named Mrs. S. E. Knight who has just pleaded guilty to the charge of malpractice and who has been sentenced to four and one-half years in San Quentin. In that account book Mrs. Knight kept the names of six hundred people in and about Stockton for whom she had performed criminal operations during the past ten years. When Mrs. Knight was caught in the toils of the law her account book passed into the hands of the chief of police. Prior to the trial it was gossiped about Stockton that the contents of the account book would be made public in court and that the reputations of many prominent Stocktonians would be ruined. Hence the nervous insomnia. But Mrs. Knight pleaded guilty. Thereupon the chief of police burned the book in the presence of one of the woman's attorneys. Some foolish persons are now talking of making trouble for the chief of police, but he is not worrying. He said he acted for the best and men and women of sense will agree with him.

The Rowells and Roosevelt

Frank H. Short returned to Fresno a few days ago after a lengthy tour of Europe and reviewed his travels in the Fresno Republican which is edited by Chester H. Rowell, one of our chief progressives. In the course of his remarks Short says: "I stopped in Denver for the Land Convention. The interest in the political conservation (Pinchotism) is falling away rapidly and you seldom see Roosevelt's name in an Eastern paper." This knock at our former President and at one of his tennis cabinet in a paper which has taken the stand of the Fresno Republican may surprise many, but it is not inexplicable. Short, if I mistake not, is a stockholder in the paper and therefore is entitled to the airing of his views. But in addition to that it must be remembered that old Doctor Rowell is an implacable foe of Roosevelt and all his works and pomps. His enmity goes back to the days when Bard was United States Senator. Dr. Rowell was responsible for the election of Bard and was to be rewarded by a ministerial position in Central or South America. But when Bard called at the White House to arrange for his appointment, he found that Rowell's enemies had "beaten him to it" and Roosevelt refused to assist him in paying his political debt. Dr. Rowell has never forgiven Teddy and never will, say those who know him as a good hater in the Johnsonian sense (Sam not Hiram).

High Finance in Magazinedom

Our old friend "the irony of fate," is what the muckrake magazines are beginning to experience. Along with dull times, which they helped to create by appealing to the passions of envy and class hatred, has come a slump in advertising patronage. In their mad competition for readers the New York magazines contributed more than any other influence to the derangement of business, and now some of them are in financial straits. The magazine business is being reorganized. A new company has taken over McClure's Magazine, and Editor McClure explains that the purpose is to consolidate several publications for the purpose of economy. The affairs of Hampton's Magazine, the most rabid of all uplifters are in a most perplexed state. A year or so ago Ben Hampton was selling stock in his magazine at a lively rate. He promised to make lots of people very rich. All they had to do was to come in and help him fight Wall street. There has been a good deal of stock juggling of a character that would bewilder any Wall street financier, and now the folks that bought stock are quite at sea regarding the details by which a change in control of the property was recently effected. Stockholders whose preferred stock was supposed to be entitled to cumulative 7 per cent dividends, had hardly finished paying for their shares at the rate of $5 par when they learned that the control of their magazine had passed to a new company. Ben Hampton has been telling a harrowing story about the awful fight that he has been having with Wall street. From the standpoint of the stockholders it's a pathetic story.

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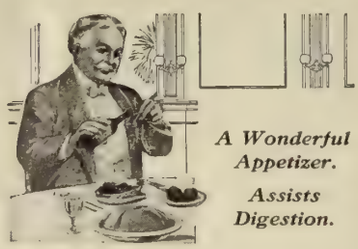
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A Student Frolic

What was very much in the style of an Apache raid occurred across the bay one night last week when a multitude of Berkeley students broke loose, swarmed over Oakland like a flock of locusts and seized whatever was to their taste. When the manager of Idora Park heard of the approach of the rollicking future citizens of the State he closed the gates thinking thus to bar them out. But he reckoned ill the force, strength and presumption of the ebullient band. The park was taken by storm, the theatre was entered and the show halted, while the invaders raised the

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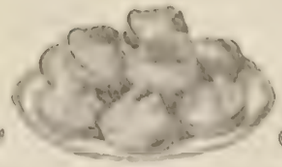
[illegible] with their college yells. As there was no game the incident was not deemed worthy of mention in the newspapers. From the theatre the boys made a dash for the center of the town, taking possession of street cars and anything else that was deemed worth while. On the whole they had a very enjoyable night. This sort of frolic, I am told, is not uncommon in Oakland, also that there is no objection to it because the student body pays for what damage is done. Besides it does not meet with the disapproval of President Wheeler who says that boys will be boys long after they enter the university. Then depredations he regards with an indulgent air, in different from that of David Starr Jordan who goes to the extreme in dealing with hot blood in adolescent [illegible]

The Death of Chevalier Rossi

California lost one of her foremost citizens and a great number of Californians a valued friend when Chevalier P. C. Rossi was taken in the flower of achievement and in the vigor of life. It was not permitted him long to enjoy the fulfillment of his dearest ambition. That ambition was attained when the California wine which he had perfected was crowned with the grand prize of the Panama Exposition but he was cut off before the first glow of joy had passed. There is a depth of pathos in an end that comes so and it will strike a chord of sympathy in breasts all over the world, for wherever wines were made Chevalier Rossi was known and highly estimated. To a business career that was full of honors he united an ideal domestic life, and it will indeed be a long time before the poignant grief of his widow and his ten children finds assuagement. Perhaps the knowledge that his splendid qualities of mind and heart are so widely recognized will be a balm in their affliction.



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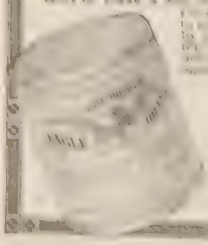

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Back to the Stage

Good news for theatergoers is that Eleanor Falk is to return to the stage after an absence of two years. During the past year she has resided in San Francisco. She has received a tempting offer from the Orpheum management to go on the circuit, so she opens in Oakland on Sunday. Miss Falk is exceedingly dainty and vivacious, and is one of the best singing comediennes on the American stage. She is not unknown to the patrons of the Orpheum. She won a large San Francisco following when she played at the Columbia before the fire as Lady Holyrood in "Floradora" and Miss Pineapple in "The Chinese Honeymoon." Her numerous admirers in this city hope to see her soon at the San Francisco Orpheum.

Redding Not a Magnate

Hardly had Joe Redding's many friends begun congratulating him on his becoming a railroad magnate when they learned that the glad news was somewhat inaccurate. The exalted position to which rumor had elevated him has yet to be vacated. And according to the latest reports, it is not to be vacated. The newspapers have been full of reports, in the nature of vagrant gossip, to the effect that there was to be a change in the management of the United Railroads, but Patrick Calhoun is still at the head of the company, and it is denied that he intends to retire. It was reported that the Sierra Power Company, a subsidiary corporation, had been absorbed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, but there has been no absorption. Indeed nothing has occurred but a death in the directory of a holding company, which naturally necessitated the filling of a vacancy. Thornwell Mullally is still the acting executive officer of the United Railroads in this city, and that position he appears to be filling to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A Story About Harry Mighels

Editor C. C. Goodwin of Goodwin's Weekly in Salt Lake has been writing a series of reminiscences of early Californians. They are all capital papers, full of good stories. The last one concerned Harry Mighels, the father of Philip Verrill Mighels. One of Goodwin's anecdotes is about a ball which Mighels attended while he and Crossett were running a newspaper at Oroville. Before the ball Mighels drank too much wine.

The result was that when it was time for the dancing to begin, Harry was not in a condition for dancing, except that when he attempted to walk his walk took on some of the conditions of a two-step; but it was not keeping step with any music. But his sublime confidence never deserted him. He approached Mrs. Crossett, as the skillful captain does the enemy's earth works—by zig-zags, and besought the honor of a dance. Mrs. Crossett, with a laugh, said: "Not now, Harry; there is not room on the floor for all your steps," and taking the arm of another gentleman, proceeded to the ball room, leaving Harry in the most indignant and unforgivable mood in the world. A short hall connected the reception and ball rooms. Mighels worked his way to this hall, and when the dance was over and the dancers came out, as Mrs. Crossett approached, Harry, with a lofty air, said: "Mrs. Crossett, I wish to speak to you." "What is it, Harry?" was the lady's reply. Harry straightened up and extending his right arm, said: "I wish to inform you, madam, that in my opinion you are no gentleman."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margaret Adler at Room 416 Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Its first publication was on the fourteenth day of October, 1911, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

MARGARET ADLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Cyrus Wooley, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Administratrix. 10-14-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,131.

HELEN EMMA O'BRIEN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William F. O'Brien, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES M. THOMAS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
800 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,222; Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Margaret Adler, the Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, having filed her petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered, by the Honorable J. V. Coffey, Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court at the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Margaret Adler, Administratrix, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, John Cyrus Wooley, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated, October 11, A. D. 1911.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Petitioner. 10-14-5

A Campaign Speech

While editing the Carson Appeal Mighels expended all his powers of vituperation upon his political enemies. So when he ran for lieutenant-governor of Nevada, his opponent printed a lot of his most sulphurous attacks on leaflets and distributed them throughout the hall in Virginia City where he was to speak. Mighels went to the meeting, quite conscious that he might never leave it alive, for feeling ran high. Goodwin tells the story thus:

"The gallery was packed to the limit with men who were there for any kind of a row, up to riot and murder.

"Mighels with no introduction walked to the front of the stage with a bunch of the leaflets that had been scattered on the street, in his right hand. The house was as still as you ever saw a California morning when an earthquake was scheduled for that day.

"Holding up the leaflets, Mighels, looking up at the hostile rows of faces in the gallery, said: 'I suppose the few of you who can read have read these things to the rest of you. Let me tell you something. I wrote them. Every word of them.

"'Why I wrote them you will never know for the secrets of the sanctum are as sacred as the secrets of the confessional.

"'I am a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. I would, inasmuch as I have been nominated, like to get as many votes as possible, but let me inform you that I do not need the office. I have that little printing office down at Carson; I have enough paper on hand to last me ten or fifteen days: I have a wife and four children,' then retreating a step, he slowly picked up a glass of water from the table, took a swallow of water, slowly set down the glass, then suddenly lifted his fist and brought it down with a resounding blow upon the table, then shouted: 'And they are all mine.'

"The audacity of it all, the certain conviction that came to those who had gone there to break up his meeting, that they might do it, that possibly they might kill him but never scare him, came upon them in a flash and they shook the house with their cheers."

Stockwell Going Into Vaudeville

L. R. Stockwell is going on the road in vaudeville and will make his initial appearance this coming Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, at the Wigwam Theatre, in a sketch full of color, sentiment and bright lines, entitled "A Quiet Life," written by clever and versatile Harry Montague. Stockwell's role fits him as happily as any he made so famous in Hoyt's well known plays. The twenty-five minute sketch depicts a scene at a rural railroad station where the bucolic undertaker-constable encounters two vividly contrasting young actresses stranded from a wrecked road-show. The lively and surprising experience he has with them develops a condensed measure of wit, humor and pathos portrayed by Sol Smith Russell, James Hearne and Denman Thompson.

Quips and Quirks

The Board of Health—plain food.

The best thing out—a conflagration.

When money is tight it is securely locked up.

Paddle your own canoe, but don't rock the boat.

The man who beats about the bush often finds himself up a tree.

The oculist should be a happy man. He looks well in other people's eyes.

"Some boys never grow up to be men," remarks a Kansas philosopher. "They remain boys until they are thirty-five or forty and then become old women."

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Reserve tables now for the evening of Saturday, October 14th, to be devoted to a typical San Francisco night of celebration in honor of President Taft, to whom we are largely indebted for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

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Six new daylight pictures shown every day during shopping hours, also in the evening between 8:15 and 10:30 o'clock.

Instrumental concerts at luncheon, shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre. Orchestra under the leadership of Signor Gino Severi, graduate of Italy's foremost musical conservatory, who is ably assisted by talented musicians, each a soloist.

Re-engagement by popular request of the gifted prima donna soprano, Miss Florence Drake Le Roy, who will sing during shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Extravagance at a Children's Party

From time to time we are treated to accounts of wild and reckless expenditures on the part of the rising young set here. But not for many moons have we heard of such extravagance as was in evidence last Saturday when Mrs. W. H. Morgan gave a children's party for the extremely young among the elect. I'm told the little tots were so loaded down with toys that it necessitated the combined services of many maids to see them safely home with their trophies. Among other things all the little girls and boys received handsome pierrot costumes. As the guest list included about twenty-eight small children, these Parisian costumes represented no small item of expense. One precocious little lady remarked that it would cause many mothers to hesitate before giving a party in return as few are fortunate enough to be able to entertain grown-ups, much less children, in this manner.

Photo. Habenicht
MISS CLARICE LUCKE
Whose engagement to Mr. Bruce Farr, formerly of Michigan but now a resident of this city, was recently announced.

The Buxom Nordica

Mme. Nordica was the cynosure of all eyes at the Amato opening concert. A great prima donna off the stage is always an object of interest. On Sunday Mme. Nordica wore a black satin walking skirt and jacket, a gorgeous long fur boa and a large black straw hat with a splendid and monumental white bird of paradise crowning it. She also wore an expansive prima donna smile on her radiant face, and her figure was as commanding and buxom as ever. After the concert, while waiting for her auto, she walked back and forth in front of the hall, much to the gratification of numerous young misses who love to see a real live singer in the act of acting humanly—such as walking back and forth on a real sidewalk. I have observed that most persons without voices that matter are averse to sitting near the door in Scottish Rite Auditorium where there is always the danger of a draught. But I noticed that Mme. Lillian was right in the midst of it with only a white lace waist to protect her precious throat. The modern songster has grown to be like the Esquimau who believes in exposing his chest however well covered he may be elsewhere. One cold winter's day I saw Mme. Gadski walk out of the theatre to her carriage in a low-necked gown with her coat wide open while she did not even take the precaution to close her fox furs as a protection.

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A Significant Guest List

To a casual observer attending the garden party given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. John W. Mailliard in Belvedere to introduce her pretty debutante niece Miss Dorothy Page to society, the point of most importance was the care with which the list of guests present had been prepared. One realized at once that the long talked-of blue penciling of the gay young blades and equally frisky young girls had taken place, as they were conspicuous by their absence. The reform which was predicted so freely last winter had begun in earnest. In sizing up the guests as they greeted their hostess the observant noted that the young girls bidden had more to their credit than a pretty face or the ability to wear a different Paris gown to every reception, and the young men more than the power to turn a pretty compliment or make a pretty speech. Saturday's gathering more than any which has recently taken place told who was who in our local young set.

A Charming Debutante

Miss Dorothy Page, the charming debutante, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page. Her mother will be remembered as Miss Emilitta Ralston, daughter of the late William Ralston of this city. Mr. Page also is a member of one of our oldest and most exclusive early day families. His sisters are Mrs. J. W. Mailliard and Mrs. Horace G. Hellmann of this city and Mrs. Smith of South America. George Page, Charles Page, the attorney, and William Page are brothers. The family of his late brother Wilfred Page is prominent across the bay. A niece is married to James Von Loben Sels. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard will soon close their home in Belvedere and open their house in Vallejo street for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page will soon leave San Rafael and spend the season in town.

Archie is Lionized

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. had a family reunion at their cottage in Pacific avenue after the arrival of Archie Roosevelt whose coming has made the young girls in society sit up and take notice. He visited the Will Crockers at Burlingame and Miss Ethel Crocker was the envy of all her friends at having this young eligible in tow. Colonel and Mrs. Charles M. Hammond came down from their place at Clear Lake to welcome their nephew and attended a family dinner at the Roosevelt cottage where Mrs. Henry Alexander is continuing her stay with her daughter. Archie Roosevelt is the first member of the clan who has greeted the new arrival in his brother's family and is said to be much pleased with his young niece Grace Green Roosevelt. His stay will be brief as he intends leaving next week to rejoin his parents at Oyster Bay.

Devoted to the Blind

Miss Ella Morgan, I hear, is devoting much of her time to work among the blind. She gives two afternoons a week to teaching at the institution in Valencia street where a reading room has been established owing to Mrs. Alexander Rowan's zeal in behalf of the unfortunates deprived of their sight. Miss Morgan is a woman of culture and wealth whose influence can do much for those she desires to help. She is the sister of Mrs. Norris Davis and was a champion golfist at Del Monte, having been star player of the Ingleside club. She is also known as one of the cleverest bridge players in society. Her mother, Mrs. William P. Morgan whose death occurred last year, was the most brilliant bridge player of the older women. Since her mother's death Miss Morgan has given much time and money to charitable work and of late has become actively interested in the worthy cause of the blind.

Photo. Dassonville
MISS MARGARET COFFIN
The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Coffin whose engagement to Mr. Shirley Walker was recently announced.

Miss Crocker's Debut

Miss Marion Crocker, the handsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, has returned from New York where she made a flying trip

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with her mother to select gowns for the winter social campaign. Miss Crocker's debut will be an important event and will take place at a large reception to be given at the spacious mansion that stands at the corner of Laguna and Washington streets. The young lady's venerable grandmother, Mrs. Ives, will be in the receiving line and her aunt Mrs. Othello Scribner. Miss Crocker may be reckoned the heiress of the season. She strongly resembles her mother, is handsome and vivacious, and will surely win popularity on her own account. One of her closest friends is Miss Helen Leavitt, daughter of Reverend Bradford Leavitt of the First Unitarian Church who will probably make her debut at the same time. She is a favorite among her young friends and is an attractive miss for whom there will be given a series of entertainments.

Pizella Is Here

Pizella, the noted portrait painter, is visiting this city and is being entertained by the smart set. Mrs. George Newhall gave a large dinner for him during the week at which were present several fair San Francisco women whose beauty he has transferred to canvas. Pizella's studio in Paris has been visited by beautiful Americans whose lineaments he has been successful in depicting for the past decade. His private view receptions are smart entertainments at which the haut ton gathers. Pizella's portrait of Miss Marion Newhall and that of Mrs. Templeton Crocker painted before her marriage are familiar from newspaper reproductions. He has also painted Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough (Elizabeth Newhall), Mrs. Athole McBean, Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. George Newhall.

Parting with Her Treasures

It is not often that as many household treasures are put on the market at one time as were disposed of at auction this week by Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard. Needless to say, there was the usual gathering at the auction rooms of the bargain-hunters and the merely curious. Furniture and bric-a-brac brought good sums, but the fine books were withdrawn when it was found that their worth was not appreciated. Many are wondering why Mrs. Howard sacrificed her treasures. She is the widow of the late Charles Webb Howard who for many years was president of the Spring Valley Water Co. They were separated for some years before his death and the widow was cut off in the will with a small bequest. After some litigation she secured a larger share, the residue going to a daughter Maud Howard and the son Shafter Howard. The latter married Miss Emma Hunter of Newport and makes his home in the East. He is a composer of note. The daughter does not make her home with her mother but occupies apartments at the Fairmont when she is in San Francisco, but she spends much of her time in the East. Mrs. Howard is a dominating woman who some years ago was the social leader par excellence of Oakland. Soon after her husband took up his residence at the Pacific Union Club in this city the Oakland home was abandoned by Mrs. Howard, and since his demise she has resided in this city. She is a daughter of the late Judge Shafter, a noted jurist of early days who had two handsome daughters, the present Mrs. Howard and her sister, Mrs. John Orr. The Shafter home on the shore of Lake Merrit was a show place for years. It is now owned and occupied by Schilling, the tea merchant and is one of the handsomest estates on the other side of the bay.

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A Josselyn Grandchild

The daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali several days since is not the first grandchild in the Josselyn family. Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer who was Miss Florence Josselyn, is the mother of two beautiful little girls. Mrs. Avenali was Miss Mary Josselyn, the second daughter of the family of five girls, three of whom are married, Miss Gertrude having wed Gerald Rathbone several years ago. They have no children. Mr. and Mrs. Avenali were married at the home of the bride's parents at Woodside a year ago at an open-air wedding and went to San Jose to reside. Latterly they have been occupying a flat in Green street and will make their home in this city in the future.

Mrs. Mizner to Stay Here

Mrs. William Mizner whose intention it is to remain in California, now that she is returning after so many years of absence, will be accorded a warm welcome by old friends. She will be with her daughter Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase who with her family will occupy a residence in San Francisco for the winter. Mrs. Mizner is the mother of an interesting family. Of late years she has made her home with her oldest son, a clergyman of St. Louis.

No Pumps, Only Skates

To the great disappointment of the many young belles and beaux, debutantes and matrons, Mrs. Carroll D. Buck has given her final answer in regard to the dancing parties this season and, as I predicted, she will not sponsor them. However, all the younger members of society are eagerly looking forward to the opening night of the Tuesday Evening Skating Club on October twenty-fourth. There will be ten meetings, the last two of which will take place after Easter. So a long and jolly season of skating is being ushered in. Many dinners and supper parties have already been arranged for the opening night. I hear that many families from across the bay will take houses in town this winter in order that the younger members of society may take part in these and other winter gaieties.

A Surprise to Society

The surprise of the week in exclusive social circles on both sides of the bay was the announcement by Mrs. James Coffin of the engagement of her daughter Miss Natalie of Ross Valley to Crawford Greene, a young lawyer, formerly of Providence, R. I., but now a resident of California. Mrs. Coffin is a member of the oldest and most prominent early-day set here. Her father, the late General Allen, had a home on Rincon Hill which was the rendezvous of the social elect. The bride-to-be is a sister of Mrs. Shepard Eels and Miss Sara Coffin. Miss Coffin has traveled extensively. She was educated in New York. As yet no date has been set for the wedding which will be a large and brilliant affair. The Coffin family will spend the winter in this city.

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Old Memories Revived

The recently announced engagement of Miss Bessie Elinor Parsons of Mill Valley to Daniel Key Turner, great-grandson of Francis Scott Key, will revive memories of the prospective groom's mother who will be remembered as Miss Virginia Ortiz, a daughter of the Ortiz', one of the most prominent Castillian families of early days. Virginia was one of a bevy of attractive sisters whose beautiful home was in South Park. The girls all attended the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose and were noted Castillian beauties. Herminia, the youngest, married Dario Orena and lives in Los Angeles. Her daughter Anita recently married Wilson Dibblee of Santa Barbara. Daniel Turner, father of young Dan Turner, was connected with Wells, Fargo Co. for over forty years. He was called "Tuck" Turner by his intimates. He spent a number of years in Mexico where he took his beautiful bride who died when her son was born. Dan Turner Sr. returned to San Francisco where he died a few years ago. Mrs. Richard Cutts Sr. of Mare Island, Mrs. Lizzie Turner of New York and Mrs. Janet Baldwin are sisters of the late Daniel Turner. Young Turner is a graduate of an Eastern college. No date is as yet set for the wedding.

An Interesting Engagement

An engagement of great interest on both sides of the Bay where the young people are well

For the Woman Who Knows

Kerkoff, of Paris, produced the essence of refined fragrance and called it

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Alfred H. Smith Co., 25 West 33d St., New York

known, is that of Miss Margaret Coffin, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Coffin of Mill Valley and Mr. Shirley Walker of this city. Miss Coffin is a young woman of great charm and cultivation, a favorite among the younger girls here and in Marin County. Mr. Walker is a successful advertising man of this city, was a fraternity man during his career at the University of California and is a member of the University Club. The wedding will take place this Winter, and the young people will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Rottanzi at the Greek Theatre

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on next Sunday, October 15, will be a song recital by Miss Sophye Rottanzi, the brilliant young pupil of Mr. H. B. Pasmore whose sweet soprano voice was heard in the theatre at a half-hour in the spring. She will be assisted by Miss Elizabeth Dolan, violinist, Mr. Hialmar Holmes, 'cellist, and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, accompanist; and the program will be of especial interest because of the appearance on it of several numbers by local composers. It is as follows: "Pace, O Dio," Verdi; Song of Four Seasons, Samuel Savannah; Silent Tears, John Harraden Pratt; Spanish Serenade, Leopoldina Rottanzi Steffani; the Mad Scene from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Love's Arrows Fly True, a song translated from the Sanskrit by Professor A. W. Ryder and set to music by Mr. Pasmore; the Prayer from Puccini's "La Tosca"; and "Ave Maria," the prelude by Bach, with a melody by Gounod and a second melody (for 'cello) by Mr. Pasmore. In case of inclement weather, the concert will not be given.

Mr. Allen's Recital

At the organ recital by Mr. Warren D. Allen, assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, mezzo-contralto, at Kohler and Chase Hall on Wednesday evening, October 18, the following fine program will be given; Jean Baptiste Lully, Rigaudon; Domenico Scarlatti, Pastorale, arranged for organ by Warren Allen; Alexandre Guilmant, Allegro, Sonata op. 42 in D minor; Bach, O komm susser Todt; Max Reger, Waldeinsamkeit; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Alfred Hollins, Intermezzo in D flat; Alexandre Guilmant, Funeral March and Seraphic Chant; Debussy, Romance; Bizet, Habanera—Carmen; E. H. Lemare, Spring Song, "From the South"; Ch. M. Widor, Allegretto cantabile from the Fifth Symphony and Allegro from the Sixth Symphony.

Nothing like the refined beauty and luxury of "The Wistaria Bower" is offered to the women of any city in the world. It is the newest institution of the new San Francisco and the most perfect of its kind anywhere. That is the name Louise, the Louise who has just come from New York, gives her exquisite establishment. It fills with its daintiness the wide windowed fourth floor of the Sachs Building, 140 Geary street. In comfort and convenience and in art, shaped and fitted with unerring taste to a distinctly useful purpose, "The Wistaria Bower" is the last word upon the subject of women's manicuring and hairdressing.

One of the important social affairs of next week will be a reception given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her residence in Broadway in honor of President Taft.

The announcements are out for the coming season of the St. Francis Musical Art Society concerts, and the artists include the best that the world affords. The first concert will be given on October 31, with Gogorza and Eames as the artists. The next artist on their list is Calve; following her, Schuman-Heink, Bonci and John McCormack. The last, or sixth concert, will probably be given by De Pachman.

If Taft Had Gone to Tait's

The past week has been a vital and important one in the history of San Francisco. If Taft had gone to Tait's he would have found himself in the midst of a typical San Franciscan crowd in a cafe permeated by the real San Franciscan atmosphere—an optimistic and exhilarating crowd in just the right setting to celebrate the history-making events of the week. Unfortunately though, men in high positions seldom have the arranging of their programs and so they miss much that is worth while—much that they would enjoy. Taft, for instance, would have enjoyed a visit to Tait's and would have found it worth while, as many do who pass a mid-day hour there. Visitors in the city as well as city people spend many a pleasant evening in this cafe listening to the unusually fine music while they are being served from the season's choicest menu.

Winsor N. Cobb registered at the Hotel Victoria during the week from his home in Boston.

Mrs. W. F. Morris was hostess at a bridge evening given Friday for the guests at the Hotel Victoria. A large number of players shared the pleasure of the evening at cards.

Catain F. E. Frazier of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company is spending his leave at Paso Robles.

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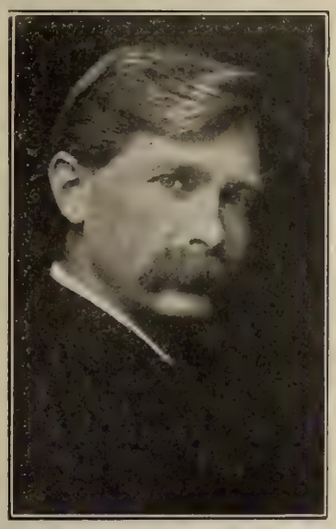
Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Amato

The Greenbaum concert season was brilliantly inaugurated last Sunday at Scottish Rite Auditorium by Pasquale Amato, the greatest operatic baritone ever heard in this country—so say we all without reservation. His voice is big, of splendid range and lovely timbre—a joy even to uncultivated music lovers. As for the ones who know what to observe—ah! he pours out inexhaustible delights. To students of the sublime art of song it is a liberal education to hear the great artist. His very first number, a gem of Massenet's, revealed the glories of his virile voice, astonishing his hearers, now with the strength of it, and again with its delicate softness, but every tone produced with the roundness and lustre of the most perfect pearl in the world. And he has brains, has Amato, and a tender



LEONARD BORWICK
Pianist extraordinary.

heart,—else how could he give such fine dramatic renderings to his beautiful songs? He paints the word pictures that their creators intended with the fine intelligence that a song artist must have to be great. I liked him best in his Italian and French numbers. That he did not please so well in his wonderful German songs was because they have become familiar and dear to us through the medium of the greatest Teuton vocalists. Nevertheless Amato was delightful in them. What happiness it must be to see him act! Even if we had not heard the encomiums on his histrionic art, we had only to look at him as he sang to know that he has the dramatic intensity and training to portray character. A handsome fellow, too, is Amato and young. As a lady whom I consider quite the prettiest, most charming young matron in San Francisco observed, "Isn't he husky?" And there you are —the ladies are crazy about him. Some critics complain that "he doesn't always sing true." And he doesn't. He is the only artist I ever heard who could commit the crime of singing untrue and still command your worship and admiration. Right away I thought of the great composer—Handel or Haydn—who could never keep time when he danced. One of his admirers said, "How can he keep time with an orchestra playing; he is listening to the other one in his head." Signor Amato couldn't do better than listen to his great fellow artist, Signor Tanara, whose performance was appreciated and acknowledged enthusiastically by his first San Francisco audience. One can fancy that the nights he conducts at the Metropolitan the orchestra leaves nothing to be desired. As to Mme. Longari, she looks pretty, youthful and stylish, she sings with taste, has a pretty voice, but as yet is far from being a great artist. However, in the royal company in which she travels she may in time acquire the right to sing with the regal stars of the court of song.

—H. M. B.

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"The Commuters" at the Columbia

"The Commuters" is a better play than the same author's "Traveling Salesman" but not nearly as good as his "Chorus Lady." Not that "The Chorus Lady" was a great play by any means. It achieved its large success because it happened to fit Rose Stahl so well. Rose Stahl is a splendid actress and was able to make "The Chorus Lady" one of the most fetching plays of the day. But even so, there was a breeziness of slang and a freshness of plot about "The Chorus Lady" which would have carried it along for an inferior actress. The best that can be said about "The Commuters" is that it is continually amusing. There are one or two situations that stand out in particular relief. You laugh most heartily at them, of course; but unless you are a niggard of laughter, you laugh at a lot of the other situations too. That being the case, you would be ungenerous if you carped; and so would I. The worst that can be said of "The Commuters" is that there is too much laughing on the stage. A hearty laugh from a hearty character heartily portrayed is usually welcome to an audience, but the thing can be overdone. It is overdone in "The Commuters." The characters are laughing nearly all the time. They laugh in chorus or in solo; they laugh secretly at one another; not infreqeuntly they laugh at themselves, which is inexcusable. Still, this is not the sort of fault to call for severe reprimand. It is something to be deprecated and forgotten, provided it doesn't happen again. Mr. James Forbes should see that it doesn't. He seems to be ingenious enough to invent situations which will make the audience laugh without insisting that the actors set the example. The company which presents "The Commuters" is quite satisfactory. Miss Florence Malone is an attractive young woman who wears her gowns well. Mr. Harry Davenport is a young man who can simulate asininity very well, but he is the leading offender in the matter of too much laughing. The rest of the company do not demand special mention.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Gertrude Hoffmann at the Cort

Gertrude Hoffmann has supplied the English-speaking world with a sensation by bringing to this country the Russian imperial artists who will appear at the Cort for an engagement of two weeks, beginning Monday, October 16. "Le Saison des Ballets Russes" does not consist of the presentation of Russian dances, as those dances have been known to America. They are poetic interpretations by a great organization of imperial artists of the plastic drama. Three ballets constituting the entertainment are "Cleopatre," a mimodrama, telling a love tale concerning the famous queen; "Les Sylphides," a romantic revelry, and "Sheherazade" which has been called a night in a Persian harem. Miss Hoffmann will also appear in her sensational revue, including her famous impersonations of such stage celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Eddie Foy, Harry Lauder, Ruth St. Denis, Isadora Duncan, Alice Lloyd, Anna Held, Eva Tanguay, and Valeska Suratt. Each impersonation is complete with scenery and costumes, and in some of them Miss Hoffmann is assisted by her twelve beautiful "Hoffmann Girls." Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Nordica's Fine Offerings

The concerts to be given by Mme. Lillian Nordica, assisted by Myron W. Whitney, the distinguished basso, and E. Romayne Simmons, the eminent pianist, at the big Pavilion, corner of Sutter and Pierce streets, this Saturday and next Monday evenings, are attracting a great amount of attention among the thousands of

ODIVA
"The Water Queen" who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

music lovers of San Francisco and vicinity. Mme. Nordica, one of the world's foremost singers, is at the height of her wonderful career and her programs have been chosen with peculiar care. On Saturday her numbers will include the aria from Madame Butterfly, Schubert's Erlking, two Japanese songs by Wakefield Cadman, in addition to that composer's Omaha Indian tribal melody, Leoncavallo's Mattinata, two songs by Hammond and works by Schumann, Stange, Debussy and Webber. With Mr. Whitney she will sing the great duet from Le Nozze di Figaro and the basso's versatility will be displayed in songs by Gounod, Berlioz, Schumann, Tirindelli, White, Turnbull and Molloy. On Monday evening there will be a complete change, Mme. Nordica's numbers including Elizabeth's aria from Tannhauser, Schumann's Waldesgesprach and songs by Strauss, Tschaikowski, Grieg, Bemberg, Webber, Duparc, Rachmaninoff and Mrs. Beach, while with Mr. Whitney she will sing the duet from Don Giovanni. Mr. Whitney's songs will be selected from the compositions of Bizet,

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"Seven Days" Coming

"The Commuters" will remain the attraction at the Columbia throughout next week. "Seven Days," the merry comedy which held sway at the Columbia for three weeks last season, is to play a return engagement at that playhouse, opening on Monday, October 23. Seven days of joyous, riotous mirth, seven days of tumultuous glee, compressed into two hours and forty-five minutes of fun that plunges everybody of whatsoever age, sex or condition into gay hysteria and laughing convulsions. Seats go on sale next Thursday.

Leonard Borwick, Pianist

Leonard Borwick, piano virtuoso, will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 22, and again on Thursday night, October 26. This will be Mr. Borwick's first visit to America but in Europe he is widely known and the announcement of a Borwick concert in Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, London or Paris always brings a crowded house. At the Sunday afternoon concert Mr. Borwick will play Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, and works by Bach, Graun, Sgambati, Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, etc. At the Thursday night concert he will offer Chopin's "Sonata" with the beautiful funeral march, Bach's "Italian" Concerto and works by Schumann, Mozart, Debussy, Mendelssohn and Liszt. The sale of seats will open at Sherman Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's next Wednesday morning, October 18.

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Nance O'Neil in "Trilby"

Nance O'Neil's farewell week at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night, promises to be the most successful of her engagement, for "Trilby" is the play and supporting the star are several people specially engaged to fill important roles. Among these are Harry Mestayer who will be seen as Little Billie; Maurice Stewart who originated the part of Zou Zou and comes from retirement to reappear in it; stage director Fred J. Butler who is to impersonate the Laird, and Miss Constance Alexander, one of San Francisco's popular contralto vocalists, who will sing "Ben Bolt." Others in the cast are Louis Bennison as Svengali, Roy Clements as Taffy, Burt Wesner as the Reverend Thomas Bagot, Georgie Woodthorpe as his wife, Adele Belgarde as Madame Vinard, Neva West as Angelie and Walter Belasco as the opera house manager.

The Eames and De Gogorza Concerts

The Eames-De Gogorza concerts to be given under the management of Will Greenbaum will be two in number and will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the first being announced for Tuesday night, October 24. On this occasion both artists will be heard in operatic numbers, lieder in all languages and quite a number of beautiful duets, including three by Mendelssohn, two by Andre Messager and the stirring dramatic scene from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Santuzza and Alfio). By special request Mme. Eames will sing the aria from "Mme. Butterfly." The second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 29, when a similar program will be offered, the duets on this occasion being from "Love Tales of Hoffman," "Don Giovanni," "Il Trovatore," and a very beautiful religious work, "The Crucifix," by Faure. Of course De Gogorza will have to sing some of his charming Spanish songs. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman Clay & Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be paid to out of town orders.

Odiva at the Orpheum

Odiva, "the water queen," comes next week to the Orpheum with an act of novelty, beauty and skill. This attractive little woman was taught the art of swimming by the pearl divers of Samoa. She eats, sews, sleeps and disrobes beneath the surface of the water. Her dives are executed with grace and daring and her swimming is a revelation. Her stage setting is elaborate, massive and picturesque. Agnes Scott and Henry Keane will appear in the idyllic episode "Drifting." In this charming little comedy Miss Scott distinguishes herself both as authoress and actress. She is a girl of considerable attractions. Mr. Keane is remembered here as leading man in several important productions.

Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton present a captivating and dainty act. They entertain with dancing, snatches of song and character impersonations. Madame Panita, the celebrated European flute virtuoso who on the occasion of her appearance here nearly two years ago achieved a brilliant triumph, will be a feature of next week's program. She has an exceptional technique and her repertoire is very attractive. Next week will conclude the engagements of Charles and Fannie Van; the Nichols Sisters; and the Four Floods. It will also be the last of Paul Armstrong's dramatic production, "A Romance of the Underworld" which is creating one of the greatest sensations ever known in vaudeville.

Amato's Farewell

This Sunday afternoon, October 15, Pasquale Amato, "the Caruso of the baritones," will give his final concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium assisted by Mme. Longari and Signor Tanara and the program will include the "Cavatina" of Figaro from "The Barber of Seville," the "Drinking Song" from "Hamlet," the aria from "The Masked Ball" and by special request the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci." The duets will be from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and a charming "Serenade" by Brahms. Seats on sale at both downtown box offices and on Sunday at the hall after 10 a. m.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Although complicated somewhat by the war between Turkey and Italy and the suggested possibility of a spread of this warfare to other sections of the Far East, the financial situation appears to have been improved slightly within the last week by the elimination of needless alarm on the score of voluntary or compulsory dissolutions of the United States Steel Corporation and numerous other industrial combinations and of hitherto existing uncertainty as to the character of the American Tobacco Co's. reorganization plan and its chances of approval by the United States Circuit Court. Optimism and bullish sentiment in the speculative securities market are still far from becoming rampant. They continue to be restrained by the possibility of further strenuous enforcement of the Sherman law and a resultant temporary upheaval in the lines of business directly affected by the reorganization of the leading combines in such lines and also by the prospect of a renewal of tariff legislation at the next session of Congress. Some further recovery from the lowest levels of the year, which were reached early last week, is looked for in many sections of the financial community, but no pronounced and sustained upward movement is expected for a long time to come.

Wheat—Hard winter wheat has advanced 10 cents more than the December future since August 20 and even the much despised red winter wheat has advanced 5 cents more than the December in the same time. Low grades have advanced more than the contract grades. Not over 7 per cent of the spring wheat crop of our Northwest is milling wheat. Our visible supply is large, but it is a small part of the crop or of the consumptive demand for the balance of the crop year. Conditions have forced the wheat into the visible supply. The fear of the effect of the passage of the reciprocity bill which every one felt certain would pass, caused farmers to sell more than the usual amount of wheat and the increase in the visible supply represents but a small part of the increased movement. The demand for flour will be heavy and continuous, as flour distributors had low stocks on account of anticipating the passage of the reciprocity bill. We have a small crop and it will all be wanted at home. Absence of speculative buying and selling by bears and tired longs may let the price off a little, but a war scare or some other influence may bring them into the market any time and altogether we favor the purchase of December wheat.

Corn—From all information at hand we are unable to gather that any unusual damage has been done to the growing crop, and, in fact, are told that the injury is comparatively light this year. It seldom happens that the country escapes one or two big hail storms and wind storms which are positively destructive, but no account of any has reached us this year. The elevator people in the country, who are in close touch with everything that is going on, do not confirm any injury worth mentioning, and we are inclined to believe, as we have said before, that the Government report will again show an improvement and forecast a larger yield than last month.

Cotton—Trading in cotton contracts at the close of the week was quiet and fluctuations were narrow. Timid shorts were disposed to cover both here and at Liverpool and there was a fair demand for account of spinners. During the early part of the week we had a quick reaction due to buying by many who thought spinners the world over would become large buyers at the lower level of prices. They did not buy and have been buying on declines, but they have been outdone by the heavy offerings from the South and consequently we are at a new low level at the close of the week. The heavy selling by the South has been the feature of the daily transactions for the past month. We believe that the spinners will continue to buy on all declines but we do not expect a revival of investment buying until the South stops selling, which she will not do until the crest of the heavy movement has been reached and passed. Northern speculators and investors have lost all their profits to date and they are not apt to buy freely again until the weather changes or the South stops selling.

An Inspired Plea

(Continued from Page 8.)

ner. Nothing, absolutely nothing, indicated that anything unusual had taken place. I went away without a word.

"I was on the point of telling the whole story to the district attorney, but I hesitated lest he should make sport of me. I had no witnesses to prove that the scene had occurred. Finally, I almost doubted it myself, and wondered if my fright were not after all partly caused by my imagination. In short, I told no one.

"My conviction of the irresponsibility of my client, however, was so strong that I somehow succeeded in impressing it on the minds of the jury, who brought in a verdict of extenuating circumstances, so that the court pronounced sentence of a few years' imprisonment only."

"You and your client may both congratulate yourselves on lucky escapes!" exclaimed little Madame D.

"My client was indeed fortunate," replied Monsieur Z, "but as for myself, I received that same evening an enlightening letter couched in these terms:

"'Thank you, my dear sir, for your extremely clever plea. In the opinion of connoisseurs it is the best thing you have ever done. You must not, therefore, bear me any ill will for having given you the helpful inspiration at the cost of a trifling emotion, at Mazas."

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Auto Notes

Orders from Fresno territory, for both model "30" and the new model "36" Chalmers cars, are coming to the head office here in unusually large quantities this season. Mr. A. C. Wheelock, the manager, reports more sales to date this season than he had made up to the first of December of last season. It certainly looks like a Chalmers year for that section of the country.

Mr. H. W. Westphal writes the Pacific Motor Car Company from Male, Austria, "Today we went over Aprica and Tonale Passes. These passes are only eight hundred feet lower than St. Gotthard. I beat two large French cars by one hour over Aprica and again over Tonale."

In consonance with the nation-wide good roads movement, and in the interest of having Americans "See America first," President Taft recently appointed Thos. W. Wilby of New York, a prominent automobilist and member of the Touring Club of America, as good roads commissioner, whose duty it will be to pick out and accurately log a route from New York to San Francisco and return, which shall not only include seeing all of the best of the wonder spots of our grand country, but shall be safe and possible to travel without hardship at practically all times of the year. On account of the phenomenal record made by an Ohio car driven across the country last winter by E. L. Ferguson, official referee of the A. A. A. by an all southern route, Mr. Wilby asked the co-operation of The Ohio Motor Car Company with the government and himself, to the extent of furnishing an Ohio car and driver for his use, which has been done.

Ever since the Alco Company announced their intention of withdrawing from automobile racing much speculation has been indulged in among members of the automobile fraternity as to the racing plans of Harry Grant who has been responsible for Alco victories in the past. Grant has no intention of giving up the sport and the announcement has just been made that he has selected the Lozier as his new mount and will make his first appearance as a Lozier driver in the Fairmount Park race, October 9. Grant is considered one of the best pilots in the racing game and his choice of the Lozier indicates the high regard in which he holds this car.

P. S. Cole, mingling pleasure with business for his firm, the Pioneer Automobile Company, has just returned from a two months' trip through the Northwest and the East. While in Detroit and vicinity he visited several factories and compared methods in turning out automobiles. The Chalmers factory, aside from excelling all other factories in careful construction and rigid testing, is concentrating on the needs of cars built especially for the Pacific Coast. Few factories, said he, realize the demand for business cars in the vicinity of San Francisco, and the Chalmers factory in becoming more familiar with what is required here, is strengthening its cars in many ways. San Francisco is now recognized as second to New York in importance, as an automobile center.

Contrary to what seems to be the general impression among motorists, it is the desire of tire manufacturers to aid tire users in obtaining large mileage. Many seem to think that the tire companies would rather see tires wear out quickly so that there will be rapid re-sale. On the contrary, if tires give long service, thus reducing the expense of motoring, the tire companies figure that there will be many more cars running and thus their business will increase. To enable automobile owners to obtain best results Mr. Cliff E. Mathewson, Pacific Coast manager of The Diamond Rubber Co. is always prepared to instruct purchasers in the best methods of tire conservation.

After exhibiting the new model self-starting Chalmers "36" in San Francisco the Pioneer Automobile Company shipped the car to Sacramento where it was on exhibition at the State Fair. Now it is back here.

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The Citizens' Alliance's offices are in the Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Free Registration Bureau and Employment Office, Room No. 626.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,190, Probate; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS GOSLINKSY, Deceased.

Julius Brownstein, Frances Brownstein and Estelle Putzel, having presented to and filed with the Clerk of this Court, their petition for an order of Court declaring that certain property of the estate of the above name deceased is held by the Executrix of said estate in trust for said petitioners, and praying for a decree of Court authorizing and directing said Executrix to make, execute and deliver a conveyance to petitioners, of an undivided one-quarter interest in and to the following described parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows:

That portion of lot 48 of the 500 acre lots of the former Pueblo de San Jose, being the westerly half of the northerly fourth of said Lot 48, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the Public road known as the McKee Road (the same being the extension of Julian Street, in the City of San Jose, easterly of the mountains) at the westerly corner of the so-called Cavanaugh Tract; running thence along the center of said McKee Road North 49 degrees, 34 minutes East, 18.32 chains; thence South 37 degrees, 45 minutes East, 30.52 chains; thence South 49 degrees, 34 minutes West, 15.32 chains; thence North 37 degrees, 45 minutes West, 30.52 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 46.55 acres of land more or less.

It is ordered, that all persons interested appear before this Court on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause if any they have why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be served upon MINNA GOSLINKSY, personally, as the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, at least ten days before the time set for the hearing thereof.

And it is furthered ordered, that this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, October 3, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

D. FREIDENRICH and M. L. SCHMITT, Attorneys for Petitioners. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased. WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS J. LEE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of W. C. Graves, Attorney at Law, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased. W. C. GRAVES,

Executor of the Estate of Thomas J. Lee, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

W. C. GRAVES, Atty. for Executor, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA GOSLINER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Arthur Joel, 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia Gosliner, deceased. HENRY STEINBACH,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 14, 1911.

ARTHUR JOEL, Atty. for Executor, 620 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-5

8:00 A. M. Shore Line Limited

8:05 A. M. The Coaster

10:40 A. M. The Los Angeles Passenger

3:20 P. M. San Joaquin Valley Flyer

4:00 P. M. Sunset Express

6:00 P. M. The Owl Limited

8:00 P. M. The Lark Limited

8:10 P. M. The Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger

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FISK TRADE MARK

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONROY, also known as MARY CAWLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his attorney, Room 305 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased.

JOHN QUINN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1911.

FRANK J. HENNESSY, Atty. for Executor, 304-5-6 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,593; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED BECK, Deceased.

Anna Beck, the Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Beck, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, September 7, A. D. 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Atty. for Administratrix, 802 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD RATIGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Carpenter & Hittell, 602 California Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased.

F. E. DAVERKOSEN,
Executor of the Estate of Edward Ratigan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

CARPENTER & HITTELL, Attys. for Executor, 602 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,895, Probate; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM FRASER, Deceased.

William L. Fraser, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of William Fraser, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition, in due form, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing him, as such Administrator, to sell all the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to this Court, by the said verified petition, that it would be for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the estate and those interested therein, that the said real property be sold; and that it is necessary to sell the said real property described in said petition, which is hereby expressly referred to for further particulars and for a description of said property, in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or hereafter may accrue during the administration of said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in said petition, should not be granted to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale for the purposes mentioned in the said petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of the said estate and of the persons interested therein; and,

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 28th day of September, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed Sept. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Atty. for Administrator, 26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI UZZOVICH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. G. Antonovich, No. 604 Montgomery Street, Room 209-210, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased.

LUCA UZZOVICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

WM. G. ANTONOVICH, Atty. for Administrator, 604 Montgomery St., Room 209-210, San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMERLANDER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased.

FRANK R. KUMMERLANDER,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummerlander, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.

GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. CARROLL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of William J. Carroll, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Murphy and Charles N. Douglas, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William J. Carroll, deceased.

JAMES MULLIGAN,
Executor of the Estate of William J. Carroll, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 8, 1911.

FRANK J. MURPHY and CHAS. N. DOUGLAS, Attys. for James Mulligan, Rooms 400-404, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-9-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: Grace Howitt Power, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the sale to you of certain real property should not be vacated and set aside, and a new sale ordered of said real property described in the petition herein in the same manner and upon the same terms as prescribed by the order of January 19, 1910, referred to in said petition.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,971; Dept. No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate of EMILIE BOUQUET, Deceased.

Ernest Bouquet, the Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, having this day presented and filed in open court his verified petition herein, praying for an order of sale of an undivided one-half interest in and to certain improved real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, being all of the estate of said decedent, for the purposes set forth in said petition, located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

And described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of land beginning at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street, running thence westerly along said southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet, running thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet, running thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet, and running thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a five room, one story frame cottage.

And more particularly described in said petition to which reference is hereby made, at either public or private sale as the said Administrator shall judge most beneficial for the said estate.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary to sell all of said described real property with the improvements thereon belonging to said estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition.

Now, therefore, on motion in open court of Messrs. Hankins and Hankins, attorneys for said petitioner, and good cause appearing therefor, it is ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby directed to appear before the said Superior Court, on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, of said Superior Court, in the Grant Building, Southeasterly corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator for the sale of all of the said described real property and improvements thereon belonging to said estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911. THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 13, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

HANKINS & HANKINS, Atty. for Petitioner, 915-917-918 Pacific Bldg., Market and Fourth Streets, San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

ORDER DIRECTING NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,635.

In the Matter of the Application of HARRY A. KOHL, for Change of Name.

It appearing to the Court that on the 6th day of September, 1911, Harry A. Kohl filed herein his application for an order that his name be changed to Harry A. Millsaps, and good cause appearing therefor:

It is ordered and directed, that all persons interested in said matter be and appear before the Court on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1911, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said Court, Department 7 thereof, in the Grant Building at Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why the said application for change of name should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, the 6th day of September, 1911.
E. P. MOGAN, Judge.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, Atty. for Petitioner. 9-16-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ISADORE LAVENTHAL, residing at 386 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 553 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Laventhal Bros.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19, 1911.
ISADORE LAVENTHAL,

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 19th day of September, 1911, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ISADORE LAVENTHAL, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Isadore Laventhal, First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23 5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the procedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS RUFFIEUX, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louis Ruffieux, deceased.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 30, 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

A Good Historical Novel

R. W. Fenn's "Hidden Empire" seems to be a belated specimen of the historic novel, offered in the market long after the season is closed. However, it is quite good enough to be the pioneer of a revival, and the time and locality are sufficiently far removed to escape comparison with anything recent. Mr. Fenn has gone back to the first half of the sixteenth century—to be exact, to the year 1535—when he introduces his hero, Gonzalo de Cabrero, a precocious youth of some dozen years, making his home in a monastery on the island of Teneriffe, where, under the guidance of his supposed uncle, the lad is being trained for a religious life. But Gonzalo is of knightly descent, though he knows nothing of his father who is supposed to be dead, and blood will out, so, in his hours of recreation, he has made friends with the governor's armourer who, besides permitting the lad to exercise his strength at the anvil, has taught him all the science of swordsmanship. The governor's own son was but slightly younger, a handsome youth whose character and disposition did not mate with his countenance, and when, on his sixteenth birthday, a fete was made and Alonzo, presented with his sword and armor of knighthood, issued the perfunctory challenge, it was taken up by Gonzalo who acquitted himself so creditably that though Alonzo was said to have defended his title, the same honor was conferred on his unexpected opponent. The treacherous vindictiveness with which Alonzo sought to dispose of Gonzalo which was in no wise lessened because he suspected a preference in his little cousin, betrothed to him after the manner of the times, led to the secret escape of Gonzalo from Teneriffe and his abandonment of the religious life for that of a man at arms. After serving in the Moorish wars and accumulating a share of booty the young knight turned his attention to the new world from which Cortez and the other early conquerors had returned laden with spoils and with stories of inexhaustible treasure still left. It chanced that Don Pedro Fernandez de Lugo, erstwhile governor of Teneriffe, was likewise bound for the new world, having obtained the post of governor of the Province of Santa Marta, and that his son, Alonzo, was to accompany him as his deputy. Though Gonzalo had designed to join an expedition sailing for Peru, he found himself, by an inadvertence, on board one of the ships of de Lugo's fleet, and thus the ancient enemies were brought together, the old feuds renewed and new causes of offence given and taken. Among the crew and the soldiery are men who had sailed with Ponce de Leon, Cortez and others, and even one of the sailors of Columbus' first voyage, and the descriptions of the hardships endured both on land and on sea by the adventurers are realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting. Gonzalo de Cabrero is the chronicler of the events of what must seem to us today a foolhardy exploit, that of penetrating the wilderness of the Amazon valley without knowledge of climate or season, without guides, amidst a hostile people whose language was unknown to them, and with neither provisions, medical supplies nor definite destination. As might be expected it is a recital of savage attacks, sickness and accident, starvation, misery and the caprice of a commander but too ready to listen to the whispers of his favorite and to act without investigation. There is much of the Indian superstitions and traditions, and the inevitable beautiful maiden who, for love of a Spanish soldier, deserts her own people and by her knowledge, sagacity and self-sacrifice, repeatedly saves the whole force or her own particular friends. Don Gonzalo's naive acceptance of all the cruelty inflicted by his commander as being quite right and proper, since God was necessarily on their side, and his occasional recollection that the main object of the expedition is the christianizing of the Indians and not the gathering of loot is quite in keeping with the time, though of course it is in direct accordance with the wish of God that his own loyal people shall gather in the spoils when and how they can. The author has very sensibly refrained from making much effort to counterfeit the language of the day. His characters would have spoken Spanish, as a matter of course, and the English equivalent of the Spanish of that date would be unintelligible now to any but scholars, so, with an occasional inversion and the substitution of mine for my, there is no perceptible variation from the language of the twentieth century. Some family matters are cleared up in the end when Don Gonzalo de Cabrero, now Lugo, having settled all his affairs in old Spain, returns with his bride to found a new family on his grant of Peruvian territory, but the real interest centers in the wanderings of the reckless band of conquistadores who penetrated into the interior of the continent, saw El Dorado with their own eyes, and risked their lives and limbs a score of times a day as light-heartedly as they looted a temple. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers. Illustrations are by M. Leone Bracker.

After the Sons, the Fathers

There have been a good many jokes made at the expense of the Indiana school of authors, without, apparently, doing any harm to the crop. Not so long ago it was discovered that a book published under another name was the work of Judge John Tarkington, the father of Booth, and now comes John Ade, who, at the vigorous age of eighty-two, is following the example of his son. Mr. Ade Sr. has been a prominent figure in his own locality for two generations and his literary venture takes the form of "Reminiscences of the Men and Measures of Newton County for Sixty Years."

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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JIM CROWS

Beat in a pan over a slow fire one pound of sugar mixed with four egg whites until it thickens. Remove from fire and beat until cold; mix half a pound skinned and finely shaved or crushed almonds and two-thirds of a cupful of "Ghirardelli's Cocoa" in this meringue. Drop small cakes, resembling a rock, with a teaspoon, on well-greased and floured pans. Let rest about one hour and bake in a moderate hot oven about ten to fifteen minutes. As soon as top and bottom have a firm crust, they are baked. Must be creamy inside after baking. Let cool and detach from pans.

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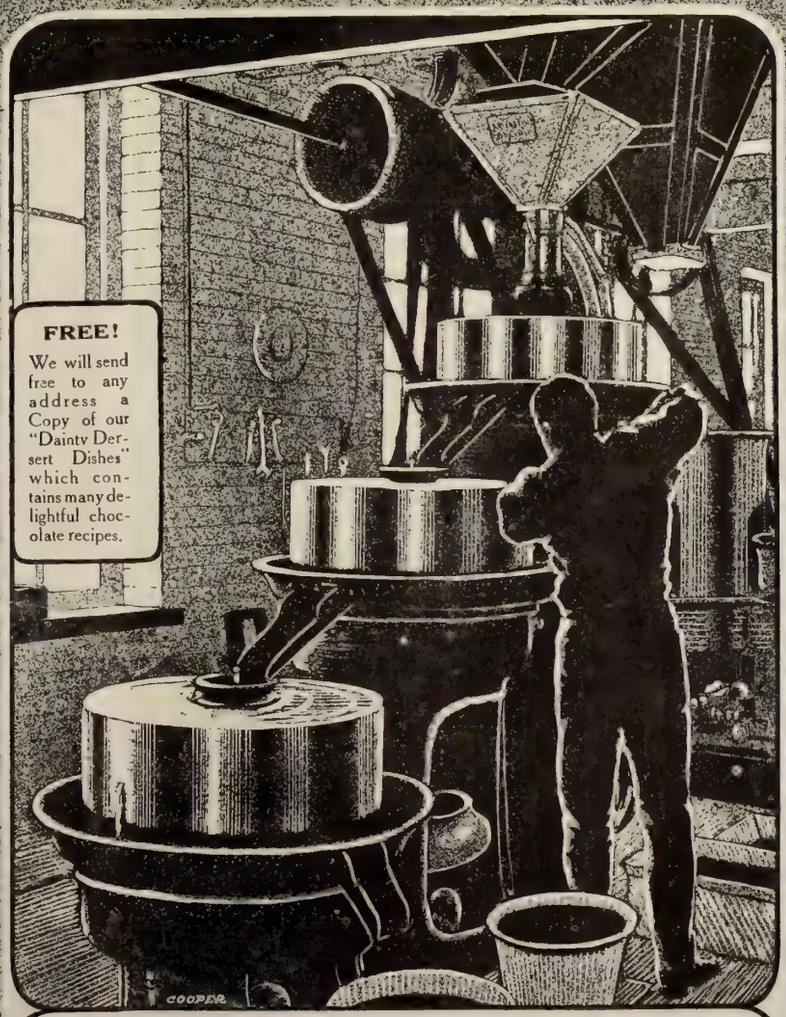

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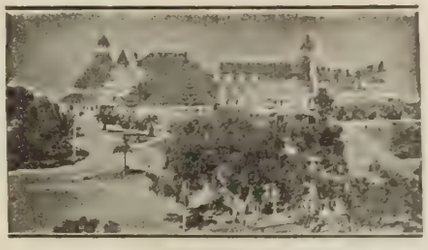

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, October 21, 1911 | No. 1000

GRACE VALENTINE

As "Kit" in the comedy success, "Seven Days" at the Columbia Theatre, commencing Monday, October 23.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied direct by us.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

What Is To Happen?

Now that we have an hermaphroditic electorate and all the latest wrinkles in populism it is natural that we should be curious to see what use is to be made of our new political toys. What the future holds for us no man knoweth, and conjecture would be vain. Of certainty there is nothing save that the field of experiment is illimitable. We may go as far as we like. Every man with a hobby may ride it to his heart's delight, provided he has the time and energy to collect a sufficient number of autographs. One hears of a great many things that are to be done. If a tenth of them are attempted the taxpayers who have to pay the piper will soon have a surfeit of their dancing at the polls. And some of the reforms that are talked about, if attempted, will fill the land with the lamentations of some of the most enthusiastic proponents of our up-to-date populism. Their cries will remind us of the classic fable of the rivers and the sea by which Aesop teaches us that those who are most benefited are often the first to complain. We have in mind especially the newspapers, which are certainly the most benefited by the changes that have been made in the organic law of the State. The power of the press has been increased tenfold. For all political purposes publicity has become the all-important desideratum. But suppose the people, now that they have the lust of power, should resolve to curb the power of the press. This it would have been vain for them to do in former days, as legislators were afraid to incur the enmity of the newspapers, and such loose libel laws as we have were hard to enforce. The initiative has changed the complexion of things. It is an instrument that may be used to good purpose so far as the autocratic and domineering press is concerned. Some of our distinguished daily newspaper editors have done a great deal of shrieking about the "poisoners of the press." Perhaps if some drastic law were proposed, one calculated to protect individuals from poisoners and character assassins, we should soon learn by their wincing where to find the galled jades of journalism.

Johnson No Prophet

Nowhere is the gift of prophecy of greater value than in the field of politics. The politician with that divine gift is like the Tennysonian brook. Without it he can do nothing but guess, and to guess is merely to gamble. Now if Governor Johnson had been an expert in vaticination he would not have campaigned exclusively for his own pet amendments, but would have had a lot to say for the hobby of the suffragists. An ardent lover of justice, Governor Johnson, had he been able to forecast the issue, would have devoted much of his piercing wit and pregnant thought to the cause of the female of our species. But unfortunately our Governor is not versed in the dead language encased in the seeds of time. Blissfully unconscious of the sentiment that was crystallizing in the State he addressed himself not once to the paramount question of the campaign. Indeed he held himself aloof from the great contest. So detonating was his silence on the subject most dear to the hearts of the fair ones that rumor attributed to him a secret understanding with the liquor interests by which, in consideration of his neutrality, their support was enlisted for the things designed to further his political ambition and enlarge the opportunities of his office. What foundation there was for this rumor we are unable to say. Indeed, for all we know there may have been no motive for Governor Johnson's silence. It is possible he did not care what happened to the suffrage amendment. Or, perhaps, he simply played the part of a trimmer, just as he did when the fight for good government was being waged between James Rolph and our labor union Mayor. But how much better His Excellency would now feel had he espoused the winning cause! Because he is not a prophet he forfeited the esteem of what is now a very powerful part of the electorate.

A Dangerous Study

The postal authorities are being censured for excluding from the mails the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, an official body appointed by the Mayor and comprising about thirty clergymen, teachers and social workers. It is said to be one of the most valuable of works dealing with the social evil. It is a diagnosis of the evil, and it presents innumerable facts. A New York commentator regards the action of the postal authorities as inexcusable, it being very important that knowledge of the social evil in all its phases should be diffused among people capable of grappling with it. "When the post office acts as censor in a matter of this kind," says the New York Post, "it ought to ask the purpose of a given publication, the character of the people behind it, etc." Unfortunately the avowed purpose of a given publication is not a good test of its character. There are many pseudo-scientific works that were obviously written to gratify a taste for salacity and obscenity. It was but a short time ago that the New York Post published a review of "Educational Problems," the work of G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., L. L. D. The reviewer pronounced this work morbid pedagogism. "As any page will suggest," said the reviewer, "the Leitmotif of educational problems is that of sex"; also, "the author offers pages of sexual detail which are not surpassed even by Krafft-Ebing or Mantegazza for quantity of nastiness and nudity of statement." Now from what we have seen of so-called scientific works on sex problems and the social evil we are inclined to the suspicion that the persons who have a taste for the study and discussion of these subjects are affected by the atmosphere in which their minds are permitted to wander. Like Dr. G. Stanley Hall they revolt the reader with nasty incidents. The report of the Vice Commissioners of Chicago may be an exception to what almost amounts to a rule, but if so the postal authorities must have changed their standards. However, the world is not likely to suffer much from the exclusion of the report from the mails. A diagnosis of the social evil made in Chicago is superfluous. And the report of the Vice Commission, if it is too nasty to be permitted the privilege of the mails, will doubtless live like Sanger's "History of Prostitution" to be read chiefly by persons who have prurient curiosity to gratify. Dr. Sanger, by the way, was appointed many years ago by a New York Mayor to investigate the social evil, and his report is really an excellent work, but so far as we know it has never enabled anybody to solve any problems.

The Revolution in China

This is the age of political convulsion. Everywhere there is unrest, a longing for change. Perhaps nowhere has this longing been so intense as in China, which is now having its long-delayed spasm. Revolutions, some one has said, are not made, they come. Like all apothegms this is not exactly true. Revolutions are sometimes precipitated by designing men eager for the fruits of public commotion. But the revolution in China beyond doubt had its origin in the conscience of true patriots. It came out of the past, out of the corruption and stagnation of years. It is the larva of Western civilization. For many years the law of progressive development has been silently operating among the oppressed and barbarous masses of China, and they have been moving slowly toward the light. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Chinese are prepared for self-government. Their ignorance is proportioned to the degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Though the revolutionists promise a republic, if they establish one it will probably be but a step toward some kind of monarchical government. But the form of government will not matter much provided the men at the head of it be imbued with the ideas essential to true progress. Meanwhile there are more things than the form of government to be taken into consideration. We have yet to see whether the revolutionists were prepared for their great undertaking and whether they will be able to conciliate the Powers. As a revolution in China involves the interests of the civilized world the Powers must be reckoned with at every step of the road.

Public Opinion

Some men are so strong in their faith in democracy that they would have us not only vote but think in platoons. They have

yet to learn that though numbers make strength wisdom has nothing to do with figures. It is beyond their comprehension how one and God always make a majority. Of such is a correspondent who takes us soberly and sorrowfully to task for not concurring in the judgment of the people as expressed at the election on the constitutional amendments. He informs us that the judgment of the people is more deserving of respect than the judgment of any individual. Our correspondent is a typical democrat, whose idea of the respect due to the judgment of the people is medieval. For this idea, of course, there is no authority but that of the people themselves, who have yet to be purged of the impious superstition that their voice is the echo of God's. This superstition, like many others, is grounded in the vanity and watered by the imagination, and therefore it flourishes and is not to be eradicated. The sovereign people are no more entitled to reverence than any other sovereign to whom sycophants and slaves have offered homage and flattery. They are nothing more than the sum of their units, which may be of a very poor quality. In the process of agglomeration there is no magic by which individuals are spiritualized and rectified. Nor does sympathy, which is facilitated by the action and reaction of minds on one another, usually become "the Aaron's-rod of Truth and Virtue." On the contrary what is bad is more contagious than what is good. Witness for example the spread of scandal and slander, which is like that of a pestilence, and consider the slow jog of fame, which seldom overtakes the worthy this side of the grave. To pursue this subject is necessarily to platitudinize, for it has been harped on through the ages. Hardly a man that left a message to posterity but warned us against the folly of being swayed by public opinion. All wise men appreciated the fact that they were not of the common herd, that shrewdness was not for the many. The multitude today occupies the same position with reference to the enlightened few as it did in Cromwell's day when Milton said, "They praise and they admire, they know not what and know not whom, but as one leads the other." It was the same in the Elizabethan age when Shakespeare wrote: "I will not choose what many men desire, because I will not jump with common spirits and rank me with the barbarous multitude." The multitude today believes itself to be the heir of all the ages, but it will be remembered chiefly for its frantic efforts to make water run up hill, to abrogate the law of supply and demand and to alter human nature by legislative enactment. These are the triumphs to which it has consecrated its talents. It is the opinion of this multitude that makes best sellers and the yellow journals. So why should we kow-tow to public opinion? The pampering of Demos is the most mischievous of all the sins against society; it is the sin that confirms Might in its stupidity and retards the progress of truth. Truth we are told is omnipotent, but its conquests are slow. Consider the Roosevelt illusion, how it persisted. There was a time when Town Talk was the only journal in all California that affirmed the shallowness and charlatanry of the epoch-maker. How reluctantly did his worshipers withdraw their imagination from his grasp! It has been always thus. Never since the exercise of intellect became the source of strength and wealth has any addition to science, any fresh truth made its way without difficulty. Reluctant ever is the far-flung public ear to open to "the still small voice of reason." The fact of the matter is that to be with the majority is a thing to be dreaded, while to be honestly and zealously with the minority is a blessing that attests the grace of God. When a wise man finds himself of the majority he becomes apprehensive and reconsiders his views. It is only the ignorant that live contentedly and complacently in the midst of noisy concurrence. It is only the wise man who knows how little he knows, and hence it was that the Delphic oracle affirmed himself to be the wisest of all the Greeks. "I alone of all the Greeks," said he, "know that I knowing nothing." Today the impression prevails in our democracy that everybody knows more than anybody. This is public opinion, the same public opinion which from the dawn of history to the present day has been nothing more than the fashion of the hour,—as evanescent as the latest style in woman's headgear. The oscillations of it prove the advisability of discounting it. Ceaselessly it goes from one extreme to another. All the great crimes of history from the day that the chief priests and the populace cried out "Crucify him! Crucify him!" down to the declaration of war with Spain, were dictated by public opinion. There was never such unanimity on the face of this earth as during the witch trials in Europe. The oppression of the American colonies was in accordance with public sentiment quite as well defined as that which caused the great change in the organic law of this State, and it was probably formed in the usual way—by one man's taking up the second hand opinion of another. In this way public opinion sometimes gets right, but it is always more or less at the mercy of its leaders, and hence it is never so wrong as when it resolves to throw down the safeguards by which it may be protected from mischievous leaders. As this proposition is elemental we see no reason why we should respect the judgment of the people of California.

The New Vainglory

Two men went up to pray; and one gave thanks.
Not with himself—aloud,
With proclamation, calling on the ranks
Of an attentive crowd:

"Thank God, I clap not my own humble breast,
But other ruffians' backs,
Imputing crime—such is my tolerant haste—
To any man that lacks.

"For I am tolerant, generous, keep no rules,
And the age honors me.
Thank God, I am not as these rigid fools,
Even as this Pharisee."

—Alice Meynell.

Perspective Impressions

Anyhow, California is in a class by itself.

Roos Brothers are now selling Taft overcoats guaranteed to keep the chill off their competitors.

How quickly Taft was crowded off the first page of the paper!

Let us all lay aside our frock coats and toppers and help make the dirt fly.

The railroad strike appears to have petered out, but the newspapers are neither pointing the moral nor adorning the tale.

"In absolute peace." Those words spoken by Mayor McCarthy will echo in every loyal San Franciscan heart.

The Divine Sara in motion pictures! Yet why not? Thus will she defeat the fate which has made the actor's the most transitory of arts.

Mr. Hearst and his fellow incendiaries who are now manufacturing hostility to the Supreme Court of the United States have yet to accept President Taft's challenge to state a case in violation of the anti-trust law as framed by Congress which would not be deemed in violation of it according to judicial interpretation.

Fortunately, President Taft did not get stuck this time in the mud of Los Angeles Harbor.

The late Justice Harlan had to live to a very ripe old age to merit the encomiums of William R. Hearst and Andrew Furuseth. These noble patriots revere his memory for the sentiments of his anecdotage.

The ladies who cried fraud when they thought they were defeated realized when victory perched on their banner that the honesty of the election was a self-evident proposition. It must not be said, however, that the ladies are nothing if not logical.

Correspondence

God Was In His Heaven

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Just a word, with your permission, on the subject of the ceremonies in the Stadium. I am not a stickler for religious observances, but I was somewhat shocked that Providence was altogether ignored on the occasion of the first physical step toward the building of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Of course the omission of an invocation was not intentional, but the oversight is hardly pardonable. We are becoming a very irreligious people. Along with our political traditions we are forgetting also the purest sentiments of our forefathers. Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in the history of this country than the trust that was placed in Providence in its two great crises. Washington and Lincoln were men of deep religious feeling, and hardly anything did they undertake in behalf of their country without invoking the aid of God or expressing the hope that God would bless the enterprise. Washington's public and private correspondence in the midst of the Revolutionary struggle breathes the spirit of religion. In this respect Washington exhibited a characteristic of the wisest and greatest of men in all ages and countries, for with few exceptions they were renowned for their piety. Now, however deeply our public men of today may be possessed with the spirit of materialism it would be well for them to remember that religion is the basis of civil society, that human affairs cannot be advanced by mechanical utilities alone. One word more. It seemed to me last Saturday that the one woman who participated in the ceremonies was struck by the absence of religious sentiment. I allude of course to Nordica. When she burst into Browning's beautiful lyric, "The Year's at the Spring," to remind us that God was in his heaven, it seemed as though it were the inspiration of the moment. And never did her voice ring out as it rang on that occasion.

Yours respectfully,
—A Christian.

A Plea for a Petronius

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: As I put up my good money for a seat at the Taft feed I claim the privilege of saying something by way of criticism. And let me preface it by saying that my views are not singular. From what I have heard I believe they are shared by about ninety-nine per cent of the gentlemen who suffered the affliction that was common to us all. My criticism is this,—that a public banquet is not a proper place to indulge the vanity of a multi-millionaire. I have no prejudice against multi-millionaires. I know a few who are very good fellows, but they know their place. I know a few by reputation who, I am told, have the ability to entertain, edify and instruct over the walnuts, but Mr. William Bourn is not one of them. Mr. Bourn has varied talents, but the gift of speech is not one of them. He may be all right at a directors' meeting on financial topics, but for adding to the exhilaration of one's spirits when the wine is in, he's impossible. I'm told that Mr. Bourn was indulged at the banquet because he started the coin a-flowing. A very good reason for our gratitude but not for spoiling our pleasure. A very bad reason for inciting our resentment. It was an injustice to Mr. Bourn to trot him out at the banquet. It depreciated him in the eyes of men who knew him only by reputation. It's not fair to a man to put him in wrong, as the saying is. Now, Mr. Editor, in this connection I have a few suggestions to make. In the next few years San Francisco is to do a lot of entertaining, and it's important that we should not substitute funerals for festivities. I would suggest that we dig up a Petronius, a master of the revels who knows his business. The directors of the Exposition Company are a fine lot of men—every one a king-pin in his line—but none of them is worldly-wise in the true sense of the term. They've all spent too much time in their offices or in mutual admiration clubs. They haven't mixed much. There are certain elemental propositions that they never heard of. For example, it's elemental that you can't read a paper to a crowd and hold it. If Homer had read his poems to the Greeks they'd have ostracized him and thrown the poems into the sea thinking them rubbish. There's something psychic in the principle by which an audience is interested, and the moment an orator begins to read the magnetic current is broken. I mention this only by way of illustration. If a Petronius had handled the Taft banquet he would have saved both Bourn and the audience. But let it not be supposed that Bourn was the only person off the key at the banquet. Nearly the whole flow of soul was turgid and turbid. Why was Benjamin Ide Wheeler? Because, I suppose, he happens to be president of the university. Benjamin has a swivel speech which he fancies will serve for any occasion, whether he's discussing philology or the politics of Berkeley. He adapts it for the occasion by a few connecting clauses, but it's a flat speech for any occasion and besides Benjamin is a dry-as-dust schoolmaster on all occasions. If we had a Petronius he'd have Ben on his blacklist. I nominate William Sproule for the job.

Yours truly,
—M. L. J.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

An English Confession

To those who are weary of the superlatives which are being constantly applied to men who excel in the arts, the following dictum of the Saturday Review of London will convey a great deal of satisfaction:

> Clever novelists there are in something like plenty today. Mr. Galsworthy's cleverness is never for a moment in question, nor Mr. Wells', nor Mr. Arnold Bennett's, and there are others of both sexes who come within the same list. These writers are full of the new ideas about society and politics and marriage, and they handle their themes with distinction and sometimes with power. But it ends at that. It would be quite as reasonable and true to say that there are "great" poets writing in England today as that there are "great" novelists. The great novelist, the great poet, and the great actor is not in England today.

Of course these words apply with equal, if not with greater, force to the United States.

Italy in Tripoli

As recently as 1908 Signor Tittoni, then Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, said: "The immovable foundation stone of our foreign policy is and must remain the maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. And when I use the word 'integrity' I make no reservations, no restrictions. This excludes in the most categorical fashion all idea of the occupation of any fraction whatever of Turkish territory." The immovable foundation stone seems to have been less firmly fixed than Signor Tittoni believed. Italy wants Tripoli, the last Turkish possession in Africa and her reversionary interest in Tripoli has long been tacitly recognized by European nations, with the exception of Turkey. Of all the ancient Roman colonies in North Africa, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco have passed out of the reach of the new Italy and Tripoli only remains, a sort of consolatory offering. Commercially the prize is of little worth. Politically it is valuable. Italy lacks a North African base for her fleets

Liquor and English Women

London society has been shocked by the recent utterances of high churchmen and social investigators that drunkenness among women in England is alarmingly on the increase. Steps have been taken this week to institute a crusade against this habit of women drinking which is confined to no class. Lady Henry Somerset, one of the best known students of sociology in England, is taking an active part in this movement. She says: "There is no exaggeration in the statement that drunkenness is sapping the womanhood of the nation. While men are ceasing to be drunkards, women are increasingly tipplers. The reasons are not very far to seek. Modern life is such that a woman's nerves quickly go to pices, unless she is very careful. The working girls may be overworked; the suburban wife may be overtaxed; the society woman may go too fast a pace. They develop lassitude, ills, and pains of a hundred and one different kinds, and they resort to alcohol as a soother and a stimulant. They hear, perhaps, of some quack tonic—in most cases a drug—which they find a great benefit at first. Then they want something stronger. The tonic fails to act as it used to do when they wanted sleep, or when they wanted to strengthen their nerves. They try something else; and thus the tragedy goes on. Gradually the stimulant gets a grip, and after a time, of course, they find that, so far from doing them any good, they are becoming human wrecks."

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Varied Types

XLIV—HARRY MESTAYER

By Edward F. O'Day

"Mine is the oldest theatrical family in the United States."

Young Harry Mestayer made the vaunt with a due sense of its importance.

"Probably the oldest in the world."

He gave me a direct look from his bright, unblinking eyes as he preened his pride on this ampler claim.

"My ancestors were mountebanks in France. They played under a tent or at a cart tail."

I never saw a man swing himself so contentedly on the branches of his family tree. It was a spectacle good to look upon. And it is easy to understand how Harry Mestayer feels about this matter. He belongs to the aristocracy of the acting guild. His ancestors grew in ability and importance with the growth of the theatre. Surely from the traveling companies of France—of course you remember one of them in "Captain Fracasse"—to the star system of today is a long, long stride. Generation after generation the Mestayers have strode onward from stage to stage, building a tradition decade by decade until today the last of the Mestayers, looking back over the past, does not attempt to hide an honest pride in his family and his family history.

Yes, the last.

"I am the only living Mestayer, the last of the race."

He said it a little sadly, but not as one who wears his heart upon his sleeve.

"My father? It is good to hear how people speak of my father. Especially people in San Francisco. In San Francisco my father was an honored member of the greatest theatrical company ever assembled in America, the old California stock company. In that company at various times with Booth, Barrett, McCullough and the rest, there were many Mestayers. There was Emily Mestayer, my great-aunt; Louis Mestayer, Harry Mestayer and W. A. Mestayer, my uncles; and Charles H. Mestayer, my father. Then there were Ned and Charles Thorne, cousins of the Mestayers. After the days of the great old California company Emily Mestayer, the Thornes, my father and my uncle became members of the next most famous company in America, the Boston Museum company."

Young Harry Mestayer followed the call of his blood as soon as he was out of school. He was born in San Francisco, but was educated in the East. One day, just out of college, he sauntered down Broadway and met Horace McVickar, son of the man who owned the McVickar Theatre in Chicago.

"Mestayer, can you act?" asked McVickar.

"I should like to try," answered the youngest of the family.

"Well, you ought to be able to act," hazarded McVickar. "Come down to the office and I'll give you a contract."

So Harry Mestayer, without more ado, undertook a boy's part in "Mr. Potter of Texas" and proved that his blood was full of the red acting corpuscles of the Mestayers.

He has done all sorts of parts since then, and in no part that he has attempted has he failed. Classic comedy and modern farce, old tragedy, romantic drama and down-to-the-minute problem plays have given him opportunities and at all times he has acquitted himself like a Mestayer.

Mestayer first played in San Francisco at the Majestic Theatre, going thence to the Alcazar. That was before the fire. Afterwards he returned as a star in "Ghosts." From the first he was popular with local theatregoers, and not merely because he was the son of a well-beloved sire, but for his own fine acting ability. Now that he is with us again he says he feels as though he is back home, which isn't an unnatural feeling for a Mestayer to have in San Francisco.

HARRY MESTAYER

His ambition? When I asked him about that he exhibited much the same animation that was apparent when he discoursed of his family.

"The great ambition of my life is to establish a Playgoers' Society like that of London—to establish it somewhere in this country but preferably in San Francisco, because I think that San Francisco, of all cities, would be the place for it. My idea would be to produce good vital plays, not for the highbrows but for the ordinary theatregoer who is intelligently interested in good plays, though he is not always given credit for being so. I would produce the plays of Ibsen, of Sudermann, of Hauptmann, of Shaw, of Brieux, the great plays of the present day which American audiences have so little opportunity, sometimes no opportunity, to enjoy. I would give them, for instance, the 'Maternity' of Brieux, the 'Enemy of the People' of Ibsen. The latter has never been presented in the United States, and yet it is one of Ibsen's greatest. Its theme is graft and selfishness. What could be more timely?

"My Playgoers' Society would have a small playhouse and its success would be assured by, let us say, one thousand subscribers who would come every week during the season. Where those one thousand representative playgoers would go in a city like San Francisco the rest would follow.

"We could get players from New York, from London, even from Paris, choosing our leading players according to the demands of the plays.

"For several years now my heart has been set on this project. I have been elaborating it carefully; am in a position to talk it in figures. Some day I hope to carry it out.

"I am always trying to look ahead. I endeavor to be a close student of the tendencies of modern dramatic authors and modern dramatic construction. From my study of dramatic history I think I am in a position to predict that the drama is about to enter on a new era.

"Already there are plain signs that the public is sick of trash and piffle. They will not much longer go to the theatre merely to satisfy the desire for amusement. We are going to get back to something worth while. The married woman with her lover and the complications of her amorous intrigues is about played out. The day of the triangle is past. But the public will listen to well constructed plays dealing with great social and national problems. It is that way in the European theatre and here too the people are ripe for it. They are tired of musical comedies. They are sick of seeing the personality of stars exploited. They don't interest themselves as they used to in conventional love stories.

"There simply has to be a change. During the next ten years the American people may be depended on to come to plays that are worth while. From time immemorial the theatre has reflected the problems of the civilization of its period. It has held the mirror to contemporary life. The life of our day is pregnant with great issues, it is dealing with big problems. These issues, these problems cannot be kept out of the theatre. We have gone as far as we can into sensationalism and trash. The public is bound to be interested in better things."

Here Harry Mestayer caught his breath. He had been swept along on the wave of his own enthusiasm. The words had tumbled out of him as though they had been long restrained and needed freedom. He felt easier for having uttered them. So he caught his breath. It brought him back to himself. He felt that perhaps he had been a little too serious. It may be that he saw the need of discounting his own optimism. At any rate, he smiled humorously. Then he added:

"At least I think the public is that way. Whether I am right or wrong, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

We shook hands over a hearty "amen."

The Taft Luncheon

at the Cliff House on Sunday was a typically Californian affair. The Champagne served was the Italian-Swiss Colony's new brand, GOLDEN STATE, EXTRA DRY, which is to be put on the market shortly.

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A Farewell Letter

By Friedrich Werner Van Oesteren (From the German)

Last night on entering my friend Ewald's room unannounced, my eyes met a sight which checked the words of greeting on my lips. In the waning daylight Ewald was sitting at his desk writing; and while his hand was guiding the pen, tears were streaming from his eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Ewald, what is the matter?" I asked, going up to him. He did not utter a word in reply; with a silent gesture he motioned me not to disturb him, but to take a seat and wait. With a heavy heart I did as he bade me and sat down in a dark corner of the room. But I could not take my eyes from him, as he sat there writing, while his tears continued to flow ceaselessly, falling on the sheets under his hand. Finally I heard a heartrending sob and saw Ewald rise. He wiped his eyes and for a moment covered his face with his hands. A shudder passed through his body; then, with a resolute gesture he shook himself, and rising to his full height came over to where I sat. "It is done," he said in a hoarse voice. "Good evening!"

I jumped up. "For heaven's sake, Ewald, what has happened? I have never seen you weep before; I should never have thought that you—"

"Could weep?" he laughed. "You see I can."

"But do explain! Can I help you? Can I—?"

Again he interrupted me. "I thank you, my dear friend. You can do nothing for me." I stood speechless and helpless.

Then he continued in a strangely calm voice. "You know how I have loved her?"

"Have loved?" I asked.

"Yes, it is over. She has been deceiving me for nearly two weeks. Today the proofs fell into my hands."

"But then she does not deserve your weeping for her, Ewald. I know only too well that words of comfort and reason are powerless in such cases and not welcome. But—my poor friend!"

"Do you think I am weeping for her? I do not think so. I do not know. I should prefer to think that I am weeping for myself. I have just written her my farewell letter."

"You love her still?"

"No, I do not think I do."

"I am afraid you do."

"No. See for yourself whether there is any ground for your fear. Read the letter."

"No, Ewald, I cannot do that."

"Yes you can. Here, make a light and read, and let me dream meanwhile." He threw himself upon a lounge.

Irresolutely I walked to his desk; irresolutely I picked up the sheets. Page after page he had covered with writing, and many a word had been blotted out by the tears wrung from his very heart. I made a light and began to read with a feeling of distress:

"I awoke at dawn this morning, while day and night were still struggling for supremacy. A terrible feeling of restlessness in my breast drove me from my bed. I rose, dressed and hurried out into the open air. Aimlessly I wandered about the streets of the city, powerless to think, unable to feel. Suddenly I noticed ahead of me an old man walking heavily as though very tired. He was dragging a sack behind him and every now and then he stooped and seemed to be picking up something which he threw into it. I followed him and was surprised to find that, no matter how often he stooped, I could not see anything that he picked up and threw into the sack. And still it must be something, because the sack seemed to be getting fuller and heavier all the time. When the old man, who was clad in gray and wore a long gray beard, had stooped twenty times or more, the sack seemed to be full to the top. Impelled by curiosity I approached the old man and spoke to him. 'What are you gathering there, my man?' I asked. He scrutinized me very closely with his sharp gray eyes. I felt as though he were looking into my innermost soul. Then he shook his head. 'It seems to me I picked yours up, too, not long ago,' he said.

"I did not understand. 'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Twelve times every year I walk all over this city at night and gather them up. Today I probably have half a thousand in there.' He pointed to the sack.

"His words appeared more and more mysterious to me. 'Half a thousand? What do you mean?'

"He chuckled. 'Come with me, young man; I will show you yours. It will be wholesome and instructive for you. Come on. My tour is finished; I am going home. There, take my arm, so that you will be able to follow me.'

"He took hold of my arm, and I did not resist. Then I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses I found myself in a high spacious room. I could not distinguish anything clearly, but it looked to me like a subterranean cave. In one corner I saw something which reminded me of the hearth in a smithy. A smoldering fire seemed to be burning over there. In the center of the room I saw the old man. He was standing in front of an immense table of dark colored ore. Large scales, suspended from the vault, were hanging down over the center of the table. They seemed to be made of precious metal, of pure gold. In one of the trays there was a weight of peculiar shape.

"'Where am I?' I finally asked.

"'We are in the heart of the earth, young man.'

"'And what are you doing here?'

"'Attending to my business. Come over here and look on.'

"I stepped up to him. He lifted the sack which was lying near him on the ground and mumbled: 'Not much in it. All poor, light-weight stuff!' Then he emptied the contents of the sack on the table. I uttered a shriek. 'But those are human hearts!' I cried, horror-stricken.

"'Quite right, young man; they are human hearts—hearts which are lost in the streets of the city, or in gardens or yards. Once every month I come out at night and gather up these lost hearts.' He nodded to me with a kindly smile while he was talking and laid the sack down upon the ground.

"'What do you do with these hearts? What is your business?' I inquired.

"'Look this way. I am weighing them.'

"'By what standard?'

"He pointed to the weight. 'By the weight of an average human heart.'

"'And then?'

"'Then? You will see.'

"Deeply affected, I listened to his words and looked aghast. One by one he took the hearts into his hand; one after another he laid them on the empty tray of the scales. And hardly ever did the tray containing the average human heart rise; in nearly every case the heart weighed was lighter than the standard weight. The hoary weigher took each of these light-weight hearts and with remarkable skill he threw it in a wide arc into the corner where I had seen the hearth. And each time I heard a crackling noise in that direction, saw a dim flame leap up and die out flickeringly.

"'What are you doing?' I asked.

"'They have to dry up, burn and be reduced to ashes, these light-weight hearts; otherwise there would be no end of trouble.'

"'How?'

"'Come closer. Look at this heart. Do you see what makes it so light? It is the sting of a worm. There are many worms which thus sting the hearts. And each sting makes them lighter. If I did not throw these light things into the fire there would soon be thousands more. The sting of the worm is a contagious disease. There are more than enough of these worm-stung hearts already.'

"And the old man continued to weigh. As he put each heart on the scales I was hopping that it might prove to be heavy, very heavy. But when the old man had finished weighing the half thousand, there remained but nine hearts lying on the table; all the others had been thrown into the fire.

"'What is to become of these hearts?' I inquired.

"'Look at them well. See, four are men's hearts and five women's. This heart here is that of a beggar, this one a poet's heart, that one was lost by a physician, and this one by a young priest. Now look at the women's hearts. This is the heart of a beautiful young princess, that the heart of a simple little peasant girl, this is the heart of a wench, and this of a gray-haired woman. There will be much unhappiness and havoc, much sorrow and suffering, and little happiness. Four of these hearts form pairs, the other five are single. The wench and the physician will marry and find happiness. The priest and the princess will suffer unspeakable misery and rush on to perdition.'

"'What are you going to do with these hearts?'

"'I shall bury them in the earth. For what the earth receives is not lost. No part of these hearts shall or will be lost. Come, you may look on.'

"A terrible foreboding drove one more question to my lips. 'Have you made quite sure that the sack is empty?'

"'You may look for yourself.'

"I lifted the sack. It was light as a feather. Nevertheless I put my hand down into it and felt one more heart, a very, very light heart. I drew it out and laid it on the table. As I gazed at it I shrieked: 'I know this heart!'

"'May be,' the old man said calmly; 'if you do, you don't know anything that is worth much; for it is lighter than any of the others. But let me weigh it.'

"I trembled from head to foot. "That heart is mine!' I screamed.

"'Your heart? Oh, no, it is a woman's heart—a beautiful heart in appearance; probably a beautiful sinner lost it.' He laid it on the scales.

"I rushed toward him. 'Don't weigh it!' I cried imploringly. 'I do not want to know. I do not want to see!'

"But it was too late. I heard a crackling noise in the corner, saw a very dim flame—and the light heart of my beloved was shriveled up."

I had finished reading and looked at Ewald. My own tears were flowing now.

"Do not send her this letter, Ewald. She does not deserve it."

He smiled sadly. "She does deserve it, she, and she alone. For it is to her that I owe it."

Poems About San Francisco

(When Mr. McGeehan, a well known local newspaperman, contributed this poem to one of the dailies, it was prefaced by the following "legend of Portsmouth Square": "When the night comes, the little bronze ship on the Stevenson monument, Portsmouth Square, seems to grow restless in the moonlight. Sometimes, it is said, the little vessel puts out on a cruise to the southwest, manned by a phantom crew." Mrs. Lloyd Osborne has included this poem in her recently published book about Stevenson in San Francisco.)

X—THE LITTLE BRONZE SHIP

By W. O. McGeehan

Oh, the little bronze ship at the anchor chain tugs
And the light on the bright sails gleams;
In the moonshine and mist it is headed southwest
For a cruise on the sea of dreams.
All deserted the anchorage place in the square,
There are none who may look at it now;
With a brave off-shore wind that is roaring behind
It is churning the foam with its prow.

With a queer phantom crew it is off on the blue
And the blocks in the rigging ring
When the wraith voices rise to the tropical skies;
And this is the song that they sing:
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho! and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho ho! and a bottle of rum."

There is Morgan and Merry and Savage Long John
With his crutch on the little bronze ship,
And old Smollett, the skipper, is shaking his head
As he thinks of that other trip;
And the oracle parrot, the sage Captain Flint,
Still is chattering of bloodshed and wreck—
With his big dreamy eyes staring up at the skies,
See, the master is pacing the deck.

There are doubloons and loot, there is battle to boot
Ere they ever return to their port;
With a rythmical swing now the crew's voices ring
In a song of a grewsome sort;
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum."

Oh, the little bronze ship has returned to its place,
To the stone by the poplar trees,
And the little bronze sails, though they gleam in the sun,
Will not answer the morning breeze.
Now the ghost song has died on the pale phantom lips,
And gone are the master and men,
And the little bronze ship is back safe from the trip
Till it goes on a cruise again.

There it lies through the day till the noise dies away
And the moonshine is soft on the square.
Then its queer phantom crew take it out on the blue
And their chantey rings weird on the air;
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum."

The Spectator

The Governor's Entourage

The Pullman conductor may have been meticulous; his ideas of what's what may have been a trifle lordly. But that is excusable, since he was in charge of the President's car. Be that as it may, the Pullman conductor sniffed and said: "They ought to have a cattle car." It wasn't nice language and, considering whom it was applied to, it was far from respectful. For the Pullman conductor was referring to the Governor and his personally conducted party of statesmen who formed the committee charged with welcoming President Taft to California. 'Twas a strange sight, that committee, a sort of ragtag and bobtail of politics, reminiscent of Falstaff's army. It was in the main unshaven and unshorn, unshined as to boots and untrimmed as to nails, and it wore its everyday sack suits. As the Examiner said, Governor Johnson, "with characteristic simplicity was attired in a sack suit and a derby hat." The same simplicity characterized the members of the Governor's entourage, with the exception of General Forbes and the other military aides who looked presentable. Far be it from Governor Johnson and his committee of patriots to mount silk hats and frock coats for a mere President. Let the aristocrats of the Panama-Pacific Exposition indulge in such aristocratic fooleries; the Governor's party preferred to look like proletarians. So they didn't impress the Pullman conductor. Hence his contemptuous reference to a cattle car.

The Governor's Spleen

Having roasted the President many times during the recent campaign, the Governor did not see the necessity of treating him with overelaborate courtesy during his visit. Nor did the President deem it necessary to exhibit a plethora of enthusiasm over the Governor. When the Governor's car was "cut in" with the President's train at Red Bluff the Governor surrounded by his ultra-democratic committee waited a full hour for the President to come to him. When the President failed to come the Governor sent word to the President, formally apprising him of his arrival. Whereupon he was invited to visit the President in the President's car. He went and there ensued that brief speech about golf which could not have been overpoweringly interesting to either. "May I ask what exercise you take, now that you are debarred from golf?" inquired the Governor. "I make speeches," replied the President. "By the way, are you a golfer?" "I'm sorry to say I'm not," said the Governor. "Oh, but Governor, you really must learn to play golf." And that was all. Not much cordiality there, apparently. Nor at Marysville, when Governor Johnson with the brevity which characterized the golfing conversation, announced the President to the eager citizens merely by saying: "I present to you the President of the United States." Nor at Sacramento when he apologized for the President's hoarseness and added: "Without more ado, let me present the President." Truly, Johnson if not long on spleen was short on words.

Absent from the Banquet

Governor Johnson did not see fit to accompany the President farther than Oakland. He did not take the trouble to attend the banquet at the Palace. His absence was naturally the cause of a great deal of unfavorable comment. It was a notice to all the world that Governor Johnson did not deem it incumbent upon himself to differentiate between his duty as the first man of the State and his bitter political antipathies. It was a snub to the President; and also a snub to the people of California who, it would seem, had a right to expect that their Governor would behave with ordinary courtesy at a time when the State was endeavoring to express its appreciation of all that the President had done for it.

The Banquet Toasts

Speaking of that banquet, it would be interesting to learn what literary genius arranged the names of the toasts which were responded to. The list was the most flowery I have come in contact with for a long time. It is really worth embalming here:

"California—her sandals are laced with the silk of the South, her bosom is covered with gold."

"San Francisco, the true city, is an invisible multitude of spirits—the city of yesterday and the city of tomorrow."

"The Judiciary—it is written by the finger of the Almighty God on the everlasting tablets of the universe that no nation or State can endure or prosper into whose life justice does not enter and enter to stay."

"Peace."

The last was the President's toast, but the monosyllable sounds like a rebuke to the high-falutin which precedes.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Other Literary Efforts

But these banquet toasts were not the only literary marvels engendered by the visit of the President. There was the singsong of Pote Laureate James Henry MacLafferty with its wondrous

> That the first to grasp a shovel
> Was your nation's President.

Then there were the two proclamations issued by Larry Harris, the Family Club's chief literary light. These were compounded of slang, club wit and curbstone idiom and one good line, "Put a smile on the town." "Everybody do something, right down to having your hat brushed and your shoes shined," counselled Larry. And he speaks of the President as the "man who went to the bat for us when we were only as far as second base, with two outs. This is no time for a bunt—put it over the right-field fence or the left-field bleachers." Then again: "This is so simple that unless you attend to it at once it will get past you." He refers admiringly to "the punch that there is in this suggestion." He says "a first impression almost always gets the decision." He characterizes the preparations as "blaze of glory stuff." And the reader wonders whether he's a baseball player, a prizefighter or just a man of commerce writing with airy colloquialism and an effort to avoid all suggestion of high-brow polish.

Long-Winded Speakers

After the Taft banquet nothing was talked about so much as the talks that were made by the speakers of the occasion. I heard one critic say that if the grub had been as bad as the speeches everybody would have been down with ptomaine poisoning. The chief complaint was that the speakers were too long-winded. All were requested not to consume more than seven minutes, but Judge Morrow was the only speaker who kept anywhere near the time limit. The result was that the worn and weary President, who had expressed the hope that he would be able to get away by 11 o'clock, was not called upon to speak till after midnight. The longest speech was Mr. William Bourn's. He spoke nineteen minutes by the watch. What he had to say was not bad, but he didn't say it, he read it. Now to be read at by a poor reader is one of the worst of afflictions, to be protected from which we should make use of the initiative. The dullest speech of the evening was made by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who gave an imitation of Gratiano. His speech was as perplexing as Porter Garnett's grove play. He drew out the thread of his verbosity to invisibility, and when he sat down the morbidly curious wanted to know what he had been driving at.

Judge Morrow on the Recall

Responding to the toast, "The Judiciary," Judge Morrow paid a fine tribute to President Taft, briefly sketching his judicial and political career and asserting that his decisions without exception had been approved for their wisdom and justice. Then he discussed in most eloquent language the attributes and importance of justice, and took occasion to disclose his sentiments regarding the recall. "Justice," he said, "does not deny a proper and timely criticism of her administration. She does not deny that the weak, indolent and unworthy judge should be removed from office by judicial methods, but she does deny that her judgments should be influenced or controlled by any consideration other than that of right reason or that she should have in view any purpose other than that of declaring what the law is, and not what the public or a majority of the voters think it should be. Without this freedom and independence, the administration of justice is a failure and the government itself a delusion and a snare." He concluded with these words: "Mr. President, we indulge in no evil forebodings concerning the future. We have an abiding faith in the integrity and final sober judgment of the people. We believe that the course of this nation is onward and upward and that our people will never long or seriously depart from the well-established and sacred principles of a free government. Mr. President, on behalf of the judiciary, we extent to you a most cordial welcome." It was evident that Judge Morrow's remarks touched a responsive chord in the heart of President Taft. The President said he was tempted to say a few words with reference to matters touched on by the Judge. "But," he added, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye, "I've had a cold since I came to California and I can't smell."

An Unexpected Flash

It is an unwritten law that the President is not to be subjected to the annoyance of flashlights, but owing to the rather reckless activity of newspaper photographers the world over, it is necessary for the secret service men to keep impressing the fact on those who snap the President. A photographer who called to take a picture for one of the papers while the President was resting at the St. Francis was reminded of the rule before being ushered into the presidential apartment. Seemingly he acquiesced, but he had no sooner caught sight of the President than he snapped his flash. He filled the room with smoke, but he got his picture. The President was angry. "I've heard of photographers holding up a funeral to get the names of the pallbearers," he exclaimed, "but—!" Then he laughed and the incident was at an end.

A Generous Chiropodist

While he was at the St. Francis the President, who is a human being after all, needed the services of a chiropodist. The bunion expert who was called to attend to the presidential tootsies was as proud as though he had been invited to dine. During the course of his interesting operations he learned that the President was a member of the Masonic fraternity. And when he sent his bill he enclosed a polite and generous little note to this effect: "Dear Mr. President, As you are a brother Mason I am charging you only $2.50 instead of my regular $5.00 fee."

Captain Goodall's Shirt

Captain Harry Goodall had his dress clothes sent to the St. Francis last Friday in order to dress for the Taft banquet. When he went to his apartment to array himself he found to his consternation that the bag containing his shirt had not arrived. So he immediately telephoned to the messenger service people and implored them to find the missing bag as it was after six and the shops were all closed. He waited in feverish impatience, but the shirt did not come. Finally in desperation he sent a bell boy out into the shopping district, and the resourceful youngster managed to find a haberdasher who had not put up his shutters. So the captain went to the banquet in proper attire. He was standing in the lobby of the Palace talking to several ladies and waiting for the festivities to begin when a flushed and panting messenger boy rushed up to him, wildly waving a bag and shouted: "Captain Goodall, here's your shirt!"

A Japanese Tribute

One of the most interested spectators at the ground-breaking ceremonies on Saturday was Dr. Kanda of Tokio, the Japanese Minister of Mines who came here to take part in the meeting of the Institute of American Mining Engineers. When the President had broken ground and the white pigeons were fluttering through the blue while the presidential salute boomed out and enthusiasm was at its height, Dr. Kanda turned with sparkling eye to his neighbor and said: "I have always been puzzled to discover what it is that the Americans have which the Japanese lack. I cannot describe it even now, but it is this." And Dr. Kanda made a wide gesture which took in the cheering throng about him.

Johnson on Pardee

It would be remarkable indeed were so many patriots as are now engaged in purifying the politics of California to labor harmoniously and without dissension for any great length of time. Even the best of men are but children of a larger growth, and it is but natural that they should have their little tiffs. So when I was told the other day of what the Governor of California had said about an ex-Governor of California I was not at all astonished, though the language was harsh and far from polite. It was at a big luncheon across the bay that our Governor spoke his mind.

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He was the guest of some of our foremost patriots of the new school. Somebody had mentioned George C. Pardee and the Governor went up in the air. For the benefit of a little group at the luncheon he characterized the former Governor in terms quite as severe as any ever employed by Pardee's worst enemies. And now for the explanation, or rather the basis of the characterization, as supplied by Governor Johnson. Before appointing former Governor Pardee to the Conservation Commission Governor Johnson told him that it would please him very much to have Senator Lester Burnett appointed attorney for the commission by way of showing appreciation for his attitude toward the Administration at Sacramento. Pardee assured the Governor that he would be pleased to take program. So he was appointed, and immediately he forgot all about Burnett. Hence the high temperature beneath the gubernatorial collar.

Pardee's Coup

Our former Governor, by the way, is thinking of running for Congress. He has designs on the seat now graced by Joe Knowland. But Pardee is not likely to run far in the direction of the goal of his current ambition. There are too many knives a-whetting for him across the bay. At every corner there's a foot ready for him, and not a few of the feet belong to members of the reform faction with which Pardee is supposed to be affiliated. At the present moment Pardee is probably the most distrusted man in all Alameda county. A good deal of distrust was born just before the last gubernatorial campaign when the leading lights of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League were having weekly luncheons in this city to talk over the political situation and select a candidate for Governor. Johnson used to attend those luncheons, and he was then being urged to run for Governor. A vote was taken to get the sentiment of all present, and it was found that Frank Mott of Oakland was the second choice of nearly everybody. As Johnson announced that he would not be a candidate, Mott's friends thought it likely that they could procure him the league's endorsement. So they started out to round up votes for him. George C. Pardee was taken in on the ground floor, and, so the story goes, to that astute statesman was assigned the pleasant task of obtaining Mott's proxy for the next meeting. He obtained the proxy but did not put in an appearance. But several Pardee boomers were on hand to vote for the former Governor. In vain, however, as Johnson had been prevailed upon to run. A little later the politicians of Oakland were telling how the doctor tried to "put one over" on them. They said that immediately after the luncheon at which Pardee agreed to obtain the Mott proxy one of the doctor's closest friends went up and down the State urging friends of the former Governor to show up at the next meeting and vote for him. Of course the inference intended is that "Honest George" planned the coup. No wonder the reformers across the bay are eager for the opportunity to trip him up.

Mrs. Atherton Replies to Nordica

Speaking of Mrs. Atherton's latest novel "Tower of Ivory," Madame Lillian Nordica said this to an interviewer: "She has her heroine sing Wagner unaccompanied. Nobody could do it to save her life. And her heroine also goes about without an escort—in Munich! I couldn't finish the book." I called this criticism to the attention of Mrs. Atherton and found her ready to defend her book against the critical diva. "Madame Nordica," she said, "forgets that Ludwig was a mad king and that it was just as likely as not that he should ask a singer to sing Wagner unaccompanied. It would be impossible to exaggerate the whims of Ludwig. Besides, the incident actually occurred. As to what Madame Nordica is quoted as saying about a woman going about Munich unescorted, she was either misreported or else she was confusing Munich with some other city, Berlin perhaps. Miss Maude Fay who is much younger than Madame Nordica, lives alone in Munich and constantly goes about without escort or chaperon. I myself have gone alone through the streets of Munich late at night, and so far from being molested, didn't even meet anyone. People retire very early at Munich and the streets are early deserted. On the whole, I think Madame Nordica's criticism uncalled for. Other prima donnas have read my book and have found nothing to carp at. I ought to know Munich, for I lived there eight years. Madame Nordica, I believe, has been there once or twice to sing at the Wagnerfest." I might add to this that when Miss Maude Fay was last in California, she sang the Cry of the Valkyrie without accompaniment in Muir Woods.

The Story of a "Beat"

No doubt you noticed that the Call beat the other morning papers by a round twenty-four hours with the news that womanhood suffrage had carried. They did it by the very simple expedient of analyzing the returns and discounting the heavy vote against the amendment in San Francisco and Alameda counties. It was good newspapering and the Call was entitled to exult a bit over its scoop. But there is a story behind that "beat." It seems that the three morning newspapers organized a bureau for the handling of election returns. This had already been done at several elections, with more or less satisfactory results. But one of the conditions agreed to by the editors who organized this year's bureau was that no paper should attempt to win prestige at the expense of its rivals by making a "flash." That is to say, no special arrangements were to be made for disseminating the election returns and there were to be no extras published based on premature or snap judgment as to how the election would go. But for some reason or other the Examiner did not see fit to keep this agreement. Instead, the Examiner hired Dreamland Rink and invited the women of the city to attend an entertainment interspersed with election returns. Taking the stand, fairly

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enough, that the agreement was broken by this act, the Chronicle hired Scottish Rite Hall for the same purpose. At Dreamland and at Scottish Rite Hall the defeat of womanhood suffrage was announced, and thousands of suffragists went home crestfallen and dispirited. The Call, on the other hand, stuck by its agreement, concentrated its efforts on the analysis of the returns and was able to scoop its rivals by announcing a victory for the suffragists at the hour when the Examiner and Chronicle were announcing a defeat.

She Took Too Much for Granted

A day or so before the election which resulted in a victory for the suffragists, one of the most charming of the workers for The Cause buttonholed Ned Greenway in the lobby of the St. Francis and endeavored to win his vote. "Madame," he said in his blandest tone, "I am not an advocate of your cause. I believe that woman's sphere is the home." "But," objected the suffragist, "you never gave any woman a home." "Madame," was Ned's mild reply, "how do you know that?"

Facing—Both—Ways Works

The principle of "bringing the government back to the people," received fresh illustration at Chicago, where at a conference of patriots it was decided to build a machine to bear aloft the La Follette boom. At that conference California was represented by as representative a body of citizens as ever took to their bosom the interests of this State. Foremost among them was the Hon. Francis J. Heney, who not long ago gave the people of this city the opportunity of telling him just what they thought of him. And there was nothing cryptic in their utterance. With Mr. Heney were Chester Rowell of Fresno, Mr. Fremont Older of San Francisco and Mr. E. A. Dickson of Los Angeles. It is interesting to note the fact that Mr. Dickson was among the La Follette boomers because Mr. Dickson is Senator Works's secretary. Senator Works has declared himself for Taft, but being an astute politician he has deemed it advisable to keep within hailing distance of Battle Bob's bandwagon. Senator Works is not only a Christian, but also a political, scientist—"one with God" and all things to all men.

The Spreckels Message

A message was received at the Chicago conference from Mr. Rudolph Spreckels dealing quite appropriately with the pecuniary question. Our most gallant patriot advised the boomers to collect funds by public subscription, thus to make the fight the people's fight. In the matter of anticipation Mr. Spreckels is a wizard. Experience has taught him that the millionaire in politics is expected to put up. His little excursion into the field of reform in this city cost him a pretty penny, and in the midst of it the growing pains in his elastic leg became unbearable. It was then that the Bulletin called for subscriptions for Heney, ostensibly to make the fight the people's fight, but in reality to reduce the tension on the Spreckels leg.

A Shortage of Sinews

The financial problem, I hear, is a most perplexing one to the insurgents. Though there are several millionaires behind the movement they are all of the Spreckels temperament, and doubtless they will all agree with him that the dear people must be induced to come through. But as the dear people are at present concerned chiefly about the high cost of living, and as business men everywhere are getting sick and tired of political agitation, it is going to be no easy matter to milk the public. Here in California where the insurgents are in the saddle, and where they have three millionaires (Earle, Kent and Spreckels) as backers, it ought to be easy to raise money, but it isn't. Even Francis J. Heney feels the pinch of hard times. On the Chautauqua circuit he is becoming something of a bore, and his absorbing hope at present is that Ralph Hathorn will be elected District Attorney. Heney's friends expect Hathorn to play the dummy—a second Langdon, as it were—and let Francis J. keep himself in the limelight till the next senatorial campaign.

How About Mary Anderson?

According to one of our dramatic critics Nance O'Neil is "the greatest actress California has produced." There are many Californians who would not think of disparaging Miss O'Neil's fine gifts but who nevertheless would not assent to this dictum. For they do not forget that Mary Anderson was born in Sacramento. When Mary Anderson was treading the boards she was regarded far and wide as the greatest of English-speaking actresses. But perhaps the critic forgot for the moment that Mary Anderson was a Californian. Or perhaps he didn't know.

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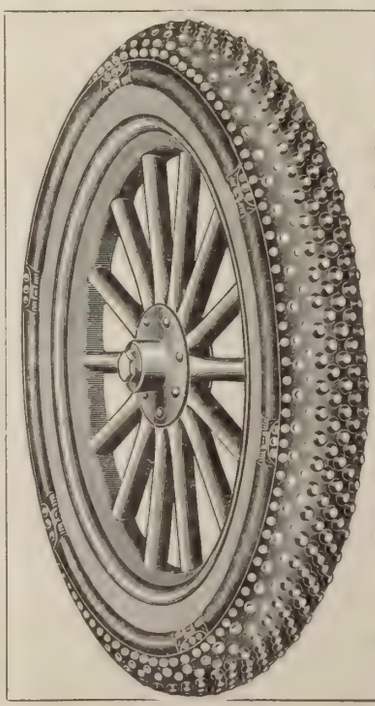

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By TANTALUS

A Surprise for Society

I am very glad to be in a position to announce two engagements of unusual interest to our smart set. The first is the engagement of Miss Marie Louise Foster to Mr. Eldridge Green. The second is the engagement of her cousin Miss Mina Van Bergen to Mr. Donald Jadwin. The two engagements were announced on Thursday at a tea which the young ladies gave to a number of their friends. Having just returned from abroad they asked some of their girl friends to drop over to the house in Pacific avenue and sip a cup of tea while they talked about all that had happened during their absence. There was no thought of an engagement announcement in anyone's mind when the Misses Lee Girvin, Constance McLaren, Helen Bertheau, Albertine Dietrick,

Photo, Bianca Conti

MISS KATHRYN REDDING

The youngest daughter of Mr. A. P. Redding and the niece of Mr. J. D. Redding who recently left for New York to complete her studies in preparation for her debut next year.

Dorothy Page, Edith Lowe, Cora and Fredericka Otis, Christine McNab, Muriel and Florence Williams, Martha Foster, Marian Crocker, Evelyn Baron and others greeted the returned travelers. Judge of the surprise therefore when Miss Van Bergen with a pretty blush acknowledged that she had lost her heart on an Atlantic steamer while on her way to Europe and that it was now safely in the keeping of young Jadwin. The exclamations of surprise and the happy felicitations were still being uttered when Miss Foster supplemented Miss Van Bergen's confession by one of her own which implicated young Green in a conspiracy hatched by the love god. It took everybody's breath away.

An Ocean Romance

It seems that the two cousins left here six months ago heart-whole. To all the joking references of those who wished them bon voyage and a happy romance to spice their trip, they replied with exclamations of "Nonsense." But it happened that their fate was awaiting them on that trip. The two young men to whom they are now affianced, crossed the ocean with them and before the steamer docked, the pledges of affection had been exchanged. It only remained for them to return to their home city before announcing the pleasant news.

Both Girls Prominent

Miss Foster is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster of the "Hacienda," Ross Valley. Mrs. Foster was one of the prominent Bauer family. Miss Foster is exceptionally talented and some time ago illustrated a pretty little book on wild flowers the letter-press for which was written by Miss Janet von Schroeder. Eldridge Green is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green of San Mateo. His father is prominently identified with the Crocker National Bank and other Crocker enterprises. Miss Van Bergen is the only daughter of the late E. A. Van Bergen. Her mother too was a Bauer. Young Jadwin is the son of the late O. H. Jadwin of New York. He is the youngest brother of Mrs. Frank B. Anderson. He attended school here, but it now in business in New York. So society here is to lose one of its favorite members. The engagement rings are alike—large sapphires set in platinum and encircled with diamonds. The marriages will not take place in all probability till next year.

A Revised "Shopping"

Charity is not charity here on the Coast;
We try to do good and we never boast;
We may not do much, but we do no harm at most;
Yet Town Talk always treats us to a roast, roast, roast.

The lines are not weighted down with the pure ore of poetry, but they sufficed, at the recent presentations of a revised edition of "Shopping," to indicate the author's resentment of my recent criticism of this production. My readers may remember that when "Shopping" was given at the Armitage Fete at Uplands, I failed to find much to praise either in the skit or in the players. My criticism evidently perturbed Mr. Willard Barton, author of the book of "Shopping," for when the performance was repeated in Oakland and at the Valencia Theatre, he interpolated these mildly resentful lines in a parody of "Late" which was sung by the charming Miss Enid Gregg and the charming Miss Kathleen De Young assisted by Mr. Charles De Young and Mr. Frank Hooper. I don't think Mr. Barton meant just what he said. Like other lyricists he was perhaps carried away by the impetus of his inspiration. He indulged in hyperbole. Town Talk doesn't always treat charitable entertainments to a roast. It never finds fault with any affair given for charity. On the contrary, it is always glad to give such affairs publicity, so that the public may be apprised in time to subscribe. But when charitable entertainments are pretentious Town Talk criticizes them as it would a play at the Columbia or the Cort. Such criticism never does any harm to the charity for which the entertainment is given, because the charity has benefited by the time the criticism appears. But it sometimes does good to the producers and the performers. I think that was the case in my criticism of "Shopping."

The Truth for Amateurs

If Town Talk doesn't tell amateurs about their theatrical attempts who in the name of heaven will? Certainly not their friends. Frankness in some things is disastrous to friendship. If a dear friend told Miss Soandso how poorly she acted in "Shopping" or some other amateur affair, that friend would cease to be a friend. Yet it is well that these amateurs should hear the truth; it is preferable that they should hear it from an impartial critic. Town Talk tries to be impartial. It has no axe to grind; no logs to roll. So it tells Miss Soandso that she cannot sing; informs Mr. Suchandsuch that he cannot act. If Miss Soandso

MISS MARTHA EARL

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Earl of Oakland who recently returned after an enjoyable tour abroad.

persists in singing after that, well and good; ditto for Mr. Suchandsuch. But won't they be likely to take steps to improve their singing or acting? I think so. Hence they derive distinct benefit from the frank criticism. Or it may be that they will resolve never to attempt to sing or act again. I assure you that there have been such cases, though generally the decision has been made, not by themselves but by their parents. Here again is a distinct benefit.

"Shopping" Was Improved

If there were any doubts about the efficacy of Town Talk's criticism of the skit "Shopping," it would be removed by the action of Mr. Barton, its author. For Mr. Barton heeded my criticism. He read and inwardly digested my statement that there was no plot to "Shopping" and that it merely stopped instead of coming to some sort

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of an end. He may have resented the criticism, though I think he is too sensible to have felt very sore about it. Certainly he showed good sense by turning it to advantage. I am informed by those who saw "Shopping" either at the Valencia or in Oakland, that it has been much improved. There is more snap to it. The lines are brighter. Best of all, it reaches some sort of an intelligible conclusion. I am glad to hear this. Mr. Barton will find that the next time he comes into the public places with a skit, it will not be treated to a "roast, roast, roast" if it is worthy of something better. And I sincerely hope that it may be so worthy.

The Roos Reception

The social honors of the President's visit to San Francisco were carried off by Madame Adolph Roos and her son Robert. To entertain a President at one's home is to be hall-marked with social distinction. It is a consummation devoutly desired by many, but attained by very few. It gives one social standing at the national capital. And it makes one a social leader at home. The Roos family have never heretofore been in the forefront of our local aristocracy. They have had their fixed place but it has not been among the prime arbiters of social destinies. Henceforth they must be numbered among our social leaders. The entertainment of Presidents first assumed importance in the local social scheme when the Henry T. Scotts housed President McKinley during his stay in this city. Then later, Mrs. Eleanor Martin had the privilege of entertaining the Princess Alice of the house of Roosevelt. The most was made of that distinction. So too during President Taft's last visit here when Queen Eleanor invited the select few to her home in Broadway to meet the Chief Executive. And now it is the Roos home which has been honored. The distinction that came their way found the Roos family prepared. They are among our wealthiest people. Their home is so beautiful that the megaphone men on the sight-seeing automobiles single it out for special mention on their trips about town.

A Target for the Envious

It was impossible for the Roos' to invite everybody to meet the President. If the plans at first outlined had been adhered to, fewer would have met the President on a social basis than actually did so. For I understand that it was first planned to dine the President at the Roos home. But a reception was substituted for a dinner, and many were invited to make their bow to authority who would not have been bidden to the Roos mahogany. Still, many were not there—many who consider themselves of prime importance. As might have been expected, these have been saying spiteful things. The tongues of envy have been set a-wag. One cannot execute a social coup without incurring animosities. So one hears expressions of wonderment that the President should have singled out Madame Roos and her son for social recognition. As a matter of fact, the explanation is probably very simple. Mr. Robert Roos saw much of the President when he was in Washington fighting manfully for the World's Fair. He became intimate with some of the President's friends. He took the opportunity of asking the honor of entertaining the President in San Francisco, and the honor was vouchsafed him. Of course this explanation will not satisfy the carpers. But the Roos family need not worry. They have won the chief distinction; they can stand the ill-natured remarks of the disappointed.

Mrs. Martin Was There

It was announced before President Taft arrived in the city that a special entertainment in his honor would be arranged by Mrs. Eleanor Martin. No such entertainment took place. Instead Mrs. Martin went to the Roos home to greet the President. Another thing which made the tongues of the gossips wag. It seems that Mrs. Martin took it for granted that the President would be delighted to come to her home and neglected to make advance arrangements. When he arrived, he had already promised to visit the Roos home and had no time to give to Mrs. Martin. So her plans for an elaborate entertainment were reluctantly canceled. Henceforth, no doubt, Mrs. Martin will not wait till the last moment to make her arrangements. No doubt she will take example from the social methods of the Roos family who took time by the forelock. She may even consult them, for they are social leaders now.

The Moore Divorce

Now that the J. J. Moores have separated there is much curiosity as to the nature of their differences, and consequently the gossips would like to see a contest. It is to be hoped they will be disappointed. Mrs. Moore has long been an object of much interest owing to her great beauty. Her first marriage was an unhappy one. She and Avery McCarthy were not well mated, and nobody was astonished when they separated. Though Mr. Moore had been divorced but a short time when he married Mrs. McCarthy he had been separated from his first wife about five years. In her debutante days the present Mrs. Moore was the most popular girl in society. She had many suitors for her hand and Avery McCarthy was probably the last one that a prophet would have picked as the winner.

A Brilliant Debut in Washington

Miss Alice Oge, the sister of Mrs. Truxtun Beale who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Beale in Washington, will be introduced to society at the nation's capital under particularly auspicious circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Beale are occupying the old residence of General Beale in Lafayette Square. Mrs. John R. McLean, one of the leaders of Washington society, is the sister of Beale and his other sister is Madame Bakhmetieff, wife of the newly appointed minister from Russia. Beale himself once saw diplomatic service. He was our minister to Persia. His first wife was the daughter of James G. Blaine and after their divorce Beale came to California. I predict a brilliant season for the present Mrs. Beale who is a type of California beauty, and her sister, with the backing of Madame Bakhmetieff and Mrs. McLean. I recall that it was at the McLean home out of Washington that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth spent their honeymoon. Mrs. Beale, by the way, is a cousin to those two handsome sisters, Mrs. Selby Hanna and Mrs. Charles Huse of Chicago.

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Off to Manila

Mrs. Harry Roosevelt sailed for Manila Tuesday to join her husband, the gallant major, in the Philippines. Mrs. Roosevelt has been with her parents, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow since the major's departure last spring and the Judge and his wife were at the wharf to bid good-bye to their two little grandsons, Morrow and Latrobe, to whom they are much attached. Mrs. Roosevelt is their youngest daughter, another being the wife of Commander Fechteler of the navy. Major Roosevelt is in the marines and is a cousin of the ex-president.

Berg's Funereal Joke

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster had quite a shock when they arrived in New York from Europe after a six months' tour abroad. They were dining at their hotel with the Frank Findlays, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and one or two other San Rafael friends when a telegram from San Francisco was brought to them. It read as follows:

> William Berg dined with us last night. He died the next day. Signed, Mrs. Van Bergen.

Naturally, it was a great shock. Their old friend "Billy" Berg dead! The dinner was cut short. The Findlays hurried back to Boston. Ed Schmiedell wired his partner Mailliard here expressing his deep sorrow. The Fosters prepared to rush across the Continent. But word came from Mr. Mailliard that "Billy" Berg was very much alive. Some mistake, everybody thought. But it was not a mistake.

And Its Explanation

The fact is, that telegram was sent by Berg himself. He did it as a joke. About taste in

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Mrs. M. A. B. Coombs of New York City is registered at the Hotel Victoria during a stay in this city.

jokes let none dispute. Suffice it that Berg thought he was perpetrating a good one. It seems that when the Fosters went abroad Berg armed them with letters to his relatives in Frankfort, and sent letters directly to his relatives warning them to be prepared to entertain the Fosters. But the Foster itinenary was changed and there was no visit to Frankfort. So the relatives of Berg were disappointed. Also Berg was a bit "peeved." He bided his time and punished the Fosters by wiring them of his own death. Rather a queer revenge, but that is what he did, with the results we have seen. When the Fosters learned the truth of the situation they wired to Berg as follows:

We are returning to attend your funeral.

In the Social Spotlight

Sigmund Beel of London is registered at the Hotel Victoria during a stay in San Francisco.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mr. and Mrs. Alex Allison, Mrs. Charles E. Parent, C. J. Neleigh, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Farish, Jr. and F. E. Harris.

F. R. Rightmire of New York, W. W. Irving of Los Angeles, Captain Charles Reiner of this city are among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. T. A. Hughes of Bisbee, Arizona, has been at Paso Robles for some time.

Col. John E. Baxter, Mrs. Baxter, Miss Grace Baxter, Brigadier General E. L. Sumner (retired) and F. H. Clark, U. S. A., form a group of army people returned from the Philippines on the last transport. They are all making the Hotel Victoria their headquarters.

Among recent automobilists stopping at Paso Robles were: Mr. C. W. Musick and wife, with Mr. B. H. Johnson from Fresno. Mr. and Mrs. John E. Beale of Santa Barbara, accompanied by Miss Bispham of Washington, D. C. The advance guard of the Endurance Run reached Paso Robles and made arrangements for the event, establishing a control station and securing accomodations for the contestants. The path-finders were Mr. Stanley Gawne, Mr. D. Sinclair, Mr. F. E. Carroll, and Mr. W. E. Rucon, all of San Francisco. Mr. L. Barkhausen and wife and Mr. C. E. Cumberson and wife and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Mills, all of San Francisco, are also among recent automible arrivals.

Mr. W. C. Moyne and wife of Oakland stopped off at Paso Robles last week for a day, but their stay lengthened into many days.

In honor of Bruce Fair and his fiancee Miss Clarisse Lucke, Mrs. W. F. Morris and Mrs. W. H. Garlich entertained recently at a prettily appointed dinner. Cecil Breuner roses decorated the round table in the private dining room of the Hotel Victoria. The guests included besides the complimented pair, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sims, Mrs. Irene Keebles, Mrs. A. H. Lucke, James Block, Sid Hauptman, Mrs. Garlich and Mrs. Morris.

Tait's During the Celebration

The magic shoveful has been turned, the President's visit is a thing of the past, the city's guests are gone and the crowds are thinning, but they all had a good time and Tait's Cafe was a storm-center of good cheer. Many a visitor from away will have stories to tell of that lively and excellent cafe—of how he enjoyed the music and sparkle of it and the interesting people who always go there. Tait's made some good new friends during the celebration. Out-of-town folks will come again where they are tendered such prompt service and choice dishes and San Franciscans, so quick to know a good thing when they see it, will keep on going to that popular place.

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The Russians and Gertrude Hoffmann

By Edward F. O'Day

Just why it should be "la saison des ballets Russes" instead of simply and vernacularly "the season of Russian ballets" was a mystery I endeavored vainly to pierce by inspecting my program. The inspection, however, proved its own reward, for I discovered there that Gertrude Hoffmann "announces the esthetic sensation of the English-speaking world." An esthetic sensation of the English-speaking world with a French title is a mighty impressive thing, to be sure—impressive, that is, if one is of a mind to be impressed by mere words. To those so minded French words are probably much more impressive than English words. And also to those so minded the

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
As Zobeide in Sheherazade.

phrase "esthetic sensation" may convey some meaning. To me it means nothing, for I am at a loss to understand how anything esthetic can be sensational. Was the first production of "Hamlet" an esthetic sensation? or the first production of "The Misanthrope"? I am afraid not. Estheticism and sensationalism do not run on parallel lines. However, these are mere trifles. Little as we may be impressed by the grandiloquent phrases of Miss Hoffmann's press agent, we cannot help being impressed by the ballets for which we are indebted to the enterprise of this clever San Francisco woman. We have now seen enough of the Russian ballet dancers to incur a debt of gratitude to the Czar for his imperial generosity in allowing them to leave the land where they were trained. First Pavlowa and Mordkin, and then those who appeared at the Orpheum, and now Baldina, Kosloff and their associates. They are all wonderful, so wonderful that it would almost be unkind to attempt to rate them in the order of their merit. Besides, no two persons are likely to agree about that. I liked Pavlowa better than Baldina and Mordkin better than Kosloff; with you it may be otherwise. Still we can unite in declaring that for the present generation in San Francisco the Russians as a whole stand foremost as interpreters of the ballet. We have seen no others to approach them; probably shall see no others to approach them, unless there are more Russians still to come. It would be unfair to compare Miss Hoffmann with a superb ballet dancer like Baldina. And to do her justice, she does not seem to invite the comparison. She is a dancer of the same class as Maud Allan and Ruth St. Denis, a posturer, a prancer, a Delsartean poser. She deliberately attempts to suggest to us the pictures and the statues we have seen. Her every pose is studied from a vase or a canvas. This sort of thing calls for ability, of course; but it is not to be thought of as comparable to the elaborate toe dancing of such as Baldina. Those who most admire the sort of dancing which Miss Hoffmann presents are fond of calling it a new art form, probably because it is not old enough or systematic enough to have a technique. It is lawless, impressionistic, go-as-you-please. A Baldina, on the other hand, is a creature of years and years of stringent training; the rules of her art are as definite as those of painting. And so, for my part, the greatest pleasure of Monday night's performance sprang from the perfection of Baldina and Kosloff, not from the worthy efforts of Miss Hoffmann. As far as she went Miss Hoffmann was thoroughly enjoyable. She made a strangely fascinating Cleopatra, a Cleopatra who disdained dancing but had no objection to soul-kissing. If Miss Hoffmann's press agent happened to call her performance as Cleopatra an osculatory sensation there would be none to say him nay. All through the ballet she is couched with her favorite slave, writhing in the ecstacy of lip crushed against lip. It is a torrid, an erethic spectacle. The straining lovers seem oblivious of dancers and audience. And when it is over, the slave dies. His one night of love ends with a cup of poison, as such nights may have ended with Cleopatra's paramours; as they certainly ended with Russian Catherine's, if the indiscreet lover kissed and told. There was another fever of kissing in the ballet of Sheherazade. Miss Hoffmann as Zobeide prefers an Arab lover to her lord and master Schah-Riar. She is no more backward than Cleopatra in manifesting her passion. The two are twisted in panting embrace when Schah-Riar appears to make a shambles of the pavilion. Lust and blood, you see, are much to the fore in these ballets. Miss Hoffmann simulates the one; her lovers yield the other in payment for their bliss. Meanwhile, the Russian dancers supply the dancing, ravishing the eye with their wonderful movements and their beautiful costumes. A very different sort of ballet was Les Sylphides. As this demands nothing but dancing Miss Hoffmann does not appear—there is no soul-kissing to be done. In its pure beauty Les Sylphides stands alone in the offering at the Cort. But the more spectacular Cleopatra and Sheherazade ballets undoubtedly gave greater delight to the audience. In her revue Miss Hoffmann displayed her real talent. Seeing her imitate Eddie Foy and Harry Lauder, Ethel Barrymore and George Cohan and Valeska Suratt, we realized that she is essentially a cut-up. She has a gift for mimicry and burlesque. When she united her powers of mimicry to her powers of posturing in an imitation of Ruth St. Denis in the snake charming dance, she was surprisingly good. But when she gave us a Spring Song dance which was the antithesis of Miss Allan's simple Spring song dance, we realized her shortcomings. Hers is a sort of Paul and Virginia romp eked out with capering nymphs and a fat Cupid in fleshlings who points a gilded arrow. There is no art here, and only indifferent artisanship. Take her all in all, Miss Hoffmann knows all the tricks of the new school of so-called "interpretative" dancers, she is a clever mimic and burlesquer, and she has carried the soul-kiss to its limit as a stage-spectacle. But she brought us the Russians, Baldina, Kosloff and the rest. That is the best thing she has done.

MME. EMMA EAMES
Appearing in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Picturesque Nordica

Lillian Nordica may be called a beloved American institution. The present generation of music students listen with pleasure and profit to her artistic renditions, and older musicians experience keen delight in hearing the same lovely voice that thrilled them when they and it were young. That voice, so soft, so warm, so intense, gives the impression of perennial youth. Mme. Nordica is the exponent of the highest vocal art. But she is to be admired not for her singing alone. On the concert stage she looks like a goddess. In the huge, bare Dreamland theatre her magnetism permeated the bleak echoing structure. The barn-like building was softly lighted, and as the singer walked across from the entrance to the centre of the stage she reminded one of Aurora emerging from the obscurity of the night. Is there another great songstress who can wear gorgeous gowns with such exquisite grace? In the matter of dress alone Nordica achieves effects that are as delightful as her vocal art. The other night she held the stage-centre while her accompanist went in search of some requested encore music, and the audience sat silent studying the bewildering details of her apparel. In her thoughtful poses, her meaningful pacing up and down the stage, exhibiting the poetry of motion, she was another Juno entrancing mortals.

—H. M. B.

The Paris Grand Opera Season

The time for San Francisco's first extensive season of grand opera on a large scale is rapidly drawing near and all is bustle and hustle at the Valencia where new electric effects are being installed, entirely new scenery and hangings put in place, the orchestra pit trebled in size to accomodate the half hundred players who will form the orchestra, and the entire building cleaned, renovated and put into first class shape to house Pierre Grazi's Paris Opera Company due here on November 15. The repertoire will be quite a change from that offered by the usual Italian organizations. We are quite familiar with the concert arias from "Louise," "Thais," "Werther," "Herodiade" and "Samson and Delilah," but now we are promised the works in their entirety, not forgetting the charming ballets which receive so

LA TITCOMB

"The Singer on Horseback" who will appear next week only at the Orpheum.

much attention at the European opera houses. The standard repertoire of the National Opera of France which includes such works as "Faust," "Romeo and Juliette," "Sigurd," "Lakme," "Manon Lescaut," "Carmen," "La Navarraise," etc., will receive due attention and some of the modern Italian works and Wagnerian music dramas will find a place in Grazi's extensive plans. With a complete cast of principals, a chorus of seasoned and capable singers, an adequate ballet with three star dancers, a complete orchestra of symphonic dimensions under three capable directors and with new costumes, scenery and all the necessary stage equipment, there is no reason why this enormous undertaking should not meet with unqualified success. Manager Will Greenbaum is now receiving orders for subscription coupon books and the indications are most encouraging. For full particulars and subscription books apply at the office at Sherman Clay and Co.'s.

"Seven Days" Comes Back

The comedy "Seven Days" will be presented again at the Columbia next Monday evening, October 23. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood who wrote it have shown accurately and amusingly how present day folk treat sentiment, for the play, with the humor and fun that make it the biggest laughing hit of years, has genuine heart interest interwoven with delightful merriment. "It is," said the New York World, "a veritable conspiracy of fun. It contains every element of uncommonly good entertainment. The wonder is that the authors could have started their fun flowing so spontaneously and kept it going so unflaggingly." A third year in New York is the overtopping record of "Seven Days."

For Hallowe'en Parties—Grinning Jack O'Lanterns, strange Goblin candy boxes and appropriate dinner favors—all these for the Hallowe'en party on October 31st. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores in San Francisco; Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

Eames and De Gogorza

The great double-star attraction of Mme. Eames and Mr. Emilio De Gogorza, two of the greatest living singers, will be the magnet that will attract immense audiences to Scottish Rite Auditorium this coming Tuesday night, October 24, and Sunday afternoon, October 29. Both the musical and social set will be interested in these events for Emma Eames was quite a favorite in society when she was here with the Metropolitan Opera Company and the best houses of the swagger set of New York and Boston are always open to this gifted American artist. Her recent romantic marriage with the handsome Spanish baritone has added greatly to the general interest in this engagement. The voices and methods of Eames and De Gogorza blend with exceptional tonal beauty and in consequence they have made a special feature of ensemble work and at the opening concert next Tuesday night, October 24, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, they will be heard in no less than six charming duets. Each will sing classic and modern songs in German, French and English, besides operatic numbers and of course De Gogorza will sing Spanish melodies as no one else can. The second and positively last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 29, with a complete change of program and among the duets will be "The Crucifix" by Faure and the ever welcome "Barcarolle" from "The Love Tales of Hoffman." On Friday afternoon, October 27, Eames and De Gogorza will give a special concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse for which seats will be ready Monday at the box office of that theater. These artists will furnish the program for the opening concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society's fifth season.

More Dancing, Then Sam Bernard

Monday starts the second and last week of the engagement of Gertrude Hoffmann and the Imperial Russian dancers. From the advance sale, the same crowded houses will be in evidence as during the past week. The same program is given at each performance. It comprises "Cleopatre," "Les Sylphides," "Sheherazade," and Gertrude Hoffmann's revue with her imitations of stage favorites. On Monday night, October 30, comes the famous funmaker, Sam Bernard who has never appeared in the West. Bernard comes with a strong supporting company and an elaborate production. His musical comedy vehicle, "He Came From Milwaukee," is declared to be the best he has yet had in his merry career.

Nat Wells at the Orpheum

Nat M. Wells, "the happy tramp" and one of the most famous of vaudeville artists, will reappear at the Orpheum next week after an absence of seven years. His monologue in the character of the dilapidated but carefree tramp is irresistible in its humor and has never been equalled, although many have tried in vain to copy his style of speech and mannerism. His remarkable success has not been confined to this country but has extended to every city of importance in the English speaking world. La Titcomb who last appeared here as headliner of the 1909 road show, comes for next week only. She is a remarkably handsome woman and presents a most attractive appearance as she sits on the back of one of her beautiful milk white horses. Her act consists of five sections and introduces songs, serpentine dancing and high school riding. The saxaphone has probably never been made so effective and pleasing as it is by the six Brown brothers who will play a number of selections on it in the coming bill. As they introduce new tricks of their own invention the Pedersen brothers are sure to attract much attention. They are daring, original and funny. Next week will

MR. EMILIO DE GOGORZA

Appearing in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

be the last of Agnes Scott and Henry Keane; Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton; Madame Panita; and Odiva, "the water queen."

Leonard Borwick's Piano Recitals

Mr. Leonard Borwick, a piano virtuoso who is considered one of the greatest artists in Europe but who has never before visited America and whose name is scarcely known here owing to his dislike for the sensational methods of the modern managers, will make his debut at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, October 22, sponsored by Will L. Greenbaum, who is confident that he is going to give our music lovers one of the greatest treats they have ever had. On this occasion Mr. Borwick will play two Bach works, old classics by Graun, Sgambatti and Scarlatti, Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, two Chopin gems and modern works by Paderewski, Rach-

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maninoff and Moszkowski. The second concert is announced for Thursday night, October 26, when Bach's "Itlain" Concerto, Mozart's "Andante and Variations," originally composed for a music box, Chopin's "Sonata" with the Funeral March and works by Schumann, Debussy, Mendelssohn and Liszt will be given. The sale of seats is now open at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's.

"The Penalty" at the Alcazar

"The Penalty" which is to be presented for the first time in California next Monday evening at the Alcazar, was a much-talked-about play when first produced in the East, about a year ago, and competent judges predict that it will create a sensation here. It was nightly thronging one of Chicago's theatres when a dispute between author and management resulted in its abrupt withdrawal. By guaranteeing to provide an adequate cast, Frederic Belasco secured exclusive right to stage it in San Francisco, and in pursuance of that guarantee he brought from the East Eloise Clement, a clever leading woman, and Harry Mestayer who appeared in the original company, to fill the two principal roles. "A stage denunciation of divorce" would be aptly descriptive of "The Penalty." No theme has been more extensively or variously utilized for playmaking, but the author of this play, Henry C. Colwell, treats the well-worn subject with daring and rare constructive skill. Aiming to show that the innocent offspring of parents who separate pays the heaviest penalty of their disunion, he drives home the lesson with tremendous emphasis. From first to final curtain there is cumulative interest, the third act climax being a most heart-gripping scene.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' nonuse of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States. "New York Herald, June 20, 1911."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market has been very slow during the past week, prices at the end of the week reaching the highest point. Under present conditions speculators say they look for only a drifting professional market. They assert that they have been unable to detect enough investment buying to warrant the expectation that prices will be advanced materially in the next few weeks by buying of that character. They insist also that the large speculators will not take hold of the market until there is a decided change in conditions which have been holding it down for some months. From day to day much is said about the forthcoming opposition of independent tobacco manufacturers and dealers to the reorganization plan of the American Tobacco Company which is soon to be filed with the United States Circuit Court. It is pointed out by legal authorities who are familiar with the case that apparently those who are talking so glibly about this opposition do not realize that legally the independents have no standing in court with respect to this plan. Railroad officials say that while the latest Government crop report does not furnish data over which one can become particularly enthusiastic, they believe the volume of business handled by the railroads will be about as large in the end as it would have been with a larger agricultural output. These railroad interests say that in the end the general merchandise traffic is the most important.

Wheat—The quality of wheat ought to be considered this year. It has been given scant recognition so far. The farther we go into the crop the more convincing is the claim that the reports of damage in the northwest and Canada were not a matter of imagination, but cold facts. They were ridiculed all during August, and no special effort was made to prove their correctness, for the higher price advocates knew perfectly well that they would make themselves felt in due time. And here we are, facing just the exact conditions that were forecasted in the middle of August, viz., one of the poorest crops, as far as quality is concerned, ever harvested. There will be an attempt by the Department of Agriculture to manifest the actual deficiency due to damage in quality, but it is not thought that any system employed as yet will give satisfactory results. In fact, we doubt if we shall do ourselves any good by discarding our old ways of calculation. The modern way may be all that is claimed for it, but it is not understood, and the old methods were satisfactory, so why change them? The trouble seems to be that the bulk of the wheat was still in the shock when the rainy season overtook that territory, and the rain has been so incessant and severe as to rot it. We fear that the worst has not been told of the situation, and that good milling wheat will be very scarce and in great demand before another harvest at prices well above those prevailing now.

Corn—All the outside evidence pointed to a larger addition to the estimates of our 1911 corn crop, and this is one instance where the public are somewhat credulous concerning the correctness of the last Government crop report on corn. It should be remembered that the Government was quite wrong last year in its early figures, and this October report does not settle the matter. There are two more reports due which may make the crop larger than prophesied now, and we think they will. According to our calculations there is considerable old corn back in the country. At present, prices may not be fully sustained at their present level.

Cotton—Finals for the week show the market to be at the lowest level attained thus far this season. The last report of the crop condition by the Government indicated a commercial crop of about 14,833,000 with average weather conditions for the balance of the year. Since the report was issued the weather in the south has been above the average for gathering, ginning and marketing cotton, also for the maturing of the fall crop. Until today there has been no cool, much less cold weather in the cotton belt, and there has been an absence of rain, except in a few local points in west central and north Texas. The quantity of cotton ginned to September 25 was astounding, to say the least, more cotton having been ginned to that date by 1,072,000 bales than ever before. The movement to market is of colossal proportions for this time of the year despite the fact that an important railroad strike has been in force throughout the Mississippi Valley and over the southern portion of Texas, which lessened receipts considerably. It is said however that the strike situation is growing more favorable every day and it is only a question of a few days when it will be a thing of the past. Thus far the Texas movement has been comparatively light when measured by the size of the crop and by ginnings in that State to September 25 which were about 400,000 bales larger than to the same date in 1910, receipts at Galveston having been but 400,000 bales larger than last year same date. The receipts at Galveston are slightly larger than for the same period last year, and for that reason interior stocks are piling up. Unless frost or a bad weather scare develops next week prices will go much lower.

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Auto Notes

Driving the same Lozier car in which he established a record last June for the trip from Seattle to Mt. Rainier, Chauncey Wright of Seattle has again lowered the time limit for this run, reaching National Park Inn on Mount Rainier, three hours and thirty minutes after leaving the city. Wright clipped forty minutes from his former record, in spite of the fact that he was repeatedly compelled to turn out to avoid numerous other motor cars making ascent and descent of the famous peak. The entire distance of one hundred and five miles was made on direct drive, according to Mr. Wright, the speed varying from four miles an hour on the dangerous turns to sixty per hour on the level stretch of prairie leading out of Seattle.

When it commenced deliveries of its 1912 models this year the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo entered on its sixth year of manufacture of six cylinder cars. The first six cylinder cars manufactured in quantity by the company were marketed in the fall and winter of 1906 and were known as 1907 models. Two models were made in 1908 and for the 1909 season the line was extended to include three models of the six-cylinder type. In the winter of 1909 the Pierce-Arrow Company discontinued the manufacture of four-cylinder cars for passenger use. The three horsepowers 36, 48 and 66 had been found to be the three best fitted to the public demand so, since the adoption of this trio of models, the efforts of the company have been concentrated on their refinement.

The announcement of the Rambler Cross Country at $1650 as the flag bearer of the Rambler line for 1912 is perhaps the most significant of the more recent motor car announcements of the year. The new model is a 38 horsepower, 5 passenger with 120 inch wheel base and 36x4 inch wheels and tires. The Rambler line for 1912 consists of four distinct chasses which, with the optional bodies, provide eleven distinct styles. In general design the chasses retain the features characteristic of the four-cylinder Rambler of the past four years. The radiator is of new design and finish, being higher and mounted by a graceful filler cap. There is a cowl over the dash, double curve fenders, new hubs and rich, darkened finish for the polished wood parts. Every model is finished in nickel and the color is English Purple Lake—a rare shade of deep maroon.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of H. OLSEN, sometimes known as HARRY OLSEN, Deceased.

Julius S. Godeau, the Administrator of said estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, having on this day presented to this Court, and filed herein his verified petition, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at a private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient moneys with which to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, or any accrued, or hereafter to accrue,

And it appearing to the Court from the said verified petition that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property belonging to said deceased and described in said petition, for the reason set forth in said petition,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department Number Ten thereof, probate, in the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 21st day of November, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they may have, or either of them may have, why an order should not be made, authorizing, empowering and directing said Julius S. Godeau, as Administrator as aforesaid, to sell the said real property described in the said petition at a private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of said order be served upon (Mrs.) Irene Voigt and (Mrs.) May Matison, the heirs at law of the above named deceased, and that a copy of said order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: October 17, 1911.

PERRY & PERRY, Attys. for Administrator,
206 Grant Bldg., Seventh and Market Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

Mr. Don Biggs of Stockton took delivery of a Chalmers "30" Pony Tonneau last Monday from the Central Auto Company, the Chalmers agents in Stockton, and on the following day drove the car from Stockton to Truckee.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,276; Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of THOMAS BENJAMIN BEALL, et. al., Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Jane Beall, the guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas Benjamin Beall, William Franklin Beall, Grover Harrison Beall, Clarence Reason Beall and George Arthur Beall, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards; that it is for the best interests of said minors and necessary that such real estate should be sold:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 21st day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, October 13, A. D. 1911.

10-21-4 THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,129; Department No. 7.

EVA THOMAS, Plaintiff, vs. N. E. THOMAS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: N. E. Thomas, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,944; Department No. 7.

JULIEN J. SCHEIBEL, as Administrator of the Estate of THEODORE SCHEIBEL, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 2161 of the said defendant for 20 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of Theodore Scheibel, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, to be and appear before said Court on the 28th day of November, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to plaintiff as Administrator of the estate of Theodore Scheibel, deceased, and to set forth their right in or claims to such shares, if any they have.

Dated, October 13, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. J. EAGAN, Deputy Clerk.

J. M. THOMPSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 10-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margaret Adler at Room 216 Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Its first publication was on the fourteenth day of October, 1911, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

MARGARET ADLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Cyrus Wooley, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Administratrix. 10-14-5

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

"Show me an open shop and I'll show you industrial prosperity."

The Citizens' Alliance's offices are in the Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Free Registration Bureau and Employment Office, Room No. 626.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,190, Probate; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS GOSLINKSY, Deceased.

Julius Brownstein, Frances Brownstein and Estelle Putzel, having presented to and filed with the Clerk of this Court, their petition for an order of Court declaring that certain property of the estate of the above name deceased is held by the Executrix of said estate in trust for said petitioners, and praying for a decree of Court authorizing and directing said Executrix to make, execute and deliver a conveyance to petitioners, of an undivided one-quarter interest in and to the following described parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows:

That portion of lot 48 of the 500 acre lots of the former Pueblo de San Jose, being the westerly half of the northerly fourth of said Lot 48, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the Public road known as the McKee Road (the same being the extension of Julian Street, in the City of San Jose, easterly of the mountains) at the westerly corner of the so-called Cavanaugh Tract; running thence along the center of said McKee Roard North 49 degrees, 34 minutes East, 15.32 chains; thence South 37 degrees, 45 minutes East, 30.52 chains; thence South 49 degrees, 34 minutes West, 15.32 chains; thence North 37 degrees, 45 minutes West, 30.52 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 46.55 acres of land more or less.

It is ordered, that all persons interested appear before this Court on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause if any they have why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be served upon MINNA GOSLINKSY, personally, as the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, at least ten days before the time set for the hearing thereof.

And it is furthered ordered, that this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, October 3, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

D. FREIDENRICH and M. L. SCHMITT,
Attorneys for Petitioners. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS J. LEE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of W. C. Graves, Attorney at Law, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased.

W. C. GRAVES,
Executor of the Estate of Thomas J. Lee, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

W. C. GRAVES, Atty. for Executor,
911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 574

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners in business under the firm name and style of "STANFORD MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY CO."; that the principal place of business of said co-partnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership and their respective places of residence are as follows:

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH, whose place of residence is 1403 Larkin Street, San Francisco, California.

ALFRED G. BAKER, whose place of residence is 1427 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH.
ALFRED G. BAKER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 16th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911), before me, A. J. Henry, a notary public, in and for said City and County and State, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared C. A. Rothenbusch and Alfred G. Baker, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 17, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attys. at Law,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER FISK TIRES FOR SERVICE
BRANCHES WITH REPAIR DEPTS. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND - LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO - FRESNO

FISK TRADE MARK

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY CONROY, also known as MARY CAWLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Frank J. Hennessy, his attorney, Room 305 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, deceased.

JOHN QUINN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Conroy, also known as Mary Cawley, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1911.
FRANK J. HENNESSY, Atty. for Executor, 304-5-6 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 9,593; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED BECK, Deceased.

Anna Beck, the Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Beck, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth,

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate—of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, September 7, A. D. 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Atty. for Administratrix, 802 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD RATIGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Carpenter & Hittell, 602 California Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased.

F. E. DAVERKOSEN,
Executor of the Estate of Edward Ratigan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.
CARPENTER & HITTELL, Attys. for Executor, 602 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,895, Probate; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM FRASER, Deceased.

William L. Fraser, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of William Fraser, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition, in due form, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing him, as such Administrator, to sell all the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to this Court, by the said verified petition, that it would be for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the estate and those interested therein, that the said real property be sold; and that it is necessary to sell the said real property described in said petition, which is hereby expressly referred to for further particulars and for a description of said property, in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or hereafter may accrue during the administration of said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in said petition, should not be granted to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale for the purposes mentioned in the said petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of the said estate and of the persons interested therein; and,

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 28th day of September, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
(Endorsed): Filed Sept. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
EDMUND NELSON, Atty. for Administrator, 26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI UZZOVICH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. G. Antonovich, No. 604 Montgomery Street, Room 209-210, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased.

LUCA UZZOVICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.
WM. G. ANTONOVICH, Atty. for Administrator, 604 Montgomery St., Room 209-210, San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILIE KUMMERLANDER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emilie Kummerlander, deceased.

FRANK R. KUMMERLANDER,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Kummerlander, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.
GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Administrator, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL WOLONGIEWICZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of George H. Bahrs, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Building, No. 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Michael Wolongiewicz, deceased.

WACLAWA WOLONGIEWICZ,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Michael Wolongiewicz, Deceased
Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1911.
GEORGE H. BAHRS, Atty. for Executrix, Room 714 Humboldt Bank Bldg., No. 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: Grace Howitt Power, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the sale to you of certain real property should not be vacated and set aside, and a new sale ordered of said real property described in the petition herein in the same manner and upon the same terms as prescribed by the order of January 19, 1910, referred to in said petition.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1911.
(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal 10-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,131.

HELEN EMMA O'BRIEN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William F. O'Brien, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
JAMES M. THOMAS, Atty. for Plaintiff, 800 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,222; Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Margaret Adler, the Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, having filed her petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered, by the Honorable J. V. Coffey, Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court at the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Margaret Adler, Administratrix, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, John Cyrus Wooley, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.
Dated, October 11, A. D. 1911.
W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Petitioner. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA GOSLINER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Arthur Joel, 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia Gosliner, deceased.

HENRY STEINBACH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 14, 1911.
ARTHUR JOEL, Atty. for Executor, 620 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ISADORE LAVENTHAL, residing at 386 Geary Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 553 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Laventhal Bros.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19, 1911.
ISADORE LAVENTHAL,

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

On this 19th day of September, 1911, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ISADORE LAVENTHAL, known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Isadore Laventhal, First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased.

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS RUFFIEUX, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louis Ruffieux, deceased.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 30, 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

Yeu Can't Help Reading It Through

Here's a story to be read through at a sitting. It is three hundred pages long, but that doesn't make any difference. Once you begin it you will be obliged to satisfy your curiosity as to the mystery of "The Yellow Letter." As a matter of fact it was a series of yellow letters, the scheme of a remarkably clever blackmailer who reaped a good harvest from his venture and had every reason to believe that he had uncovered an inexhaustible mine. His theory was correct. His error lay in a miscalculation, for it had not occurred to him that there was a possibility of a number of his victims having reached the limit of their resources, so that, being unable to purchase silence any longer, their alternative lay between exposure and suicide, and they chose death. Even that would not have put an end to the process of extraction, had it not been for the clever work of Miller Davis, a Postoffice inspector with a natural detective ability. Katherine Farrish was the first victim. She was the elder daughter of a wealthy family, a self-contained and self-respecting young lady who, having answered a telephone call, left the house for an hour or two, and contrary to her usual custom, told no one her destination. On her return she retired to her own room and made an unsuccessful attempt to kill herself with a revolver. No one could conjecture any reason for the act and in searching for some clue a scrap of yellow paper, apparently a portion of a typewritten letter, was picked up out of the ashes on her hearth. At the moment her father entered the apartment and the instant he saw the fragment he was seized with a stroke of paralysis. On the same day and approximately at the same time an old lawyer living in an obscure lodging house took a fatal dose of cyanide of potassium. Beside him on the floor lay a yellow envelope with the address typewritten, the post mark blurred and partially destroyed in opening the letter. Two days later an elderly woman, registered under what was evidently an assumed name, hanged herself in a hotel in a small village in New Jersey. The last time she was seen alive she was reading a document typewritten on yellow paper, which had disappeared. The following morning a young girl of apparent respectability was found drowned in one of the lakes in Central Park. In her hand was clenched a scrap of the same yellow paper and other fragments, water-soaked and illegible, were found on the margin of the pond. There was no possible connection between these persons, all belonging to different social circles, some of them from other States and no clue save the fact that all had been influenced by some communication on yellow paper and the one envelope which had been found with its blurred and mutilated post mark. Miller Davis was brought into the case at first by his friend, Harding Kent, but he could do nothing officially until the second suicide was reported. Then, assuming that the mails were being utilized for some illegal purpose, he was in a position to investigate, but a mere postal inspector without the detective instinct would have been as much at sea as an ordinary amateur guesser. Davis has some curious theories on the subject of crime and criminals. It goes without saying that he is in accord with the modern idea that all criminals are insane or invalids. May be so, but that does not modify the effect of their crimes, nor make it any easier for their victims. It is the poorest sort of excuse for turning them loose on the community. He says, "You never in your life found a blue-eyed sneak. There are lots of blue-eyed desperadoes and burglars. Most of the notorious bad men of the west were blue-eyed, but you don't find a man with blue eyes shooting or stabbing a man in the back or kidnaping a child or writing blackmailing letters." That is interesting if true, but is it? Again in reference to the color of the blackmailing letters: "There is perhaps a scientific reason why yellow appeals to the criminal and the insane, but the higher significance of color has not yet been satisfactorily explained. A crazy woman often delights to deck herself in yellow. The color appeals, too, to the lower orders of the human race, an illiterate negro, for instance. It is the color of gold, over which thousands and thousands have gone mad. It is the color of the moon, which the ancients believed to have a peculiar influence on mad persons." As to that, in the symbolism of color, yellow represents hatred and is credited with bringing forward all the malign qualities. Miller Davis, give him time, would easily rival Sherlock Holmes. The successive steps by which he decided on the type of his criminal, connected a left-handed man with the case, and identified the various victims when there was apparently nothing from which to start an investigation are as clever as any of the work of that celebrity. There is no faltering, no following of false leads, though his amateur colleague is at fault from the beginning to the final clearing up of the mystery. As the main pleasure to be derived from reading a detective story lies in following the sleuth's footsteps, since there are none of us clever enough to walk side by side with him, it would be manifestly unfair to both reader and author to crack the nut and dish up the meat. William Johnson, editor of the New York World, is the author, and it goes without saying that William Johnson knows how to write. The Bobbs-Merrill Company are its sponsors.

Senator Money of Mississippi asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered the best, and he replied:

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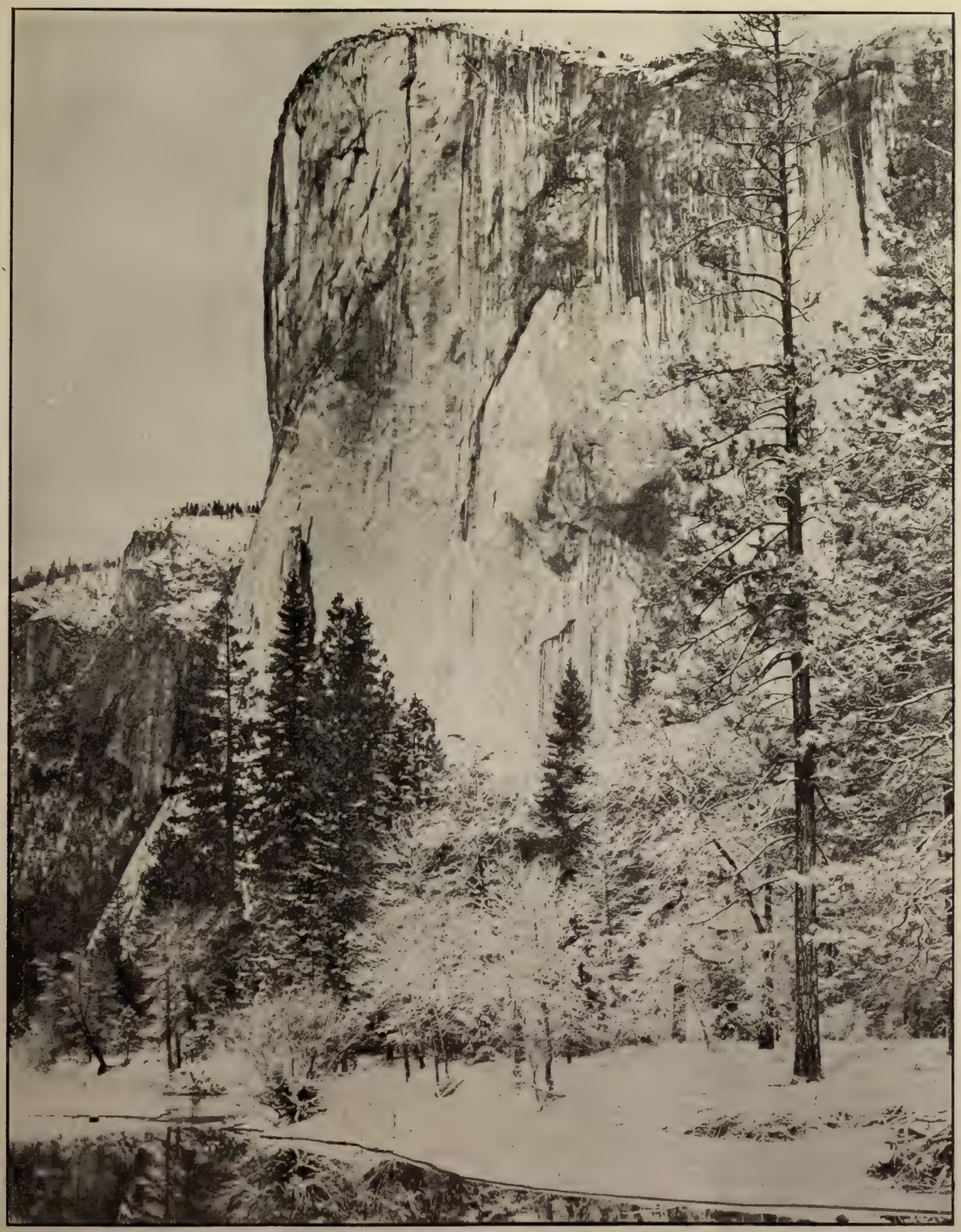

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Greatest Teacher

Since the battle of Manila Bay nothing has so heartened the people of this country as the return of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst to the councils of the Democratic party. The ecstasy induced by this epochal event far surpasses the joy that transports the angels at the conversion of a monumental sinner. It is being signalized by fatted calf barbacues wherever a Hearst newspaper contributes to the political and moral uplift. All over the country the leaders of the people are turning handsprings and singing rag-time to betoken the exuberance of their spirits. Apparently in the madness and gladness of the moment they have forgotten about the high cost of living and all their innumerable carking cares. They would have us believe they are concerned about nothing but the tribute due to the great twentieth century emancipator for espousing for the thousandth time in his dazzling coat of many colors the perennial cause of the plain people. What a wonderful magician is this great man to whom the Champ Clarks and all the other eminent statesmen who represent the intelligence and virtue of the American people crook the pregnant hinges of the knee whenever he touches them with his wand! The transformations that he works are as bewildering as those against which Ulysses and his mates were warned when they went up from ship to Circe's palace where the feasting was savored with betel and lotus. Wherever he is most hated, there apparently he is most respected. The land is resounding with the lip-service of men who regard him with the utmost aversion. A great man is Hearst. He has many of the qualities of greatness attributed by the immortal Fielding to one of his most interesting heroes. "There was little greatness," said Fielding, "to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped for him who professed great virtue." And Fielding's hero like Hearst "was not restrained by any of those weakness which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls." He was entirely free from the low vice of modesty. In many respects Mr. Hearst resembles the great Horace Walpole, whom Fielding is believed to have had in mind when he described his great hero. Versed in the comedie humaine is Mr. Hearst. Thoroughly cognizant of the inspiration of the encomiums that emanate from his panegyrists, his contempt for them is no greater than their hatred of him. An eminently world-wise man is William Randolph Hearst, engaged in exploiting the insincerity of politicians, making pawns of them for his own pleasure, and ridiculing the purblind populace to their faces. He is teaching the people a most salutary lesson: the folly of trying to govern themselves. He is teaching them by example, and they are too stupid to learn. Irony is beyond them.

The Precious Secret

Certain irreverent dailies that affected sympathy with the woman suffrage movement appear to have entered into a conspiracy to deter women from becoming electors. They have assigned reporters to the Registrar's office to take note of the age of every woman that registers, and they are telling the secret dearest to the heart of every woman—the secret of age. This is a species of brutality and injustice which should not be tolerated. It is a mean way of resenting the emancipation of the sex. It is unjust because it imposes a penalty on all women who wish to avail themselves of a constitutional right. Moreover it is contrary to public policy, since it is an incentive to false swearing. This is no trivial matter. To a woman the secret of her age is of transcendent importance. It is a matter that may affect her most vital interests on the very same principle to which Schopenhauer attributes her hostility to those of her sex who make possible the bachelerhood of man. If men were willing to be guided by the old aphorism that a woman is as old as she looks the question of years would be of no consequence. For it is the exceptional woman who permits Time to make her a witness against herself. The truth is that of the women who have not ceased to value the romance of existence none is as young as she looks. Also the truth is that be a woman never so charming in the eyes of men she cannot afford to let them know that she is older than she looks. This is because men are so obtuse. They fashion illusions for themselves out of the most fragile physical advantages without realizing that the greatest charm of a woman is that by which she makes even her defects beloved and inspires the mysterious passion that never wanes. Human nature, then, being what it is, as we have given the franchise to women we should let them enjoy it to the full. They should not be required to swear to their age unless they be permitted to follow the custom of the ladies of Greece who counted their years not from the date of their birth but from the date of their marriage.

Political Comedy-Drama

To anyone with a taste for diverting intrigue and psychological study the game of politics as it is being played in this once proud and dignified commonwealth is as interesting and amusing as a comedy-drama. Indeed what is being played before our eyes is genuine drama. We might paraphrase Ibsen and call the play "The Friend of the People." The plot is simplicity itself. The central figure is the Governor of the State, a very Cato in his devotion to the welfare of the people. The conflict is between the Governor and everybody who does not enter heartily into sympathy with all his aims and projects. Actuated by one motive, that of advancing the greater good, and having supreme confidence in his own integrity, he goes about the business of reforming the government in his own way, devising expedients that excite the suspicion of the sceptical and cynical, as for instance when, to regulate the railroads, he procures from the people an extraordinary lease of power extending over a period of ten years from the date that he is to end his term of office. This he does knowing that his zeal for the public welfare is disinterested and that there is no likelihood of his capitalizing the extraordinary lease during his term of office or after his oath of office ceases to be binding. But the Governor with all his faith in his own rectitude is not disposed to attribute to others the noble motives that actuate himself. He is holier than his neighbors. In the first act we find the Governor impugning the integrity of the Secretary of State. The Secretary retaliates with imputations against the Governor, and also with a bill of particulars. The Governor deigns not to retort. He treats the Secretary with silent contempt. The Governor's apparent apathy is a bit of affectation. Raging inwardly, he is designing a master stroke. But the blow is not to be delivered by himself. He has faithful henchmen to do his bidding, to attend, as it were, to the chores of office. They are known as the Board of Control. To them is assigned the task of putting the Secretary in the hole. With dark-lanterns in hand they bide their opportunity. For awhile there is suspense. The Secretary, unconscious of impending calamity pursues the even tenor of his way. Presently the Governor's henchmen appear on the scene and explode a bomb at the Secretary's feet. It makes a frightful noise that reverberates from the Sierras to the sea. But that is all. No damage is done. At this point the plot is expected to thicken, and developments are eagerly awaited.

His Popularity and Power

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what was indicated with reference to Governor Johnson by the election on the constitutional amendments. The Governor's friends hold that the election was a great triumph for him and that it proves that he has a firm hold on the imagination of the public. On the other hand politicians opposed to the Johnson machine hold that the election was conclusive of the waning of his popularity. They point out that what the Governor's friends pronounce a triumph was no triumph at all, as there was no organized opposition to any of the amendments for which he campaigned. They assert that the people of the State were deaf to his exhortations. For this view there is some justification. During the recent campaign the Governor and his friends did all the talking, they went from one end of the

State to the other urging the people to vote for the amendments, yet the amendments did not receive as many votes as were cast for the Governor when he ran for office. But whether or not the Governor's popularity is on the wane he certainly did not lose prestige by the recent election. On the contrary his prestige was increased; also his power. By the railroad commission amendment he was vested with power which he may turn to prodigious advantage. Elected to drive one railroad out of politics, he may now compel the co-operation of all railroads in the furtherance of his political designs. With the advantage he now possesses he can build up the greatest political machine that was ever operated in this State. Were he not above temptation he might insure himself employment of a most profitable character at the close of his term. Indeed, if precedent be sufficient to allay scruple, then what is to stop him from becoming the attorney for the railroad commission when after serving the people it occurs to him once more than a man must eat? But the Governor is a man of fine scruple, and he may balk at precedent however propitious. And if his instinct for politics be as acute as his sense of propriety he will greatly disappoint those who are now watching his star in what they believe to be its declension. There is but one thing for him to guard against, and that is the distrust of power, which is peculiar to democracies. The greater the power of a ruler the more he is distrusted by the populace. Some day the people of California may come to appreciate how great is the power vested in their beloved Governor at his own solicitation.

Our Reactionary Colonel

Colonel Roosevelt exhibits signs of drifting into the abhorrent reactionary class. In an address before the Civic Forum of New York the other day he said: "It is, I believe, an advantage to have fixed in the court the power to state that a legislative act is unconstitutional." This sentiment is not in harmony with the "advanced thought" of the many disciples of the Roosevelt school. Pursuing the principles of their master to the conclusion logical the Colonel's disciples have been vehemently insisting of late that it is an abuse of judicial authority and a wanton usurpation of power for the Supreme Court of the United States to pronounce an act of Congress invalid. And it was in accordance with the philosophy of the Colonel's disciples that the Socialist Representative from Milwaukee introduced a bill of some sort at the last session of Congress which contained a clause inhibiting the Supreme Court from passing on the question of its constitutionality. This was the only genuine piece of revolutionary legislation urged at the last session. If this act could be enforced some very interesting complications would arise. For if the Supreme Court can be deprived of the authority to fix the constitutional limits of legislation then Congress can assume the right to construe the Constitution and give it effect as the exigencies of party or the purposes of the hour may demand. And if this right should be conceded to Congress the Constitution will then cease to be the law of the land, and the law of the land will be whatever Congress may see fit at any time to assert. This is precisely what our advanced political thinkers regard as the ideal consummation. What the state of affairs would be under the system which they propose is not difficult to conceive. We all know how facile our legislators are in the science of law-making. Congress is an exceedingly fructual body. It exudes laws at all its pores. Remove from it all constitutional restraint, and then not only life and liberty, but property, individual and corporate, in every form, will be rendered liable to invasion under any form or pretense of governmental authority. Yet many good citizens have come to believe that it would be better to give Congress unlimited jurisdiction than to let the Supreme Court exercise the power that it has asserted for more than one hundred years. To this belief they have come because of what they have been told by Colonel Roosevelt and his disciples. According to the Colonel the Supreme Court has asserted the right of vetoing legislation. Intelligent men know this to be untrue, but the Colonel's poison has affected many people. The Supreme Court can do nothing but declare whether or not an act of Congress is in harmony with the Constitution. Moreover the application of judicial construction to the Constitution is far from universal. The Supreme Court has no right to pass on the validity of any piece of legislation except when constitutional questions arise in actions at law or in equity and come before it in actual litigation. Nor will it allow collusive or fictitious cases to be made for the purpose of having such questions determined. It is only when legislation which is affirmed to be in contravention of the Constitution actually affects some individual or corporate right capable of being vindicated in a court of justice that the constitutional question can come before the Supreme Court for consideration. But the average man in the street does not know that such is the case. He has been led to believe that the Supreme Court sits up aloft examining every piece of legislation and approving or vetoing as it sees fit. The truth is of course that legislative or executive proceedings of a political nature, however deeply they may affect the general welfare and public interest, if they do not affect personal rights cannot be made the subject of judicial review. With respect to all such political matters the action of the executive or legislative departments is final. How different the impression that prevails by reason of the mouthings of Rough Riders and Battle Bobs! And so we say that the Colonel now that he believes that the Constitution should be safeguarded by the judicial arm of the government appears to be drifting into the ranks of the reactionaries. But the leopard has not entirely changed his spots. The Colonel is in favor of the power always exercised by the courts "only provided that the power is exercised with the greatest wisdom and self-restraint." Perhaps it is but reasonable to infer that in order to insure this wise and self-restrained exercise of power the Colonel should be authorized to sit in banc with God as a court of last resort.

Perspective Impressions

Judge Bordwell will be recalled if he doesn't watch out.

Witty paragraphs about the Chinese puzzle are now in order.

Then there is room for a play on words about the Chinese taking their cues from the Manchus.

The Legislature will make us a Christmas present of more laws.

Hearst's return to the Democratic party was not a recall; it was his own initiative.

The unspeakable Turk has quickly given way to the unpronounceable Chink.

So far there has been more gas than dynamite in the McNamara case.

"Board of Control" is a misnomer. "Johnson's Malaprops" would be more accurately descriptive.

Judge Farrington is wiser than Solomon. He satisfied both sides.

Governor Johnson now explains that he didn't go to the Taft banquet because he knew something disagreeable would be said about the recall. A man of prescience is the Governor, and he's a mind-reader too. But now will he explain why he never even answered the invitation of the people of San Bernardino? They're filled with curiosity down there.

Dr. Aked pronounces the Barbary Coast "most extraordinary." If that's all wherein does it differ from some clergymen?

"We have money enough in this country," says Jim Hill. But what most of us would like to know is how to get it.

What was the discovery of gold in California to her discovery of the infinite riches and the cheap defence of States, the initiative and referendum and recall, judges included?—New York Sun. What an absurd question! The initiative, referendum and recall were not discovered, they were sent from heaven to redeem a gold-cursed people, the innocent sons of greedy sires—and a few others from Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Iowa.

Correspondence

Success Is Revenge

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I note in your issue of last Saturday that you say that when the suffragists thought they had lost they were talking about being counted out but as soon as victory perched on their banners they changed their tune. Not at all. Nothing during the campaign has taught the women anything but distrust and wariness. When they thought they had lost by a small margin they were prepared to demand a recount. When they found the tide turning they sent trusted watchers instantly to every county seat in California to watch the count and to see that no trickery was used. Knowing the character of the opposition arrayed against them the suffragists knew that they had every reason to beware of treachery, that nothing would be left undone to defeat them. Telegrams were sent to suffragists in every town and hamlet of California to beware of treachery and the count everywhere was watched. What saved the day for suffrage was that the opposition all day Wednesday thought they had won and so the measures that might have been taken to defeat the amendment were not taken. Don't think for a moment that the suffragists expected chivalry, courtesy or even fair play. They did not. They asked for no quarter and got none. But they won. Their success is their revenge.

—A Subscriber and a Suffragist.

Woman's Inning

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Now that the agitation anent Suffrage has subsided for the time being, and the smoke of battle is clearing away, and all is over save the shouting, the women are turning their thoughts, time and talents to the all-absorbing topic of the coming Biennial. The Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America should be writ in capitals, for while San Francisco is a popular place for conventions, being noted for its lavish hospitality, salubrious climate and wonderful scenic features, it has not yet been the scene of a great National Convention of women. Moreover, this is a State Convention as well, and the honor and pride of all California are involved. That it will be the greatest convention in the history of the State is an assured fact. Perhaps it is not wide of the mark to say that it will be "the" most wonderful convention of the nation. We have much to offer. We have much to show. We are really the eighth wonder of the world out here in San Francisco, where East meets West, and the Panama Canal at our doorstep, so to speak. We are fifty-one years of age, nearly, and yet we are brand new, modern, up-to-date, re-inforced concrete and steel. We are a bit cocksure of ourselves, and inclined to make much of ourselves, also, but we have reason for our pride. We are proud of our men and proud of the women, too. Haven't they made a gallant fight? They are going to make another, too. Realizing how generous the business men have been, and how bravely they have met the tremendous demands made upon them, the club women of San Francisco, nay, the club women of all California, are going to make a determined effort to pay all the bills themselves and not ask for a cent from the gallant business men. Isn't that splendid? Two clubs, The Women's Club of Mayfield and The Vallejo Women's Improvement Club, are stars of the first magnitude, having already paid their apportionment. Isn't that business-like, and doesn't it argue well for the success of the plan? The actual work has begun and the Palace has been chosen for the official headquarters for the local board and the national officers. The women desire an auditorium, and with that large vision which sees a thing hoped for accomplished, they believe it will be an actual fact before June is here. The club women are most enthusiastic and really ought to be accorded a place among the boosters, for they are already studying maps, facts, features and routes for the coming guests. Surely there never was a stage setting more beautiful than San Francisco, beloved of the gods. Our bay, our hills, our ocean, our wonderful Park,—where is there another like it? Central Park is a toy beside it. Won't those Eastern people revel in our delightful climate after the heat? Won't they rejoice in our restaurants, where feasts of gastronomic delight await them? Won't they stare at our beautiful buildings and shops and hotels? They will believe the earthquake a fable, and the fire a myth. Yes, the Biennial will be unique and eventful, and San Francisco will prove to the visitors that the old-time hospitality and free-hand entertainment are still abroad in this land of sunshine and flowers.

Yours very truly,

—Mrs. W. C. Morrow.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

As to the World's Coal

The dwindling visible coal supplies of the world are engaging the attention of the Governments of most countries where coal is found. Sir William Ramsay, the English scientist, startled the British Association some weeks ago by saying that the coal supply in the United Kingdom won't last another 175 years if the wasteful use of material is not promptly checked. And 175 years is only a span in a nation's life. Now comes a German technical journal which has made a general survey of the world's coal production and says that barring the United States, the northern part of Germany is still the richest coal bearing region. America, with its huge production of nearly half a milliard tons a year, is, it says, rapidly approaching exhaustion, and the same may be said of the coal fields in the United Kingdom, where the production is also high and must end in the giving out of the supply in 150 or 200 years, at all events in the north of England, Northumberland and Durham. The other English sources may last half a century longer. The first mines that will have to close down will be those of central France and Bohemia, which only have 100 years more to live. The north of France and the Saarbrucken basin in western Germany come next with a life of between 400 and 500 years. Still better situated are the Belgian and Westphalian coal regions and the fields in the Austrian and Russian parts of Upper Silesia, which may reckon on an uninterrupted output for the next 800 years. Prussian Silesia is safe for another 1,000 years or more. Nature has made here vast deposits of pure carbon, with lodes of an average thickness of 40 feet. Some of them are 60 feet thick, so that coal consumers may take heart of grace.

Dreadnaughts in Review

There will probably be six Dreadnaughts in the naval review in New York during November. These will be the recently completed Utah and Florida, the South Carolina, Michigan, Delaware and North Dakota. In addition there will be six battleships of Dreadnaught displacement, the Kansas, Vermont, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Louisiana and Connecticut. As these six carry only four twelve-inch guns instead of eight, they are not regarded as Dreadnaughts. There will also be available for the great spectacle a number of other battleships almost as large and with battery power only a little inferior, the Idaho, Mississippi, Virginia, New Jersey, Georgia, Nebraska, Rhode Island, Ohio, Maine and Missouri. All the ships mentioned have been completed since 1900; hence they are distinctively modern. No nation except England can match them. Germany cannot muster twenty-two ships comparable to them.

The Mecca Pilgrimage

Egypt, which is one of the main channels for the pilgrimage to Mecca, is taking every possible measure to reduce the number of pilgrims. This journey to the sacred city, which is soon to be undertaken throughout Islam, presents this year more than the usual problems to Christian nations with Mohammedan subjects. Cholera is reported at Mecca and throughout that part of Arabia, and there is the ever present danger of the returning pilgrims spreading the disease. There is also the fear of the growth of fanatical ideas regarding Italy's attack upon Tripoli in the meeting at the sacred city of such a large body of Moslems from all parts of the world. Much of the unrest in the Mohammedan world has had its inception in these great meetings of the Faithful at Mecca. The "Mad Mullah" of Somaliland here first preached his "holy war," and although his mission was without authority of Mecca he managed through his claim as a pilgrim and prophet to gather around him fanatics that for years endangered the British occupancy of the country and finally forced retirement to the coast. A greater menace is that of plague. The great epidemic of 1902 in Cairo was directly traced to the contents of a water bottle of a returned pilgrim. So this year Egypt will keep the returning pilgrims in quarantine. Notice of the quarantine charges which have been raised to a high figure, has been sent broadcast throughout the Mohamedan world so as to reduce the number of pilgrims who will pass through Egypt.

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Varied Types

XLV—MRS. EDWARD C. GETSINGER AND DR. AMEEN ULLAH FAREED

By Edward F. O'Day

"You must learn something about the Bahai teachings," Gertrude Atherton told me one day; "it is the only reasonable religion I have ever heard of."

A suggestion from a woman, especially from so charming a woman as Mrs. Atherton, is always a command to a mere man; and although I made a mental reservation about Bahaism being the ONLY reasonable religion, I went forth to learn something about it.

My quest brought me to the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Bellevue and into the presence of a gentleman from Teheran and a lady from Washington.

"Please do not call me a priestess," begged the lady with a laugh. "Gertrude Atherton always calls me the priestess of Acca. Just imagine, when I was at Acca I taught the children and nursed the sick. There is nothing of the priestess about that, is there?"

"Certainly not," said the gentleman from Teheran.

"I'm not so sure," said I

And I looked at her costume.

Mrs. Edward C. Getsinger, the lady from the city of Washington, was garbed in dark blue. An ample blue mantle rippled from her shoulders to her waist and from her waist to her feet; her arms were swathed in ample blue sleeves; a blue hood covered her head. Perhaps she rather suggested a deaconess than a priestess; but at any rate her blue robes set her apart from the American women one meets every day. Dr. Ameen Ullah Fareed, on the other hand, was far from suggesting priesthood or Teheran in his dress. He was conventionally garbed in the prosiac garments of the Occident which may look as picturesque to the Oriental, for aught I know, as the flowing draperies of the East do to our Western eyes.

"I am simply a plain ordinary American woman doing what good I can in the world."

Mrs. Getsinger waved a draped arm and smiled. Dr. Fareed smiled in sympathy. They both have engaging smiles, but the smile of Mrs. Getsinger is the frank, hearty smile of our younger world while Dr. Fareed smiles behind his jet-black mustache and beard with the subtle, impenetrable smile of one who has inherited the wisdom of antiquity.

"And the rule of my life I obtained from Abdul Baha who told me to make my wants my needs. I have made my wants my needs and I find that I need very little."

It sounds cryptic, but I suspect that it is not nearly as hard to understand as to practice.

"What is Bahaism?" I asked Mrs. Getsinger. She looked at Dr. Fareed and I followed her eyes. The doctor settled back in his chair.

"If for no other reason," Dr. Fareed began in his soft caressing voice, "if for no other reason than that twenty thousand Persians, men and women, have given their lives for it, if for no other than that, the Bahai movement demands attention. Professor Browne of Cambridge has estimated that the number of people who have accepted the broad platform of Bahaism is fifteen millions."

Impressed, I glanced at Mrs. Getsinger and she smiled with a sort of lofty satisfaction.

"Bahaism is not sectarian," continued Dr. Fareed, "and you would not call it religious in your Western terminology. It is entirely free from dogma. It is a platform for all religionists and all reformers to meet on.

"It declares that this is a day of liberality, a day of sufficient enlightenment for all men to know that prejudice is the great hindrance to development. So it aims to remove racial, religious and patriotic prejudices. It removes religious prejudices by declaring that the fundamentals of all religions are the same. So why proselytize, why send missionaries to foreign lands?"

The missionary from Washington to Acca nodded her hooded head in approval and the missionary from Teheran to San Francisco went on:

"You may follow Christ, you may follow Moses, you may follow Buddha. Only be honest and you are a worthy member of the great human

DR. AMEEN ULLAH FAREED

family. Names may differ. What you call a rose is 'gol' in Persian and 'vard' in Arabic. Your nightingale is our bul-bul; the bird sings as sweetly by either name. What does it matter whether a man is a Christian, a Mohamedan or a Zoroastrian, provided he is a good man, a liberal man? You see, Bahaism is in religion and philosophy what a universal language is in philology. Bahaism is the universal language of the heart.

"Bahaism was founded by a Persian named Bab and amplified by Baha'u'llah who was succeeded by his son Abdul Baha, the present head of the movement. For forty years Abdul Baha was imprisoned in the fortress of Acca, the ancient Acre of the Crusaders, for his liberal teachings. Bahaism was founded only sixty years ago, yet today two-thirds of all the Persians are Bahai and it has spread to all parts of the world.

"Thousands visited Abdul Baha during his imprisonment. His influence was very great. He met many Young Turks at Acca and taught them to be unselfish. He published anonymously a book called 'Mysterious Forces of Civilization' which started the movement that resulted in the overthrow of the absolute monarchy and the establishment of constitutional government in Persia.

"Bahaism teaches international peace. It is the only movement which can establish peace. As long as nations are fettered by prejudice, as long as men believe that theirs is the only country, theirs the only system of salvation, that they are the chosen of God and that all others are destined to be damned, war will continue and Mr. Carnegie's ten millions will not prevent it. But Bahaism believes that war belonged to the infancy of mankind and that humanity has come of age. It teaches that all men are brothers, that all nations are interdependent and that what is for the good of one nation should be for the good of all."

"Has Bahaism a code of morals, a body of dogma?" I asked.

"Are not the Ten Commandments sufficient code?" replied Dr. Fareed. "Bahaism has no dogmas. It teaches men to believe in God, the Creator, but it holds that His creatures cannot comprehend Him. It indulges in no metaphysical speculations. It makes no fine distinctions. Are there not already in your country one hundred and seventy-five Christian sects, all quarreling?

"No, Bahaism has no churches, no temples, no mosques. But when we build our institution in Chicago there will be a great building like the Taj Mahal with nine doors standing always open where all may worship, but without ritual and without priests."

"But is there not some way in which a Bahai enrolls himself as a member?" I inquired.

Together Dr. Fareed and Mrs. Getsinger showed me their rings. Gold rings they are with agates and on the agate Persian characters engraved.

"That is the greatest name of God which governs all humanity," explained Dr. Fareed.

"By the ring," explained Mrs. Getsinger, "one Bahai knows another, but there are no mystic signs, no secrets."

"Who are some of the Bahai in San Francisco?" I asked.

"Bahaism submerges personality," Mrs. Getsinger parried. "I do not feel that I should give any names. But I may mention Mrs. Edmund Goodall and Mrs. Cooper because your paper has already said that they belong to a queer cult."

And Mrs. Getsinger laughed.

So I can only say that Gertrude Atherton thinks Bahaism the only reasonable religion she has ever heard of; that Mrs. Frank Carolan is interested; and that Mrs. Getsinger and Dr. Fareed have been lecturing of a Monday night to sympathetic listeners at the home of Frank Carroll Giffen, the singer. But these are details for which I am not indebted to the propagandists.

"To be Bahai is to be perfect," said Mrs. Getsinger. "Would it be well for us to say that such and such are Bahai?"

It would be a solemn compliment, I thought.

"We must make you Bahai. You must be one of us," invited Dr. Fareed.

But aware of my imperfection, I could only reply:

"One doesn't embrace a religion at one sitting."

"Surely not," agreed Dr. Fareed with that smile of the inscrutable East while Mrs. Getsinger who has devoted twelve years to the propaganda and who has journeyed seven times to the Orient to sit at the feet of Abdul Baha beamed an incorrigibly Western beam.

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(From the Spanish of the Chilian writer, Baldomero Lillo)

Pablo clutched instinctively at his father's legs. His ears hummed, and the floor, sinking under his feet, troubled him strangely. He felt himself cast into that hole, the dark mouth of which he had seen as he entered the cage, and he watched with great frightened eyes the murky walls of the pit wherein they sank with a dizzy speed. In that descent, without vibration, and silent, save for the dripping of the water on the iron roof, the lamps flickered low, and in their vague half-light the fissures and elbows of the rock showed mysteriously—an interminable line of shades, which went like arrows fleeing aloft.

After a minute, the speed slackened suddenly, all feet fixed themselves more firmly on the moving floor, and with a hoarse rasping of bolts and chains, the heavy iron cage came to a stop at the gallery entrance.

They went together into the tunnel, the old man holding the boy by the hand. There was little movement in the mine, as it was yet early, and they were among the first to arrive. The gallery was high, and they could only dimly see a portion of the roof, spanned by great wooden beams, while the side walls remained invisible in the profound gloom which filled the vast and dismal excavation.

Some forty yards from their landing place, they stopped in front of a kind of grotto hewn from the rock. From the rough soot-colored roof hung a tin lantern, whose meagre beams gave the place the appearance of a crypt, mournful and shadowy. Deep in it, seated behind a table and making notes in an enormous register, was a little man, whose pale furrowed face stood out like a white mask upon the murky background. Hearing footsteps, he looked up, and directed a questioning stare at the old man, who advanced timidly, saying in a respectful and submissive voice: "I've brought the little fellow, sir."

The clerk surveyed the small, weak body. The boy's thin limbs, and the babyish expression of the brown face, with wide-opened eyes like a frightened animal's, impressed him unfavorably; and though his heart had been hardened by the daily spectacle of so much misery, a pity rose within him at the sight of this child, dragged from his games and condemned, like many another unhappy little creature, to languish wretchedly in the damp galleries of the mine. The severe lines in his face softened, and it was with a pretense of harshness that he spoke to the old man, who watched him, anxious for the result of the examination.

"But, man, this boy is too weak to be working yet. He's your son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you might have some pity on his tender years, and send him to school for a while before burying him here."

"But, sir," the miner stammered, a note of supplication in his voice, "we're six in the house, and there's been only one to work. Pablo is eight now, and he must earn the food he eats. And isn't he a miner's son? He's got to do like his elders, that never had any other schooling than the mine."

His hoarse, tremulous voice was choked suddenly by a fit of coughing, but his watery eyes kept begging with such persistence, that the clerk, conquered by this silent appeal, put a whistle to his lips, and produced a shrill sound that echoed to the depths of the lonely gallery. They heard a clatter of hurried foot steps, and a silhouette appeared in the doorway.

"Juan," said the little man to the newcomer, "Bring this youngster to Gate Number Twelve, to replace that boy of Jose's, who was killed by the train yesterday." And turning roughly to the elder, who was beginning to mutter his thanks, he added, "I see that last week you didn't do the regulation five boxes. Don't forget that if it happens again, we'll have to get rid of you and have a more active man." An energetic wave of the hand dismissed them.

The three walked silently, between two rows of rails, lengthening or shortening their steps to avoid the sleepers sunk in the miry ground. The guide, a man still young, went in the front, and behind came the old man, always holding Pablo by the hand. His chin was sunk upon his chest, and he was deep in thought. The menace in the clerk's words had filled him with terror. For some time it had been apparent to all that his strength was failing, that each day's work brought him nearer to that fatal minimum which, once passed, would convert the ancient workman into a simple encumbrance. It was all in vain that from morn till night, fourteen long hours, like a reptile in the narrow shaft, he would furiously attack the coal, bloodying himself against that inexhaustible vein which so many generations of slaves like himself had but scratched. That bitter and never-ending strife soon brought the youngest and strongest to decrepitude. In their damp and noisome burrow, they bent their backs and wore out their sinews, each morning feeling their flesh creep at the contact of the mineral, as a vicious horse trembles when he sees the shafts But hunger is a better goad than whip or spur, and they silently returned to their oppressive task, while the vein vibrated subtly, bitten by the square tooth of the pick, as a sandy shore is eaten by the onward surge of the sea.

A sudden halt of the guide awakened the old man from his dismal soliloquy. Their way was barred by a door, and huddled in the angle of the wall and the ground was a dark object, the outlines of which were revealed confusedly by the wavering beams of the lanthorns. It was a boy of some ten years of age.

With his elbows resting on his knees, and his pale face between his meagre hands, mute and motionless, he did not appear to notice the workmen who passed the gateway and left him plunged anew in the darkness. His wide-open, expressionless eyes were directed obstinately upwards, absorbed perhaps in the contemplation of some imaginary landscape which, like the mirage of the desert, mocked those pupils so thirsty for light, damp with the nostalgia of the far-off splendor of day. Charged with the management of that door, he was passing the endless hours of his prison-time in a miserable interment, overwhelmed by the enormous rock-roof that smothered for ever in him the gracious restlessness of childhood—the childhood whose sufferings leave in the heart that understands them an infinite bitterness, a sharp execration for human egoism and cowardice.

The two men and the boy, after walking some time in a narrow corridor, emerged into a high gallery, from the roof of which fell a continual rain of heavy drops of water. At intervals could be heard a dull and far-off sound, as if somewhere above their heads a gigantic hammer were beating upon the earth's crust. Pablo listened in wonderment, not knowing that it was the noise of the sea on the crags of the coast. They went a space further, and found themselves at length in front of Gate Number Twelve.

"Here you are!" said the guide, halting close by the door of planks which turned on its fastenings to a wooden frame in the rock. So dense was the darkness that the ruddy lights of the lamps that they carried fastened to the peaks of their leather caps, scarcely permitted them to see.

Pablo did not at once understand all this, and silently watched his companions, who, after exchanging a few hurried words, set themselves, with a brisk joviality, to explain the management of the door. The youngster, following their directions, opened and shut it repeatedly, removing the uncertainty of the father who feared that the strength of his son would not suffice for the work. He manifested his satisfaction, passing his rough hand through the tousled hair of his offspring, who so far had betrayed neither weariness nor alarm. His youthful imagination was confused and unsettled by his unfamiliar situation. At times it seemed to him that he was in a darkened room, and every moment he expected to see a window open somewhere and bathe the place in sunlight; but although his untutored heart had already forgotten the terror of the sinking cage, these unaccustomed gestures and caresses were gradually awakening his mistrust.

Far away in the gallery a light glimmered, and there came the rumbling of wheels upon the rails, while a heavy and rapid trotting shook the ground.

"The train!" cried both of the men, and the elder added breathlessly, "Quick, Pablo! Let's see how you do your work!"

The little fellow, with clenched fists, leaned his puny body against the door, which gave slowly until it touched the wall. The operation was scarcely finished when a horse, blackened, sweaty, and tired-looking, passed rapidly in front of them, dragging a line of heavily-laden trucks.

The workmen looked at each other, well pleased. The novice was now a tried door-keeper, and the old man began to talk to him flatteringly: he was no longer a child like those who stayed above there whining and hanging to their mother's skirts, but a man, a sturdy fellow, no less than a workman, that is to say, a comrade who must now be treated as such. And he gave him to understand that they would have to leave him alone now, but that he was not to be afraid. There were many others like him doing similar work in the mine. His father would be near, and would come from time to time to see him; and then, the day's toil ended, they would go together home.

Pablo heard all this with an increasing terror, and for answer clutched with both hands at his father's blouse. Until now he had not known exactly what was wanted of him, and the sudden turn taken by what he had conceived to be a simple excursion into the mine made him scared as a deer, dominated by the one frantic desire to quit that place, see his mother and brothers, and be once more in the light of day. To every affectionate argument he replied with a wailing and tremulous "Let us go!" Neither promises

(Continued on Page 18.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

(Those who are curious about the matter may read Charles Warren Stoddard's prose description of the region celebrated in the following poem, in his San Francisco book "In the Footprints of the Padres," recently republished by A. M. Robertson. The poem is taken from a volume published in 1867 by A. Roman and Company, the old San Francisco publishing house, and entitled simply "Poems by Charles Warren Stoddard." This volume is now extremely rare. It has an added interest because of its illustrations which are from original paintings and engravings by William Keith.)

XI—AT POINT LOBOS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Clear noon without obscurity.
No flake of cloud 'twixt heaven and me;
No mist athwart the Golden Gate:
The hearty sun doth wilfully
His profuse beams precipitate.

I cling to humped rocks that kneel
On unswept sands, where breakers reel
In splendid curves, and pile their foam
In spongy hills, that slow congeal,
And dulce and drift-wood find a home.

We clasp the silver crescent set
Within the hazy parapet
That belts the horizon: in glee
I count the fitful puffs that fret
The eternal levels of the sea.

I watch the waves that seem to breathe
And pant unceasingly beneath
Their silken coverings, that cringe,
As flecked with swirls of froth, they seethe,
And whip, and flutter to a fringe.

Brown pipers run upon the sand
Like shadows; far out from the land
Gray gulls slide up against the blue;
One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew.

My city is beyond the hill;
I cannot hear its voices shrill:
I little heed its gains and greeds:
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophes in the reeds.

And to this music I forswear
Whatever soils the world with care:
I see the listless waters toss—
I track the swift lark through the air—
I lie with sunlight on the moss.

White caravans of cloud go by
Across the desert of bright sky,
And burly winds are following
The trailing pilgrims, as they fly
Over the grassy hills of spring.

What Mecca are they hastening to?
What princess journeying to woo
In the rich Orient? I am thrilled
With spice and odor they imbue—
I feed upon their manna spilled!

I strip my breast with eager mind,
To tarry and invite the wind
To my embrace: by curious spell
It quickens me with praises kind—
'Tis Ariel that blows his shell!

Invisible, and soft as dews
Descending, he his love renews,
Delighting daisy colonies
That gloss them with the lustrous ooze
Of meadows steeped in ecstacies.

Until the homely, sunburnt Heads,
The tumbling hills, in browns and reds,
And gray sand-hillocks, everywhere
Are buried in the mist that sheds
Its subtle snow upon the air.

And Prospero, aroused from sleep,
Recalls his spirits from the deep—
They cross the wave with stealthy tread,
Their shadows down upon me weep—
And day is past, and joy is fled.

I hear the dismal bells that shout
Their warning to the ships without:
The dripping sails are reefed and furled,
The pilots sound and grope about—
The Gate is barred against the world!

The Spectator

The Decadent Pulpit

Would it not be well for us to turn our attention to the uplift of the pulpit? We are uplifting everything else, but is there anything else for the purity of which we are more profoundly concerned? These reflections were induced by the case of the Rev. Charles Richeson who is under arrest for the murder of Miss Avis Linnell. I do not assume that Richeson is guilty, but supposing him to be guilty he is by no means a rara avis in the pulpit. Of late years scandals are multiplying at an alarming rate among the ministers of the four and forty jarring sects. This is a phenomenon that ought to be investigated; much more so than any of the things that the pulpit is investigating. How absurd to be trying to improve the morals of business or of society or of politics if the fountainhead of all morality is polluted! Now, though muckraking of any kind is repugnant to me I am especially averse to applying the muckrake to the pulpit, but I have some data, which I have been gathering for a few months, and which I am constrained to submit, with the hope of arousing the good men of the pulpit from their apathy and to the urgent advisability of starting an uplift movement among themselves with a view to putting their house in order.

Some Passionate Preachers

That the Christian ministry is a profession possessing many attractions for men of weak minds and frail character the chronicles of our times seem to attest. Some months ago my attention having been called to the frequency with which ministers of the gospel figured in torrid love episodes and in crimes of all kinds, I began the practice of keeping a record of their iniquitous doings and in a short time I had a collection of clippings that would fill a very large scrapbook. Let us consult them at random taking note first of instances of sexual perversity. First comes a half-column story from Atlanta, Ga. In last February the President of the Atlanta Bible College and one of the professors, Rev. O. S. Tallent, had a quarrel over a girl aged 17 years. Each accused the other of being too fond of women, and they came to blows. The next day Dr. Tallent married the girl. In the same month of February came news from Tacoma of charges of immorality against Rev. A. M. Casey, pastor of the First Methodist Church. He left town, and then it was learned that before coming to Tacoma he was involved in a scandal with a woman in Everett, Wash. About the same time there was a scandal in the Methodist Episcopal Church South of Alameda, the Rev. Walter P. McClaskey, a married man, having paid too much attention to a pretty widow. A little later the Rev. William Stuckey, of Ottawa, Kan., was tried on a charge of abducting a 16-year-old girl and found guilty. About the same time Rev. Clyde Gow of the Methodist Episcopal Church South of Plattsburg, Mo., was dismissed on charges

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made against him by Miss Elizabeth Gleason, a school teacher, who died as a result of a criminal operation. Next occurred the death of Frances Peters, 20 years of age, in Kansas City, from mercurial poisoning. Karl Bickel, a divinity student, was arrested for the crime. He was living with the girl when she died. The First Congregational Church of Sutton, Mass., was in the throes of a scandal in November last year owing to a love affair between the pastor, Rev. Oscar F. Stetson and a pretty organist. Letters from the girl to the preacher were published. Some of them were signed "Your wife."

More Love Affairs

Let us skip a few months, cast aside a few bundles of clippings and come down nearer to date. In the month of April of this year Judge Graham granted Jennie Du Moulin a divorce from her husband the Rev. Walter Du Moulin because he was too friendly with young women in Seattle. On April 20th the Rev. Karl Carlson, a Lutheran minister pleaded guilty to bigamy in Chicago, having three wives. On August Judge Graham granted Mrs. Pauline Peck a divorce from the Rev. Benjamin Peck, a Methodist minister, on account of an affinity. On June 5th the Rev. George A. Symington, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church of Centralia, Wash., was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, having been convicted of an unspeakable crime. He was married and was the father of three children. Along about the same time came the news from Hastings, Mich., of a scandal involving the Rev. Ezra Moorehouse, a sterling Prohibitionist, who goes about making war on the Demon but with no prejudice against Cupid. His first wife sued his second wife for damages for alienating his affections, and she got the money. A few months ago the newspapers were telling about the Rev. John Cronenberger of the First Christian Church of Bucyrus, O., who went to Reno to get a divorce and marry an affinity.

Versatility in Crime

My clippings show that clergymen figure in all sorts of crimes from lying to horse-stealing. On April 21st the Rev. Delman Trimble of the Centenary Methodist Church of Portland, Or., was forced to admit before a grand jury that when he asserted in his pulpit that there were 105 evil resorts in the city, he didn't know what he was talking about. On April 22nd Ralph Anderson, a divinity student of Middletown, Del., was arrested for horse-stealing and confessed. On April 27th Governor Hay of Washington pardoned the Rev. E. B. Sutton, a Presbyterian clergyman convicted of fraudulent registration. On the 16th of last March the Rev. S. S. Murphy, a Christian minister of Lodi, was sued for support by his invalid daughter. In May of this year the Rev. E. E. Fairchild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Helena, Mont., was lured from his home and beaten almost to death by two men. He said their object was robbery, but he had not been robbed. A purse full of money was found in his pocket. The matter was hushed up, as was the somewhat similar case of the Rev. E. Kendall Severance, formerly assistant pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, who was picked up on the corner of Third and Minna streets late at night in an unconscious condition. He was bleeding from several wounds, and his coat and hat were missing. He said he had been assaulted on the street by thugs, but the police learned that the assault occurred in a room occupied by a race-track tout in a Third street lodging house. The practice of hushing up the scandals of clergymen is perhaps one of the reasons why their scandals multiply. Each sect would have the world believe that God keeps the devil out of its pulpit, and the whitewashing of erring preachers is a continuous performance. The Rev. Charles Richeson had an unsavory past before he entered the Lord's vineyard in Boston, but it had not been exposed. Perhaps if it had been Miss Avis Linnell would now be alive. Why should the trustees of a church deem it prudent to protect a wolf in sheep's clothing? There are trustees not far away who ought to ponder this query.

More Clerical Criminals

I have clippings in abundance to prove that crimes of every kind have been committed by clergymen, but I will cite only a few more of recent instances. There is the case of the Rev. Norman Plass of Boston who was convicted last June of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. There is the case of the Rev. T. H. H. Gardener of Ellensburg, Wash., who beat his wife to death on the 28th of May this year in a fit of jealous rage. There is the case of the Rev. Henry T. Adams, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Arcata, Humboldt County, who was caught a month ago robbing the till of the Union Water Company. And there is the case of the Rev. James R. Kaye who was sent to jail in Peoria for counterfeiting. Nearly every week in the year a clergyman is somewhere either arrested for a criminal act or involved in a scandal. Now assuredly, such being the case, it is high time to do something for the pulpit. It is evident that religion ought to be in better hands, that the pulpit should not be accessible to such men as have been crowding into the ministry and bringing disgrace upon the sacred profession. It occurs to me that if the clergymen of all the jarring sects were to get together for the purification of their own profession they would render a much greater service to society than they are now rendering by railing at the institutions of government and trying to reform things that are in much less need of reform than the system by which the ministry is recruited.

A Row in Apple Land

If the golden apples of the Pajaro Valley had all been plucked from the evil tree which grew the pippin of discord there could hardly be more pother in Watsonville than there is at present. Mixed in the hullabaloo are a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister, the Knights of Columbus, an editor and, last but by no means least, Governor Johnson's Board of Control. The accustomed quiet of the little town has been torn up by the roots and there is no telling when peace will return. The climax of the disturbance came when the Reverend E. B. Hays, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, called at the St. Francis Orphanage of Watsonville which is conducted with State aid by the Franciscan fathers, and presented credentials from the State Board of Control investing him with the right to examine into the conduct of the institution. He was there, it seemed, to find out for the State Board of Control whether the State funds given to the orphanage had been misappropriated and whether the orphans were inadequately clothed and fed. The reverend gentleman was given every opportunity to investigate and wrote the orphanage a clean bill of health. But the excitement caused by his visit had hardly taken its second breath when a probation officer from Alameda County appeared at the door of the orphan asylum, charged with the identical mission. He too reported that the charges were entirely unfounded.

The Apple of Discord

Who inspired that investigation? That is what all Watsonville wants to know. And the answer usually given is that it was caused by Father Hassett, the parish priest. Gossip has it that Father Hassett, who is a man of mild peculiarities, has not been on good terms with the Franciscan fathers who conduct the orphanage. It is said that his unfriendly feeling was fanned recently during the Watsonville apple festival when the Knights of Columbus played a baseball game for the benefit of the institution. At any rate it is freely asserted on the streets of the erstwhile placid apple town that Father Hassett addressed a letter to Radcliffe, the superintendent of the capitol at Sacramento and incidentally one of the owners of the Watsonville Pajaronian, making the charges which brought about the investigation. When the Reverend Mr. Hays went to the orphanage to investigate he told the Franciscans that Father Hassett had preferred the charges. Yet Father Hassett denies emphatically having had anything to do with the matter, thereby adding an element of mystery to the affair. How-

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ever, the charges were made and it is generally believed that they were communicated to the Board of Control by Radcliffe. It was the Watsonville Pajaronian which first published the story, thereby throwing Watsonville into an uproar. Of course, the source of the charges is not the main point of controversy. The great question is, Why did the Board of Control pick out a Presbyterian minister to examine a Catholic orphan asylum? On that question the people of Watsonville are doing a lot of speculating.

A Tentative Explanation

Of course the good people of Watsonville are competent to answer this question for themselves. But I am willing to hazard an explanation which may or may not be the correct one. The Board of Control is dominated by John Francis Neylan, a Catholic. A shrewd young man is Neylan, a student of political currents and cross-currents, a listener to political whisperings and gossipings. May it not be that Neylan wishes to demonstrate to the State at large that the present administration is not dominated by Catholics? With Joe Dwyer ruling the waterfront, with Matt Sullivan close to the ear of the Governor and with Theodore Roche, Sullivan's law partner, representing the Governor in the investigation of the State printing office, men who are impetuous in drawing conclusions might infer that Governor Johnson was unduly fond of Catholics. These impetuous ones might think that the conditions which obtained in San Francisco when the Sullivan-Dwyer political faction dominated the patronage offices of the city were to be paralleled on a larger scale. It would occur to Neylan, perhaps, that such impetuous conclusions should be forestalled. No doubt it has come to his ears that the control which the Sullivan-Dwyer faction exercised in this city was seized upon by bigots as a means of giving impulse to the A. P. A. movement. So it is within the bounds of plausibility that Neylan used the situation in Watsonville to show that the State administration was not tender of any particular creed. May not that be the reason why a friendly Presbyterian minister was sent to investigate the condition of a Catholic orphanage? Whatever be the truth, there can be no doubt that the Board of Control blundered. It set what may be regarded as a bad precedent. If a Presbyterian minister may pry into the affairs of the Franciscan fathers, why may not a Baptist minister investigate the Youths' Directory?

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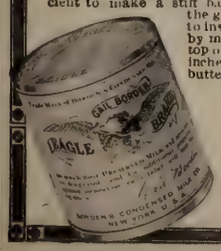

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Too Much Alexander

Los Angeles is threatened with a catastrophe. So I am informed by a veracious correspondent, who, apparently disliking Los Angeles, is delighted at the melancholy prospect. Before breaking into his story, by way of foreword, he says Los Angeles is celebrated for nothing but its climate, which he pronounces atrocious, and its anti-union sentiment in spite of which it may soon have a government dominated by the unions plus the Socialists. That's the prospective catastrophe. If it befall Los Angeles, according to my correspondent, much of the blame will be justly attributed to Mayor Alexander, formerly of Iowa, whence came most of the strange beings that have given Los Angeles its odd complexion. Mayor Alexander, says my correspondent, is typical of the citizenry. He is in the seventies, wears a chin beard and hopes to abate the joy of living even in its mildest manifestations. So he became popular in Los Angeles almost as soon as he arrived from Iowa, and he has practiced politics successfully. First he was elected Councilman and then he became Mayor. In emulation of that other great ruler Haroun Al Raschid, Mayor Alexander takes a paternal interest in the welfare of his subjects, and studies them in their moments of relaxation. On one of his excursions about town he discovered that it was infested with gay bucks with chin beards who seemed to be afflicted with oglemania. Shocked at the discovery he formed a "Purity Squad" and ordered the arrest of all winkers of both sexes. In time the news got out that women were employed to wink at men thus to render weak Adams liable to arrest. The stratagem worked admirably, but it excited indignation, especially among the suffragettes, who, now that they have a right to vote are going to teach Mayor Alexander a lesson. It is said that they struck a bargain with Job Harriman whereby he agreed to vote the Socialists and Laborites for the suffrage amendment in consideration of the promise of the women to vote for him for Mayor.

Earl and Otis United

So Los Angeles appears to be in a nice pickle as a result of her passion for fads and fancies. She was crazy for all the constitutional amendments, and now the probability is that at the first rattle out of the box she will get a surfeit of them. The awful outlook has filled the leading citizens with consternation, and in the fight that is being waged those two mortal enemies, General Otis and E. Tartuffe Earl, are on the same side. It is said that General Otis is alarmed because if the McNamaras should be acquitted the probability is that widows and orphans of the men who lost their lives in the Times' explosion will sue him for damages. He realizes that he would have a pretty hard fight if put on the defensive before juries drawn by a hostile Administration.

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The Doctor Repeated

Up at the Union-League Club in O'Farrell street a certain well-known physician has been the butt of much jesting during the past few days. And all because he is an inveterate hero-worshiper. When the President visited the Union-League Club, the members lined up to shake him by the hand. Just why this was done, I don't know. The President doesn't like it, and a perfunctory clasp of the presidential hand ought not to appeal particularly to men who have hobnobbed with as many of the great as have the members of the Union-League. The Press clubmen acted more sensibly. They cut out the hand-shaking. However, they didn't cut it out at the Union-League, and it took a long time. The well-known physician in question was so impressed with the honor of touching fists with the President that when he had had his second of intimate contact, he hurried to the end of the line and waited patiently for another chance. When he finally reached the President the second time, Mr. Taft looked at him in surprise and exclaimed: "Hello! You've been here before!" The doctor got two handshakes, but he has been twitted about his childish enthusiasm ever since. His fellow clubmen call him "the repeater."

Wingfield's Oasis

George Wingfield, the Nevada millionaire, has made the desert blossom like the rose, and after several years of work has one of the most beauti-

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ful estates in the West. Those who have had the good fortune to visit it go away marveling that such a place should be in the Sagebrush State. Wingfield has improved 3,000 acres near Big Honey Lake by building a home and stocking his preserves with all sorts of fish and game. The Wingfield "bungalow," so called, was put up at a cost of $30,000 and is equipped with every luxury of metropolitan life. There are many guest rooms with private baths, telephones and so on. There is a beautiful garden running down to a private lake which is stocked with fish and which will soon sport a steamer like that on Tahoe, only smaller. There are all sorts of trees laid out by an expert who was lured from the employ of one of our peninsular millionaires. Game is abundant. I hear that Wingfield is even preparing to stock his woods with California lions and bears, so that those who wish may do some big hunting when they visit him. The improvement of his broad acres has already cost Wingfield $80,000, not counting the cost of the "Bungalow," and he is prepared to spend as much more before he rests. Altogether, there will be no place like Wingfield's in the West.

Lawlor's Latest Pose

Judge William P. Lawlor, whose instinct for newspaperiety is unerring, had himself written up the other day in the Sun of New York. His friends in this city will probably be astonished to learn that he posed before the interviewer as one "whose strict interpretation of the law in cases where strikers had done deeds of violence has at times brought upon him the disfavor of a certain element of organized labor and burdened his mail with threatening letters." Is Judge Lawlor making capital out of the Buckley case? That was one of the few cases in which he didn't misinterpret the law, but Buckley, as was learned after his conviction, was innocent and was pardoned on the recommendation of Justice Angellotti by Governor Gillett, who satisfied himself after a most thorough investigation that a great blunder had been made. Judge Lawlor incurred the enmity of union men because, although newly discovered evidence raised a great doubt of the defendant's guilt, he was averse to joining in a request for commutation of sentence.

Archie Butt's Affliction

When Major Archibald Butt, the President's splendiferous aide, was last here with the President, he was inclined to be brusque and overbearing, so he did not make a good impression. But this time he was the soul of courtesy. In Seattle, I believe, the Chief of Police threatened to lick him on account of his too cavalier manner, but nothing of the sort occurred here. Archie has been mellowed by association with the President. But if he had been a trifle irritable, there would have been good excuse for it. The fact is that during his visit in San Francisco, Archie was afflicted with hives! He bore his sufferings like a hero and uttered no word of complaint.

Physicians everywhere recommend the Italian-Swiss Colony's choice TIPO (red or white) on account of its purity and quality. Ask your grocer for TIPO.

Sousa Likes His Suite

One of our younger composers who will be heard from more and more as time goes on is Herman Heller who leads the orchestra at the St. Francis. When Henry Miller produced "The End of the Bridge" here he asked Heller to compose the incidental music and was delighted with the result. Now Sousa has put his seal of approval on Heller's work by acquiring the rights to one of his compositions. This is a four-part suite from a musical drama called "The Desert." The book of this play was written by George Foster Platt for production at the New Theatre in New York, Platt having been one of the directors of that costly enterprise. But the New Theatre closed its doors before "The Desert" could be presented, so Platt's drama and Heller's music have never been given in public. Sousa heard Heller play the suite from "The Desert" and liked it so well that he acquired the right to produce it on tour. The suite is in four parts: Prelude, the Ride through the Desert, Despair and At Biskra. Those who have heard it give it high praise.

Back From the Woods

Hal Gerome has returned from an all summer sketching tour, and has established a studio at 1015 Larkin street. He has material sufficient to keep him busy all winter, and will occupy himself for some time painting his beloved redwood scenes to fill orders. He has not been idle by any means as a visit to the studio proves, for many paintings of unusual merit are there besides numbers of the little gems that have made him well known in his line of work. As a delineator of wood life Gerome has no peer in the West. His redwoods are redolent of the life and beauty of the forest in its most entrancing moods. Nothing in water colors has every been produced in the West that can at all compare with them.

Ought to be Elected

So many of the candidates for supervisor have strings of one kind or another attached to them that those who are free from all entanglements deserve particular consideration at the hands of the voters. William H. McCarthy is one of these. His career has been clean and successful. Born and raised in the Mission he has spent his whole life in this city. At the time of the earthquake and fire he was secretary of the Mission Relief Association of which Mayor-elect Rolph was president and had a prominent part in the succoring of one hundred thousand refugees. He is now president of a boot and shoe manufacturing company, one of the few concerns of the sort on the coast and one which has never had any difficulty on the score of labor. McCarthy was appointed a Fire Commissioner by Mayor Taylor and served with distinction, aiding in the installation of an improved fire alarm system and securing for the fire laddies the right to their pay during sickness. The fact that at the recent primary he was given the third highest vote in a field of 174 indicates his popularity. William H. McCarthy ought to be elected.

Booted But Not Spurred

"Why the limp?"

"Asked Papa Plunks for his daughter. Wrote out the request in my best style and handed it to him."

"Well?"

"He read it over."

"And then?"

"And then he handed it back with a footnote."

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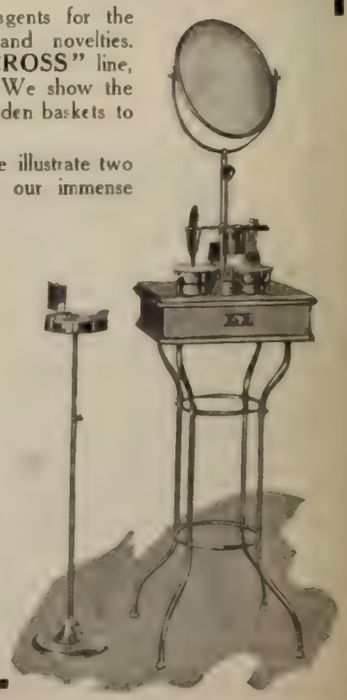
For men, we have many desirable utilities. We illustrate two of them below---they are suggestions, merely, of our immense holiday line.



Shaving Stand, heavily nickeled, with white enameled lock-drawer cabinet and heavy plate glass table top. Fitted with spirit lamp heater and boiler, hot water and lather cups, razor and match stands and beveled swinging mirror. Equipment also includes,—not shown—electric light brackets mounted below mirror with two frosted, spherical lamps and twelve feet white cord. A complete and compact domestic barber shop that may be placed in any room of the house. Price **$49.50.**

Other shaving outfits **$2.50** to **$37.50.**

Smoking Stand, as illustrated, heavily nickeled and adjustable in height. Tray is glass lined so metal won't tarnish. Match box holder and receptacles for lighted cigars. A beautiful addition to the den, **$10.**

Many similar designs in nickel, satin finished and bright brass, from **$2** to **$12.50.**

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan as an Opera Star

It may soon be our privilege to hear Mrs. Frank Carolan as an operatic star. This most versatile of our aristocrats is considering the advisability of giving some light opera in public for the sacred cause of charity. All the performers will be drawn from the ranks of the elect, and will be chosen, even for the chorus, on the double basis of their ability to sing and their social importance. This project has been revolved in Mrs. Carolan's active brain ever since she returned from Paris where she cultivated her voice with the assistance of Criticos, the well known teacher of European exclusives. It is many years since San Francisco's leisured class has turned its attention to the production of an opera, and the project would excite enthusiasm and command attention. No

Photo, Habenicht

MISS JULIE STEIN

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stein whose engagement to Mr. Norbert Shorb has been announced.

doubt we shall hear an announcement soon. An opera in which Mrs. Carolan's soprano voice could be heard to the greatest advantage will undoubtedly be chosen.

The Carolans of Paris

It has become correct, in speaking of the Carolans, to refer to them as "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carolans of San Francisco and Paris," the reason being that they now have permanent establishments in both cities. To be exact, their permanent establishment in this part of the world is located down the peninsula and not in this city, but it is much more impressive to say "San Francisco and Paris" than "Paris and Burlingame." When the Carolans left Paris to return home recently they did not give up their beautiful apartments, nor did they strip them of the wonderful furniture, paintings, statues and bric-a-brac which Mrs. Carolan gathered during her stay in the capital of the world. The reason is that they intend to go back. The spell of Paris has been cast over them and their hearts are now divided between "the Paris of America" and the "San Francisco of Europe." Besides, Frank Carolan is one of the organizers of the new country club for Parisians. This will be called the St. Cloud Country Club and will be the first of its kind in France. Frank Carolan is associated in the enterprise with Pierpont Morgan, Gordon Bennett, Hazen Hyde, Moncure Robinson, the Duke of Vallombrosa, the Duke de Guiche, Baron Henri de Rothschild and Prince Poniatowski. Already $200,000 has been subscribed. That country club at St. Cloud is destined to see as much if not more of the Carolans than the country club at Burlingame.

Does Eames Dislike Flowers?

I wonder if Emma Eames retains her old dislike for flowers? It may be news to people who think they know the diva that she has a deep-seated aversion for the blooms which usually gladden the hearts of stage stars, but it's a fact. I recall that on her former visits to this city she was almost smothered with floral offerings, not only in the opera house but also in her hotel apartments. And then she went East and told an interviewer something like this: "The dear San Francisco people were very generous with their flowers, so generous that I simply hadn't the heart to tell them that flowers have a harmful effect on my voice. I was half glad to leave there on that account and deodorize myself of floral perfume." And then some of those who strewed her path with expensive blooms wished that they had saved their money. I wonder if Eames still avoids inhaling the fragrance of floral tributes?

An Irreproachable Past

Eames, by the way, has always been one of the stars who could be invited anywhere. She is an aristocrat, her past is absolutely flawless. Not that that makes her unique among the songbirds by any means, but, as you know, there have been some gay ones. Emma Eames married young Julian Story, the son of the great sculptor-poet, against her mother's wishes. There was a breach between mother and daughter which lasted a long time but was finally healed when Mrs. Eames found the marriage was a happy one. As we know, it did not remain so. Mrs. Eames was herself a splendid singer and was, in her girlhood, more beautiful than her daughter. Emma was born in Shanghai, but was raised in Bath, Maine, going thence to Boston. Later she went abroad and studied in Paris under Marchesi. It used to be a sore point with the people of Bath that Emma was always described as coming from Boston instead of from the Maine town. No doubt they were jealous of Farmington in the same State, that being the town which gave Nordica to the world.

Never a Coquette

In Boston they used to say that before Emma Eames fell in love with Julian Story she was considered to be absolutely without a heart. At one time a story went the rounds that a famous orchestra leader of Boston was infatuated with her but that she would not even look at him. Never a word was ever said against her in Paris, where the reputations of song birds are usually torn to tatters despite the utmost discretion in their conduct. She was always well-poised, dignified, in fact a model for other prime donne to follow to their advantage. Owing to the inquiry by an ecclesiastical court into the conditions of her second marriage, she has even been fortunate enough to escape the criticism which is sometimes occasioned by a divorced

Photo, Habenicht

MISS MARIE LOUISE TYSON

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Tyson of Alameda and sister of Mrs. Harry Weihe, who made her debut recently.

woman who remarries and becomes the wife of a divorced man. Great is the power of the church.

The Doc Took My Advice

I notice that Doctor Aked has acted on my suggestion that he investigate conditions along the Barbary Coast, with special reference to those popular dances, the grizzly bear and the turkey trot. Whether the reverend gentleman made a special study of these dances during his recent tour I am unable to say just yet, but no doubt he did not overlook them. The point of importance is that Doctor Aked has actually braved the unknown dangers of our night life in order to familiarize himself with some of the ways in which the submerged live. I suppose he would have done so at an earlier date had he not been preoccupied with the campaign for womanhood

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suffrage. When Doctor Aked preaches about his experiences on the Coast, experiences which he tersely characterized as "most extraordinary," I shall make a point of being present. And if he overlooks the grizzly bear and the turkey trot, great will be my disappointment.

Miss Crocker's Debut

The Crocker reception for the debut of Miss Marian last Saturday was a brilliant function at which all sets in society were represented. The men were there in shoals. Rarely has a debutante been so auspiciously launched. The handsome rooms of the residence were converted into bowers of bloom by the many floral compliments of the debutante's friends. The florists sold out all their orchids, and varieties of this costly blossom were massed together in a lavish display in the alcove where Mrs. Crocker and her daughter stood to receive their guests. Mrs. Crocker looked young enough to be her daughter's sister in a light orchid-blue costume that contrasted well with the latter's frock of pink chiffon. She has the pronounced brunette coloring of her daughter who is among the handsomest of the debutantes. Her sister Mrs. Othello Scribner is of the same Spanish type.

The Most Beautiful Bud

The beauty par excellence of all the buds was Miss Isabel Beaver who wore a Parisian costume of pink draped over pink and white brocade. She was the center of an admiring circle and was unconscious of the flattering comments she evoked. Miss Gladys Buchanan who is distantly related to the Crockers was one of the beauties present, but she was not in the receiving party. She is a Junoesque beauty with brown hair and magnificent dark eyes, and was a handsome figure with white furs. The refreshments came in for many approving comments. An elaborate menu was provided and the viands were generously served as is not always the case at similar functions, a dab of salad and a teaspoonful of sherbert usually sufficing. The masculine element appreciated the generous catering to their appetites and I fear future hostesses will be obliged to observe Mrs. Crocker's standards in this matter if the men are to be inveigled into attendance at their functions.

The Prince Luitpold

Although no formal engagement existed between Maud Fay and Prince Luitpold of Bavaria whose death took place in Munich last week, I am told that Miss Fay had a feeling of warm friendship for her titled German admirer. Prince Luitpold was a cultured gentleman, and a friend who knew him in Munich tells me he was genuinely attached to the gifted California singer and used every persuasion to induce her to marry him. But Miss Fay was wedded to her art and the two remained merely friends. Miss Fay had been singing in London when news of the Prince's death reached her. She has been much saddened by the loss. Members of her family have a number of snap-shots taken of Miss Fay and the Prince with their friends in Munich, and they had corresponded with him. So they were shocked to hear of his untimely end.

Mrs. Atherton Goes East

Gertrude Atherton signalized the last few days of her stay in town by allowing herself to be entertained more than has been her wont. During her sojourn here she was so busy with her new novel that she refused to be distracted by the invitations of her friends. But before leaving for Chicago where her play goes soon into rehearsal, she attended one or two affairs. She was present at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank Carolan at her Cupertino cottage, just before the Carolans closed this place to move up to Burlingame. The affair became an impromptu musicale. Among those present were Mr. Charles Page Bryan, our new Ambassador to Japan who has been the guest of the Carolans, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Edward C. Getsinger, Miss Genevieve King and Mr. Frank Carroll Giffen. On Tuesday night Mrs. Atherton was the guest of Mr. James D. Phelan at the Eames-De Gogorza concert.

Phelan to Build

I hear that James D. Phelan is going to build a palatial home in the hills beyond Los Gatos that will be the show place of this section of the State. He has obtained a large tract of land and will lay it out in a park and hunting preserves. The house will be built in the Italian style of architecture and a court will be one feature of it. Phelan has architects drawing up plans and I am told work will be begun soon after the first of the year. Phelan Park at Santa Cruz which has been the summer residence of the ex-mayor of San Francisco for many years will not be abandoned, but will continue to be the abode of other members of the family.

They Lack the Cash

The patronesses of the various dancing clubs and even, I am told, Ned Greenway, are worried about the failure of some of the young men to send their subscriptions for the parties of the Winter. As the young men in question are regarded as eligible in every sense of the word, they will be missed at the coming dancing parties, and the hostesses are wondering whether there will be enough partners for the girls. Upon inquiry I have discovered the reason for this state of affairs. The young men would like to attend the subscription dances, but they can't afford to. A twenty dollar subscription here and a ten dollar subscription there are not so bad, but when it comes to flowers for the girls and the hostesses, taxicabs and the inevitable theatre tickets and so on, the young men simply can't keep up the pace. So they won't do much dancing this season.

Miss Robinson to Wed

Miss Elena Robinson is expected back soon from a visit to Arizona. Her marriage to Brewster Cameron will take place in the early winter at Woodside. The marriage of Mr. Cameron's sister Miss Jean Hunter Cameron of Tucson, and Leland Drew Adams of New York is announced for next month. It will take place in the East and will be followed by the Robinson-Cameron nuptials on the return of Cameron to California. While Miss Robinson has never displayed her mother's clever wit, she is a young woman of quiet intellectual attainments and pronounced personality. She is an ardent suffragist and won over many adherents to the cause from among her friends. Miss Robinson made her debut six or seven years ago and the following year went to Europe where she remained several years, spending the winters in Egypt for the benefit of her health which for a time was delicate. Since her return she has spent much time with relatives in the southern part of the State, and has given her time to more serious matters than society. After her marriage to Brewster Cameron whose father is one of Arizona's wealthiest citizens, she will live in Tucson.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. John C. Manning, director of the piano department of the California Conservatory of Music, gave a piano recital at Scottish Rite Hall on Friday evening. He was assisted by Mr. Julius A. Haug, violinist. The program included compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy, MacDowell, Chopin and Faure.

Recent arrivals at Casa Del Rey, Santa Cruz, include: Anna J. Wikoff, Elizabeth Chidester, Princeton, N. J.; Mrs. L. Reynolds, Cincinnati, O.; L. Carter and wife, Georgie; C. P. Henderson and wife, Miss Henderson, Indiana; T. L. Eluryn and wife, Philadelphia; W. H. McKinnon Jr., G. C. MacKinnon, Miss Mae Perkins, Mrs. Grace Martin, A. Jonas and wife, Miss Jonas, Mrs. Theo. Cohen, Oakland; E. W. Wilcox, Alameda; H. P. Crane, San Francisco; R. S. Rowley, T. J. Dunsmer, Jr. New York; T. J. Dunsmer, Chicago; R. T. Mason and wife, San Francisco, Mrs. E. A. Blakeman, Mrs. W. H. Bayley, Mrs. E. W. Dickey,

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Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Mills, H. D. Wheeler, M. M. Meyers, L. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wing, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Richter, Ray Carruthers, Howard Brinker, W. A. Stringer, S. B. Toby, C. J. Neleigh, Mrs. Charles E. Parent, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Allison.

Mrs. Gilbert Curtiss of Oakland entertained a group of friends at dinner and cards on Tuesday evening at the Hotel Victoria. The guests are members of a fortnightly "500" club. Yellow chrysanthemums and ferns formed the decorations for a round table where covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Wallace R. Pond, Mrs. Henry Bull, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Button, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Schrock, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Laymance, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Craft, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Curtiss and Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Wehrmann.

In honor of her sister Mrs. W. H. Garlick who has been visiting in San Francisco, Mrs. H. K. Defendorf entertained recently at a Hallowe'en luncheon. Fourteen guests were seated at a round table in the private dining room of the Hotel Victoria. Witches, black cats, pumpkins and all the traditional Hallowe'en accessories were used in decorating the table and the room. The guests included fourteen former class mates of Mrs. Garlick during her school days at Miss Head's in Berkeley. Mrs. Garlick returned to her home in Astoria early in the week.

Mrs. J. H. Hough and Miss Lynette Hough have been down from Stockton for a few days stay at the Hotel Victoria.

A. A. Meeth and C. Meeth from Grand Rapids, Michigan, are in San Francisco on a business trip. They are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. M. J. Coppuck has come to town from Burlingame and has taken an apartment at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, prominent local people, are planning to spend the winter at the St. Francis, having just returned from Honolulu.

Mrs. E. Klamp and Miss Laura Girard are Honolulu visitors who are registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. J. W. Browning and Miss Elma Browning are down from their home at Grand Island for a week's stay in this city. Miss Browning has a number of school friends here and her visits are always made merry ones. Mrs. Browning and Miss Browning are at the Hotel Victoria.

J. M. Waterbury, the foremost polo player of the East, after spending a week at Burlingame, came to San Francisco and registered at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jordan from Los Angeles are guests at the Hotel Victoria during a stay in San Francisco.

Senator L. W. Juailliard of Santa Rosa has been a guest at the St. Francis for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Ulrich of Washington, D. C., are spending some time in San Francisco and registered at the St. Francis. Mr. Ulrich is a geologist connected with the department of the interior.

Captain W. M. Whitmore, U. S. A., with Mrs. Whitmore and their two boys spent a few days in town this week. They were guests at the Hotel Victoria where a number of the army and navy people are established.

In the list of San Franciscans recently at Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz, are: H. M. Bacon, J. E. Woodbridge, M. A. Holliday and wife, Wm. B. Gester, Gen. Ritter and wife, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. J. C. Newton, N. Beeber and wife, Gen. Black and wife, Mrs. Howard, Miss Penetta Treanton, Miss Ella Quigley, Col. C. H. Wever, Mrs. Jno. Hazlett, H. W. Postlethwaite and wife, John Hartigan, C. J. Bergman, Geo. H. Cordy, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Dana, Dr. J. E. Ginley and wife, Rebecca Hess, Mrs. Hess, P. R. Weinman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. Zetwades, F. E. Fitzpatrick, J. C. McKinstry, David Donzel, W. F. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fries, Morris Coppel, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, A. P. Marion, L. C. Stewart, L. C. Hammond, Zeb Collin, Mrs. Theo Cohen.

Captain Chas. Reiner is registered at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Tupman of Bakersfield registered at the Hotel Victoria during the week. Mrs. Tupman is to spend a fortnight in San Francisco.

The Fountain of a Million Hues

If you hear of an innovation unusually brilliant and beautiful, of course you naturally turn your steps toward Tait's to see it! This time it is a fountain—an electric fountain—splashing myriad colors in all directions—a changeable, beautiful, fascinating thing strangely typical of this captivating Cafe—always full of variety and still the same so far as excellency and beauty are concerned. The beautiful decorations, the mysterious hidden chimes, the music and laughter make going to Tait's a joy. The refined service and pleasing table appointments and delicious dishes bind old friends closely to it, and brings many new ones there.

Her Protector

The pretty girl in the red turban had succeeded in swimming out to the float, and was greatly elated. To be sure it was low tide, and the distance between where she could touch bottom and the steps to the float was scarcely more than ten feet, but she felt very proud of herself, for it was the first time she had ever accomplished the feat.

"Bravo!" cried a man who was standing in water just up to his shoulders. He was a very sunburned man with a partially bald head, and his broad smile disclosed the fact that most of his teeth were missing. He had been watching the pretty girl in the red turban with what seemed to be an air of guardianship.

She rested for a few minutes. She had never bathed at this particular beach before, and she thought it was very nice of the life guard to take such a friendly interest in a stranger.

"Do you think I can swim to the rope?" she called.

"Sure," he replied, grinning amiably if not prettily.

"You must catch me now if my strength gives out," she cried. But she made the rope without mishap and worked her way back to shallow water, and thence to the beach. Here she was joined by another girl whose bathing suit looked far too nice to get wet.

"Let's walk down to the next place and see if I can swim out to that float," suggested the girl in the red turban, the spirit of daring strong within her. So they strolled down the beach, the sunburned man following in their wake.

"He's the life guard," explained the girl in the red turban.

But this float was further from the shore than the other, and the girl in the red turban looked dubious. "You had better swim out there with me," she said, turning to the sunburned man. "I should feel safer if you did."

His toothless grin was rather sheepish this time. "I'd like to," he said, "but I can't swim."

The girl in the red turban looked at him in amazement.

"Aren't you the life guard?" she exclaimed.

"No," he said; "I play the flute in the orchestra up at the hotel."

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That Wonderful Alcazar Audience

By Edward F. O'Day

A simple little trick of accident interpolated a bit of comedy in "The Penalty" when this "daring play treating of divorce" was presented at the Alcazar for the first time Monday night. The comic impromptu came at a most unwelcome moment. It topped the climax of the play which occurred at the end of the third act. Young John Rutherford (Harry Mestayer) had produced a pistol for the purpose of killing James Carpenter (E. L. Bennison). I suppose we may as well extend our easy tolerance of stage murder to the case of James Carpenter. He's a pretty bad sort. But he bluffs young John Rutherford out of what a police reporter would call "his murderous frenzy." It's an intense moment, and young Rutherford is so absorbed that he lays the pistol on the table within reach of his mother's hand. Mrs. Rutherford (Eloise Clement) has just been passing through a hell of suffering. She hates James Carpenter as much as her son does. So she seizes the pistol, shrieking, "I'll kill him myself!" Before anyone can interpose she levels what that same police reporter would call "the lethal weapon" at the heart of James Carpenter and pulls the trigger. The stoutest in the audience held his breath. Frightened misses closed their eyes in horror. But the pistol didn't go off. That was where the comedy interjected itself. Miss Eloise Clement was suddenly brought down with a thud from make-believe to reality. She looked poisoned poniards at that pistol. Her lips moved and formed a most unmistakable "Damn!" Then she aimed the pistol in the general direction of the flyman offstage, pulled the trigger again and managed to make it go off. James Carpenter who had been waiting nervously for his execution fell with a blank cartridge in his heart. When Miss Clement, yielding to a very natural irritation, syllabled the naughty word which I have had the hardihood to write once and shall not repeat, there were titters in the audience, not many titters, you understand, but just enough to convey to the actors the information that the audience appreciated the unexpected comic interlude. Naturally the actors were a bit put out. But only for a moment. They pulled themselves together and finished the act in good shape. The curtain went down to the tune of loud applause. The Alcazarans pitted palm against palm in whole hearted enthusiasm. I suppose there were a dozen curtain calls. Now that's the wonderful thing about the Alcazar audience. There isn't another audience in town which would have overlooked that little pistol accident. Anywhere else the scene would have been spoiled by it and would have stayed spoiled. Laughter instead of applause would have swept the house. The reason is that all audiences except the Alcazar audience are cynical, cold-blooded, offish. But the people who repair week after week to the playhouse in Sutter street are part of a happy family, the other part comprising the players. They have the family virtue of sympathy; they take the will for the deed; they do not indulge in ridicule. That is why only a very few tittered when the cartridge didn't explode. They were sorry that an accident had happened. And to reassure the discomfited players, to make them feel that a trifling contretemps made no difference in their appreciation of a strong scene, they outdid themselves in applause. If this doesn't prove that the Alcazarans have good hearts, what would? And when you can demonstrate that a theatrical audience is full of heart, it's worth while going out of your way. That's why I have laid stress on this seemingly unimportant incident. I have said that the Alcazar audience and the Alcazar players form a happy family. Let it be set down that they never forget a member of the family who goes away. And when that member returns they give him a greeting that warms the cockles of his heart and makes him feel that life is worth living after all. It was good to see the way they greeted Harry Mestayer. The week before Harry Mestayer had played Little Billie, but no doubt he was overshadowed by Nance O'Neil. This week he has the best role in the play. He actually makes "The Penalty" worth while. Unfortunately some of the Alcazar players are miscast in this new play, and one is inadequate. I refer to Miss Eloise Clement. But Harry Mestayer's part fits him like an old shoe. As that seems to be a peculiarity of all the parts which I have seen Mestayer play, I presume it is only another way of saying that he is an unusually fine actor. For his fine acting and because he was a member of the family who had come home, the Alcazarans gave him an ovation. They extracted a speech out of him. It was a graceful, modest speech, and when he referred to this city as his home, the Alcazarans interrupted him with more applause. As Mestayer had been referred to by at least one paper as "a newcomer," that reception from his old friends must have tickled him to death. No doubt he realized anew what a great thing it was to be one of the Alcazar happy family, to be on good terms with the wonderful Alcazar audience.

MAUD HALL MACY

Who will appear next week only at the Orpheum

Gossip of the Theatre

Stars in Concert

The Eames De Gogorza concert was a magnet that drew the largest, most fashionable audience that Scottish Hall has held in its young existence. De Gogorza was superb, just as he always is. His art is beyond criticism and his voice as beautiful, fresh, pure, virile as ever. He now sings with physical enthusiasm, and gives one the impression that he continually worships at the shrine of Art notwithstanding his appearance, which is that of a methodical successful business man. Mme. Eames still looks and sings like an "Ice Princess," as some one very accurately described her. As a singer she is an anomaly. At times—notably in her Schubert numbers—all her tones rang out with evenness, strength and clearness. Again those same tones were sent forth as if from quite another woman's throat, tired and loth to come forth. But there! it seems absolutely ridiculous to mention the faults of one who has held so exalted a position in the song realm. No doubt she is as delightful to her legion of admirers as she always was. Whether one idealizes her or not she is a great artiste. I read recently that she and her husband practice separately to avoid each other's criticisms. That's a pity because, I fancy, if husband were not afraid of wounding Madame's feelings he could keep her up to the perfection mark in singing. The pianist, Mr. Henri Gilles, is a wonderful joy. His technique is bewildering, his solo works delightful, and in his accompaniments he achieves perfect accord and sympathy. In him appears to be the talent to force a Liszt revival.

—H. M. B.

Sam Bernard at the Cort

Sam Bernard who is said to have a gift for provoking laughter without apparent effort, will make his initial bow to audiences here at the Cort next Monday evening for a limited engagement of two weeks only with Thursday and Saturday matinees. This comedian will bring with him the musical comedy success, "He Came From Milwaukee," which is the work of Mark Swan and Edgar Smith with lyrics by Edward Madden and music by Ben M. Jerome, Louis A. Hirsch and Melville Ellis. "He Came From Milwaukee" is said to present the peculiar fun-making of Mr. Bernard better than any other play he has had for many years. The production is by Sidney Ellison who was brought especially to this country from George Edwardes' Gaiety Theatre, London. In the company Mr. Bernard will have the sup-

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port of such players as Nella Bergen, Anna Wheaton, Louise Mink, Alice Gordon, George Baldiwn, John J. Cain, Henry Norman, Billy Gaston and Charles R. Burrows.

"Bright Eyes" Next at Columbia

It will be remembered that the comedy "Seven Days," when it came to the Columbia last year, proved to be the biggest laugh-provoker offered local theatre-goers in many a season. Since that time we have not been shown a comedy with as many laughs as this work by Mary Roberts Reinhart and Avery Hapgood. "Seven Days" has

MISS NELLA BERGEN

Who will appear at the Cort next week with Sam Bernard.

been playing to big audiences during the past week at the Columbia where it is to remain the entertaining attraction for a second and final week commencing with Monday night, October 30. The company appearing in the piece is a splendid one and the fastly moving situations are played for all they are worth. The company has come here direct from a third-year run at the Astor Theater, New York, and in the presentation of the comedy give a very even and attractive performance. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday. "Bright Eyes," the musical comedy hit by the authors of "Three Twins," will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday night, November 6. It will be presented by Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook who will be supported by the original New York, Chicago and Boston cast. The efforts of a young actor and dramatist to have his first play produced and the complication which follow the efforts of his young wife to assist him in securing some one to stage the piece is the theme of "Bright Eyes" which has been made over from Charles Dickson's farce entitled "Mistakes Will Happen." Many song gems are included in the numbers rendered in this musical comedy production.

Lots of Fun at the Orpheum

Ed Howard and Frank North who head the Orpheum bill next week return after an absence of several years. They will appear in "Back to Wellington," a tabloid drama. The character impersonations are splendid and the act is responsible for much hearty laughter. Maud Hall Macy who comes for next week only is one of the best comediennes that vaudeville has recruited from the dramatic stage. In her one-act rural comedy, "The Magpie and The Jay," she has a role in which she is particularly at home. Miss Hall will be supported by Jack Driunier and Bessie Carlton. Sager Midgley and his company will present the laughable farce "Early Morning Reflections." Mr. Midgley is in his element as a valet while Dawn Elton who plays a maid is very attractive and clever. Ergotti and the Lilliputians, a clever acrobat and two midgets, will be included in the coming attractions. A tiny mite is Lillian Schreiber, "the vest pocket edition of Vesta Tilly" who comes from Europe. She will sing several songs in the diverting manner that has made her a great favorite. Next week will be the last of the six Brown brothers; the Pedersen brothers and Nat Wills, "the happy tramp." Mr. Wills will deliver an entirely new monologue.

Burr McIntosh at the Alcazar

Burr McIntosh, than whom few American actors are more widely known, will open a brief starring season next Monday evening at the Alcazar, presenting "A Gentleman From Mississippi," his pet vehicle. It is a comedy in four acts by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise and has served Mr. McIntosh throughout the East, having to his and its credit a run of eight consecutive months in Chicago, most of them in spring and summer, when theatre-going is not popular in the Windy City. In the cast with Mr. McIntosh are Harry Mestayer and the complete roster of Alcazar players. An elaborate and artistic pictorial production is promised.

Sympathetic Wife

In searching for the location of the gas range Mr. Stubb had stumbled over the kitchen table.

"Oh, John," called Mrs. Stubb, sweetly, "I know what's the trouble. You need what they have on the battleships."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Stubb, rubbing his bruised toe.

"Why, a range finder."

And what Mr. Stubb said about feminine wit used at wrong times would be a caution.

For Hallowe'en Parties. Grinning Jack O'Lanterns, strange Goblin Candy Boxes and appropriate Dinner Favors—all these for the Hallowe'en party on October 31st. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St., near the Ferry.

On a Philanthropic Mission

"I see you've advertised for a lost dawg, ma'am, and——"

"Yes, but that isn't my little Jewel. That's a mongrel. Take him——"

"I know that, ma'am. No dawg could ever take the place of your lost darlin', but if you'd like to have a gentle little creetur to love while you're huntin' for your Joel I'll sell you this un for 50 cents, ma'am."

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Re-engagement by popular request of the gifted prima donna soprano, Miss Florence Drake Le Roy, who will sing during shopping hours, dinner, and after theatre.

A dainty and acceptable souvenir, presented to ladies every Saturday afternoon, between 3:30 and 5 o'clock.

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HOWARD and NORTH, Presenting "Back to Wellington"; MAUD HALL MACY & CO. in "The Magpie and the Jay" (Next Week Only); SAGER MIDGLEY & CO. in the farce "Early Morning Reflections"; ERGOTTI and LILLIPUTIANS (Next Week Only); LILLIAN SCHREIBER; SIX BROWN BROTHERS; PEDERSEN BROTHERS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of NAT M. WELLS, "The Happy Tramp," presenting an entirely new monologue.

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(Continued from Page 8.)

nor threats could weaken him, and the "Let us go, father!" burst from his lips each time more dolorous and appealing.

The old man's face revealed a keen disappointment, but the sight of those tearful eyes raised to him in anguished supplication changed his incipient wrath to an infinite pity. The paternal love that had lain dormant in the innermost depths of his being awoke in all its strength. The boy was so weak and tiny yet!

The recollection of his own life, of those forty years of work and suffering, passed before him, and with a profound disillusionment he had to admit that for the fruit of all that immense labor there remained to him only a worn-out body, soon to be cast from the mine as a hindrance; and at the thought that the same destiny was awaiting this poor little creature, there swept over him a sudden imperious desire to snatch the prey from the jaws of this insatiable monster that took the children from their mothers' laps to make them outcasts whose shoulders bent with the same stoicism under their masters' brutal blows as under the fierce caress of the ever-inclining rock.

But this incipient sentiment of rebellion was quickly killed by the thought of his wretched home, and the hungry and half-naked beings whose only support he was; and all his long experience showed him how foolish was his dream. The mine never let go what it had once taken; and like new links taking the place of the old and worn ones in an endless chain, the sons followed the fathers, so that in that deep well the rise and fall of the living tide was never interrupted. And the little ones who breathed the poisoned air of the mine grew up warped, weak, and bloodless; but to that they had to resign themselves, for to that they had been born.

So with more resolution the old man took from his belt a thin strong cord, and in spite of the boy's resistance and entreaties, bound it round his middle, and tied the other end to a thick bolt fastened in the rock. Many pieces of frayed twine hanging from the nail showed that this was not the first time it had served a like turn.

Half dead with terror, the child kept uttering penetrating cries, and they had to employ violence to drag him from his father's legs. His pleadings and clamors filled the gallery, but the tender victim, more unfortunate than the Biblical Isaac, did not hear a friendly voice to hold back that paternal arm uplifted against its own flesh and blood through the crime and the iniquity of men.

So desolate, so piercing and tremulous was the accent of the calling voice, that the unhappy father, as he departed, felt his resolution wavering once more. But the weakness was again only momentary, and putting his hands over his ears to shut out those cries that were rending his heart, he hurried his steps to get away. Before leaving the gallery, he halted a moment, and listened. A tiny voice, weak as a sigh, kept calling far away there. . . "Mother! Mother!"

Then he took to running like a madman, pursued ever by that haunting sound, and did not pause until he came to the vein. The sight of it changed his grief to a furious anger, and grasping the pick, he attacked it madly. His blows fell upon the unfeeling bulk like thick hail upon a window-pane, and the iron tooth bit into the glittering black mass, loosening great lumps that mounted up between the worker's feet, while a thick dust covered the wavering light of the lanthorn like a veil.

Splinters of the coal flew about with violence, wounding his face and neck, and his bared chest. Drops of blood mingled with the sweat that covered his body, as he burrowed into the breach that he was opening, widening it with the zeal of the convict who bores into the wall of his cell; but without the hope that feeds and sustains the prisoner . . . the hope to find at the end of his toil a new life, full of sunshine and fresh air and freedom.

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The Property Lime

The consumer of the gin rickey, who knew all there was to know about gin rickeys, detected something wrong about the taste of the one he was drinking. Study of the matter told him that, instead of lime juice, it was flavored with the juice of the lemon.

But no! There, in the glass, uncompromisingly green and genuine, was half a lime.

Still, there was something wrong. After taking two or three additional sips he decided to speak about it to the bartender.

"Isn't there lemon juice in this rickey?" he inquired.

The bartender realized that before him was one who could not be bluffed.

"There is," he confessed, shamefacedly. "You see, we ran out of limes long ago, so each time a rickey's ordered we take that half lime in your glass, squeeze it full of lemon juice to freshen it up, and serve the drink."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Not a few thoughtful interests believe that apprehension over the status of the so-called trusts in their dealings with the Federal Government will be one of the most important factors in the stock market for some time to come. It is expected that the interview credited to Attorney General Wickersham at Omaha will have a depressing effect upon speculative interests and cause the large interests to realize anew that they are wholly unable to forecast what may be expected from the Department of Justice. This uncertainty, coupled with the many uncertainties involved in the presidential campaign next year, and even in the next session of Congress, it is thought, will make practically impossible any pronounced revival in business in the meantime. The more important interests do not seem to fear for the ultimate success of the American Tobacco plan but they say there is genuine cause for apprehension on the part of the managers of all large corporations when an accredited representative of the Department of Justice speaks so flippantly regarding a highly important document like the American Tobacco plan. Those familiar with it expected that he would oppose it, but they had assumed that the opposition would be confined to the regular hearing at the court. A well-informed interest in the iron and steel trade says that the increase in the orders, reported in press dispatches, are largely correct. He points out that the buying by forehanded customers at this time is perfectly logical and he believes that it will continue on a moderate scale as long as prices are not advanced. He believes also that the conservately organized and managed companies can make reasonable profit even at these prices for the product. In the meantime speculation is at a low ebb and prices are allowed to drift.

Wheat—The wheat market finally got out of its rut last week and prices were advanced about three cents per bushel with the highest price reached in the last few minutes of trading at the close of the week. One of the principal factors in causing the advance was the revised estimate of the Canadian crop which has been cut down from two hundred million bushels to one hundred and thirty-five million bushels. This reduction was brought about by heavy and incessant rains which cut the quality down. A large percentage of the crop will be used for feed. Another factor in the market was the awakening of the mills in all sections of the country and the principal demand was for soft winter wheat which has been a drug on the market and which has had a tendency to keep the Chicago price down, inasmuch as the large stocks of wheat held in Chicago are of this kind. Cash wheat in Kansas is selling around 105 per bushel and in Illinois wheat is selling on the farm at $1 a bushel which would mean 105 for our December wheat. Kansas City and St. Louis wheat markets are both selling above Chicago and it seems the trade world is right in Chicago. Foreign markets did not follow our advance owing to the more favorable news from Australia and Argentine, but as we are strictly on a domestic basis this news had no effect on prices. The best posted people in the trade are bullish and prices will work higher.

Corn—Corn too got out of its rut and prices scored an advance of about two and one half cents with the trade in a very bullish frame of mind owing to the big demand for old corn which sold as high as 76 3-4 on truck. The weather the past six weeks has been anything but favorable for curing and shipping and as a consequence receipts have been very small, farmers being unable to make deliveries. Toward the end of the week heavy realizing by a large concern which has been very bullish in its remarks, unloaded a big line of corn which caused considerable weakness in the market in the last few days of the week. This was probably due to the more favorable weather outlook which turned clear and cold, ideal conditions both for curing and marketing. With a continuation of favorable weather we look for lower prices as the price is abnormally high for this season of the year and very attractive to holders.

Cotton—The market has been a see-saw affair during the early part of the week with trading-in nervous and waiting for something to develop that would take the market out of its rut. At the close of the week frost was predicted over the entire belt and trading became very active at higher prices. It is estimated that over 400,000 bales of cotton were bought on prospects of frost. Frost was reported over the entire northern belt from Texas to the Atlantic, but instead of advancing further the market lost all its gain. The reason for the unexpected break can only be explained by the enormous offerings of spot cotton to Liverpool by the south. The south, better than any other region, knows the size of this crop and they also know what cotton is worth, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding. The fact that the south is willing to sell cotton on any little advance is the best indication of what they think of the crop and as long as they continue to sell the actual, no amount of speculative buying of contracts is going to change the course of values. The Census Bureau will show the amount ginned up to October 15 to be about 7,500,000 bales, which we believe will represent about 45 per cent of the total crop, "linters" not included. This would mean a supply of about 16,500,000 bales, including 800,000 bales carried over from last year, whereas spinners' takings to date are running on the basis of about 12,500,000 bales for total consumptive requirements against 11,500,000 bales last year. This would leave a surplus of over 4,000,000 bales at the end of the season.

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Auto Notes

Charles Basle, the winner of many an automobile contest at the wheel of Marquette, Buicks and Renault cars, made his debut as a Cole 30-40 race driver in the Fairmount Park races at Philadelphia. Basle who had been sojourning in Boston since the 500-mile race on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway was anxious to get behind the wheel of a Cole car for the Fairmount races and finally closed negotiations with President J. J. Cole of the Cole Motor Car Company at Indianapolis.

Quite recently at 1818 and 1820 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Mr. Frank R. Fageol, Oakland distributor for Rambler cars, opened his new salesroom and service headquarters. Oakland is a Rambler stronghold. The popularity of the car can only be fully appreciated by witnessing the great turn-out on the part of Rambler patrons, all paying their respect and marking with a stamp of approval the splendid future home of a great car.

In closing up its September business, the Packard Motor Car Company shipped fifty-six passenger cars and fourteen trucks on the last day of the month, establishing another new high mark for one day's consignments by that concern. This great trainload, comprising seventy vehicles ranging in price from three thousand to six thousand dollars, is an increase of 32 per cent over the best previous record made just one month earlier.

The results of the recent motor truck run conducted by the Chicago American were highly satisfactory. Twenty-eight trucks started. The route wound through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, a total of 750 miles. Twenty-six of the original starters completed the run and seven of these had perfect scores. Two Gramm Trucks came through with good scores; a two-ton and a five-ton model, both equipped with Republic truck tires.

The T. Eaton Company, operating the largest retail store and mail order house in Canada, giving employment to 11,000 residents of Toronto and 5,000 in Winnipeg, have recently completed negotiations with the Lozier Motor Company for the sales rights of the Lozier in Ontario.

"The modern business or professional man cannot afford to deny himself the many advantages of a motor car," said E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Co., local representatives of the Chalmers Motor Company. "A good car puts a man ahead of his competitors in his chosen field. The man with a car immediately is recognized as progressive and successful. The man with a motor car is usually healthier; he gets more exercise, absorbs more fresh air. Consequently he is better equipped for the day's work. In the regular routine of business, the man with a motor car has an advantage over the man without one. His efficiency is doubled; the time he saves gives him the working capacity of two men. Then, too, a motor car is a sign of progress, of success, of responsibility. Opportunity knocks louder and more frequently at the door of the man with a good motor car. Of course a poor car is worse than no car at all. But there are lots of good cars—and reasonably priced—which are a good investment for any man. These are cars tried in contests and in the hands of owners; cars of reputation. I advise all progressive business and professional men to consider the advantages of a motor car. I shall be glad to help anyone considering the purchase of an automobile, with suggestions and advice, whether or not they buy a Chalmers car."

Col. A. W. Bradbury of the Pacific Motor Car Company has returned from Los Angeles where he went for the Santa Monica races.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 17th day of October, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, will sell at private sale in one piece or parcel to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1911, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Emilie Bouquet, deceased, at the time of her death, being an undivided one-half interest in and to the said real property with the improvements thereon, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than and in addition to that of said deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street at a point distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street; running thence westerly along said line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet; and thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 198, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a one story, five room frame cottage.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administrator, personally, or left at the office of his attorneys, S. J. Hankins and H. J. Hankins, 917 Pacific Building, southwest corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 17, 1911.

ERNEST BOUQUET,

Residence Address: 1539 Seventh St., Alameda, Alameda County, California. Business Address: 273 Post St., San Francisco, California.

ERNEST BOUQUET,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Bouquet.

S. J. HANKINS and H. J. HANKINS,
Attorneys for Administrator.
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-3

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 574

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners in business under the firm name and style of "STANFORD MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY CO."; that the principal place of business of said co-partnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership and their respective places of residence are as follows:

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH, whose place of residence is 1403 Larkin Street, San Francisco, California.

ALFRED G. BAKER, whose place of residence is 1427 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH.
ALFRED G. BAKER

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 16th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911), before me, A. J. Henry, a notary public, in and for said City and County and State, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared C. A. Rothenbusch and Alfred G. Baker, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 17, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attys. at Law,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI UZZOVICH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. G. Antonovich, No. 604 Montgomery Street, Room 209-210, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased.

LUCA UZZOVICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

WM. G. ANTONOVICH, Atty. for Administrator,
604 Montgomery St., Room 209-210,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS J. LEE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of W. C. Graves, Attorney at Law, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased.

W. C. GRAVES,
Executor of the Estate of Thomas J. Lee, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

W. C. GRAVES, Atty. for Executor,
911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

Why do not labor unions incorporate?

The Citizens' Alliance's offices are in the Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Free Registration Bureau and Employment Office, Room No. 626.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of H. OLSEN, sometimes known as HARRY OLSEN, Deceased.

Julius S. Godeau, the Administrator of said estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, having on this day presented to this Court, and filed herein his verified petition, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at a private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient moneys with which to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, or any accrued, or hereafter to accrue,

And it appearing to the Court from the said verified petition that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property belonging to said deceased and described in said petition, for the reason set forth in said petition,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department Number Ten thereof, probate, in the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 21st day of November, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they may have, or either of them may have, why an order should not be made, authorizing, empowering and directing said Julius S. Godeau, as Administrator as aforesaid, to sell the said real property described in the said petition at a private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of said order be served upon (Mrs.) Irene Voigt and (Mrs.) May Matison, the heirs at law of the above named deceased, and that a copy of said order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: October 17, 1911.

PERRY & PERRY, Attys. for Administrator,
206 Grant Bldg., Seventh and Market Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,129; Department No. 7.

EVA THOMAS, Plaintiff, vs. N. E. THOMAS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to N. E. Thomas, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH PELLISSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Pellisson, deceased.

EMMA PELLISSON,
PIERRE LASSALLE,
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, October 28, A. D. 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix and Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER FISK TIRES FOR SERVICE
BRANCHES WITH REPAIR DEPTS. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND - LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO - FRESNO

FISK TRADE MARK

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required. the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA GOSLINER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Arthur Joel, 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia Gosliner, deceased. HENRY STEINBACH,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 14, 1911.

ARTHUR JOEL, Atty. for Executor,
620 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD RATIGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Carpenter & Hittell, 602 California Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased. F. E. DAVERKOSEN,

Executor of the Estate of Edward Ratigan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

CARPENTER & HITTELL, Attys. for Executor,
602 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,895, Probate; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM FRASER, Deceased.

William L. Fraser, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of William Fraser, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition, in due form, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing him, as such Administrator, to sell all the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to this Court, by the said verified petition, that it would be for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the estate and those interested therein, that the said real property be sold; and that it is necessary to sell the said real property described in said petition, which is hereby expressly referred to for further particulars and for a description of said property, in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or hereafter may accrue during the administration of said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in said petition, should not be granted to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale for the purposes mentioned in the said petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of the said estate and of the persons interested therein; and.

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 28th day of September, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed Sept. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Atty. for Administrator,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,190, Probate; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS GOSLINKSY, Deceased.

Julius Brownstein, Frances Brownstein and Estelle Putzel, having presented to and filed with the Clerk of this Court, their petition for an order of Court declaring that certain property of the estate of the above name deceased is held by the Executrix of said estate in trust for said petitioners, and praying for a decree of Court authorizing and directing said Executrix to make, execute and deliver a conveyance to petitioners, of an undivided one-quarter interest in and to the following described parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows:

That portion of lot 48 of the 500 acre lots of the former Pueblo de San Jose, being the westerly half of the northerly fourth of said Lot 48, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the Public road known as the McKee Road (the same being the extension of Julian Street, in the City of San Jose, easterly of the mountains) at the westerly corner of the so-called Cavanaugh Tract; running thence along the center of said McKee Roard North 49 degrees, 34 minutes East, 15.32 chains; thence South 37 degrees, 45 minutes East, 30.52 chains; thence South 49 degrees, 34 minutes West, 15.32 chains; thence North 37 degrees, 45 minutes West, 30.52 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 46.55 acres of land more or less.

It is ordered, that all persons interested appear before this Court on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause if any they have why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be served upon MINNA GOSLINKSY, personally, as the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, at least ten days before the time set for the hearing thereof.

And it is furthered ordered, that this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, October 3, 1911.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

D. FREIDENRICH and M. L. SCHMITT,
Attorneys for Petitioners. 10-7-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,944; Department No. 7.

JULIEN J. SCHEIBEL, as Administrator of the Estate of THEODORE SCHEIBEL. Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 2161 of the said defendant for 20 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of Theodore Scheibel, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, to be and appear before said Court on the 28th day of November, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to plaintiff as Administrator of the estate of Theodore Scheibel, deceased, and to set forth their right in or claims to such shares, if any they have.

Dated, October 13, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. J. EAGAN, Deputy Clerk.

J. M. THOMPSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 10-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,276; Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of THOMAS BENJAMIN BEALL, et. al., Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Jane Beall, the guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas Benjamin Beall, William Franklin Beall, Grover Harrison Beall, Clarence Reason Beall and George Arthur Beall, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards; that it is for the best interests of said minors and necessary that such real estate should be sold:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 21st day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, October 13, A. D. 1911.

10-21-4 THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,131.

HELEN EMMA O'BRIEN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William F. O'Brien, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES M. THOMAS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
800 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,222; Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Margaret Adler, the Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, having filed her petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered, by the Honorable J. V. Coffey, Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court at the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Margaret Adler, Administratrix, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, John Cyrus Wooley, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated, October 11, A. D. 1911.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Petitioner. 10-14-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: Grace Howitt Power, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the sale to you of certain real property should not be vacated and set aside, and a new sale ordered of said real property described in the petition herein in the same manner and upon the same terms as prescribed by the order of January 19, 1910, referred to in said petition.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margaret Adler at Room 216 Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Its first publication was on the fourteenth day of October, 1911, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

MARGARET ADLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Cyrus Wooley, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Administratrix. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,159; Dept. No. 10.

GIUSEPPE GIULIANI, Plaintiff, vs. CATERINA GIULIANI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Caterina Giuliani, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Desertion and Adultery; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES SFERLAZZO, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Fugazi Popular Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 8-26-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUIS RUFFIEUX, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Louis Ruffieux, deceased.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Louis Ruffieux, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 30, 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Books

After a considerable interval, A. T. Dudley has added another volume to his "Phillips-Exeter Series" for boys. This time it is not a school book, but a vacation story, "The Pecks in Camp," concerning itself with the exploits of Donald and Duncan in a vacation camp where all their comrades are strangers.

The five boys whom Edward Stratemeyer sent on a tour of Central and South America under the care of one of their teachers have now completed their travels. The elders will be apt to say "at last," but for the boy readers it is more likely to be "alas!" All five of the young tourists were the sons of wealthy and indulgent parents, so they have been able to go where they pleased unhampered by lack of funds, up and down the Amazon and Orinoco rivers, across the Andes, all over the Isthmus of Panama, and Central America, during which wanderings they have experienced every variety of fortune and adventure and had more hair breadth escapes than ever fell to the lot of a pioneer explorer. "Chased Across the Pampas" is warranted to furnish a thrill in every chapter.

Any boy old enough to drive a nail who has not had his tool sense educated out of him, will be delighted with A. Neely Hall's "Handy Craft for Handy Boys," which is a simple, practical manual for the amateur.

Warren L. Eldred has located his "Oak Street Boys' Club" in the same town as his "Boys of St. Dunstan's," but the club boys do not meet the pupils of the boarding school and the environment is altogether dissimilar. "Dunstanburg" is just such a town as can be found in almost any part of the United States, a rather somnolent village which is suddenly wakened into life by the establishment of factories and the advent of a considerable population which cannot be assimilated at once. The new boys introduce new ways, and so, many of them have a marked influence on the older inhabitants.

"Victorine's Book" will interest that much neglected class of young readers, the girls of from thirteen to sixteen. It is a sort of journal kept for a few months by a little girl who sadly needed companionship with other children as well as sympathy from her elders, not that it is a record of morbid complaint, for Victorine was a sunny tempered and contented little maid, but her position was a peculiar one.

Dorothy Dainty is Amy Brooks' attractive little heroine after whom the pretty matched sets of ribbon were named. She is the only child of wealthy parents amply able to afford her every luxury, but she has a sensible mother who keeps the training of her little daughter in her own hands; so that Dorothy and her adopted sister Nancy, with their pretty manners and consideration for the rights and comfort of others, are in decided contrast with the spoiled darlings whom they meet in their journeyings. "Dorothy Dainty in the Mountains" is the tenth number of the series.

"Prue's Merry Times" by Amy Brooks is the second of a series of stories for little girls of from six years upward, who have passed the period of words of one syllable, but still enjoy sewing for their dolls, dressing up the kittens and playing simple games with other little girls and boys of their own ages.

"The Wonder Lady" by Ella Lowery Mosely is an optimistic little tale, well told, though the plot, in outline, is scarcely novel. However, everything is new to the new generation.

The opening chapters of "Joan of Rainbow Springs" by Frances Marian Mitchell are set in northern Vermont, but the scene soon changes to Rainbow Springs, a health resort in the Colorado desert, a sort of last hope for consumptives.

"Larry Burke, Sophomore" by Frank L. Odell is the second of a series of juveniles with its scenes set at a freshwater college where the faculty take a seat very far in the rear, athletic sports are the vocation and avocation of its students, and the discipline of the institution is in the hands of the watchman, the trainer, and a self-constituted student committee.

The title of Harold Morton Kramer's latest novel, "The Rugged Way," taken in connection with the author's favorite style of plot, gives the reader a slight clue to the story. Somebody will have done wrong and traveled the hard road back to redemption and if not to complete reinstatement at least to restoration in the esteem of the few who in the end really count.

"On the Cinder Path" is another tale of athletic club prowess hiding behind the thin masque of a story of school life. Arthur Duffey, its author, was the world's sprinting champion from 1901 to 1905, so his knowledge of the sport goes unchallenged, and his advice to would-be champions is probably the last word in that important branch of education.

The four boys whom Everettt T. Tomlinson started on a tour of their own country in the summer vacations several years ago have now reached Yosemite and the big trees, consequently the latest addition to the series, "Clearchus and His Pet Parasangs" will probably prove of especial interest to young Californians, whether they have made a trip to the valley or not.

All these books are from the house of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Safe Poetry

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TOWN TALK

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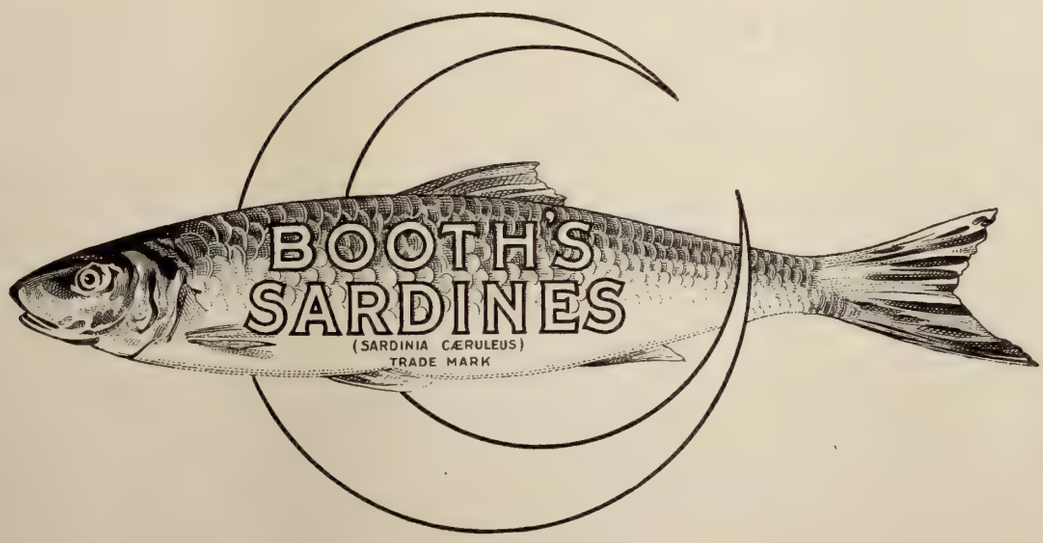

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Governor Johnson Commends Thos. F. Finn

Governor Johnson to Sheriff Thos. F. Finn

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
EXECUTIVE OFFICE
SACRAMENTO

Hon. Thomas F. Finn, October 29th, 1911
Sheriff's Office, San Francisco, California

Dear Sir:—

Recently you have communicated to me that your record in the Legislature of 1911 has been assailed, and you have asked me to write you concerning that record. I have hesitated to do so solely because I did not and do not wish to be involved in any local political contest, and because I do not desire to be in the position of espousing any particular candidate in the election about to be held in San Francisco.

I know nothing about the Sheriff's office in San Francisco. I do know about the last Legislature of the State of California. I promised when that Legislature commenced its work that I would carry to the various constituencies of its members an account of the record of each of them. So far as I was able I did this during the recent campaign in behalf of the constitutional amendments.

No matter what the particular time may be, nor the occasion, I feel that I would be wanting in fairness and justice and courage if I did not respond to such a request as yours, and state from the standpoint of accomplishment for the State of California the record, as I knew it, of any member of the last Legislature.

In the great things that were done for California in the 1911 session of the Legislature, you actively participated. Your course then was such as to merit the commendation and endorsement of all good citizens. I feel that you are entitled for your work in that session to full praise and approval, and I cheerfully extend them to you.

Yours very truly,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
Governor.

James Rolph Jr. Says:

"I hope that all who voted for me will surely go to the polls on November 7 and cast their votes in favor of those candidates who are in sympathy with my aims and purposes."

ELECT

FREDERICK EGGERS

SHERIFF

Candidate on three Rolph tickets and indorsed by Democratic and Republican Parties and Good Government League

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, November 4, 1911 | No. 1002

DR. C. A. GLOVER Endorses

DR. J. M. TONER

FOR CORONER

And Gives His Reasons For So Doing

San Francisco, Cal., October 28, 1911

Dr. J. M. Toner,

Coroner of the City and County of San Francisco.

My Dear Doctor:

I take pleasure in congratulating you on the magnificent showing made at the recent primary, wherein you were nominated for the office of Coroner.

This office requires a competent physician and surgeon, as well as that of a man who has a knowledge of human nature and a spirit of fairness, such as you now possess.

To my personal knowledge you have been fair and impartial toward all classes; that you have treated the office as a public trust; that you are competent, capable and conscientious; that the unfortunates who have come under your supervision have been properly cared for; that the Morgue has not been used as a show place for the morbid curious; that you have respected the wishes of the friends and relatives of the dead; that you have been courteous and ethical toward all who have had dealings with your office; that you have not been dominated by any firm of undertakers, but have been fair to all; that you have given your professional services freely to the poor and needy and have been courteous to all who have been called to serve as jurors and witnesses at inquests.

I therefore extend to you my full and undivided support and request my friends who voted for me at the recent primary to do likewise for you on November 7th.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours very truly,

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Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

The trade supplied direct by us.

For foreign and local advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York office, 37-39 East Twenty-eight street. Frederic M. Krugler, representative.

Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

Prohibition in California

The battle of the drys and the wets is now on in rural California. Though the echoes of it are not heard in San Francisco, it is raging with great ferocity. The fanatics who would banish the Demon from the world and make impossible the sin of intemperance in the matter of thirst are having ghost dances in divers sections of the State; the reformed drunkard is blear-eyed in the pulpit picturing the horrors of slavery to booze and exhorting the people to close the breweries and make grape-growing a crime; and the blind pig is already flourishing in several towns where the saloon has been put out of business. Needless to say there is alarm among the captains of the several industries that depend for existence on the freedom of the people to indulge their taste for malt, vinous or spiritous liquids. They are sensible of the necessity of uniting for protection, and doubtless they will be able to form a powerful organization, for the interests menaced comprise some of the most important industries of the State. Millions of dollars are invested in vineyards, hop farms and breweries, and millions more are invested in industries that draw their sustenance from the liquor interests. But as powerful as are the interests menaced by the Prohibition wave they will not be able to pack a larger war chest than the one in the hands of the enemy. No propaganda was ever more bountifully financed than the Prohibitionist. It has the backing of John D. Rockefeller, and it receives monthly contributions from thousands of zealots. It has a slush fund for political purposes large enough to defray the expenses of a Presidential campaign, and this is the explanation of the apparent enthusiasm with which the war against the liquor interests is being waged. There is nothing like money to stimulate enthusiasm. According to the Greek definition enthusiasm signifies "God in us." To many an ardent Prohibitionist it means a dropsical purse. And this is why the propaganda, heedless of logic and common sense, is carried on with great vigor by reformed drunkards and vagrant preachers, and why some of the industries of this State are threatened with destruction on the preposterous principle that the excesses of the few justify infringement of the liberty of the many.

Artificial Reform

The Prohibition propaganda reminds us of Herbert Spencer's essay on Spontaneous Reform wherein he argues that nothing is ever accomplished by artificial causation—the causation by appointed agencies and through force directed by this or that individual will. The Prohibition propaganda is artificial causation. It is grounded in the absurd theory that society is a manufacture, not an evolution or a naturally developed product. In this country the ignorant, who constitute the vast majority, and who rule us, are unaware of the process of evolution resulting from men's daily activities. They do not know that all improvement is produced by what seems to be spontaneous co-operation, but which is in accordance with design far beyond mundane power. They would usher in the Millennium by act of the Legislature. Hence the steady drift to paternalism and the accumulation of infringements on personal liberty. This tendency to paternalism manifested itself in Spencer's day when the Prohibitionists of England began their crusade against the Demon. And Spencer then called attention to a curious truth which is still deserving of reflection. He said that when an evil is very great it attracts little or no attention, yet when it is much diminished there comes a demand that strong measures shall be taken for its extinction. For illustration he pointed out that though in the days of the excesses of his great-great-grandfather there was no talk of Prohibition, in later years after the great decline in drunkenness which had taken place since the eighteenth century there was loud advocacy of legislation for suppressing it. This curious phenomenon discussed by Spencer has been very much accentuated since his time. The decline in drunkenness goes steadily on, and not as a result of artificial reform. Indeed it is a significant paradox that Prohibition is productive of drunkenness. For it is a notable fact that Prohibition is not prohibitive; that on the contrary where Prohibition is at its sternest the principle of personal liberty triumphs over the principle of paternalism with the result that surreptitious indulgence is carried as always to excess. Of this the leading Prohibition propagandists are not unaware. They are not in ignorance of the mischief they do, of the demoralization they induce, but it pays to be a Prohibitionist when that smug reformer John D. Rockefeller sanctifies the cause with his sack.

The Improved Aeroplane

Taking for granted that Orville Wright did what the newspapers say he did last week aviation now calls for serious consideration as a practical means of travel, not only for pleasure but for business, and the brothers Wright may now justly claim the credit of solving the two great problems of aerial navigation. The first they solved about a decade ago when they demonstrated the possibility of keeping in the air a heavy machine, employing no balloon principle. The second problem—one even more essential to success—remained to be solved, the problem of automatic stability. From what Orville Wright is reported to have done last week the solution of this second problem appears to have been accomplished. As it is not enough for an ocean steamer to be able to float and to run at high speed, so also it is not enough for an aviator to be able to annihilate distance in the air. The aeroplane to be all that is desired must have automatic stability and not depend on the skill and the presence of mind of the pilot. In other words it must balance itself like a steamer, or rather like a bird. The heavings of the ocean have their analogue in the sudden gusts of wind to which most of the accidents to aeroplanes are due. So the great problem has been that of devising something by which an aeroplane might adapt itself to sudden gusts, and this problem the Wright brothers are reported to have solved. If this be so the importance of the human equation has been greatly reduced, and all now depends on details of design and nature of construction.

The Great Sham Battle

In headlines symptomatic of poignant emotion the Call tells us that George Knight in a speech advocating the re-election of District Attorney Fickert jeered at Heney, justified Haas and denounced the Graft Prosecution. All of which, in the judgment of our obsessed contemporary, was akin to committing the unpardonable sin, from which O Lord deliver us! The Call has yet to awaken to the realization that Francis J. Heney ceased to be an idol of this community some years ago and that a recrudesence of heneyousness is not what the people would regard as a blessing. As a sentinel of public sentiment the Call has been asleep at its post. George Knight being sensible of the state of affairs conceives it to be pertinent to the issue of the campaign to point out that the Hathorn boom is nothing more than a private prejudice masquerading as a public duty; and to expound this prejudice he deemed it necessary to revive recollections of a horrible nightmare, to warn the people against the unlatching of the back door of the District Attorney's office through which may enter almost as much mischief as emerged from the Epimetheus jar. Why shouldn't George Knight talk about Heney? If we all knew the devil was approaching every mother's son of us would turn Christian soldier, and we should be grateful to him that gave us warning. Now let us not be too sceptical with reference to Heney. The old grudge has not been wiped out. Moreover grass is short for Heney, and he is having a hard time keeping himself in the public eye. He is now but a vagrant barnacle jockeying for a hold in the inky trail of Cuttlefish Hathorn. Need there be any doubt of the contemplated visitation? Why all these rhapsodies on a briefless lawyer by the survivors of the Graft Prosecution? Listen to Matt. Sullivan of the old professional Catholic and patent-leather Irish sanhedrim of Sullivan & Dwyer and you might fancy that there was still a battle to be fought for the deliverance of the city, an almost forlorn hope of righteousness to be led into the breaches of corruption under the command of the most celebrated

captain of his day; might fancy, indeed, that reform and Hathorn were synonymous terms. But if you have a liberal supply of common sense, an instinct for cant and no prejudice against colorful idiom you will probably ask yourself, "Who in hell is Hathorn?" The answer is that Hathorn is the kind of man suitable to the purposes of the Matt. Sullivan who handled the sham Bulletin libel suit.

A Graham Come to Judgment

Required to pass judgment on the claims of two women to the custody of an infant Judge Graham compared his perplexity to that of Solomon on an occasion when the man of many wives and concubines distinguished himself for his wisdom. There is this difference between the two cases,—that while one called for nothing but shrewdness the other called for the exercise of feeling, which, though it springs from the heart is no unimportant component of the intellect. When Solomon sat in judgment in the celebrated case to which he owes much of his reputation for wisdom he experienced no strain on his emotional nature. He had but to ascertain a fact, and, in doing so, by the way, he was not any more ingenious than was Sancho Panza in the brief course of the humble squire's judicial career. It was for Solomon merely to find out which of two claimants was the mother of a certain child. Judge Graham was called upon to determine whether the mother of a certain child should be given the custody of her own offspring. In this instance not an easy question to decide. The mother, little more than a child herself, was known to be a dissolute person. Her claim was challenged by the child's aunt, sister of the little one's father now deceased. The child, now eight months old, had been in the custody of the aunt six months, and doubtless had become a precious and much beloved possession. There were tears on both sides to conquest the feelings of the court, and there was the interest of the child that might ordinarily outweigh all other considerations, but Judge Graham, charitable, mindful that "all souls were forfeit once," deemed it right to consider also the interest of the mother, the welfare of the woman who had entered the valley of the shadow of death to win a life at the peril of her own. This child mother had suffered much. Cast by a dissolute, cruel husband into the path of sin, there she had briefly wandered till the cry of her babe called her back. The blessed tie that links mother and child remains pure and immaculate in the midst of impurity. It is sometimes the only holy thing that a woman feels. It was perhaps as a result of reflections such as these that Judge Graham decided to award the child to the mother on probation. Who knows but that the presence of the babe may act as a check on a headlong course to sin; may perhance avert the tragedy of a life! Let us hope that Judge Graham more than matched the wisdom of Solomon.

The Shasta Bank Imbroglio

Let us consider the conduct of the Administration with reference to the defunct Bank of Shasta County. It affords an interesting study, being typical of the Johnsonian policy of vindictiveness. The mask of official zeal in this instance is transparent. As soon as the bank closed its doors Alden Anderson, the former Superintendent of Banks, who was thousands of miles away, became the subject of hostile criticism. It was intimated that the failure of the bank was due to the criminal negligence of the man who had had the presumption to run for Governor against Hiram Johnson. In certain quarters it seemed to be deemed more important to put Anderson in the hole than to take care of the interests of the depositors. As soon as Anderson learned of what happened he hurried home from Europe, faced his enemies, denied that the prospect was so hopeless as had been represented, and offered to vindicate his judgment by taking the assets of the bank and adjusting its affairs on a business basis. From the first he met with opposition from Superintendent Williams, who, having asserted that the depositors could not get more than 60 cents on the dollar, apparently determined to prevent anybody from proving that he was in error. The prestige and policy of the Administration he seemed to consider of more importance than the welfare of the depositors, and as the Administration was eager to vindicate its judgment regarding the course that should be pursued and to prove at the same time that the former Bank Superintendent had been criminally negligent, it would be inadvisable to let Alden Anderson take hold. What a terrible calamity to the Administration if Alden Anderson should at once vindicate himself, win the esteem of all Shasta County and prove Williams a bungler! It was a case of "perish the thought." Anderson said that if given the chance he would pay the depositors dollar for dollar. Williams sneered and scoffed. In time, however, public sentiment prevailed, Anderson took hold and Anderson has made good; not entirely but approximately, the depositors being assured of 95 cents on the dollar. That they are not to get every cent "is due," says Mayor George Gronwoldt, chairman of the depositors committee, "to Williams's methods of obstruction and his fondness for technicalities." In view of these facts one might fancy that Superintendent Williams would be inclined to recede into the wings and hold his peace. Not so. Anderson's success is about to be proclaimed, Anderson is about to be celebrated by the authorities and the grateful citizens of Shasta County, so Williams returns, bares his flaming tongue, and snarls and growls with exceeding viciousness. He accuses Anderson of having been false to his trust for having failed to close the bank, and charges that the former Superintendent came to the rescue to save himself from going to jail. Crimination leads to recrimination, and we learn, not from Anderson, but from the authorities of Shasta County that Williams himself is not entitled to credit for closing the bank. It was closed at the instigation of the directors, and Williams's procrastination led to the depreciation of the assets. The truth of the whole disgraceful imbroglio is very clear, and it is easy to understand why Alden Anderson is now the most popular man in Shasta County while Superintendent Williams is something else.

Perspective Impressions

The lid is on Wall street.

Chickens are coming home to roost in Los Angeles.

When Archbishop Ireland heard the sad news he probably exclaimed, "Oh, dear Maria!"

The Italians always lose the battles in the dispatches from Constantinople.

Picking an American Pope will be a popular journalistic game from now on.

Woman will cast her first vote in Los Angeles. The result will prove (1) that womanhood suffrage is a success; (2) that womanhood suffrage is a failure.

An apology is never so acceptable to a woman as when she is at fault.

David Starr Jordan has returned from Japan with the firmly intrenched conviction that the world is at peace save where war rages.

Robert Hichens tells us that the Arab has a fascination for women of a certain age. Now watch the hegira to the desert.

The rehabilitation scheme for the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company was eminently successful. Bartnett did not go to jail.

That was an awful slap on the wrist that "Dickie" Le Galliene gave the Rev. George Richmond.

Los Angeles has the hardihood to register its floating population, but not to vote it.

The Chronicle has discovered that the all-wise and mighty people have adopted two conflicting constitutional amendments. Well it's their Constitution and they can do what they like with it.

Hearst now describes the Sherman Act as "Taft's pet measure." From which it must be inferred that the Act is rapidly losing popularity. The Sherman Act was formerly listed among the many blessings procured for us by a certain renowned journalist.

Dunk McPherson of Santa Cruz calls San Francisco the centre of sin. If we knew the length of the radius we could measure the wickedness of Santa Cruz.

Varied Types

XLVI—GEORGE A. VAN SMITH

By Edward F. O'Day

"Yes, sir! I still believe in reform."

Which, I submit, coming from the political editor of a reform newspaper, was an interesting, an arresting, a significant announcement.

"I believe in reform as much as ever," Van Smith amplified.

There is a good deal behind the two sentences. For instance, there is a lot of recent political history. Then too there is a lot of material for the man who cares to formulate the psychology of certain California reformers. In a nutshell, when George A. Van Smith of the Call declares that he still believes as much as ever in reform, he lets it be understanded of the initiate that he has assimilated a variety of discouragements and disappointments that would give most men indigestion, and that he is none the worse for his fare.

Using Van Smith's terminology, we may say that the Call was in on the ground floor of Californian political reform. Which means that Van Smith was in on the ground floor too, for it was Van Smith who started on behalf of the Call the fight for a direct primary law, and that fight started the political upheaval which is still on. Van Smith and the Call were in the fight before it was a popular fight; they were in it before a lot of our present-day reformers realized that it might be made a profitable fight for themselves; they bore the odium of the fight when it was odious in many quarters; they spent money on the fight when it scarcely seemed that that money would come back to them in the only way in which they could legitimately expect it to come back—in increased circulation for the Call. The fight they started was won. The issues they battled for have become popular with a majority of the voters. The men who borrowed those issues from the Call and from Van Smith for their own aggrandizement are holding fat jobs. If it hadn't been for the fight the Call and Van Smith started, Governor Johnson wouldn't be in office. Nor would any of the other reformers be jingling State money in their jeans. They would still be the outs, howling vociferously against the ins.

And do they thank the Call? Do they thank Van Smith? Not a bit of it! In their canting hypocrisy they see themselves holier than the Call. With a hatred based on their consciousness of obligation they attack Van Smith, a little in public, a great deal in private. Having gathered the fruit of the tree which Van Smith planted, they pelt him with that which is overripe. A pleasant commentary on the sweet nature of reformers.

And still Van Smith believes in reform as much as ever. Let us see what he has to say about it.

"The difficulty with reform in the public eye is that it is misrepresented by the creature who rides into office as a result of the reform upheaval. The genuine reformer is not seeking office. The man who goes into office on the reform wave is the same opportunist who at other times lends himself to the machinations of what may be called for the want of a better word 'the interests.' He is a man who uses the term 'reformer' as a bait for votes. He finds the people tired and disgusted with the public servants. The public has suffered in its pocketbook. Its interests have been betrayed. Public offices have been pedled. Reform is popular. So the charlatan, a man with a big voice and little else, places himself in the front of the movement and rides into office. To the unthinking he covers the cause of reform with shame."

Van Smith, it will be noticed, named no names. He was generalizing. But in my own mind I could not help applying his words to certain very eminent reformers. No doubt, gentle reader, you will do the same.

"Of course," continued Van Smith, "this reformer is forced by the momentum of reform to do some good things. For example, there was the direct primary law. That reform came as a result of conditions which some of our eminent reformers could not resist. Yet these reformers blocked the passage of the direct primary legislation from start to finish.

"There is Pardee, for instance. This eminent reformer began reforming as soon as the old machine decided that he was not available for a second term as Governor. When the direct primary fight began he thought he saw a way to get himself into the United States Senate. Pardee was willing and actually attempted to sacrifice the whole direct primary scheme to his own personal ambition. He knew that in order to get a direct primary law it would be necessary to amend the Constitution. He realized that the Constitution couldn't be amended in time to send Dr. Pardee to the Senate. So he conceived the idea of enacting a convention law to be called a direct primary law, which would provide for the selection of convention delegates by popular vote and would include an advisory vote for United States Senator. If that scheme had been successful it would have killed the cause of direct primary, or would at least have set it back ten years. The organization leaders didn't grasp the significance of the United States Senator side of the scheme, and were about to pass the Stetson Bill when that little project of Dr. Pardee's was called to their attention. The good faith of that sort of reformer was shown two years later when Senator Stetson, entirely reversing his position, made the fight for a statewide direct primary.

Photo, Terkelson and Henry
GEORGE A. VAN SMITH

"Deacon Pillsbury is the same kind of reformer as Dr. Pardee. He began to reform when he was out of a job. He was a good regular with a paucity of progressive ideas as long as the organization paid him a stated salary to act as publicity manager of the State Central Committee. He didn't sit up nights wrestling with progressive ideas until Dr. Pardee was turned out and he too lost his job. In fact, he was so thoroughly committed to reform that in a Sacramento paper he attacked as thugs and machine politicians the men who spent their money to pass the direct primary law.

"In this same connection Fremont Older and Rudolph Spreckels may be mentioned. Posing as the champions of the rights of the people they fought the passage of the direct primary law, ostensibly because its provisions were unlike those of the Wisconsin primary law passed by their prophet La Follette. When they were shown that the provisions to which they objected were exact copies of sections in the La Follette law they neither ceased their opposition nor attempted to explain their queer attitude.

"Another thing which has blackened the cause of reform in the eyes of the ultra-conservative voter is the crimes that are committed in the name of reform. It is no less bribery to give a legislator a job for his vote than to give him money. Practical politicians, whether they be progressives or retrogressives, must look with disgust at the pedling of a lot of jobs for votes that didn't have to be bought, during the last session of the Legislature.

"A genuine reformer who fought for reform before the reform movement started said before the session was three weeks old that he had never known before how cheap men were, and was with some difficulty dissuaded from making a formal statement exculpating himself from the wholesale pedling of jobs.

"There was never a time when Tom Finn and his crew were not as willing to take orders from a reform boss as they were to take them from a leader of the old organization. The pedling of a dozen jobs added to the offense. The only difference between the old and the new way was that these men worked for the old organization without any compensation except the privilege of belonging to the organization and getting their nominations; but in the name of reform they were paid with the people's money.

"But none of these things can disprove reform or bring lasting discredit on the movement for political freedom. Why, one of the most distinguished apostles of progressive principles who recently toured the West, the whole country in fact, had his seat in the United States Senate bought for him by one of the largest railroad corporations in the United States, by the only one which fell foul of the Supreme Court when Roosevelt was President."

Again Van Smith named no name, but I think I know who he meant. And I think you, gentle reader, can guess.

"The cause of reform," Van Smith went on, "is only temporarily misrepresented, progress is only temporarily impeded by the public's mistaken association of reform with professional reformers. The pendulum never swings all the way

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back. For the most part the experience of the American people during the last twenty years has been that there has been practically no backward swing. In time the professional reformer is succeeded by the practical reformer who goes along without noise and accomplishes what the professional reformer attempted.

"For example: During the past ten years we have had in national public office a number of reformers both oratorical and practical. The country was stirred from one end to the other by their asseverations, by their declarations of what they were going to do. Yet it remained until this year for a man who has probably been more skilfully misrepresented than any other man in our public life during the last thirty years, it remained for Mr. Taft to start, on the eve of a campaign, and with the avowed purpose of finishing them, a series of prosecutions of illegal combinations of capital such as no other officer or candidate for office ever had the temerity to start. The Standard Oil case did more in the way of affirmative reform than all the talked-about reforms in the federal government in fifteen years. And now, on the eve of a campaign, when the public would suffer no loss if Mr. Taft played politics, he starts to prosecute the people whom his distinguished predecessor compromised with on the eve of his campaign. And still, because he doesn't conduct classes in self-glorification, because he does the work which he is sworn to do, the professional reformer fired by the itch of personal ambition, says that he is a reactionary and a foe to reform. The actual accomplishments of such men as Mr. Taft in comparison with the lip-service of his detractors, prove that reform is not to be measured by the men who most loudly represent, or rather, misrepresent it.

"Did you ever see the shiners and sardines come tearing into the Bay of Monterey, making a terrible commotion? The uninitiate think that the shiners and sardines are responsible for the commotion. But the initiate know that there is a herd of whales behind them, and that the small fry are hunting safety. Well, the professional reformers are like the shiners and sardines. The professional reformers are like the froth on the crest of the wave which disappears when the large body of water settles into its place.

"But it is always well to remember that if the reform movement were not full of good men, the cheap imitation would be impossible. The genuine reformers are shoved into the background, men like our own Frank Devlin of Vallejo, Will R. Davis of Oakland, Charles Detrick of Palo Alto. Take Davis for instance. As chairman of the finance committee he found the money for the Governor's campaign. What was his reward? When he went away on a needed vacation Pardee, Stetson and others jobbed him out of a seat in the State convention for fear he'd get something.

"Your genuine reformer," concluded Van Smith, "is always to be depended on, and he'll remain in the movement after the professional reformer has departed."

Nuits Rouges

By Filson Young

The village, when I saw it first in the sunshine of a summer morning, wore that air of innocent tranquility that it especially characteristic of French villages. Its houses, shaded for almost half a mile on either hand by a noble avenue of acacias, lined the main road, which vanished into the forest of Fontainebleau at one end, and at the other turned into the smiling valley of the Loing. In one of these houses were my quarters—clean, simple, and happily devoid of stuffy upholstery and superfluous ornaments. I looked out of the window. A dog or two slept lazily in the sunshine; here and there an old woman sat knitting on a chair by the roadside; a horse, released from the shafts of his cart, was grazing under the trees. There was no sound but, from the railway near by, the growing, passing, and diminishing roar of the Rapide on its way to the South. I do not mind the sound of trains passing; they prevent me from being lonely, and remind me of the great world that lies beyond these tranquilities. And looking out upon this scene I said to myself: Here I shall find peace; here, among these innocent souls, far from the distraction of cities, my mind will refresh itself; here in the sweet air of the forest my town-jaded nerves will be braced, and in tranquility of body and mind I can labor at my appointed task.

I should have known, of course. I could not plead lack of experience; experience of France especially, where tranquility is almost unknown. But I am afraid I do not learn very well from experience; I find her a dull instructress. When I have stumbled with her through my lesson of the moment I throw all my books away; and in an examination in the faculty of not being taken by surprise, I am afraid my name would stand very low on the lists. This policy has considerable advantages, but it has disadvantages also, as in the present case. There were many signs for me to read, but I did not read them; I was pleased with the acacia trees and the wallpaper and furniture of my apartments, and I shut my eyes to other signs; although at least the word "Ralentir" in great capital letters on a board at the entrance to the village, and the piles of blue and red boxes by the roadside, with the words "Moto" and "Auto" conspicuously on them, should have reminded me that this was the national road between Paris and Marseilles. I spent some days in the gradual discovery of this and other things.

I will pass over the shrieks of the railway at night, loud and sudden shrieks, eloquent not of the rapid, humming passage of express trains, but of the endless shunting and marshaling of goods trains—shrieks that echo from one side of the valley to the other, and are of such startling, piercing, and angry quality, and rend the air with such surprising suddenness, that even yet they make my heart jump. I will not say much of the motor cars, although for every hour of pleasure I have had in driving large motor cars swiftly I have now paid, as is only just, an ample price from nervous punishment inflicted through their use by others. The French, who are great lovers of childish noise, are more fiendish than any other nation in the invention of dreadful instruments of warning for their motor cars; and the motor cars that rush under my window late at night and in the small hours of the morning, with open exhausts and instruments of the siren and dying-pig pattern which always reach their high note just under my window, impart to my village world the character of a battlefield and a slaughter-house combined. I will pass over the cats, whose dreadful nocturnal combats in the moonlight suggest the Day of Judgment; the procession of carts that begins at five in the morning, each bearing a sharp, loud and impudent motor horn which the drivers toot during the whole of their slow progress through the village at every hour of the day; the shouting and badinage with which the street is filled; and the cocks—that demented race into which I sometimes think the evil spirit entered when it left the herd of Gadarene swine—raucously shrieking and answering each other throughout the short summer night. I will say nothing of these things because I have decided to except them; and I will come at once to the butcher.

Next door to me is a new and pretty house, the lower part taking the form of a neat little shop, the open front of which is always veiled by a gay striped curtain. On the morning after my arrival I was awakened from sound sleep by a great concussion, which was repeated several times, so that the room and the bed were shaken by it. I was not fully awake; and I had for a second or two that sense of great disaster which is produced by loud and inexplicable sounds in the night. But the concussions continued, and, becoming wide awake and listening, I heard that they were accompanied by human voices, so that at least, if there was a disaster, some one was up and knew about it. The sounds continued, and apparently came from immediately beneath me; as they recurred with great frequency and violence I abandoned my first theory that there had been an explosion as untenable. To my amazement the voices accompanying them sometimes uttered themselves in laughter, so that apparently the occurrence, whatever it was, was not even serious. The sounds continued very spasmodically, in character something between the blow of a steam-hammer and the crash of a woodman's axe in a tree; and sometimes there was a whining sound like sawing, but the saw was working on something harder than wood; the note was shrill. And gradually the dreadful consciousness came upon me that the shop underneath was a butcher's shop, and that the butcher was in it, chopping meat. But what kind of meat? What joints were these, which had to be severed with such blows that the whole building vibrated; what chopper or cleaver was this, and what arm that wielded it? It seemed as though a feast of giants were preparing. I was so shocked and interested for a time that I hardly noticed the inconvenience of the hour, and later, indeed, fell into a troubled sleep.

That was the introduction to a form of torture which I have found quite unique. In the spell of terribly hot weather that has lasted here for more than a month it resolved itself into the following procedure. At about half-past two, or sometimes earlier, I would be awakened by a thud on the other side of the wall—that was the butcher getting out of bed. Two minutes afterwards (so brief was his toilet) I would hear the opening of the shop doors downstairs; then voices would sound, not in low tones and whispers such as most people use who have to be astir when everything else is asleep, but loud and unashamed. On

(Continued on Page 18.)

Going Abroad?

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Poems About San Francisco

(The following lines are taken from "The Hermitage," which is the longest as it is one of the finest of Edward Rowland Sill's poems. "The Hermitage," written in 1866, tells the story of Sill's departure from the East and his commencement of a new life in California. Just why he put the breadth of the continent between himself and his friends may be surmised from the opening lines of this poem:

A life—a common, cleanly, quiet life,
Full of good citizenship and repute,
New, but with promise of prosperity,—
A well-bred, fair, young-gentlemanly life,
What business had a girl to bring her eyes,
And her blonde hair, and her clear, ringing voice,
And break up life, as a bell breaks a dream?

For whatever reason he may have come to this State, Californians have reason to be proud of him. While in Berkeley he wrote some of his best poems; better than that, he found inspiration there. California has not done anything to commemorate Sill, perhaps because he had the true poetic genius and wrote poems which are caviare to the general.)

XII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Edward Rowland Sill

Through the sharp gap of the gorge below,
From my mountain's feet the gaze may go
Over a stretch of fields, broad-sunned,
Then glance beyond,
Across the beautiful bay,
To that dim ridge, a score of miles away,
Lifting its clear-cut outline high,
Azure with distance on the azure sky,
Whose flocks of white clouds brooding on its crests
Have winged from ocean to their piny nests.

Beyond the bright blue water's further rim,
Where waves seem ripples in its far-off brim,
The rich young city lies,
Diminished to an ant-hill's size.
I trace its steep streets, ribbing all the hill
Like narrow bands of steel,
Binding the city on the shifting sand:
Broad piles of buildings, pricked through here and there
By a sharp steeple; and above, the air
Murky with smoke and dust, that seem to show
The bright sky saddened by the sin below.

The Spectator

The Judge in the Limelight

Judge Bordwell of Los Angeles is either a very courageous jurist or a very unwise politician. For Judge Bordwell is presiding over the McNamara case not because it came to him but because he took it. Now the rule is for judges to sidestep cases of this character. The average judge will avoid a case involving the interests of organized labor as though it were smallpox. Judges, you know, are but human, and being human they are mindful of election day, a circumstance that should persaude us of the advisability of making them independent, but instead we have made them more meticulous than ever. The case of Judge Bordwell is peculiar. Hitherto he has handled nothing but civil litigation. When the indictments against the dynamiters were filed he happened to be the presiding judge of the Superior Court, and he assigned the cases to himself much to the astonishment of everybody.

He Will Exercise Discretion

This action of Judge Bordwell's was especially astonishing inasmuch as it was known that he intends becoming a candidate for the Supreme Court. Now the report comes from Los Angeles that he took the case with the purpose of having his reputation stand or fall on the result. And so I say he is either a very courageous jurist or a very unwise politician. Of one thing we may be certain, and that is that he has no intention of conciliating organized labor. It is evident that he will give the defendants a trial in strict accordance with the new law which our reformers gave us, the law that allows the trial judge about as much discretion as he cares to exercise and that extinguishes almost everything in the nature of a technicality. If the McNamaras be convicted before Judge Bordwell in all probability the verdict will stick.

Confusion Worse Confounded

Last week I told about the row in Watsonville over the investigation of the St. Francis Catholic Orphan Asylum by a Presbyterian minister. Among other things reported was that when the Presbyterian minister called at the Orphanage he presented credentials from the State Board of Control. Watsonville continues to be all "het up" over this affair, but the situation has been complicated by a series of denials from all parties to the dispute. In the first place, Father Hassett, the Catholic parish priest of Watsonville, denies that he inspired the investigation of the orphanage. Secondly, the State Board of Control denies that it knows anything about the investigation. Furthermore the Reverend E. B. Hays, the Presbyterian minister who investigated the institution, denies that he told the Franciscan fathers in charge of the orphanage that he had come at the request of the State Board of Control, denies that he told them that Father Hassett had inspired the investigation and denies that he went there to investigate charges. He says that he visited the orphanage at the request of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles which sends boys to the orphanage and which was desirious of learning how the institution was conducted. Here is a pretty shower of denials indeed.

Somebdy Is Lying

It is impossible to get away from the conclusion that somebody in all this mix-up in not adhering strictly to the truth. When the rain of denials had fallen Editor Piratsky of the Watsonville Pajaronian, the paper which first published the story about the visit of the Presbyterian minister to the Catholic orphanage, took occasion to defend the story as it had originally appeared. He told of hearing the story first on the street and of detailing a reporter to investigate. The reporter, according to Editor Piratsky, went to the orphanage and saw the fathers in charge, Fathers Knepper and Leonhardt. I quote from Editor Piratsky: "Both fathers stated that such an investigation had been made by Mr. Hays; that he had been authorized by the State Board of Control to make such an investigation; that the investigation was the result of certain charges made by Father Hassett; and that this was not the first time that Father Hassett had made charges against them; that a committee of prominent Catholics from Father Hassett's parish had made an investigation, on the same lines, some time previous; and that the matter had been referred to the head of the Franciscan order at Santa Barbara, who had replied at length to Father Hassett. Father Knepper showed Mr. Lorenson (the reporter) a copy of the letter which is on file at the college. Father Knepper, at the interview, suggested that Mr. Lorenson tell Mr. Piratsky to delay publication of the affair until a copy of the charges could be obtained from the State Board of Control." If the Franciscan fathers are correctly quoted, it is evident that they had no doubt that Father Hassett had inspired the charges, and that the investigation had been made at the instigation of the State Board of Control. The question is, who is lying?

When Reformers Fall Out

When reformers fall it is not astonishing, but certainly it is amusing, to find them employing against one another the weapons with which they formerly assailed the common enemy. This is the diverting spectacle with which we are now being entertained by the patriots of California. In the crush at the Administration throne toes have been trod upon and bad blood has been gendered and mean passions let loose. And now we find that personal dislike is hiding behind moral disapproval even among the sanctified of

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
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State politics. In the midst of this factional strife looms the commanding figure of Mr. Fremont Older whose relations with the Governor have been so intimate as to excite the envy of some of our rural journalists and small fry politicians. Mr. Older is reputed to have but one favor to ask of the Governor, and that is the pardon of Abraham Ruef. This being the case a cabal has been formed to effect Mr. Older's disappointment, and to that end the opposition is practicing with great glee the gentle art of disparagement. So Abe Ruef, though physically remote from the world's madding strife, is in reality the storm-center of State politics. Now of course it doesn't matter at all to the politicians whether Ruef be released or not, but it would gratify some of them enormously to see Older turned down, and this is the inspiration of a rumor which has been set afloat by Franklin Hichborn in the California Outlook, the weekly organ of the Progressives. The rumor is that a small fortune is to be spent in a campaign to work up sentiment for the release of Ruef. "The probabilities are," says Hichborn, "that any grafting newspaper that wants to pick up a dishonest dollar or so can make satisfactory arrangements by getting in touch with the Ruef publicity chiefs." Thus do the reformers resort to their favorite weapon even against one another. It is the old familiar trick of trying to overwhelm your opponent by charging him with having been bought.

The Lack of Lure

I haven't the slightest doubt that Ruef would spend a great deal of money to get himself out of the penitentiary, but I feel quite certain that the journalists representing the anti-Older faction don't believe there is any money in sight. Their hostile attitude in the matter is conclusive of their conviction that nothing but sentiment is behind the movement to influence the Governor in Ruef's favor. So far as Older is concerned he undoubtedly believes himself to be actuated by nothing but the most humane feelings, but while Older is intensely emotional, he is the unconscious tool of his own ego, being utterly devoid of the power of self-analysis. Beyond doubt he is moved by a philanthropic impulse of which he is extremely proud, as he has a right to be, and perhaps he is not uninfluenced by remorse and repentance, but whatever be the mainspring of his current zeal I should hate to find myself inclined to put a stone in his way—to play the hichborn out of mere cussedness. If I were an officer of the law I should never be reluctant to send a man to jail if it were my duty to do so, but as a private citizen it will never be my pleasure to assist in a scheme to keep any man in jail.

A Matter of Justice

There is only one criticism to be made of Fremont Older's present enterprise and it is this: something more than mere sentiment should be urged in behalf of Abe Ruef. It is all well enough to be sentimental and philanthropic, but it is better to be right. Aside from the fact that Abe Ruef, the once haughty and imperious boss, has more than expiated his sins, as everyone must admit who knows of the treatment he received at the hands of Detective Burns, it is right that he should be liberated from San Quentin. Even so callous a wretch as Ruef appeals to one's pity when one recalls the length of his downfall, the torments mental and physical that he endured through the years of his prosecution, and the agony he is now experiencing if from nothing else than the melancholy retrospect that is ever present in his penitentiary cell. But the plea to be made for Ruef is the plea of justice. That plea should be made by the men who put him where he is. It may become them to pity him, but it will do them credit to expiate their own sins by reparation. I shall be told that Ruef deserves to be where he is. That dictum need not be disputed. However much a man may deserve to be in the pentitentiary he ought not to be there as a result of the outraging of the principles of justice. It was by injustice that Ruef was sent to the penitentiary, and Governor Johnson being one of the men by whom the injustice was induced is now most fortunately situated for his future peace of mind.

A Plea for Claudianes

If the pardon of Ruef is to be asked for on no other ground than that he has suffered enough and because Mr. Older has experienced something of remorse then what about Peter Claudianes? Here is a poor wretch, so humble, so neglected, so utterly dead to the world as it were, that nobody has observed how singular it is that Ruef alone excites compassion. Yet Claudianes, we were told once upon a time, was merely an ignorant tool of Ruef's. It will be remembered that Ruef was charged with instigating the dynamiting of Gallagher's house. Indeed Ruef was suspected, according to the prosecutors, of committing all sorts of crimes. There was no atrocity that he was not capable of from bribing a paint-eater to hiring Haas to kill Heney and commit suicide. But poor ignorant Claudianes, the worst thing he ever did was explode a bomb to make a noise for the prosecution, and that he did for Ruef. Has nobody any compassion for this piece of flotsam that came to the surface in the slums? Peter Claudianes was convicted on the testimony of Detective William J. Burns and on nothing else, the same Burns who tried to make people believe that Ruef instigated the shooting of Heney and that Haas was killed in his cell and that Gallagher didn't know there was a bomb at his front door. I'm for letting Ruef out but I'm not for keeping Claudianes in. Let us be consistent even in our compassion.

The Passion for Journalism

Now that the government has been "brought back to the people" in California the newspaper business has become more inviting than ever to millionaires with money to burn and the ambition to shine in public office. Newspaper properties hereabouts are in great demand, and hack journalists distinguished in their profession for incompetency are tugging at the elastic legs of our ambitious millionaires with the hope of landing in lucrative jobs. The prospect is a halcyon one for newspaper men. They are looking forward with glad expectation to more competition in journalism. The report that E. T. Earl of Los Angeles is about to carry his war against Hearst into San Francisco is but one of many tidings that fill reporters with glee. Congressman "Billy" Kent, who has slathers of money, is said to be eager to have control of a newspaper and ready to splurge. He believes that with a newspaper he could have all the plain people eating out of his hands. And he is almost as good a spender as Earl. This gentleman is said to have fifty millions of dollars and a consuming passion for journalism. All newspaper men, not excepting Hearst, will hail with delight a one-cent Earl morning daily in San Francisco. Nothing would give Hearst greater satisfaction than the spectacle of a multi-millionaire rival pouring his simoleons into the yawning maw of a one-cent morning daily.

The Passing of Kipling

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melancholy command, but won't someone with the authority to enforce his words please tell the poet of the seven seas to inflict us with no more verses? He has passed the grand climacteric of inspiration; he drools the doggerel of that second childhood unrecognized by the Muses. The time has come to write 'finis' to his versifying. Proof of this sad state of affairs is afforded by Kipling's most recent utterances in rhyme. To the Ladies Home Journal he lately contributed a set of verses called "The Female of the Species." "A Study in natural history" he captions it, and it may be that; certainly it is not poetry. The idea which Kipling develops in this unworthy lucubration is indicated by the first stanza:

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster who will often turn aside;
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Then he proceeds to show that the female has always been ruthless in defense of her young; and he cites the cruelties practiced by the squaws on the Jesuit missionaries to prove this, considering their case more to the point, no doubt, than that Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. The whole thing is intensely serious, though not perfectly intelligible. Reading it, one wonders whether Kipling got his idea as well as his catchphrase from Bret Harte who wrote:

No; not wild promiscuous treating,
Not the wine-cup's ruby flow,
But the female of his species
Brought the noble Perkins low.

History in Rag-time

"The Female of the Species" is not Kipling's only offense. In collaboration with one C. R. L. Fletcher he recently produced a history of England, Fletcher supplying passable prose and Kipling most villainous verses. Does anyone recognize the poet of the "Recessional" in this:

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile nation
To call upon a neighbor and to say:
"We invaded you last night—we are quite prepared to fight,
Unless you pay us cash to go away."
And that is called asking for Dane-goed,
And the people who ask it explain
That you've only to pay 'em the Dane-goed
And then you'll get rid of the Dane.

This is typical of the sort of tommyrot which Kipling has foisted on the public in his latest published work. I'd back James Henry MacLafferty or Joe Redding to do better at a half-hour's sitting.

More Exposition Poetry

But while we are lambasting the sins against poetry committed by the outsider, let us not forget that there are offenders in our midst. If the great Kipling has degenerated, there are with us pretenders who have never arrived. Take for instance the following perpetration:

Come! Come! All San Francisco,
Our hearts are true—
Come! Come! Our glasses raising—
A toast to you.

Come! Come! Naught can efface her,
Our voices blending now to praise her
Beyond compare!
Rise! Rise! All California,
Hail to our Fair!

This parody on "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier," we learn from the papers, was composed by two advertising men and was first sprung on an unprotected public at the banquet of the advertising men last Friday night. It met with such success that it attracted the attention of the publicity committee of the World's Fair, and that committee has requested the cafe owners and hotels of the city and State to print it on their menu cards. It is expected, said one newspaper, to aid in carrying the Fair to unprecedented success. Just why it should be expected to do anything of the sort is beyond me. Its sentiment is banal, its words are atrocious, its rhymes are impossible. It could hardly be worse if it were written by four or a dozen men instead of two. It is sung to music which has been barrel-organed so long that we are tired of it. Is there no originality in our midst? Must we rely on advertising men for our Fair songs? on men who at their best compose mediocre jingles for street-car advertisements? Oh that Miss Ina Coolbrith's Congress of Poets might meet right away instead of waiting for 1915! Then we might get something worth while.

Robert's Quick Recovery

Great is Nauheim according to reports from Germany through which Dent Robert, managing editor of the Examiner, is now touring with Mrs. Robert and with the John J. Barretts as his guests. It seems but a few weeks ago, and certainly it is less than two months, since Robert was reported to be in a precarious condition in a local hospital. His heart was off its beat, or had sprung a leak or had become a degenerate, or was doing something portentous in doctors' jargon. William R. Hearst, just emerged from the Balkans, heard about Robert's sad case. Hearst was in Nauheim. He cabled to Robert to come on and get cured. Robert went, his friends bidding him a melancholy farewell. Arrived in Nauheim he took the waters, and in two weeks he took Mr. Hearst's automobile, which had been thoughtfully left behind in charge of the Hearst chauffeur, and off he started to do Germany. Robert's friends are now wondering whether the heart affliction wasn't an affectation designed to get a vacation.

Marguerite, Not Margaret

Why does Paul Elder, learned in such matters, allow Marie West King to change the name of Marguerite of Navarre to Margaret? History has

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many Margarets of note, but there was only one great Marguerite, and that was she who gave the world her "Heptameron." The error may seem a little one, but it is really inexcusable, particularly as the name is given correctly in the corner of the curious old picture of the Queen which is used as a frontispiece for the beautiful little book which Elder has just published. "Recipe for a Happy Life" may surprise those who know Marguerite of Navarre only through her "Heptameron," a book which out-decamerons the "Decameron" on the shady side. Somewhere among the many writings of the Queen Marie West King has found and translated (if she did not find a translation ready to her hand) a little recipe for happiness. This she has amplified with a collection of wise saws and modern instances from ancient and modern authors, and Paul Elder has made one of his artistic manuals out of the compilation. But it is sad to find Marguerite called Margaret.

A Naughty Pious Queen

That picture of the Queen of Navarre (who was Queen in name only) is a distinct shock. One thinks of this remarkable woman of the French Renaissance, who was twice married and whose hand was sought, so the story goes, by no less personages than Charles V and Henry VIII, as a creature of rare loveliness. One remembers that she presided over the gay and licentious Court of Love; one smiles to recall a ticklish story or so that Montaigne tells of her. Did not her poets proclaim her fairest of the fair? Has not the writer of the "Heptameron" been ever described as no less brilliant intellectually than physically? And yet we have this counterfeit presentment to dash our illusions, this mezzagravure print from an old engraving to tell us that Marguerite d'Angouleme, Marguerite d'Alencon, Marguerite of Navarre was about as good to look upon as Francois Villon's wrinkled mother. 'Tis a sad awakening. It makes it easy for us to believe that Marguerite was really a pious dame, as some of the historians insist, a severely virtuous blue-stocking who tossed off her "Heptameron" as a sort of literary exercise. Who knows? The mysteries that envelop woman can never be solved when they are swathed in the wrappings of antiquity.

Sam Blythe on Gavin McNab

Our own Gavin McNab is one of the latest prominent Americans to have his portrait taken by Sam Blythe for the "Who's Who—and Why" page of the Saturday Evening Post. "He assays so much sanity to the pound," says Blythe, "that he is well worthy of celebration." And again: "I make free to say Gavin McNab is the biggest man in San Francisco." Blythe is not a very impressionable newspaperman, but it is apparent that he was unusually impressed with McNab. He has the "dope" on him too. "Gavin," he says, "has stepped on quite a number of San Francisco countenances, but all for their necessary realignment of features. He is an opinionated person with the courage of his conversation." In another place: "When McNab went into politics he went in wearing the hobnailed boots. He hasn't taken them off since, though he now claims to be out of politics, which he probably is until some politics come along to get into." There are other bits of characterization: "He has the gift of epigram. He can say much in a sentence. . . . You would think at times that McNab is a cynic, but he isn't. He's a philosopher. . . . Like every strong man he has vast enmities and enduring friendships. He is either the best or the worst; but he is big, and sane, and courageous, and non-theoretical." Blythe may not have known McNab long, but he seems to know him pretty well.

"In the Footprints"

One of the most amiable of men was the late Charles Warren Stoddard. Courtesy in him was a chivalrous feeling springing from the heart, kindness he performed as though it were at once a duty and a pleasure. And the charm of his writing consists chiefly of the tender feeling which he communicates to the reader. There is much of this charm in the series of sketches that make up the book entitled "In the Footprints of the Padres," a new and enlarged edition of which has just been brought out by Mr. A. M. Robertson. These sketches have a historical but hardly a literary value, and no small element of that value comes from the illustrations with which the pages of the new edition have been liberally interspersed. To all friends and admirers of Stoddard the book has a deep interest because of its autobiographical flavor; for in his sketches the author reveals himself, the man of buoyant nature, of romantic temperament, of modest tastes, with a keen relish of the better things of life. There is much in these sketches of what is known as the "journalism of gentle contemplation," abounding as they do in primrose reflections, and meadow dreams. Stoddard had the poet's feeling for nature and for the picturesque in life whether viewed from the top of Telegraph Hill or on a spray-splashing yacht or in Yosemite shadows or in the heart of Chinatown. And he had the genius to communicate his feelings, to impart to others his own sense of environment. "In the Footprints of the Padres" is a fine contribution to Californiana.

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Miss Gushwell—I like grand opera in Italian so much better than in English. Don't you?

Musical Critic—Oh, yes; unless you understand Italian, or follow the translation in the libretto closely, you don't need to find out what awful rot it is.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Concert That Won't Take Place

Father Sullivan, a curate at the Cathedral, conceived a happy idea a few days ago in connection with his efforts to raise money for the Mount St. Joseph Orphanage. Perhaps, for the sake of precise speaking, it might be better to say that he conceived what for a time he thought was a happy idea. He has had occasion to change his mind. The change of mind will involve a change of plans, and a concert in which Madame Emma Eames and her husband Emilio de Gogorza were to be the star attractions will not take place. Being bold in the cause of charity, Father Sullivan called on the de Gogorzas a few days ago and asked them whether they would be willing to lend their superb voices to the church. He explained to them all about the work that was being done for the orphan asylum by charitable men and women. He communicated his own enthusiasm to the singers. Eames and de Gogorza

Photo, Vaughan and Fraser

MISS LOUISE E. TABER

The charming daughter of San Francisco's veteran photographer Mr. I. W. Taber whose first novel "The Flame" was recently published.

would be delighted! But unfortunately it would be impossible to arrange a concert just now. However, they were returning to San Francisco within the month and would be glad to assist the orphans at that time. Father Sullivan arranged with Eames and de Gogorza that they should sing for the benefit of the orphans on Saturday evening, November 18.

The Archbishop Said "No!"

Father Sullivan was delighted with his success. He prepared to make arrangements, the stars of song consenting, for other singers to augment the program. In his enthusiasm he made no doubt that his superior would approve his work, but of course he laid the project formally before the Archbishop. And the Archbishop vetoed the whole thing. Not that His Grace thought that the concert would not be a great success. Or that the orphans didn't need the money. The reason was personal to Eames and de Gogorza. The Archbishop felt that there had been too much notoriety connected with the marriage of the singers, and that it would be improper to enlist their services in the cause of a purely Catholic charity. From the standpoint of canon law the marriage of the singers is perfectly valid. But it has given rise to a great deal of adverse comment. So the Archbishop evidently thought that while the Church recognized their marriage as legitimate, it would be unwise for the Church to profit by it.

Society Goes Back to the Land

Is it one of the signs of the times that our wealthy young married folk are turning their backs on gay metropolitan life and hieing them to the glebe? Is there a reaction against the frivolity of city life, the inane round of dances, teas, theatre parties and bridge sessions for the women and of equally unprofitable diversions for the men? I do not dare to think so. But the thought suggests itself in connection with the intention of Aleck Rutherford and his charming bride to betake themselves to the agricultural districts and spend their existence on a farm. It is a little surprising that a young man who has always exhibited as much enthusiasm as Aleck Rutherford has for the luxurious pleasures of the city, should decide to be a country mouse, now that he is married. But it seems to be a fact. With his beautiful New York bride who was Miss Helen Dunnell Smythe before she married the son of Mrs. George Crocker, he will make his home on a big farm in the northern part of the State and will go in for agricultural pursuits on a very large and serious scale. The visits of the Rutherfords to town will be very infrequent, if the present program conceived during the rosy hours of the honeymoon, is carried out.

Miss Kruttschnitt Too

Yet another instance of this back-to-nature trend in society (if it is a trend) may be cited. It is the case of Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt who will soon become the bride of the young Englishman, Henry Clifford Woodhouse. They are going to have a lodge at Pelican Bay on Klamath Lake near the well known place where Harriman used to spend his vacation days. It won't be a mere summer home, however. It will be their permanent residence. They too are going to be agriculturists. Woodhouse is going to raise fancy cattle for the market and is going to have a big range which he will superintend himself. Miss Kruttschnitt was at Klamath some time ago with her husband-to-be and the widowed Mrs. Harriman, and they looked over the ground. That they are in dead earnest may be judged from what Miss Kruttschnitt said to a friend at that time: "We have not mapped out a lot of plans, for plans usually go awry. We know that we want to live on this ranch and that is what we intend to do." Which seems to settle the matter.

They Disturbed the Sleepy

There ought to be a lot of healthy, wealthy and wise people living in the Keystone Apartments, if the old adage goes for anything, because there are in that staid place a lot of people who go very early to bed. Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Seth Mann and some other charming matrons found this out recently. These matrons have started a series of dances for a lot of school youngsters who are still in their teens. The dances were to be given at the Keystone, but after the first dance the plans were altered a bit. It seems that the sound of dance music and of happy laughter disturbed the sleepy dwellers of the Keystone, and they voiced a loud protest. So henceforth Mrs. Gregg and the other matrons will give the dances at the Century Club where no one will be disturbed, and where the youngsters may dance till midnight and have a little supper before going home.

She Slept in Taf's Bed

While Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton, the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, was at the St. Francis Hotel she enjoyed an honor of which she

Photo, Webster

MRS. OSCAR STEELE

Formerly Miss Ruth Lowell of Haywards. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Summer Steele, and was recently wedded to a prominent Colusa man.

is still ignorant. She slept in the bed which a few days before had lent itself to the dignified repose of the President of the United States. Mrs. Hamilton's apartments were ordered for her by wire from New York through the banking house of her distinguished papa, and when she arrived at the hotel she did not sign the register. The princess of the house of Morgan was traveling with as near an approach to the incognito style of royalty as our democratic country permits. Of course she was assigned to the best suite in the hotel. And of course that was the suite which President Taft had occupied. Quite an honor, is it not, to sleep in the bed that a President had occupied? Most people so

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honored would have learned of the distinction in short order. But Mrs. Hamilton is not too easy to approach. So none of the hotel functionaries found means of communicating to her the fact of the case.

A Democratic Czar

At this writing the Bachelors and Benedicks have not yet led out their partners in the first whirl of the season, so it is impossible for me to comment on the Greenway at the Fairmont. But I shall be greatly surprised if that first dance does not show that the much-discussed blue pencil was a myth. There was a great deal of excitement when it became noised that the Czar was going to delete dozens of names from his list, a great deal of gossip, a great deal of unpleasant comment. But I don't think that there will be a great many conspicuous by their absence from the ball on Friday night. Most of the old faces will be smiling there. The fact is, the Czar is the most democratic of leaders. He simply hates to hurt anybody's feelings. The use of the blue pencil does not come natural to him, though he has been a newspaperman in his day.

The Vogue of Fishing

Society has been doing a lot of fishing during the past week or so. There has been a general rush to the mountain streams where the elusive trout disports himself. Templeton and Jennie Crocker with Duane Hopkins and Walter Martin have been whipping the McCloud River with Miss Crocker's private car as their base of supplies. The Coryells and the Percy Moores have also been fishing on the McCloud. The Hopkins' have been at their lodge at Boca and have been doing a lot of fishing. Carter Pomeroy and his daughter Harriet have also been trying their luck at Truckee. These finishing parties are about over. Society is ready now for its indoor winter activities.

Our Tessie Is Graying

Knowing that my readers are always eager to hear about Mrs. Oelrichs, I present the following, the contribution of a New York scribe: Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and young Hermann are back in town, and Tessie takes her regular walks in the morning and her regular drives in the afternoon—just as she has done before in town, as she did at Newport all summer and I suppose as she will continue to do until the arms of Abraham or someone nearer at hand enfold her. I have seen her at 11 a. m. and I have seen her at 4 p. m., and, believe me, at the latter hour, as she whizzes by in her perfectly set up motor-car, I sometimes think she looks much better than at the former hour, when she toddles parkward on her dainty tootsie-wootsies. Tessie's tresses are by no means as raven as they used to be. I now note that there are distinct traces of gray over her ears and above her temples, and I wonder is she really going to let her hair take its natural course. If so, I commend again her good sense, which I have always admired above the acerbity of her temper.

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The Charles Cooper Recital

Young Charles Cooper, a pupil of Oscar Weil who has never been heard here in concert, will give a recital in the colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel on Friday evening, November 10. Cooper is soon to leave for Berlin for two years of study, and undoubtedly his friends will take advantage of the recital to wish him a Godspeed. Cooper's program has been carefully chosen and includes a Bach Fantasie, three Schumann numbers from the Faschingschwank, the Fantasiestucke and the Davidsbundler, a Sonate of Brahms and a Nocturne and two Preludes of Chopin. This is a program indicating a wide range for a player so youthful. In the list of patronesses who will be present at the recital may be mentioned Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr., Mrs. H. A. Alexander, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. E. de Sabla, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Mrs. W. N. Drown.

In the Social Spotlight

Recent San Franciscan arrivals at Casa Del Rey, Santa Cruz, are: W. B. Weston, L. Clayburgh, F. H. Lord, W. T. Allen, Mrs. Jno. Mackenzie, C. A. Henry, Geo. Turny, A. H. Muller, Geo. Pattberg, Fred R. Koening, L. A. Ash, W. T. Smith, Mrs. Henderson & sons, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Stephen Potter, Miss Margaret Potter, Dr. M. R. Cambitz & party, Mr. &Mrs. H. C. Rowley, Dr. L. R. Gambitz, Mrs. M. E. Sea, Mrs. R. Strong, Miss A. Ottinger, Mrs. A. J. Frey, A. J. Frey, Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Demming, J. E. Patchett, G. S. Brown, Chas. E. Brown, Wm. C. Spencer, John H. Riordan, Mr. & Mrs. M. C. Ottenheimer, Carroll Cook, Mrs. K. Johnson & daughter, John Carney, Matthew J. Warren, S. W. Hemenway, Mr. C. V. Alexander, M. F. Gale & wife, B. F. Marshall, F. H. Lord, W. T. Allen, Philip T. Henderson, J. F. Davidson & wife, J. V. Harrison, J. H. P. Mason, Miss Aileen Mason, S. P. Routhmen, Henry Stevens Kiersted, Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Coleman, Daniel J. Kelley, C. S. Week & wife, Mrs. Hartland Law, Mr. & Mrs. P. C. Huntington, Arthur A. Prausnitz & wife, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Bishop & Mrs. W. F. Nichols, Archdeacon Emery, G. D. Milne, W. L. Webb, Geo. W. Mordecai, Mr. & Mrs. E. B. Hough, F. B. Daye & wife, T. H. Camp & wife, H. Ashley Ely, Harry J. Moore, H. L. Johnson, W. Rothlein, W. V. Huntington, C. S. Salisbury & wife, C. R. Wallis, J. G. Williamson & family.

Mrs. H. W. Heyman, Mr. Robert Hyman and Mrs. Marcus Stone have returned to the city for the winter and have taken apartments at the St. Francis.

General Oscar F. Long is among those who have taken winter apartments at the Peninsula and will be joined soon by Colonel Denny and family. Mr. A. Torca, Chilian Consul, has taken apartments for several weeks at the Peninsula and will be joined by Mrs. Torca and family.

Burr McIntosh of Los Angeles is at the St. Francis for a stay of five or six weeks, while he fills an engagement at the Alcazar Theatre.

Mr. John Morrissey, manager of the Orpheum and Mrs. Morrissey, have returned to their apartments at the St. Francis, after several weeks visit through the East.

Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page will spend the winter in town, having closed their home in San Rafael for the season.

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C. H. Sanford of London, together with Mrs. Sanford, is at the St. Francis. Mr. Sanford has extensive interests in Argentina, as well as in this country. They are planning a trip to the Orient and will sail November 7.

The roads down San Mateo way are in excellent condition these days, and the Peninsula becomes the objective point for many a merry automobile party culminating in pretty luncheons, dinners, and dances. The initial dance of the Hayward Park Club will be given November 4. The younger set of San Mateo are looking forward with pleasure to this series of delightful dances.

The most notable event of the season thus far will be the Convention of the San Francisco District of The Federation of Women's Clubs, to convene November 8, 9 and 10. An attendance of over two hundred is expected.

"This Pleasant Place"

The brilliance and beauty of Tait's has recently been enhanced by a new electric fountain with its splashings of exquisite colors. There is always a charm about this pleasant place which draws people more and more. The management always makes such a sincere endeavor to give the guests the highest quality in everything—music, decorations, amusements, service and dishes, all carefully consistent and harmonious—that the results of their efforts must naturally be appreciated. Tuesday evening's Hallowe'en decorations were so appropriately weird and gruesome and the crowd so merry that the eve of mystery was well celebrated.

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Gossip of the Theatre

This Week at the Orpheum

There is no reason why Nat Wills should give credit to his friend Sewell Collins for that story he tells at the Orpheum this week. The story is very old, much older than either Nat Wills or Sewell Collins. If the Collins drawings and the Wills personality are remembered as long as that story, Collins and Wills will be heavily indebted to posterity. It's the story about the man who goes away from home, hears no news during his absence, meets the old servant on his return and is told that nothing has happened except that the dog died. From the death of the dog he gradually unravels a series of misfortunes which lead up to the elopement of his wife with the coachman. I don't know just how old that story is. I met it first when my infantile efforts at the conquest of books took me through the readers of a former generation. It was in Wilson's or McGuffey's Fifth Reader that it first burst upon my consciousness. Since then it has recurred in various forms, the last time in the Saturday Evening Post. There is no reason in the world why Wells shouldn't tell it if he wants to, particularly as he tells it so well. But if he tells it under the mistaken notion that it's a comparatively new story these lines may enlighten him. Wills tells everything well. Just to watch that wrinkled, dirty-faced, broken-toothed grin and that inimitable squint of his is an unalloyed delight. His monologue is funny and his parodies are clever. But—not to be censorious—why doesn't Nat Wills banish the flea and the seasickness? They are unworthy of a clever man like Wills. There is no "class" to them. Swat the flea, Nat, and forget the mal de mer. Your act will gain by the restraint. You can't pick a billtopper at the Orpheum this week. There are several acts that stand out as particularly good. There are Ed Howard and Frank North, for instance. Their "Back to Wellington" is a joy. The lines are tiptop and the acting of Ed Howard (if Ed is the one who plays the rube) is the sort of acting that makes you hug yourself. When he screws up his eye and looks at the picture in the end of a Parisian penknife he just smiles and says nothing. But you remember it all evening. So do the other performers. That little action gives them a chance for several "gags" that tickle the audience. Then there are the Six Brown Brothers. They are armed with cornets, trombones, saxaphones and other jingle-distillers. When you hear them play "Alexander's Ragtime Band" you understand why more than a million copies of that rag have been sold. Ergotti and the two Lilliputians are also very classy performers in "risley," a term which Gerald Dillon, the Orpheum's erudite press agent, threatens to make popular. The other numbers on the bill are very good, but not up to those I have mentioned. At least I don't think so. It is the privilege of Orpheumites to play favorites; that's why the Orpheum pleases all tastes. The Pedersen brothers do stunts on the horizontal bar, and one of them walks up a vertical bar with the ease of a fly on the ceiling. Lillian Schreiber is described as a "vest pocket edition of Vesta Tilley." When, oh when, will the Orpheum give us the original? Sager Midgley has a farcelet that is ingenious and laugh-provoking, the two Dromios vaudevillainously mirrored. Maud Hall Macy does a Bowery girl against a background of rustic sentimentality. And the motion picture is the best I've seen since "Colonel Kate."

—Edward F. O'Day.

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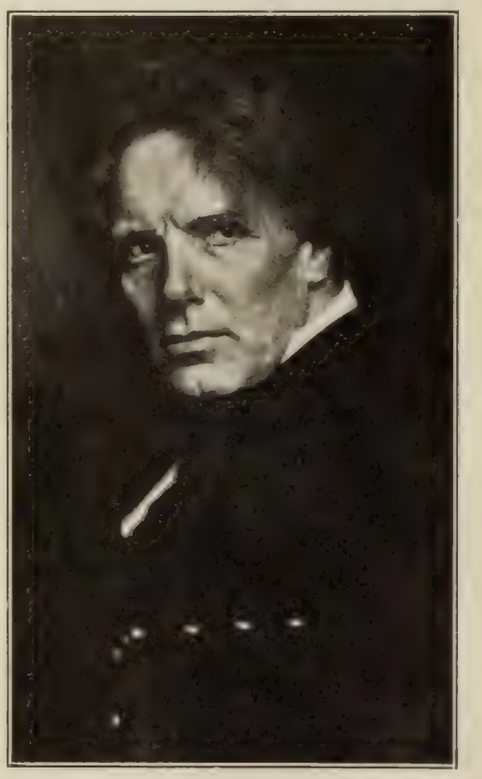
"Bright Eyes" at the Columbia

One of the hits of the theatrical season here, in the musical comedy line, should be Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook in Jos. M. Gaites' musical comedy success "Bright Eyes" which comes to the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday evening, November 6. This is a new play by the authors of the famous "Three Twins," "Madame Sherry" and "The Girl of My Dreams." Chas. Dickson wrote the book, Otto Hauerbach the lyrics and Karl Hoschna furnished the tuneful music. "Bright Eyes" promises more surprises in the electrical and scenic equipment than anything seen here for some time. The costuming is elaborate, especially in the "Chanticlere" song number. Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook are assisted by such well known people as Freddie Nice, Herbert Salinger, Jeannett Lawrence, Clifford Saum, Cecilia Renaud and Orellio Collins, with a chorus of about fifty girls who can sing and dance as well as look pretty. An augmented orchestra of twenty musicians will be used during the engagement.



DR. LUDWIG WÜLLNER

The World Famous Lieder Singer who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Grace Van Studdiford Next

Sam Bernard at the Cort has been playing to large houses all week, and the advance sale for next week, the last of the engagement, augurs a continuance of the big business. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday, and the final performance falls on Saturday night, November 11. "He Came From Milwaukee" has been adjudged Bernard's best vehicle, and it exhibits the German comedian in fine fashion. The original Casino production, we are told, has been brought to San Francisco; also that the company is the same that Bernard had in support during the New York engagement. There are well-known musical comedy people in the company. Nella Bergen—who is Mrs. De Wolf Hopper in private life—Louise Mink, Anna Wheaton, George Baldwin, Billy Gaston and others. On Sunday night, November 12, Grace Van Studdiford, the famous star of "The Red Feather," will begin an engagement of one week in "The Paradise of Mahomet."

Leonard Borwick in Two More Concerts

Leonard Borwick, the eminent piano virtuoso whose beautiful playing has been the talk of musical San Francisco for the past week, is announced by Manager Greenbaum for two farewell recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being this Sunday afternoon, November 5, and Tuesday night, November 7. At the Sunday concert Mr. Borwick will play old masterpieces by Graun, Couperin, Gluck-Saint-Saens, Schumann's "Faschinsschwank" and a group of seven Chopin gems. At the Tuesday night concert works by Bach, Schubert, Brahms, Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin and Liszt will be the program.

The Half-Hour of Music

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on Sunday afternoon will be a song recital by pupils of Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, with Mr. Frederick Maurer, Jr., as accompanist. The programme will be as follows: Kipling's "The Gypsy Trail," set to music by Galloway, Woodman's "I Am Thy Harp," and the Vaquero's Song from Victor Herbert's "Natoma," sung by Mr. Herman Hiller, baritone; the aria "May Laurels Crown Thy Brow," from Verdi's "Aida," sung by Miss Ora Heckell, and the scene and duet "'Neath the Chances of Battle," from the same opera, by Miss Heckell and Miss Millicent Talbot; Reinecke's "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by Miss Ruby Moore, contralto; and recitative and polonaise from Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon," by Miss Talbot, soprano. In case of inclement weather the concert will not be given.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Alcazar

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" in which Burr McIntosh will open his second week at the Alcazar next Monday evening, was adapted by Frank Mayo from Mark Twain's tale. Mr. Mayo died while starring in the title part, and the producers immediately engaged Mr. McIntosh to act as his successor, which he did with great success for two seasons. His last appearance here in the role was eleven years ago, at the California Theatre, when the critics gave his performance unstinted praise. Since then "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has not been adequately presented in San Francisco. Wilson is the pivotal character in the play, but there are several other roles of importance in the hands of capable people. Harry Mestayer, Charles Gunn, Louis Bennison, Viola Leach, Roy Clements, Roy Neil, Eddie Campi, Burt Wesner, David Kirkland, John Ellicott, Edmund Lowe, Walter Belasco, Adele Belgarde, and Neva West are in the cast. There is also a colored quartet. Accurate costumery and picturesque staging are promised.

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senting an adequate repertoire. Hitherto we have had visits of two or three weeks by traveling companies or stock seasons by local companies, but now we are to have a season such as is given at the leading opera houses abroad and it is the plan of Impresario Grazi and his local representative, Will Greebaum, to make an annual season of opera one of our fixed institutions, just as in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Montreal. For the first season a company will be brought from Paris, and most of the artists are members of the government-sustained theaters —"The National Opera," "The Opera Comique" and "The Theatre Lyrique-Gaiete." Others come from the leading opera houses of Belgium, Holland, Austria and Germany. The list of principals is as follows: Sopranos—Mmes. Le Senne, Vix, Chambellan, Vallemont, Lefargue, Charpenteir, Richardson and Fregoleska. Contraltos and mezzos—Mmes. Gustin, Tarny Ruiss, Reloys and Marly. Tenors—M. M. Affre, Pacual-Wrenski, Ferier, De Garonne, Simondet and Garaud. Baritones—M. M. Espa-Carie, Mascal and De Lucas. Bassos—M.M. Coiglio, De Mangane, Garcia and Ruynen. Premiere Danseuses—Signoras Ghezzi, Bonelli and Zucca. Orchestra Director—M. Etienne Bardou and M. Pointel. Chorus Director —M. Robertson. Stage Director—M. M. Marly and Roserny. Ballet Master—M. Barelly. Concert Masters—John Marquardt and Emilie Meris. The orchestra will number fifty, the chorus fifty and the corps de ballet twenty-four. All scenery, costumes, etc. will be entirely new and furthermore the productions will be given in their entirety and with ballet, stage bands, etc. whenever the original score calls for it.

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M. Pierre Grazi, Director
Will L. Greenbaum, Representative
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Season of 12 Weeks, Commencing November 15th

First Week Repertoire
Wednesday Evening, "LES HUGENOTS"
All Star Cast and Ballet
Thursday Evening, "FAUST," in its Entirety
Walpurgis Night Scene and Ballet
Friday Evening, "LA JUIVE," with Ballet
Saturday Evening, "LAKME"
Saturday Matinee, "LES HUGENOTS"

Prices: Orchestra, $4.00 and $3.00. Balcony, $3.00, $2.00 and $1.00. Box Seats, $5.00.
Season Coupon Books of 30—$90.00, $75.00 and $45.00.
Season Coupon Books of 50—$150.00, $125.00 and $75.00.
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When Season Opens

The season will open Wednesday night, November 15, instead of Monday night as originally announced, as M. Grazi wants to have two nights for full scenic and stage rehearsals. For the opening production "Les Hugenots" by Meyerbeer has been chosen on account of the splendid opportunities it offers for a large number of the stars, no less than three prima donnas, an exceptional dramatic tenor, two fine baritones and bassos and a splendid chorus and ballet being absolutely essential to give an adequate rendering of this masterpiece. M. M. Affre will be the "Raoul," one of the most difficult roes ever written for a tenor. On Thursday night, November 16, "Faust" will be given in its entirety, which means with the beautiful "Walpurgis Night scene" and the ballet divertisement for which Gounod composed some of his charming melodies. Halevy's "La Juive" will be given a spectacular production on Friday night, November 17, and "Les Hugenots" will be repeated with the same all star cast on Saturday afternoon. "Lakme," a beautiful opera on an Indian subject will be given on Saturday night. The repertoire for the second week will be announced in a few days. The box office will be open at Sherman Clay & Co.'s Monday morning at 9 a. m. and full particulars regarding season coupons, etc. may be obtained there. The scale of prices is very moderate for an organization of this size, being from $4.00 down to $1.00. Address all mail orders and inquiries to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Next Week at the Orpheum

Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the world-famous lieder singer, will be heard at the Orpheum next week. He is a man who stirs his audiences as they have rarely been stirred. Dr. Wullner will have as his accompanist Coenraad V. Bos, a pianist of world-wide renown. The Four Fords, a quartette of brothers and sisters who dance, will also make their appearance. Josie Heather, the winsome English comedienne will be a special feature. She will sing several of the songs she popularized at the English music halls. Mabelle Adams and C. H. O'Donnell will present next week only "Zila," a musical drama in three scenes of which report speaks highly. James Augustine and Annie Hartley, the famous barrel jumpers, will introduce their original specialty "Athletes at Play." Next week will be the last of Sager Midgley and Company; Lillian Schreiber, and Howard and North in their diverting skit "Back to Wellington."

Eames and De Gogorza in Oakland

The concert of Emma Eames and Emilio De Gogorza in Oakland which was postponed on account of illness, will positively be given next Tuesday afternoon, November 7, at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 3-15 p. m. The promised brilliant program will be given and seats are now on sale at Ye Liberty box office.

In the Cause of Charity

The tenth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will take place at the Columbia Theatre, Friday afternoon, November 24, at two o'clock sharp, when a performance of unusual excellence will be given. This is always the big theatrical event of the year and as the cause is a most deserving one and the managers of the leading theatres promise a program long to be remembered, the house will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. Tickets may be obtained at any theatre box office.

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Two Weeks Beginning Monday Night, November 6th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Joseph M. Gaites Presents
CECIL LEAN and FLORENCE HOLBROOK
In the Musical Comedy Triumph
BRIGHT EYES
By the Authors of "Three Twins."
Coming—Montgomery and Stone.

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(Direction Messrs. Shubert)
In the New York Casino Musical Comedy Success
"HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE"
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to $2.00. Wednesday Matinee Special Prices—25c to $1.50.
Next—Beginning Sunday Night, November 12th—Grace Van Studdiford in "The Paradise of Mahomet."

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Sutter and Steiner Sts. Belasco & Mayer, Owners-Mgrs
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BURR McINTOSH
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PUDD'NHEAD WILSON
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Seats for Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

Orpheum

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

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THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOV 5th at 2:30
NEXT TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 7th at 8:15
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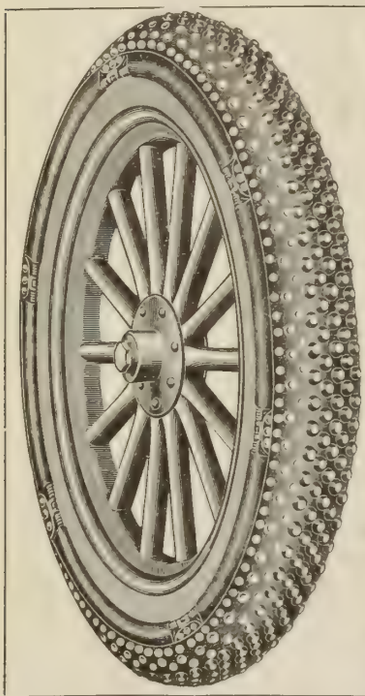
Nuits Rouges

(Continued from Page 9.)

the other side of the road is a stable containing a horse and an ass; at a quarter to three some one would go over and harness the horse and put it into a cart. This was always the signal for the ass to break into a lamentable and incredibly loud exhibition of that insanity with which the animal creation seems at times to be stricken. Then, or somewhere about this time, the first blow would fall—a sickening crash with a kind of softness in it, suggestive of the heavy steel tearing its way through flesh and sinew to the bone. Things in the room would tremble, and the loud voice of the butcher, rejoicing like a horse saying Ha! Ha! amid the battle, would rise to a shout, as though in a transport of joy. The horse and cart would then drive away, and there would be half an hour of chopping; a kind of epicurean chopping, done, one would say, more for pleasure than for necessity—a chop here and there, when the butcher's eye lighted on a more than usually provocative-looking joint—but not serious work. At about this time, too, the butcher began to make other noises, loud noises in his throat which I will not further particularize, except that they added in a quite dreadful way to the picture which my tortured imagination was conjuring up. Then there would follow a noise of sweeping, and of buckets of water being poured on the floor. What was it that he was sweeping? Why should buckets of water be poured on the floor? What stains were they that had to be thus washed away? And then the cart would come back, it being now about a quarter to four, and the horse would take his stand just under my window. He was fitted with a large collar containing a number of bells that shook whenever he moved; the flies would begin to annoy him, and he would shake himself about once every ten seconds; and once every thirty seconds he would strike his iron shoe on the cobble stones; this until six o'clock. And on the return of the cart the activity of the shop would become quite dreadful. There were evidently more people than one chopping, but the deep note of the first chopper could always be distinguished in the grisly orchestra. Sometimes, when one was tired of chopping, he would take up a saw, and the whining note would be heard; but I pictured to myself the chief butcher being rather impatient of this finicking method, because when the sawing had continued for a little while there would suddenly come a mighty and sickening crash, as though the butcher could not restrain himself any longer; and the crash would be followed by a pause, as though for a moment even his gloomy passion had been satiated. But the pause would only be for a moment, and then serious chopping would begin again, accompanied by loud talk and laughter (and by those other sounds), until seven or eight o'clock, when I would rise, trembling and twittering, like a drunkard from a debauch.

Such a story could have but two endings; happily for me it had the least dramatic. The butcher, at my instigation, has been haled before the Judge of the Peace, and has by him been admonished and required not to chop before half-past five in the morning. But if it had gone on, if I had been by some fate compelled to occupy that chamber for a year or more, there would have been a different ending. The butcher would have died—by what means I do not know or care; and I should have been found chopping him with his own chopper on his own table into tiny little pieces, and laughing and shouting as I did it. And I should never have used the saw, only chopped and chopped again until the house shook. And I should have been led forth and hanged, and the papers would have dwelt indignantly, not only on the murder of an innocent and hard-working tradesman, but on the singularly brutal circumstance of the chopping up of the body; and no one, except the Providence that adjusted the human nervous system to endure to a certain point and no farther, would have understood.

I have never seen inside the butcher's shop; I have never, to my knowledge, seen the butcher. I do not know whether it was elephants or rhinoceroses that were dismembered in the fragrant summer nights; nor do I know what horrible sin of a former existence this man was expiating, that it was laid upon him to rise up from his bed in the soft, sweet hours of the night, and begin fiendishly to chop corpses with a hatchet. These things are mysteries; and when in the sunshine of day I pass the neat little shop, all modestly veiled behind its gay striped curtain, it seems to me entirely innocent, like the environment of a dream seen by daylight. But I know that it is not the place of a dream; and that, but for me, its innocent-looking door would nightly gape and pour forth a flood of lamplight on to the sleeping road, and that the village would resound to the blows of the chopper crashing through bones.



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In some circles it is believed that official confirmation of the report in circulation for the past few days that the United States Steel Corporation purposed to cancel its lease on the Great Northern Ore properties and reduce its ore transportation rates twenty cents a ton, will result in a further recovery in the steel securities and have a beneficial effect on the general market. While it is admitted that this announcement will be reflected to some extent in the stock market, it is pointed out that it is only one incident in the general situation, and that there must be something more comprehensive in the adjustment of the trust question before we can look for a bouyant stock market. There is the same division of opinion between bankers and speculators which has existed for several weeks as to the probable success of the American Tobacco plan now before the court. Some interests go so far as to predict that the court may see the reasonableness of one or more substitute plans which may be presented by independent manufacturers and dealers, and out of these suggestions it may frame a plan very different from that worked out by Tobacco's attorneys. This idea is not entertained by those most familiar with the plan and who believe that they understand the minds of the judges. Reports regarding general business, particularly in the central west, are as conflicting as they have been for some months.

Wheat—The greatest puzzle to the trade has been that foreign markets held so well in spite of the action of the market here. No matter how great an advance we had, the cables came in the next morning unchanged, or with very little change. Broomhall now advises that the foreign markets are not depending on our supply of wheat, believing that Argentine will have plenty, and that they can get all they need there. There is no denying the fact that the markets of this country have depended to a great extent on foreign orders, for while our crops are short, there is plenty for home use and a little for export. It is the situation abroad that has attracted so much attention. Advices show that Argentine will begin harvesting wheat around the tenth of November. The cash markets did not follow the futures. Sales have been extremely light, not only on the advance but when futures declined, the cash market followed with very little demand at the decline. Outside markets report only a fair demand for wheat, and there were reports of several mills in the northwest closing down for want of shipping instructions. Near the close of the week the market took a bad break owing to the rumor that the government would investigate the concern credited with holding the bulk of cash wheat in Chicago. This decline was due, and was natural, considering the big advance we have had. It makes a soft spot for buyers.

Corn—Corn followed wheat, being strong early in the week on wet weather. Later it reacted when the decline came in wheat. There was quite a bit of selling in the December option by those who were long, the same being reinstated by purchases of the May option. The cash market was lower, due to heavy offerings of both new and old corn. Receipts have been only moderate but are expected to show a big increase next week. The weather conditions at the moment are very favorable for the curing and shipping of corn. We think, with the continued liberal offerings and good weather conditions, that we may have a further break in corn.

Cotton—Southern hedge selling continued in the New York market and offerings from Europe were also on a more extensive scale resulting in lower prices at the end of the week. The trade is beginning to realize that a large crop is now assured, regardless of weather conditions from now on. Therefore the market is being influenced by the natural law of supply and demand. Stocks are larger and increasing at all points, while the demand is beginning to slacken, due to the fulfillment of contracts of October shipments. During the past week the Liverpool stock of American increased 106,000 bales, and is now 297,000 against 335,000 bales last year and 591,000 in 1909. American cotton is just beginning to reach Liverpool in volume and it is probable that the stock there will soon pile up and eventually show in excess of 1909. Stocks at United States ports and interior towns figure 190,000 bales more than last year and are almost as large as in 1908, the last big crop year. Plantation stocks are probably the largest on record, figuring close to 5,600,000 bales, while the amount remaining to be ginned is perhaps over one million more than was ginned after this date last year. This means that even if farmers could successfully hold and finance two million bales of cotton the excess to be marketed would figure about 13,500,000 bales or considerably more than Mr. Ellisons estimated for consumptive requirements and the most favorable trade conditions, based on an early settlement of the Chinese revolution and the Italian-Turkish war.

Rude Haste

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when they were both clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go of that sheet, when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more gently to your wife."

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Auto Notes

"That motorist is mistaken who thinks tires are built of rubber and fabric," says J. A. Braden of the Diamond tire forces. "Or rather, he is only partially correct. He has overlooked the principal material. It's an old factor. It was in use before Caesar crossed the Rubicon. The Greeks employed it in building the Parthenon and found it useful in building the wooden horse that ended in the siege of Troy. And long before them the Egyptians were depending mostly upon it for the building of the pyramids. No doubt you have guessed it by now—Brains. The rubber market and the cotton market, open to all alike. The chief material, first, last and always—is brains. Otherwise with the same foundation to build on you would have finished products of equal capacity. And every motorist knows that is not the case."

Three hundred and seventy-three Pierce-Arrow cars that were manufactured more than four years ago are in active service in the State of New York at this time. The books of the Secretary of State show that that many Pierce-Arrows made prior to the fall of 1907 have been licensed since registrations were begun in February of this year.

Major W. H. Buster of Colusa has just taken delivery of another Stevens-Duryea six cylinder touring car from the Pacific Motor Car Company. After a few days' visit in San Francisco, the Major will drive his car to Colusa. This is the third Stevens-Duryea car Major Buster has owned.

An unfortunate accident caused the loss of a perfect score for the Universal three-ton motor truck, in the recent endurance run. In some way, matter of a foreign nature became deposited in the radiator and caused the overheating of the engine. S. G. Chapman, in telling of the incident said: "It is impossible to tell how the deposit got into the radiator but the fact remains that it was there. The truck was running in perfect mechanical fashion." This truck, handled here by Chapman, is built by the Universal motor truck company of Detroit, and is widely known on account of its practical construction for durability and adaptability. It has a wide range of service, and is adaptable to many different commercial and industrial lines of business. The owners and users of these trucks in the East, where they have been on the market longer, are enthusiastic in their praise of the service given.

Henry D. McCoy, secretary and treasurer of the Chanslor and Lyon motor supply company, has received a letter from E. V. Hartford, president of the Hartford Suspension Company, to the effect that the fine new branch recently established in New York is bringing in sylendid results. The branch was opened specially for the convenience of New Yorkers and motorists visiting the big city.

Mr. J. H. McGavern of Los Angeles called at the Rambler branch recently and reported a very delightful trip coming up from the southern city. Mr. McGavern is such an enthusiastic Rambler man that he has three machines. He has driven his 1910 seven passenger Rambler over 8,000 miles and reports two punctures and one blowout.

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NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 17th day of October, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, will sell at private sale in one piece or parcel to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1911, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Emilie Bouquet, deceased, at the time of her death, being an undivided one-half interest in and to the said real property with the improvements thereon, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than and in addition to that of said deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street at a point distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street; running thence westerly along said line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet; and thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 198, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a one story, five room frame cottage.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administrator, personally, or left at the office of his attorneys, S. J. Hankins and H. J. Hankins, 917 Pacific Building, southwest corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 17, 1911.

ERNEST BOUQUET.

Residence Address: 1539 Seventh St., Alameda, Alameda County, California. Business Address: 273 Post St., San Francisco, California.

ERNEST BOUQUET.
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Bouquet.

S. J. HANKINS and H. J. HANKINS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS J. LEE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of W. C. Graves, Attorney at Law, 911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, No. 625 Market Street, San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas J. Lee, deceased.

W. C. GRAVES,
Executor of the Estate of Thomas J. Lee, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

W. C. GRAVES, Atty. for Executor,
911 Western Metropolis National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH PAILLASSOU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Paillassou, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Paillassou, deceased.

MARGUERITE PAILLASSOU,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Paillassou, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 4, A. D. 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-4-5

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The strongest monopoly and the most cruel—the labor trust.

The Citizens' Alliance's offices are in the Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Free Registration Bureau and Employment Office, Room No. 626.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of H. OLSEN, sometimes known as HARRY OLSEN, Deceased.

Julius S. Godeau, the Administrator of said estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, having on this day presented to this Court, and filed herein his verified petition, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at a private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient moneys with which to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, or any accrued, or hereafter to accrue,

And it appearing to the Court from the said verified petition that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property belonging to said deceased and described in said petition, for the reason set forth in said petition,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department Number Ten thereof, probate, in the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 21st day of November, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they may have, or either of them may have, why an order should not be made, authorizing, empowering and directing said Julius S. Godeau, as Administrator as aforesaid, to sell the said real property described in the said petition at a private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of said order be served upon (Mrs.) Irene Voigt and (Mrs.) May Matison, the heirs at law of the above named deceased, and that a copy of said order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: October 17, 1911.

PERRY & PERRY, Attys. for Administrator,
206 Grant Bldg., Seventh and Market Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,129; Department No. 7.

EVA THOMAS, Plaintiff, vs. N. E. THOMAS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to N. E. Thomas, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH PELLISSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Pellisson, deceased.

EMMA PELLISSON,
PIERRE LASSALLE,
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, A. D. 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix and Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

FISK TRADE MARK

ORDER FISK TIRES FOR SERVICE
BRANCHES WITH REPAIR DEPTS. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND - LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO - FRESNO

FISK TRADE MARK

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,407.

IDA E. SHEAR, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of David Shear, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LEVI SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Levi Smith, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-2-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA GOSLINER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Arthur Joel, 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia Gosliner, deceased. HENRY STEINBACH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 14, 1911.

ARTHUR JOEL, Atty. for Executor,
620 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD RATIGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Carpenter & Hittell, 602 California Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward Ratigan, deceased. F. E. DAVERKOSEN,
Executor of the Estate of Edward Ratigan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

CARPENTER & HITTELL, Attys. for Executor,
602 California St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,895, Probate; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM FRASER, Deceased.

William L. Fraser, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of William Fraser, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein his verified petition, in due form, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing him, as such Administrator, to sell all the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased, and it appearing to this Court, by the said verified petition, that it would be for the advantage, benefit, and best interests of the estate and those interested therein, that the said real property be sold; and that it is necessary to sell the said real property described in said petition, which is hereby expressly referred to for further particulars and for a description of said property, in order to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, which have already accrued, and which will or hereafter may accrue during the administration of said estate;

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the Grant Building, at the Southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order, as prayed for in said petition, should not be granted to the said Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of said deceased to sell the real estate of said deceased, at either public or private sale for the purposes mentioned in the said petition, as he shall judge to be for the best interests of the said estate and of the persons interested therein; and,

It is further ordered that a copy of this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 28th day of September, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

(Endorsed): Filed Sept. 28, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Atty. for Administrator,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,190, Probate; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS GOSLINKSY, Deceased.

Julius Brownstein, Frances Brownstein and Estelle Putzel, having presented to and filed with the Clerk of this Court, their petition for an order of Court declaring that certain property of the estate of the above name deceased is held by the Executrix of said estate in trust for said petitioners, and praying for a decree of Court authorizing and directing said Executrix to make, execute and deliver a conveyance to petitioners, of an undivided one-quarter interest in and to the following described parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows:

That portion of lot 48 of the 500 acre lots of the former Pueblo de San Jose, being the westerly half of the northerly fourth of said Lot 48, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the Public road known as the McKee Road (the same being the extension of Julian Street, in the City of San Jose, easterly of the mountains) at the westerly corner of the so-called Cavanaugh Tract; running thence along the center of said McKee Roard North 49 degrees, 34 minutes East, 15.32 chains; thence South 37 degrees, 45 minutes East, 30.52 chains; thence South 49 degrees, 34 minutes West, 15.32 chains; thence North 37 degrees, 45 minutes West, 30.52 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 46.55 acres of land more or less.

It is ordered, that all persons interested appear before this Court on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause if any they have why the said petition should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be served upon MINNA GOSLINKSY, personally, as the Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, at least ten days before the time set for the hearing thereof.

And it is furthered ordered, that this Order to Show Cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before such hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, October 3, 1911.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

D. FREIDENRICH and M. L. SCHMITT,
Attorneys for Petitioners. 10-7-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,944; Department No. 7.

JULIEN J. SCHEIBEL, as Administrator of the Estate of THEODORE SCHEIBEL, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 2161 of the said defendant for 20 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of Theodore Scheibel, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, to be and appear before said Court on the 28th day of November, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to plaintiff as Administrator of the estate of Theodore Scheibel, deceased, and to set forth their right in or claims to such shares, if any they have.

Dated, October 13, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. J. EAGAN, Deputy Clerk.

J. M. THOMPSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 10-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,276; Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of THOMAS BENJAMIN BEALL, et. al., Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Jane Beall, the guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas Benjamin Beall, William Franklin Beall, Grover Harrison Beall, Clarence Reason Beall and George Arthur Beall, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards; that it is for the best interests of said minors and necessary that such real estate should be sold:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 21st day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, October 13, A. D. 1911.

10-21-4 THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,131.

HELEN EMMA O'BRIEN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William F. O'Brien, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES M. THOMAS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
800 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,222; Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Margaret Adler, the Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, having filed her petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered, by the Honorable J. V. Coffey, Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court at the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Margaret Adler, Administratrix, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, John Cyrus Wooley, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated, October 11, A. D. 1911.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Petitioner. 10-14-5

CITATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7168; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLOTTE F. CLARKE, Deceased.

The People of the State of California to: Grace Howitt Power, Greeting:

You are hereby cited to be and appear in our Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, Probate, thereof, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the sale to you of certain real property should not be vacated and set aside, and a new sale ordered of said real property described in the petition herein in the same manner and upon the same terms as prescribed by the order of January 19, 1910, referred to in said petition.

By order of the Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) Attest: H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

MASTICK & PARTRIDGE, Attorneys,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margaret Adler at Room 216 Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Its first publication was on the fourteenth day of October, 1911, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

MARGARET ADLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Cyrus Wooley, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Administratrix. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco -No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinafter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-15-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 574

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners in business under the firm name and style of "STANFORD MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY CO."; that the principal place of business of said co-partnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership and their respective places of residence are as follows:

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH, whose place of residence is 1403 Larkin Street, San Francisco, California.

ALFRED G. BAKER, whose place of residence is 1427 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH.
ALFRED G. BAKER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 16th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911), before me, A. J. Henry, a notary public, in and for said City and County and State, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared C. A. Rothenbusch and Alfred G. Baker, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 17, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attys. at Law,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GIOVANNI UZZOVICH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. G. Antonovich, No. 604 Montgomery Street, Room 209-210, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, deceased.

LUCA UZZOVICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Giovanni Uzzovich, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 7, 1911.

WM. G. ANTONOVICH, Atty. for Administrator,
604 Montgomery St., Room 209-210,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

San Francisco Announcements

Among the Paul Elder and Company announcements for early publications are the following:

"The Little Lad of Bethlehem Town"—A winsome drama-poem telling an imaginative incident of the first Christmas Eve, by Emily Huntington Miller. It is to be illustrated and issued as an exquisite example of book-making.

"Jingles of a Happy Mother Goose"—A new revise in happywise of the ancient rhymes, by Emma S. Seale, with illustrations by Gertrude Marin. A rendering of Mother Goose to meet modern standards with the sad parts and the bad parts left out, or else changed.

"Tahquitch Maiden"—Telling a strange Indian legend of Tahquitch Mountain in the San Jacintos. By Phebe Estelle Spalding. Illustrated with mezzogravure reproductions of photographs.

"Envelope Brochures"—A series to present exquisite examples of typography, elaborately printed on beautiful handmade papers. The first numbers are: "Charity," compiled by Beulah Warner; "Adoration," poems of trustful prayer, by Florence M. Schmidt; "Matins and Vespers," poems for the morning and evening devotions, by Violet M. Firth; and "Happiness," complied by Paul Elder.

Another Helen Grant Book

Amanda M. Douglas has brought her series of nine to a close with "Helen Grant's Harvest Year." These books are designed for the older girls of sixteen years or so, and they have taken their heroine through the closing years of a private preparatory school into college where, without being a phenomenon, she yet takes creditable rank and, having elected to remain for a post-graduate year, finally finds her place as teacher in a newly organized high school. The last previous volume left her newly engaged to a young minister but pleading for a longer term as a teacher while he too stored up experience. In this final volume Helen has made a visit to England where, after listening to the arguments of an advanced suffragette, she begins to be enamored of single blessedness and a career. A holiday visit to some of her old friends, married and surrounded by their little families, rather upsets her newly acquired wisdom, and a little more light shed on a dark place clinches her decision. Meanwhile the school goes on, new pupils enter, old ones drop out and some very real problems in modern co-educational work are threshed out. The girls who expect to take up teaching as their own vocation will discover that they will be forced over and over again to meet precisely the same conditions, though they cannot count on the same co-operation from either parents or trustees. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Child Verses, but not for Children

In "The Land of Let's Pretend" Carl Werner has gathered up the verses contributed from time to time to Scribner's, The Bohemian, Puck, The Delineator and other grown-up magazines, and the H. M. Caldwell Company has put them into a very attractive book with an abundance of remarkably good and appropriate illustrations by Laura E. Foster, colored plates, black and white, marginal decorations and end papers. While the style of the make-up will appeal to children, the poems will be apt to prove beyond their comprehension and appreciation, for it is a fact too often overlooked that stories and verses about children are not necessarily for children. They take themselves very seriously and ask their puzzling questions, with the gravity of a scientific investigator, solely with the intention of gathering wisdom. Their play is not play to them while they are absorbed in their impersonations, and when they become self-conscious enough to catch glimpses of themselves as they appear to the eyes of adults, and when they deliberately try to be funny, they cease to be children and become intolerable little nuisances. The book is too good in every respect to be abused and the lucky little folks who find a copy in the Christmas stocking will be apt to really appreciate it better when they are seventeen or twenty-seven than they will at seven. It is evident that Mr. Werner knows children, not as lay figures, but as intimate comrades. The dedication is to Prince Paul and Molly Camella whose photographs ornament the front page, and apparently the same two have furnished the inspiration for the illustrations.

Edmond Rostand was once asked by a friend to accompany him to the mairie to act as a witness in the registration of the birth of the friend's child. The clerk was a fussy, conscientious little bureaucrat who, having made the entry, turned to the witness and demanded "Your name?" which was given, "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French Academy." "Very well," replied the official, "but you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

James Whitcomb Riley, who has been an invalid for a long time, recently made the gift of a public library to his native city. It is told of him that on the occasion of his introuduction to Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet whose crown is six feet four inches from the ground, Riley dropped his eyes, and slowly and gradually permitted his glance to travel upward as though examining a monument, and then exclaimed, "Well, by jiminy! They must have trained you on a trellis."

"What is bric-a-brac?"
"Junk that's got into society."

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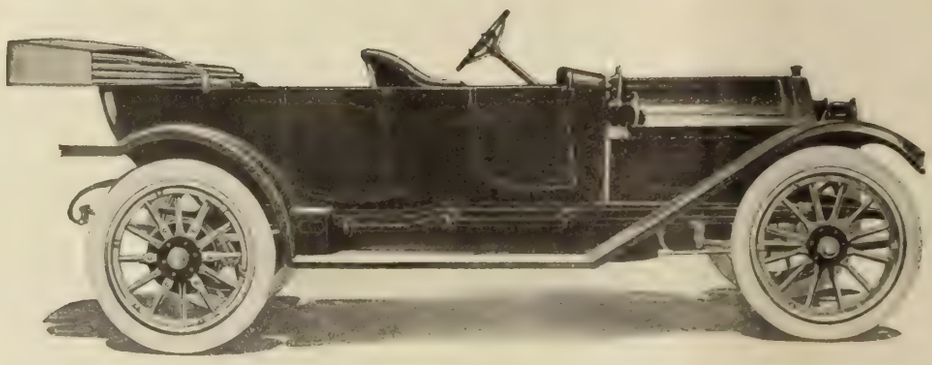

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SILENCE is another notable feature of the Cole. Stand at the hood with the engine running—yet you cannot hear it. Then there are no noises from gears or from changing gears, no body or spring squeaks.

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ON the road, the Cole is as luxurious and easy riding as any car can be. It runs smoothly and steadily, with no perceptible vibration. It gets under way quickly, easily, without noise or jerkiness—and it gives perfect response to control.

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IN considering Cole specifications, please understand that the Cole differs in quality as well as in specifications from other reasonably priced cars.

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XIX | San Francisco, November 11, 1911 | No. 1003

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone, Douglas 2612
Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $4.00; six months, $2.25; three months, $1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

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Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Portrait

What the ideal of political leadership is among our Progressive politicians may be learned from the very embodiment of it—the Hon. "Battle Bob" La Follette. This statesman reveals himself at full length in an autobiography now issuing as a campaign document. In the first instalment he says:

"To an impecunious young lawyer almost without clients the district-attorneyship of Dane county, paying at that time the munificent salary of $800 a year with an allowance of $50 for expenses, seemed like a golden opportunity. Though it appeared immeasurably difficult of attainment I determined to make for it with all my strength."

Thus are we afforded a picture of the congenital job-chaser in the dawn of his career. And as we follow "Battle Bob" in the edifying story of his life we find that he has always been on the alert for golden opportunities. The story of his political career is a story of the job-chasing of a practical politician, who has cultivated to a high degree the art of playing to the gallery and gladhanding voters. Yet "Battle Bob" is a man deserving of our serious and respectful attention. Everything that has a crowd behind it is entitled to our deference. And "Battle Bob" heads the van of a noisy and numerous phalanx of our fellow citizens. It will not do to say that he is merely the incarnate principle of flubdub and humbug, and let it go at that. As a matter of fact he is typical of his era. La Follette is the product of his environment. His individuality takes it color from his constituents his contemporaries and compeers. He is the outcome of democracy. His leadership is not due to the inattention, but to the characteristic judgment, of the people. It is because men of his striking exiguity become standard bearers of party that every American mother is justified in holding out to her son the hope of becoming President.

An Uplift Proposal

Now that our millionaire politicians are burning with a passion for journalism we respectfully suggest once more that as the government has been brought back to the people of California the people should avail themselves of the right and power to regulate the press. We are regulating everything nowadays but the one thing that of all others ought to be regulated—the newspaper. What else is there that so vitally concerns the welfare of the people? This country is today governed by the press. Our politicians are the tools of the press. The editors of the country are the schoolmasters of the common people, the press is the university of the mob, and the press is good or bad according to the character of those who direct it. Nowadays wherever private ambition is masquerading as patriotic zeal we find a newspaper serving as the instrument of endeavor. La Fallotte is a candidate for President and he keeps a newspaper. William J. Bryan, whose political ambition defies discouragement, runs a printing press as an oracle. William R. Hearst hopes to be President, and with his newspapers compels the recognition of the politicians of several States. Several millionaires in California, hungry for office, own or control newspapers or expect to become owners or lessees of newspapers. These millionaires are sensible of the expansion of the power of the press under our new system of government, and they are eager to wield that power. Now if the government of California was brought back to the people to give them more liberty and more power they should proceed to insure themselves the promised blessings. At present the liberty of the people is in inverse ratio to the liberty of the press. There is very little liberty where the newspapers may destroy the happiness of individuals; where they may intimidate the servants of the people; where they may seek to influence juries; where they may be employed by rich men to gratify political ambition; where in short they may exercise the despotic power that is felt in this press-ridden State. But it is not only because of their selfish and dishonest motives that the newspapers should be regulated. The newspapers have become a vulgarizing and a demoralizing influence, and the curbing of the freedom that has degenerated into license is essential not only to the liberty of the individual but to the peace, happiness and general welfare of society. The freedom of the press rightly comprehended is not the freedom to do what an editor will but to do what he ought. This is not the concept of the average editor. He considers himself justified in appealing to the worst passions of the people, and though the newspaper is pulpit, theatre, book, forum, all in one, the editor is under none of the restraints that govern those instrumentalities. There is no censorship for the press, and though there are laws of libel the newspapers have rendered them negligible. The remedy of the plaintiff is worse than the evil complained of, and the fool who ventures once becomes wise enough to refrain thereafter. We believe that the people are so well aware of the licentiousness of the press, so sensible of the importance of purifying and uplifting the press, that almost any proposal to effect improvement will receive almost universal assent.

Criticism From Chicago

Governor Johnson has suffered and is suffering the penalty of exalted station. "They that stand high," says respectable authority, "have many blasts to shake them." Governor Johnson has been severely criticised by the opposition press, which is of course biased, but the severest criticism he ever received is to be found in the columns of a paper published many miles away. The Chicago Inter-Ocean discussing our Governor's explanation that he remained away from the Taft banquet for fear that the guest of honor would criticise the initiative, referendum and recall, and so precipitate unpleasantness, calls him "a pin-headed, puffed-up insurgent." Worse than that, the Inter-Ocean says that our Governor is ignorant of the amenities of social intercourse. Read the indictment:

"It never occurred to him that it was possible for him to express a courteous dissent if the President should chance to say something that was unpalatable to him at the banquet. It never occurred to him that it is unnecessary for a man to create an unpleasant scene whenever he hears opinions, with which he disagrees, expressed at a social gathering. It never occurred to him that the unpleasantness which he professes to have been so anxious to avoid was the unpleasantness which he alone was evidently prepared to precipitate in the fullness of his self-importance and in his gross ignorance of propriety. No. From his own statement all that occurred to this insectile person, as well as his fellow-insurgents, was the childish thought that the honored guest at a public banquet might say something they wouldn't like and they just couldn't abstain from insulting him if he did."

The Inter-Ocean winds up its tirade with the assertion that our Governor in his attempt to preserve his principles from even the possibility of adverse criticism "only succeeded in writing himself down an ass—an underbred and egotistical ass." We suspect that the Inter-Ocean is a reactionary journal. And we are sure that it is not a competent critic of manners. By its language it betrays its own need of instruction in the amenities of polite society. Its rebuke is tainted with the essence of the principal industry of Chicago, and it has the savor of the snobbishness that flaunts itself in the swollen metropolis of the Middle West. In a country where no man is socially impossible, where there are no social distinctions, where every man may eat with his knife and tuck his napkin under his chin, why prate about politeness? This is the

land of freedom, where every man may do anything with impunity except tell the plain truth to the plain people. The objection to our Governor's explanation of his aloofness from the Taft banquet is not that it reflected on his manners but that it insulted the intelligence of the many as well as the few. Hence we are inclined to doubt that it was of his invention. The very awkwardness of it gave wise men pause. Perhaps our Governor turned the task of explaining over to the Board of Control, the source of all the innumerable blunders that lately have heightened the gaiety of the commonwealth. There's nothing like having a verisimilitudinous scapegoat.

The Text-Book Grafters

Of the many delightful promises made by Governor Johnson some months ago none so heartened the plain people of this State as the promise to put an end to the text-book graft. If Governor Johnson kept no other promise than that he would be entitled to much gratitude and deserve to be pardoned for many sins of omission. But putting the book-trust out of business is a much more difficult task than driving the railroad out of politics. The book-trust has been intrenched in this State so many years that no veteran politician can recall the time when it was not filching its ill-gotten gains from the pockets of its victims. The ramifications of its political influence are bewildering and astounding. And it is a most demoralizing influence because nowhere is it so potent as in the public schools. It counts among its secret agents some of the leading educators of the State. On its staff are Normal School principals and college professors. No wonder that text-books are so frequently changed and that under our free school system the cost of supplying children with books is more than some parents can bear. No wonder either that we should have read in the despatches from Sacramento last Sunday that "the almost unanimous sentiment expressed by a rising vote at the dinner given last night by Governor Johnson to the invited solons in favor of framing a free text-book constitutional amendment had abated in warmth over night." Evidently the book-trust had been doing some business between two days. "During the session today," said the press despatches, "the proposal to include this matter (the text-book amendment) in the call drew opposition from several quarters, and as a result it is now improbable that Governor Johnson will make it a matter for legislative consideration at the special session." To be sure it drew opposition from several quarters. If the newspapers could get hold of the despatches "from several quarters" urging the reformers in conference assembled to drop the text-book amendment they would have material for an extremely sensational story. For the probability is that some of the despatches emanated from some of our highest-toned reformers. The fact is that the most active agents of the trust are putatively the purest of our citizens. The schoolmaster and college pedant is invariably a reformer and the schoolmaster and college pedant is beloved of the book-trust. As we all know, Governor Johnson is surrounded by reformers, which is probably the reason why Governor Johnson, as the despatches tell us, has come to the conclusion that it would be inadvisable to include in the call matters that are not of pressing importance or that may jolt the spirit of harmony. In this connection it may be interesting to observe even though it be without significance that last week Chester Rowell was protesting in his newspaper against starting an initiative petition for a free text-book law. Mr. Rowell, it will be remembered, was formerly a schoolmaster.

The Great Question

The greatest scientists—the few men who made epochs by their contributions to our fund of knowledge, were slow to accept anything or assert anything as truth. They were well aware that many of the so-called truths of science were not certain or evident. It is only scientific men of the secondary order who think their opinions are "written with sunbeams." These are the dogmatists of science. They are such because they lack the imaginative faculty which should be one of the attributes of the highest order of scientific intellect. Among them are the scientists who tell us this is the only planet on which there is life. They so assert because such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that these conditions should be found united on any other planet. It is not for these scientists to conceive that the powers of thought and sensation may act through a medium different from what we know. Of this same tribe of scientists is Dr. Max Verworm, who has provoked much discussion by a lecture delivered at Columbia University, in the course of which he asserted that it had been demonstrated that the soul was not immortal. The cerebral cell, says Dr. Verworm, is the seat of all vital processes, and the cerebral cell dies; the amoeba is the starting point of all life, and the amoeba perishes; therefore the soul is physiological and cannot live forever. We have not given the exact structure of Dr. Verworm's argument, but approximately it is as we have stated. Now Dr. Verworm as a matter of fact has not given us anything new. He has but employed for his purpose a postulate formerly used to prove the descent of man from the ape. Indeed much the same postulate was used for precisely the same purpose by Huxley, who argued that the brain was the organ of the soul and assumed that the soul was not a spiritual being. All naturalists who deny the immortality of the soul base their conclusion on deductions from comparative anatomy and embryology, and disdain to consider the phenomena of psychology. Thus it is with Dr. Verworm, who assumes that the active principle in us is a cell which may grow a tumor. Thought, feeling, aspiration, love, duty, self-sacrific—all these, in Dr. Verworm's philosophy are the emanations of the mechanism of matter. Dr. Verworm is one of those "explorers and microscopists of the soul," spoken of by Nietzsche. According to that philosopher they "would be at home in their proper element—namely, in a swamp." Not less dogmatic than Dr. Verworm, but more agreeable to those of us who are pleased to believe in a benign immortality serving as a harbor of refuge from the storms of life, was old Richard Bentley who solved the question to his own satisfaction in this ponderous fashion: "If the powers of cogitation and volition and sensation are neither inherent in matter as such, nor acquirable to matter by any motion or modification of it, it necessarily follows that they proceed from some cogitative substance; some incorporeal inhabitant within us, which we call spirit and soul." This is nothing but metaphysics, but it is more convincing than a mere conclusion nourished on a decayed cerebral cell. If the mind be more accessible to poetry than to the prose of either Bentley or Verworm let us hearken then to the suggestion of the Greeks who recommend consideration of the caterpillar, which in its three states—its wormhood, apparent death and ultimate aerial or celestial destination, typifies the human being. How far more extraordinary, some ancient bard suggested, that a worm should change its form and substance, rise from a dark and fetid dunghill into the soft air and sport in the sunbeams than that man, an intellectual being, should ascend to the source of all wisdom!

Blessings

It's what I thank God for each night—
A little cabin that's mine by right,
The strength of a man for work or fight,
And food and light.

It's what I thank God for each day—
A wife with never too much to say,
A wife, a dog, an' a child for play,
For those I'd pray.

I thank God for the land I tread,
A pipe to smoke, and an easy bed,
The thatch I made that's over my head,
And daily bread.

I thank God for an Irish name,
And a son of mine to bear the same,
My own to love me and none to blame,
No more I'd claim.

—W. M. Letts

Varied Types

XLVII—DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

By Edward F. O'Day

"Do you ever feel the thrill of life?" asked "Reflex" Abrams, taking the interview into his own hands.

I was properly noncommittal. What right had he to interview me? Besides, I did not feel altogether comfortable. There are doctors who give one an uneasy feeling. They seem to be forever diagnosing your symptoms. Their eyes look through and through you like X-rays. Their fingers seem to be itching for your pulse. You feel that if they only half tried they could convict you of all the ills in the materia medica. You cease to be a man; you are merely a case while you stay in their company.

Dr. Albert Abrams. "Reflex" Abrams as his brothers of the profession call him, affects you like that at first. There is something mephistophelian about his countenance. You can well imagine him chortling over the weaknesses of mankind, even as Mephistopheles chortled over the foolishness of Faust. His keen blue eyes are a little glassy, perhaps from too much peering, but they penetrate like poniards to the vital places.

I had heard so much about Doctor Abrams that I was eager to meet him. Other physicians had spoken in terms of high admiration of his medical treatises. Patients had told me of his wonderful treatments, his almost miraculous cures. It had come to my ears that a visit to Abrams was as good as a visit to Nauheim for the heart-stricken and the nerve-shattered. Assuredly, I thought, if this man works the good that Nauheim does to American hearts and American nerves, the most erratic hearts and nerves in the world, he is worth knowing. I was high-keyed when I met him.

From the moment that I entered Dr. Abrams' office I realized that I was under inspection. His minute scrutiny covered me from heel to crown. When he held a light to my cigar it was as though he was lifting a lantern to my soul. And so, when Dr. Abrams took the interview into his own hands, I was careful not to commit myself. Let him discover my symptoms for himself; decidedly I should not confess them.

"It is rarely indeed that I feel the joy of living," said Dr. Abrams when I had sidestepped his question. "The thrill only comes when I have discovered something new. Then I feel like the old philosopher who shouted 'Eureka!'

"Who was it, by the way, that shouted 'Eureka'?" he continued eying me steadily. "Ah yes, Archimedes of Syracuse. Of course. I remember now that I have seen his statue there, a modern statue of course. There he is in marble, a noble figure of a man, looking out to sea, with his burning glass and lever and his books about him. Near that statue, by the way, there is a morass where papyri grow. It is supposed that in ancient times paper was made from the papyri in that morass. By Jove, it strikes me that when I was in Syracuse I bought a papyrus there. Perhaps I can find it."

Rising as tumultuously as he talked, Dr. Abrams darted into the adjoining room in quest of the papyrus. I looked about me. Certainly I had never seen such a doctor's office before. It looked more like the study of a dilettante. The furniture fashions of all ages seemed to be represented there in the desk, the bookcases, the tables, the chairs, the cabinets. Just a detail to suggest the bizarre treatment: the telephone was dressed in flowered silk, the push button was mother-of-pearl set in onyx. While I was invoicing the furniture Dr. Abrams darted back with the papyrus which we admired together.

The excursion to Syracuse had the effect of setting me more at my ease. I began not to fear, when suddenly all my trepidation returned, for the doctor was saying:

"Yes, I am happy only when I am discovering something new in the human body. Sometimes, in fact, I am almost afraid to examine a patient, for fear of finding something new."

I wonder if I shuddered? I really felt like a Pandora's box full of physiological ills that the doctor might unlock at the least provocation. What did I say? I have forgotten, but probably something about the heart (mine was beating fast) or about the spine (mine was a skating rink for cold shivers). At any rate the doctor went off on a tangent. He rushed into a discourse on spondylotherapy.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

Never heard of spondylotherapy? Neither had I. Hadn't the remotest notion what it was, so I asked. I learned that it was the application of physical methods to the spinal region in the cure of disease. I found too that Dr. Abrams had written a book on the subject.

"It has been said," the doctor remarked, "that I have taken the most radical stand in the treatment of spinal diseases, and perhaps that's true. What the physiologist does in the laboratory I apply to the living subject. I was a pioneer in this part of the world with the X-ray, and sixteen years ago I gave out my heart reflex. I found that it was possible to contract and dilate the heart by physical means. That discovery is the basis of the modern treatment of heart diseases.

"I can make the heart stop beating. Would you like to see it done?"

He offered me his pulse. Much preferring that I should take his than that he should take mine, I placed my finger on it. Then with his left hand the doctor applied pressure to the back of his neck, pressing there till his face was livid. The pulse stopped beating. There could be no doubt about it. For a moment the doctor's heart had not been pumping. He released the pressure and smiled. When the pulse resumed its orderly beat I smiled too.

"The simplicity of my method marks its importance," the doctor resumed. "When you strike the cuticle in certain spots the spinal cord contracts. That's all there is to it.

"You know what aneurism is. It is a disease in which the patient chokes to death. It has always been regarded as incurable. But I have studied the contraction and dilatation of the aorta with the result that I have discovered how to cure aneurism. In the British Medical Journal and La Presse Medicale I have reported forty cases cured.

"Tell the average physician that you can cure aneurism and he will laugh at you. Arterial sclerosis is amenable to the same treatment.

"I sent the report of some of my aneurism cases to a German medical journal, but the editor refused to publish them. He wrote me that tradition had established the fact that aneurism was incurable, hence he couldn't stultify himself by reporting my cures."

I thought of what Moliere had written: "The authorities exact an oath from medical candidates never to alter the practice of physic." Also of Joseph Skoda's pessimistic dictum: "We can diagnose disease, describe it, and get a grasp of it, but we dare not by any means expect to cure it."

Spondylotherapy began to assume, in my lay mind, its due importance. I asked for light.

"More than one in every hundred die from aneurism," the doctor continued. "It is a disease particularly common in California. It is found among those who are subjected to strains and excesses. One might say that it comes from excesses at the shrines of Bacchus, Vulcan and Venus."

So the ironworker and the roue are alike in need of spondylotherapy. Undoubtedly there are many ironworkers and many roues in California where aneurism is prevalent.

"It is the tendency of modern medicine," the doctor went on, "to do away as much as possible with the use of drugs. Physiological therapeutics is advancing. Physicians may laugh at osteopathy, but while the theory of osteopathy is wrong, the results are frequently good. The osteopathist works on the theory that disease is due to displaced vertebrae. In his treatment he unconsciously gets certain reflexes, and cures. Without knowing it he is practicing spondylotherapy.

"The heart reflex is obtained unconsciously in many ways, for instance by the irritation of the skin with a towel. The carbonic acid baths of Nauheim act by producing the heart reflex. Our Vichy baths near Ukiah do the same. They are in reality better than the baths at Nauheim. But the patient at Nauheim helps his own cure by mental suggestion. He is away from his business worries; he relaxes. Part of the benefit of Nauheim comes from the big playground of Europe which is in back of it."

The doctor told me other things about

Private Wire—New York, Chicago

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spondylotherapy, very interesting things, but I am afraid to attempt to quote them. He talks fast, and one who is not at home with medical terms can hardly keep up with him. In the midst of our conversation the nurse announced Dr. Soandso.

"Would you like to meet Dr. Soandso?" he asked me. "He came from El Paso to take my treatment for aneurism. He is about cured."

I followed Doctor Abrams into another room, a very different room. The walls were bare but for heavy pipes that elbowed this way and that. There was no furniture but surgical apparatus. It looked like a medieval torture chamber. It was the workshop of a beneficent healer.

The doctor from El Paso was past eighty, a venerable bearded man with kindly eyes. He told me that he couldn't articulate when he reached this city; that he was expected to die any day. He spoke distinctly, almost vigorously. He told the younger physician that he was cured, that he was thinking of going home. I'll bet he spreads the gospel of spondylotherapy.

"What other books have you written besides that on spondylotherapy?" I asked Doctor Abrams when we were back in the room with the flowered silk telephone and the mother-of-pearl push button.

"There are a dozen or so," he answered. "There's one on splanchnic neurasthenia."

"On what?"

"What you would call the blues," he explained. "That book has been very popular with the profession. It has gone through four editions.

"But I hope I have finished writing. I am engaged on a third edition of 'Spondylotherapy.' When that is done I shall devote my life to the development of my method, but I don't think I shall write any more."

I expressed my doubt about the strength of that resolution. And the doctor smiled. It was a smile that would have cured my splanchnic neurasthenia if I had been so afflicted. I found that I was not nearly as much afraid of the doctor as when I first met him. I could almost have let him feel my pulse—provided he didn't find something novel the matter with me and thereby experience his rare thrill of life.

Correspondence

Hints to Our Educators

Editor Town Talk:

I saw the other day a most interesting sample of sewing exhibited by a grammar school teacher. It was a model of the next day's sewing lesson which she was to give to the little girls in her class. Very praiseworthy; but I wondered what the little boys in her class were to occupy themselves with during the sewing lesson. Were they to sit idly by in useless play or to waste their time studying lessons in mere books? The thought came to me that the teacher might give them instruction in simple every-day mechanics. Having a husband whose manual education was entirely neglected we are often called upon to pay to artisans bills which might have been saved if he were "handy about the house." That was the secret of my inspiration. I understand that specialists teach the boys carpentering, but permit me to suggest the following as supplementary training which the class teacher might give; driving a nail properly, hanging curtains and pictures, mending and polishing furniture, polishing hard-wood floors, treating common floors to imitate the hard-wood, applying coats of paint to small accessible objects, stopping incipient leaks in roofs, fixing faucets, pumping drains, repairing gas stoves, electric light fixtures, cleaning heaters and vacuum cleaners and doing other stunts in plain plumbing; theoretical instruction in the scientific way of light and heavy hauling as applied to furniture and trunk moving from one part of the house to the other. Instruction in the repair and beautifying of automobiles, motor boats and aeroplanes should not be compulsory, but if any teacher wishes she might give such lessons, as those articles named will be every-day common necessities when the children of today are grown up. It would however be well to teach the little girls the safest and most graceful way of entering and alighting from such vehicles. In classrooms where there is a piano, I would advocate having a pianola also, upon which the pupils may take turns playing as a reward of diligence during this manual training. Care should be taken however to select only classical music, the teacher explaining the meaning and pronunciation of all the musical terms employed and illustrating how to play with expression, and giving before the performance of each selection a rapid biography of the composer and history of each composition. This will enable the children to become familiar with music. The pupils may also take turns in making stenographic reports of these condensed lectures, the whole class later making typewritten copies in their little blank books—a useful addition to their reference libraries. We should encourage the children to care tenderly for these as later on when bookbinding is comprised in the course of study these blank books may be used as valuable practice material As a happy ending to these manual lessons, I would suggest instruction in classical dancing as being particularly appropriate to this city where all the classic dancers now so famous made their childhood home. Would it not be a graceful compliment to our sister city Oakland to begin along the chaste lines laid down by Isadora Duncan? The little girls under the teacher's direction could design and make the simple robes to be worn by the pupils during this exercise. It is reasonable to suppose that the little ones now in school will be the parents of the future. Therefore should they not now when their minds are so receptive be taught how to bring up children and how to administer household medicines, thus saving doctors' bills? As no mere class-room teacher has had the experience in the study of child character that the principal has had, therefore let the principal attend to this branch, assembling the whole school for this purpose about every six weeks. Let me recommend that the children of physicians, dentists, nurses and members of families of eight and over be required to read essays of their knowledge derived from their homes. As our newspapers and magazines make worthy but superficial efforts to supply the public with instruction on aids to beauty, it would be a good idea for the principal to go more deeply into this subject for the benefit of the girls. Ovid's "Secrets of Beauty" would guide her as a text-book. In order that the boys' education in elegance be not neglected, let her give occasional lectures on "Chivalry." As I know no text-book to suggest, let each principal take the best from her own study of knight-errantry. Prominent local men known for their accomplishments as gallants might be asked to give talks along these lines—care of course being taken that they shall bring certificates of high moral character subject to approval of the Board of Lady Managers of the Indoor Section of the Outdoor League. On these days when the principal assumes charge of the school, the teachers may be excused from class-room duty and permitted to visit motion picture plants and phonograph plants with a view to obtaining a working knowledge of how to teach and reproduce moving pictures and phonograph records, as the day is rapidly approaching when the up-to-date teacher will be required to impart instruction to the youthful mind by these means. As the dear Japanese say, "Woman should be a busy humming bee about the home." So are our clever teachers in their schools. If there be drones who object to the versatility demanded to teach these simple things, let me point out to them that the diversity required will keep the mind of the teacher from getting into a rut. If they need further incentive to activity, let them keep in the mind's eye, a picture of our glorious achievement of 1915, our great exposition. In that sacred assembly let us have as Exhibit A, a child trained as I suggested—a type that the whole visiting world would bow before and that would tend to raise the standard of education in the whole civilized world.

—A Mother.

The Call and Pastor Russell

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The Call is a pretty good paper, as papers go in San Francisco Then why, in the name of the whole Spreckel family (which is as much as to say, why in the name of the money-making faculty) does the Call fall for Pastor Russell? I am not an unusually peevish person. I am not a chronic kicker. My liver is in good condition. But every Monday morning, when I turn to the Call's editorial page, I get so sore that I spill my egg on the table cloth and put too much sugar in my coffee. I scold my wife about the toast (which is always properly browned and buttered) and look such daggers at the baby that she cries. Because why? Just because my eye lights on the phiz of Pastor Russell. There he is, sandwiched in between an essay by George Fitch who thinks, good easy man, that he's funny, and Walt Mason who is not so bad. There he is, I say, a bewhiskered chin, cunning eyes, a nose ready to be poked into other people's troubles and the thin compressed lips of a bigot. There he is, expounding his weekly Bible lesson. The same Pastor Russell who descended upon us when the Sunday school teachers met in convention here, and who used a broken down wagon carrying a canvas sign and drawn by a broken down skate to advertise his original brand of salvation to the people who stalk up and down Market street. The same Pastor Russell who pedles "miracle wheat," a game as old as the pyramids, but one which succeeds because it has the protection of (God save the mark!) religion—such religion as Pastor Russell purveys. Why should a paper like the Call stand for a fossil like Pastor Russell? What's the explanation? Are its readers nincompoops in the matter of religion? Is Monday their Sabbath? Do they read the sermons in the Monday paper instead of hearing them preached on Sunday? It's too much for me. It's getting so that I avoid the Call's editorial page every Monday, thereby missing, no doubt, many pearls of editorial wisdom. But I can't stand for the hirsute pastor, the traveling hawker of salvation, the pedler of saving texts. He's too much for me. Can you suggest any way to suppress him? I'd speak to John D. Spreckels if I thought it would do any good.

Peevishly,

—Carleton Kaspar Talbot.

Perspective Impressions

Hall Caine's pome came too late for Doctor Aked to quote.

Will there be a course at Tuskegee on "Atavism and the Keyhole"?

Was Johnson on a dead one or was it a case of his endorsement proving fatal?

Mayor-elect Rolph may find that he has an embarrassment of supervisors.

Perhaps Hathorn was judged by the newspaper editors who made his fight.

It's all right to be going some if you're sure you are going the right way.

Satan rebuking sin seems reasonable compared with Englishmen censuring Italy for brutalities in Tripoli.

Woodrun Wilson's boom having struck a snag in New Jersey the late but premature Fuzzy-Wuzzy and the Hon. J. D. Phelan are now alert for another band-wagon.

Doc Eliot of the five foot book shelf is to tour the world in the interest of peace. Let us hope that the war will be over when he reaches China, so that his task may be simplified.

Now that women hold the balance of power in Los Angeles Job Harriman perceives the importance of emulating his biblical namesake by making "The widow's heart to sing for joy."

Having had a dose of Hall Caine in rhyme it is to be hoped that Marie Corelli will similarly try herself on us thus to enable us to determine whether the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Says William J. Bryan: "The trusts own all the justices of the Supreme Court." Which is one way of proving that the Peerless One is of royal blood provided it be conceded that the ass is king of beasts.

Chester Rowell is becoming reactionary. He says that "a conservative force will have to be exercised" to prevent the signing of too many petitions to start the initiative, and that none should be signed unless the people are likely to approve. When you're in doubt about the people ask Chester.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A University at Jerusalem

Israel Abrahams of Cambridge and Mr. Rabinerson, a Kief millionaire, have put forward a scheme for the establishment of a university at Jerusalem. Mr. Abrahams gives the following reasons for such an institution: "Jewish learning today is in a state of disorganization. In England at any rate there is no single Jewish institution in which an ordinary layman who wishes to study Jewish history or Jewish literature systematically on modern lines can find admission. Our great scholars are scattered; a great university would bring them together. If a Jewish university is at all desirable there is no more suitable centre for it than Jerusalem. 'The law shall go forth from Zion'—this ideal cannot be realized in any other part of the world. What Jew would not be proud to spend a few terms at the University of Jerusalem? In my mind's eye I see hosts of Jewish pilgrims wending their way thither." Already an international committee has been formed composed of Jewish professors and university teachers, among whom may be mentioned Profs. Gottheil, Berliner, Bacher, Israel Levi and Israelsohn, Claude Montefiore, Israel Abrahams and Dr. Poznanski. The work of this committee will be to elect scholars and supervise their research. Mr. Rabinerson has already founded studentships tenable by Jews who have graduated at a European university.

Ships for the Canal

The price of shipbuilding material is rising. The reason is that there is great activity in the shipyards on account of the approaching completion of the Panama Canal. The Atlantic and Pacific Transport Company of New Jersey, a fifteen million dollar corporation recently formed to bid on the ocean mail service through the Canal, plans building at least fifteen steamships. They will be passenger vessels of a high type. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company has contracted for four new vessels and is planning a fifth. The building of these will involve a labor bill alone of one million. The Standard Oil Company has ordered two new tank ships. And smaller concerns are building or planning to build.

For Thanksgiving
be sure and put in a supply of choice Italian-Swiss Colony wines. They are the best.

Joshing the Carnegie Libraries

There are actually men in England who do not take the Carnegie libraries seriously. This will be a painful bit of news for the Laird of Skibo. Among the men are Lord Roseberry and Edmund Gosse. Taking part in the ceremony of opening a library at Glasgow Lord Roseberry confessed that he was "filled with a hideous depression at this enormous book cemetery"; and then he took a swat at Andy by saying that when the Laird learned that China was waking up, he would undoubtedly present the Empire with a few libraries. Then Gosse took a hand. "The mixed and doubtful blessing of the Carnegie libraries scattered all over the country," he said, "has made the superfluity of printed matter an absolute nightmare." And many other learned men confess that they feel the same way.

An Exposition That Failed

A correspondent of the Saturday Review of London, writing about the Italian Exhibition in Rome, declares that it has been a failure and points out what he regards as some of the reasons. He says that the Exhibition was "extremely badly organized." "To begin with," he explains, "it is divided into three sections, a mile or two apart." To get from one section to another, "unless you possess a private carriage or motor, you have to walk at least a mile, over a very ill-kept road." Of one section he says: "There is no electric light, and the show closes at six o'clock. Anybody who knows anything about exhibitions will tell you that the finest and most interesting that ever was organized is sure to be a dire failure unless annexed to it there are the usual nocturnal exhibition amusements and attractions. Even then you must have, to make it pay, a sufficiently large population to fill the place every night for six months at very low prices. The larger capitals of Europe and America can alone have this, and even London, with a population of seven millions, is not always able to make an exhibition pay."

Tacoma or Rainier?

There is some talk of officially substituting the old Indian name of Mount Tacoma for Mount Rainier. There was a time when Seattle would have been up in arms at such a suggestion, for Seattle used to be jealous of Tacoma for bearing the same name as the mountain, but that time is past. Seattle has outstripped Tacoma and can be magnanimous toward her little sister. The matter of going back to the old name has been taken up with the United States Geographic Board. The original name of the mountain was given to it by the Indian tribes of Puget Sound, and it was known among them as Mount Takhoma. They regarded it as literally "reaching up into the clouds," or "to heaven." A story current among the Indians was that at one time a natural stone bridge had reached from the crest of their Mount Takhoma to Mount Hood, in Oregon, several hundred miles away, and that when it fell it formed that picturesque and dangerous rapid in the Columbia River now known as The Dalles. The name of Mount Rainier was conferred upon the mountain by Vancouver, who, when he saw it rising majestically nearly 15,000 feet into the air named it after his friend Rainier, an officer in the British navy.

Going Abroad?

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The Miserere

Gustavo Adolfo Becquer (From the Spanish)

During a visit to the celebrated Abbey of Fitero a few months ago I was idly turning over some volumes in its deserted book-room when I discovered in a corner two or three leaves of music, very old, covered with dust and nibbled by the rats.

It was a miserere.

I do not understand music, but I have for it such affection that even without comprehension I take up frequently the score of an opera and pass hours of leisure thumbing its pages, looking at the groups of notes more or less prickled, the lines, the semi-circles, the triangles, and the species of etceteras which they call keys, and all this without comprehending a jot, or suffering ill from the exercise.

So, humoring my fancy, I turned over the leaves, and the first thing I noted was that, although the Latin word so common in all works, finis, was on the last page, the miserere was actually unfinished, as the music extended to the tenth verse only.

This was undobutedly what caught my attention in the first place; but as soon as I began to study the leaves of the music a little closely, I was struck still more to observe that, in place of those Italian words which they put in music such as "Maestoso, Allegro, Ritardando, Piu Vivo, A Piacere," there were some lines written in a very fine script, and in German, of which some served to annotate things as difficult of execution as this:

"—Crunch—The bones crunch. And from their centers the marrow shall seem to come out—"

Or this other:

"The strings moan without discord. The metal thunders without deafening: so that all sounds, and no one is deprived. And all is humanity that sobs and groans—"

Or the most original of all, undoubtedly, charged at the foot of the last versicle:

"—The notes are bones covered with flesh: inextinguishable light, the heavens and their harmony—force! Force and sweetness!"

"Do you know what this is?" I inquired of an old man who happened by when I had roughly translated these lines that seemed like phrases inscribed by a madman.

The veteran thereupon recounted to me the following legend:

Many years ago, one dark, rainy night, there came a wanderer to the cloister door of this abbey, and besought a little warmth to dry his clothing, a morsel of bread to appease his hunger, and any kind of shelter where he could await the morrow, and at sun-up pursue his journey.

The brother to whom he made this petition put a share of his humble meal, his poor pallet and his fire at the disposal of the wayfarer; and after he was refreshed from his weariness, questioned him regarding the object of his wanderings and the point whither he fared.

"I am a musician," replied he. "Far, far from here was I born, and in my land I enjoyed a day of great renown. During my youth I made of my art an arm powerful in seduction, and with it I kindled passions which urged me to crime. I desire in my old age to convert into good faculties which I have employed for evil, to gain redemption through that whereby I have damned myself."

The enigmatical words of the unknown were not at all clear to the lay brother, but his curiosity was awakened, and in reply to his questions the stranger continued:

"In the depths of my soul I bewailed the fault which I had committed, but as I strove to beseech pity from God I could not find words wherewith worthily to express my repentance—until, one day, my eyes lighted by chance upon a holy book. I opened it, and upon one of the pages I found a great cry of veritable contrition, a psalm of David, which commences with "Miserere mei Domine." From the moment I read his strophes my only thought was to find a form of music magnificent and sublime enough to be capable of enshrining the grandiose grief-hymn of the king-prophet. And still I have not found it; but if I can express what I feel within my heart, what I listen to, confusedly within my head, I will surely compose a miserere so marvelous that no one born has ever heard the like, one so terrible that upon hearing the first union of the chords the archangels shall exclaim with me, their eyes covered with tears, imploring of the Lord, 'misericordia!' and the Lord shall grant it to his poor creatures."

At this point of his narrative the wanderer was silent for a space; and thereafter, with a deep sigh, he caught up the thread of his story. The lay brother, some employees of the abbey and two or three shepherds from the friars' grange, who formed a circle round the fireplace, listened to him in profound silence.

"Afterwards," he went on, "I traversed all Germany, all Italy and the greater part of this country, classic for religious music, and still I have not heard a miserere that can inspire me, not one—not one, and I have listened to so many that I can say that I have heard them all—"

"All?" said one of the chief shepherds, interrupting. "But you have not yet heard the Miserere of the Mount."

"The Miserere of the Mount?" exclaimed the musician with an air of astonishment. "What miserere is that?"

"Did I not say so?" murmured the countryman, and immediately continued with mysterious intonation. "That miserere which only—and by chance—is heard by the folk that follow, as we do, day and night behind the herds, among the ravines and the rocks. It is all a story, a very ancient story, true, yet incredible.

"It is the fact that in the most reckless of those mountain chains which bind the horizon of the valley in whose depths is the abbey, there was, many years ago—What do I say? Many years ago? Many centuries!—a famous monastery, it appears, a noble lord built with the legacy of his son, whom he disinherited at his death as a punishment for his evil doings.

"Up to here all was well; but this son who, as will be seen, must have been of the devil's pelt—if he was not the devil in person—finding that his fortune was held fast by religious men and that his paternal castle had been transformed into a church, got together some musketeers, boon companions in the life of perdition that he had begun when cast out from the house of his fathers, and on the night of Holy Thursday, when the monks were in the choir, and at the moment when they were just commencing, or had commenced the miserere, the band set fire to the monastery, sacked the church, and, despite everything, did not leave one friar alive, it is said.

"The flames reduced the monastery to ashes; the ruins of the church are still standing on the concave rock whence emerges the cascade that glitters down from boulder to boulder till it forms the stream that passes by here and bathes the wall of this abbey."

"But," impatiently interrupted the musician—"and the miserere?"

"Wait a while,' continued the shepherd with great deliberation. "All in due time." And he went on with his story:

"The people of the neighborhood were scandalized by the crime. From fathers to sons, and from sons to grandsons it was told with horror in the long nights but what keeps its remembrance most alive is that every year, on the anniversary of the occurrence, lights are seen shining through the shattered windows of the church; they hear a species of weird music, and lugubrious, terrifying chants are borne along at intervals on the gusts of the wind.

"It is the monks, who, having been slain, perhaps unprepared to present themselves at God's tribunal cleansed from all sin, still come from purgatory to implore His mercy, chanting the miserere."

The listeners looked at one another incredulously; only the wanderer, who showed a vivid interest in the narrative, inquired in an anxious voice:

"And you say that the phenomenon still appears?"

"Inside of three hours it will begin without fail, for this very night is Holy Thursday, and eight has just struck on the abbey clock."

"How far is the monastery?"

"A scant league and a half—but what are you going to do? Where are you going on a night like this?" they all exclaimed, seeing the wanderer rise from his bench, take up his staff, leave the fireplace and move towards the door.

"Where am I going? To hear that marvelous music, to hear the grand, the true miserere, the miserere of those who come back to the world after they are dead and who know what it is to have died in sin."

And so saying, he disappeared from the sight of the frightened lay brother and the no less scared shepherds.

The storm was beating against the doors, making them creak as if a powerful hand were working to wrench them from their hinges; the rain was pouring down in thick sheets, lashing against the panes of the casements, and every now and again the glimmer of a lightning flash illumined for an instant the whole horizon visible from the windows.

After a moment of stupid gazing at one another, the lay brother exclaimed:

"He is crazy."

"He is crazy," repeated the shepherds; and they threw fresh logs on the fire and grouped themselves around the hearth.

After a couple of hours on the path, the mysterious individual, whom they had called crazy in the abbey, climbing up the bed of the stream which the shepherd of the story had indicated, reached the point above which, black and towering, rose the ruins of the monastery.

The rain had ceased, the clouds were floating in dark spirals through which now and then descended a furtive ray of pallid, glimmering light, and the wind, striking against the massive pillars and streaming through the empty cloisters seemed like a man groaning and moaning. Yet

(Continued on Page 19.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

(Recently there was published in this series W. O. McGeehan's fanciful legend of the Stevenson Memorial in Portsmouth Square. McGeehan imagined the galleon sailing away by night to Treasure Island, manned by old Silver and the rest of that bloody crew. Wallace Irwin's sonnet is less imaginative, but it has a charm of its own. It was first published in the Overland Monthly of October, 1898.)

XIII—AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

By Wallace A. Irwin

Perchance, from out the thousands passing by,—
The city's hopeless lotos-eaters these,
Blown by the four winds of the seven seas
From common want to common company,—
Perchance someone may lift his heavy eye
And smile with freshening memory when he sees
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.

And O, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy, till to his ears
Might come the tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,
To catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face,
And draw contentment from a cup of tears!

The Spectator

The Election

Barring defeated candidates everybody who isn't a hopeless grouch got something of gratification out of the election. The universal law of compensation worked admirably at the polls on Tuesday. Even the editor of the Call, a man whose prejudices stick out so as to give him the aspect of the fretful porpentine, solaces himself with the negative admission that things might have been worse. He put all his soul into Hathorn's fight, the Lord knows why, and when Fickert was elected the consideration that pacified was the defeat of Finn. Even the envenomed partisan in the midst of casualties knows how to cloak his disappointments under the borrowed mantle of the philosopher. In Mayor McCarty the election gendered mixed emotions. Nothing could please him more than the defeat of that shiftiest of all shifty job-chasers, the Hon. Michael Casey, but the triumph of Edward Nolan caused him to shed copious tears. Nolan is a bricklayer and president of the bricklayers' union, but he is not a unionite of the McCarthy or Casey brand. He stands high among his fellow workmen. It was Gavin McNab who recommended his nomination, and McNab is confident that he will make good even though he was not endorsed by the Municipal Conference.

Governor Johnson's Protege

The defeat of Sheriff Finn was a great shock to Governor Johnson, but it is by no means certain that the Governor's endorsement was the cause of the Sheriff's downfall. Perhaps the Sheriff had too many endorsements. His supporters were drawn from all sources, and thus he incurred the suspicion of being skilled in nothing so much as the art of playing all ends against the middle. But with all his cleverness as a politician and as a conciliator he made the blunder of exciting the wrath of a powerful opponent. A week or two ago he circulated handbills to spread the information that "Gambler Frank Daroux" was against him. Thereupon Frank Daroux took a hand in the fight and contributed a few thousand dollars to Eggers's campaign fund.

Boyle and Hetch-Hetchy

Auditor Boyle's triumph illustrates once more the absurdity of basing an election forecast on figures. Wise politicians figured out that Boyle couldn't win because Reformer Reed received about ten thousand votes at the primary. These votes, they said, would naturally go to Lackmann, but the unnatural is what happened. A very bitter and a very unreasonable fight was made against Boyle. The principal objection urged against him was that he held up the warrant authorizing the payment of over $600,000 for riparian rights and certain lands essential to the consummation of the Hetch-Hetchy water project. Now as a matter of fact if Boyle had signed the warrant he would be deserving of censure. It may turn out that for the taxpayers it was fortunate the water deal was not permitted to go through without a hitch. The eagerness and haste with which the preliminaries were rushed along might well be viewed with something of suspicion, and from this suspicion perhaps some of the daily papers ought not to be exempt. Considering the status of the water project and the recklessness with which public funds were voted for lands that have taken an extraordinary jump in value it is, to say the least, singular that public officials and daily newspapers should be so impatient of delay. The option on the land for which we are to pay over half a million dollars does not expire till next May. Then why all this precipitance? Holding up the warrant doesn't delay work on the water system. Within two hours after the warrant for the money reached the Auditor's hands there was a Johnny-on-the-spot for the money. And he went into a towering rage when the Auditor said he had not had time to examine into the matter. "What right had the Auditor to interfere in a matter passed by the Supervisors and approved by the Mayor?" Thus inquired the prospective payee. Now Boyle says that he received several protests against the signing of the warrant, and he has been informed that what the Mayor and the Supervisors and the newspapers wish to pay over $600,000 for could have been purchased not long ago for $300,000. If this be so it is not hard to figure out the margin of working capital, which is seldom superfluous where the city is concerned. Boyle has also learned that the city cannot at present get a cloudless title to the land. Yet the newspapers have "roasted" him for holding up the warrant. In the circumstances perhaps it is well that the watch-dog of the treasury has kept awake in the vestibule.

Plight of the Goo Goos

There was consternation in Los Angeles last Wednesday morning when the city awoke to find itself threatened with a spasm of Socialism. The situation was a source of great delight to my correspondent, who is at present marooned in Los Angeles, compelled by what he regards as untoward circumstances to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow in Los Angeles. Something of a misanthrope is my correspondent and intolerant of nothing so much as intolerance and cant and hypocrisy. He would rather be on a lonely island than among the Saints of Los Angeles. He abominates them. He never had occasion to smile in Los Angles till the morning after election when he witnessed the discomfiture and chagrin of the goo goos and heard the sweet music of their lamentations. He has been chortling ever since. Listen to his raptures. "The goo goos," he says, "had a terrible awakening. It has filtered through the obtuse minds of these smug persons that they have nauseated the community. Job Harriman received a big vote because everybody who cannot stand for rampant pharisaism is for him. Now what are the goo goos going to do about it? The young business element will have to get in and save the city. E. T. Earl, the unblushing one, and all his tribe will have to be relegated to back seats. But can the young business men win? The Socialist candidate is a great promiser. He has promised unionites and all and sundry free baths, free papers, free music, free vaudeville, free drinks, free food and free license to break anybody's head who has one dollar above another. Now the people of Los Angeles are for everything free but freedom. The ideal government for the average citrus-belter is that which cheapens everything but individual liberty. Now what can the goo goos promise the proletariat? I would suggest a slaughter-house program after the Roman style—a capitalist to be given to the lions once a week, beginning with E. T. Earl who would doubtless volunteer pro bono publico. There are others too—General Otis, Jim Mellus

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and Graves the banker, for instance. But perhaps the most popular material with which to propitiate the mob can be found in the Civic Club, composed of Iowa's best, known as the church-yard deserters. Something radical must be done to save Los Angeles.'"

The Johnson Press Agent

Some time ago I had occasion to refer to the press bureau maintained at the State Capitol in the interest of Governor Johnson and his sycophantic crew. At that time I was not sure who was running the bureau, but since then my doubts have been set at rest. I have before me two neatly typed articles sent out by this bureau, and in the upper left-hand corner they bear the legend, "From H. A. French, room 42, Capitol Building." So "Mike" French, former news editor of the Call, is the press agent of the administration. That isn't his official designation. He is clerk to George Radcliffe, the superintendent of the capital building; but he evidently finds time to write for friendly newspapers nice little roasts of the enemies of the Governor and pretty little boosts for his friends. One of the articles before me is a boost for the Railroad Commission. The other is a roast for Frank Jordan and "Billy" Shannon. I read: "Frank Jordan's latest charge of dynamite, which was to blow the State Board of Control and incidentally the administration, into smithereens, has resulted in the usual flash in the pan, with no further damage than singed eyebrows for the eminent Secretary of State and a bad smell." I learn also that "four-flushing has become a habit with Jordan." My attention is directed to Jordan's "incoherent whine." Then follows this: "The Gold Dust twins are not happy these days. Jordan who once was a jolly rover, has developed a grouch; and Shannon is recovering from a prolonged treatment at a sanatorium for that morning-after feeling."

The Value of Press Agency

It is indeed something new for a Governor to employ a press agent and to pay him for his services out of the public till. But this may be regarded as one of the smaller among the innumerable reforms for which we are indebted to the current dispensation. But it might be well for the Governor to remember that there are very definite limits to the power of a press agent. If he is unfamiliar with these limits, let him consult with any reputable theatrical press agent who will gladly enlighten him. The press agent for a theatre does not aim to mold the public opinion of his show. It is his function to attract public attention to his show through the newspapers and otherwise. It is his duty to get the public interested so that the public will patronize the box office. Once he has interested the public, his duty has been accomplished. To the dramatic critic, an outsider and disinterested, belongs the work of passing judgment on the show; to the dramatic critic and also to the public which pays its good money. Applying this, which any good press agent will tell the Governor is sound doctrine, to the present Administration, we find the voters of the State in the position of the dramatic critics and the public. It is for these voters to say whether they like the Administration. The press agent may call attention to its achievements, but he cannot shape the judgment of the public. When he tries to do so he oversteps his bounds. Being a newspaperman "Mike" French ought to know better.

The Human Whirligig

That our most distinguished native son, the Hon. William R. Hearst, was not hilarious over the election in New York, was evident Wednesday morning from the Examiner's front page. There were no shrieking headlines betokening the ecstasies of the inimitable chameleon of American politics. Perhaps it was because Boss Murphy's grip had been merely "loosened." Tammany was not routed by fusion, and there is not much likelihood of Hearst's controlling the New York delegation to the National Convention. From present indications he will have to be content with Illinois and California. New York appears to have had too much of Hearst. In the Bronx and Manhattan where he made his hardest fight he was badly beaten. Tammany fought him with his own weapons, contributing much to the gaiety of the campaign by some of its advertising matter. He was described as a human whirligig, having been against nearly everything and everybody at one time or another except—Hearst. He has been, according to one Tammany ad.,

For and against Parsons,
For and against Murphy,
For and against Roosevelt,
For and against Bryan,
For and against Taft.

In the same ad. Hearst's whole political career was sketched. "Our political acrobat," says Tammany, "has sought to be Mayor, Governor and President. Occasionally when utterly worn out running for office, he mutters, 'Let George do it,' and produces a city editor as candidate for Sheriff, or a private counsel for Governor or Judge. Who will deny that all this has entertained and amused the voters; or who will claim that it has decreased the circulation of his papers which are avowedly sustained by their comic features? How dull would have been life in New York without him, since Mr. Hearst arrived with his turned-up trousers, his wide brimmed sailor hat with its tri-colored band! But now what a great sea change! No longer the jaunty, slender, sportive young editor, with the gilded halo, but a regular solemn, serious, pale, corpulent 'statesman' with a sure-enough run-for-office sombrero and frock coat."

Also a Ferryboat

It is very easy, says Tammany, for Hearst to run for office. Other men have to spend money for handbills, but he has only "to call Brisbane away from scolding women for wearing corsets and turn him loose on two weeks of Hearst adulation." And there are other facilities. "There is the morning paper and the evening paper—a double convenience. He can accuse in the morning and deny at night. He can attack in the evening and qualify in the morning. He can take Turkey's side in the American and Italy's in the Journal. He can support the Hague Tribunal at sunset and at sunrise demand that America exterminate Japan. This puts the old-fashioned politicians to a serious disadvantage." Solemnly Tammany asks:

> "How can men with but one fixed, direct set of principles, and with limited means, combat this money-laden political ferryboat, which goes backwards and forwards without having to turn around?"

After pointing out that Hearst has the impudence to aspire to the Presidency Tammany concludes thus: "Dr. Cook's big joke left the North Pole intact and only offended a few honest old professors at Copenhagen. But this man actually makes us print ballots now and then with his name on them. Is not this as Josh Billings used to say, '2 much'?"

The Late Monsignor Capel

Many are the stories which could be told of Monsignor Capel who died recently on the Arno ranch of the Countess Valensin near Sacramento. His was a remarkable career. He passed from the full glare of London society in which he was a commanding figure to an obscurity from which, in recent years, he emerged only occasionally to preach at the cathedral in Sacramento. Those who heard him there during the past few years will testify that even at his advanced age he was still eloquent. Gossip followed him to the end, but those who knew him insist that his later life was austere and that his end was edifying. The Jesuit writer, Father Wynne, wrote recently to the New York Sun extolling his virtue and remarking that if the old man had seen fit to break silence he might have rehabilitated his reputation and exposed many of those who spread stories about him.

His Influence With Women

Monsignor Capel became famous even before D'Israeli put him in "Lothair." He drew the at-

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tention of England and Rome by converting the young Marquis of Bute, one of England's wealthiest peers. But it was over women that he exercised the greatest influence. It was said that he boasted that he could convert any woman to Catholicism in three interviews. However that may have been, his success was remarkable and undoubtedly turned his head. He was at the watering place of Pau in the south of France in 1870 with special instructions, it was whispered, from the Pope to exert his powers of persausion in the interest of religion on the invalids there. The story does not sound plausible, but it indicates the way in which he was regarded. A Mrs. Barrow who was at Pau at the time wrote thus of him for an English periodical: "It was worth coming here to watch the stately, graceful form of the English priest, gliding in and out among the crowd, his black silk robe and purple sash floating back, disclosing the high arched instep of a small slender foot—that rare beauty in an Englishman. It was worth coming to see him approach the lovely English girls with whom he was acquainted. The faintest tinge of color brightens his pale skin, his large, gray eyes lose their proud expression, and a smile of rare sweetness curls the lines of his beautiful mouth, disclosing the small, brilliantly white teeth. Quickly the purple glove is drawn from his hand, and as he presses theirs, a few words are uttered in a soft, low tone; and when the priest moves away the English girls are blushing bright rosy red with delight."

Capel at Santa Cruz

Monsignor Capel first came to California on a lecturing tour. George Bradshaw was his agent, and the receipts were large. "But," complained Bradshaw, "he won't leave women alone, and they won't leave him alone, the ——— fools. They give him diamonds and rings and ornaments, and he will hand them over to any passing girl that pleases his fancy." During an encampment of the National Guard at Santa Cruz Monsignor Capel went there to preach at the invitation of the late Colonel Robert Tobin. He preached in the open air under a grand umbrella. The place was thronged, principally with women. It was a great sermon, and the women cried. After the sermon Colonel Tobin entertained him at an al fresco luncheon. Capel liked Santa Cruz and the adulation of the women and wouldn't leave when Bradshaw wanted him to continue his lecture tour. "This tomfoolery is wasting money," he complained. "I have had trouble with him everywhere. In one place it was almost necessary to kick the women out of the house in which he was staying." Gossip was busy with his name, and it was said that some women refused to meet him. Finally Bradshaw cut off the supplies and Capel hurried to San Francisco. There was a stormy scene at the Palace and the lecture tour ended abruptly. From that time on he lived at the Arno ranch in comparative obscurity.

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Rutherford, Calif.

The Affair of the Acrostic

While Capel was at the Palace an incident occurred which created a furore. A poem purporting to come from Capel's secretary and written on Palace Hotel stationery reached the Examiner office one day. It was a pious address to the Blessed Virgin and was accompanied by a note in which the supposed secretary stated that Monsignor Capel had just written it and would like the Examiner to publish it. An Examiner editor fell into the trap and the pious poem was published one Sunday morning. Then it was discovered that the pious verses embodied an obscene acrostic. The Examiner did its best to buy in the entire edition of that day, but of course many copies of the acrostic got into circulation. It was believed among newspapermen that the trick was played by a queer genius named Gordon, a former Presbyterian minister who was employed on the Chronicle at the time. This same Gordon afterwards wrote the "Hoch der Kaiser" which got Admiral Coghlan into hot water.

How Stories Travel

Some time ago a letter supposed to have been written by an Italian immigrant to a local firm that deals in plumbing supplies was shown about town and elicited a good deal of laughter. Invariably the man who showed it swore by all that was holy that it had been received by the head of his firm that morning. The fact that different firms were mentioned by different men was a suspicious circumstance to some. To others the letter itself was a suspicious thing. When it was shown to me I refused to believe it genuine and was not impressed by the asseveration that it had just been received that morning. But lo and behold! this letter has reached Boston and has so impressed the conservative (and prosy) Listener of the Boston Transcript that he published it, asking his readers to note how "our immigrants absorb our language if not our letters." Here is the letter:

San Leandro, Cal., Aug. 2, 1911.

Mister Kali house, S. F.

Dear fren—i get the valva witch i by frum you alrite but why for gods sake you doan send me no handel. wats the usa the valva when she doan hava no handel. i loose to me my customer sure ting you doan treet me rite. is my money not so good to you as the otha fella. i wate 10 dayz and my customer he holler for water like hell for the valva. you no he is hot summer now and the win he no blo the meel. you doan send me tha handel pretty queek i sen her back and i goan order some valva from kraine companee.

goodby
your fren
Alessandro Bacigalupi.

since i rite theese i fine tha handel in the box excuse to me.

Another Instance

A more striking instance of how stories travel is supplied by the journeying of a yarn which I first gave to the world in these columns about two months ago. It was the story about Michael Casey addressing a meeting of union labor men and saying, to show the dignity of labor, "You are the trees and we (meaning the officers of the union) are the branches," whereupon a quick-witted Irishman called out: "'Right you are, Michael, but all the fruit grows on the branches." After I had published this story as of recent occurrence I learned that it had really happened two years before. But that did not prevent the Bulletin from lifting it from Town Talk and stating that it had enlivened a meeting of the McCarthy Social Club the night before. And now it has been embalmed in the pages of the Saturday Evening Post. There is no telling where a good story will land.

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Where Does the Money Come From?

There are a number of big financiers in town who would give a good deal to know where Frank M. Smith, Will Tevis and R. G. Hanford are getting the money to finance the activities of the United Properties Company. Not that Smith, Tevis and Hanford find difficulty in getting money or that their getting the money is a cause for any surprise. The point which piques the curiosity of rival financiers is that, try as they may, they cannot put their fingers on the source of the United Properties borrowing. When you stand on the sidewalk and watch a few hundred thousands carted into a bank, you naturally regard it as an easy matter to discover whence the money is coming. The markings on the bags or on the packages usually tell the story. But there are no telltale markings on the bags of gold which Smith, Tevis and Hanford have been dumping into the local banks. There is absolutely no way of ascertaining whence all that gold comes. The rival capitalists know that the United Properties people have already borrowed three and

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one-half millions on bonds and that they are preparing to borrow as much more in the same way. That's all they do know. What they suspect is that Wizard Hanford has converted Tevis into a plunger, and that the son of his father is going to the bottom of the can with the expectation of becoming the "Pierp" Morgan of the West. Conservative financiers are complacently watching developments.

"Admiral" Maurice Griffin

Maurice Griffin need no longer write himself down as millionaire, capitalist or clubman when his status in life is inquired into. He has just become an admiral. He is Admiral Griffin and he has a fleet. Griffin was invested with this high honor a few days ago in the Palace Hotel, the ceremony being a merry, not to say hilarious one. The scene was that popular apartment of the Palace which women occasionally visit to admire the picture of the Pied Piper by Maxfield Parrish, and which men frequent for less artistic reasons. The company included Maurice and Frank Griffin, Jim Follis, Tom Bishop and of course Edgar Mizner. The conversation happened to touch on Natomas Consolidated in which most of those present were interested. For its gold-dredging operations Natomas up to a short time ago had ten enormous dredgers, representing a nice fortune in themselves. One of these was burned, so now there are only nine. "Nine dredgers make quite a fleet," remarked Jim Follis. "And a fleet ought to have an admiral," suggested Tom Bishop. All eyes turned to Maurice. Blushingly he put the honor aside, but it was forced on him. Then Admiral Griffin was given the regulation admiral's salute of seventeen bottles.

The First Kickers

Poet McAdie has discovered why that old buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, didn't discover the Golden Gate. It was because of the fogs. The crew of the Golden Hinde who spent nearly a month near Point Reyes Light were the first persons to abuse our glorious climate. Long before Shakespeare learned his letters, says McAdie, Drake's men were grumbling about the San Francisco fog. "They did not in the whole fourteen days together," wrote the chaplain of the Golden Hinde, "find the air so clear to be able to take the height of sunne or starre." He described the fog as "most vile, thick and impenetrable," says our poet. "Full of wonder as the trip had been, when they got back to England they could not tell of a glorious stretch of inland water, fog wrapped it is true at the western end, but sunlit within. The union of lordly rivers, the broad fields of a great valley quivering in the summer heat, the mighty trees and snow-clad peaks remained undiscovered. The fog hid from their view the gateway to a delectable land, and Drake who formally and with some show took over the sovereignty of the land, never dreamed that in his voyage round the world he missed an empire through a veil of fog."

Our Greatest Asset

Everybody knows Alexander McAdie of the weather bureau, the man who tells us how hot it was the day before and interprets the barometer and explains why it doesn't rain and warns the farmer and the mariner and tells the urbanite when to invoke last year's umbrella. McAdie the man of charts and figures is famous. But McAdie the poet, the writer of prose pastels—who knows him? I discovered him some months ago in a booklet about clouds, and I renewed his acquaintance the other day when I received a new book beautifully illustrated from A. M. Robertson's publishing house. It is entitled, "The Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco." The author is Alexander McAdie. In this book you find both McAdie the weather sharp and McAdie the poet. The weather sharp gives you facts and figures that prove that San Francisco gets more sunshine in one year than is to be had in New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or St. Louis, or Pittsburg. In this book McAdie the poet dominates McAdie the scientist with the result that the reader acquires a lot of valuable knowledge while being most delightfully entertained. The poet is a lover of clouds and fogs and he sings their praises. About fogs he is especially enthusiastic. "Fog," says he, "is San Francisco's greatest asset." Why? Because it keeps the city warm in winter and cool in summer. McAdie says that some day we may be able to condense our fogs. If so may it not be worth while to go slow on Hetch-Hetchy? As a matter of fact, according to McAdie, experiments in fog dissipation by electricity have already been made, but fog dissipation on a commercial basis has not yet been attempted. But they may come any day. Now, McAdie says that on an ordinary foggy afternoon in mid-summer not less than a million tons of water are carried each hour inland over a line drawn from Point Lobos to Point Bonita. Such being the case the carrying of water from Hetch-Hetchy seems quite as absurd as transporting coals to Newcastle.

"California the Beautiful"

Paul Elder has added another fine book to his list of distinctively Californian publications. For those who possess Louis Stellman's "Vanished Ruin Era" it will be sufficient to say that "California the Beautiful" is published in an edition uniform with that splendid book. For others let it be remarked that here is a book made up of pictures by California artists with letter-press by California writers, the poems and descriptive articles printed, the pictures reproduced and the work published by a California publisher in a California shop. It does credit to all who have been concerned in its making. It will give delight to all who peruse its pages. Coming at this time it will be an appropriate Christmas souvenir, and sent abroad, may be expected to lure many to our State. Our best camera artists are represented by the illustrations which range over the entire State. The list of names shows this: Oscar Maurer, Frances MacCulloch, W. E. Dassonville, Herman Albrecht, Harold Taylor, Joseph Sarida, Fred Martin, Ferdinand Ellerman, Louis J. Stellman, E. N. Sewell, Arnold Genthe, O. V. Lange and H. C. Tibbitts. In the letter-press there is a fine display of Californian talent too. Stoddard is there, and Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, and Ina Coolbrith, and Edward Pollock, Helen Hunt Jackson, George Sterling, Frank Norris, John Muir, Edwin Markham, Gertrude Atherton, Clarence Urmy, Edward Rowland Sill, Daniel O'Connell, Herbert Bashford, Herman Scheffauer and many others. Decidedly, this is one of Paul Elder's most ambitious publications. It is sure to be in great demand.

"The Cigarette Boy"

Ed Hyatt, our industrious Superintendent of Public Instruction, has issued a pamphlet with the above title. It is the first of a series on the

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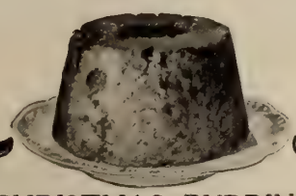
evil effects of narcotics which, I learn, was "authorized by the last Legislature at the request of the W. C. T. U." Bless the hearts of the W. C. T. U.! So they are at it again. Well, I don't think a great deal of this first effort. From a note accompanying it I am asked to infer that the pamphlet is "reasonable and moderate in tone. It offers such arguments as a father who smokes would be likely to use in persauding his son to abstain." It does contain some good things in relation to cigarette smoking among boys; but it also contains a lot of tommyrot. For instance, it quotes a teacher who raises the following objection:

> What's the use to tell the children about the effect of tobacco? We can talk to them all day and then they go home at night to see the very people they think most of in all the world, smoking like a house afire! They see people hale and hearty who have been using tobacco every day for fifty or sixty years! They see the rich and prosperous enjoying it! They constantly see educated people, fashionable people using the weed! What's the use after that for the school teacher to tell them that it is poisonous, that it stunts their growth, that it kills them off, and all that? We waste our time, and we get nowhere in that way.

Now that strikes me as a very sound objection for a teacher to raise. The answer to it is obvious. Let the children know that tobacco it bad for growing boys, but that it is usually harmless for adults. Tell him that his elders may smoke with impunity, but not he. It doesn't require much acumen to frame that answer to the teacher's objection. And yet, out of six educators, "bright people" Ed Hyatt calls them, to whom Hyatt submitted this objection, not one made this logical reply! A nice commentary on our educators.



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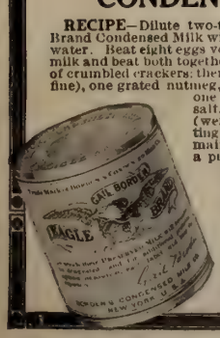

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Answers to the Objection

Let us see what the bright people to whom Hyatt applied had to say to the teacher's objection. Miss Agnes Howe, president of the State Teachers' Association and a member of the faculty of the San Jose Normal School, replies with glittering generalities which do not meet the objection.

> May it not be possible for every teacher to have a clear concept of an ideal man and an ideal woman?

In other words, when the boy objects that his father smokes, tell the boy that the ideal father would not smoke! Superintendent Keppel of Los Angeles, "a man of wide experience and forcible ideas," makes a worse stab at it.

> The teacher must not only state the truth to the pupil, but she must live the truth.

If that means anything it means that Miss School Ma'am must not have nicotine on her fingers! A philosopher of the platitudinous Roosevelt school is Keppel, as may be seen from the following:

> There is no use to grow weary in well doing, nor is there any use to expect all the people in the world to do right immediately.

So Keppel also believes that papa is doing wrong when he smokes. The next reply is by Mary Roberts Coolidge, described as "one of the most brilliant women in California as a speaker and writer on social and ecomonic questions." God help the women who are not brilliant, for Mary is no wizard! Listen to Mary:

> Respect for parents and for persons in authority should not gloze over the fact that some of the habits and practices which they acquire in their youth are deleterious and wrong. At the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America it was customary for all men, even clergymen, to drink rum, brandy and other strong liquors, but the fact that we may admire their moral qualities would not now lead us to adopt their customs.

Mary is a Prohibitionist, and reveres the Pilgrim Fathers. It's sad to be a victim of tradition.

> The doings of the rich and the fashionable should not be aped too closely. When all is said, they do not as a class represent the best of American manhood and womanhood, and the taking up of one of their bad habits will not raise poor people to their material station in life.

Enough of Mary. She's very Early Victorian. Mrs. Dorr, president of the W. C. T. U., indulges in much the same cant. "There is no school where the environment of all the homes and the community at large is up to the standard that we should endeavor to meet; yet this does not lessen the responsibility of the teacher" etc. etc. ad nauseam. Superintendent Graham, "one of the most experienced and well known school men of the State," entirely evades answering the objection. He says you don't have to convince the boy that tobacco is poison; he knows it. And then the usual cant:

> No matter how many of our friends are addicted to bad habits let us try to be sweet and clean and help make a better race than the present.

I wonder what the teacher who proposed the objection thinks of these humbugging answers? If these six educators are representative, then our teachers ought to be taught to think along a straight line. Perhaps it would be well for them to smoke a little.

A Patronizing Visitor

There has been an Englishman among us taking notes. Just when he was in our midst I know not. His name is C. Reginald Enock and his observations have been embodied in a volume of recent issue called "The Great Pacific Coast." Some of his notes are interesting, not for their vraisemblance but for their patronizing tone. Thus, speaking of railroad travel, "It is the commonest occurrence for impecunious passengers to attempt to beat their way without a ticket." For the pioneers of California he has mixed feelings. "Gambling, drunkenness, blasphemy and murder," he writes, "were strong credentials for citizenship of that cosmopolitan republic of gold-seekers." Only grudgingly he admits, "It was a race of hardy workers in the main." It will doubtless please many of us to be told, "The incivility of the Western American does not necessarily arise from native disagreeableness." And lest there be any mistake about it among people who have not had the pleasure of visiting us, as Enock has, it is perhaps well that he should have written, "The language spoken in California is, of course, English." The champions of Woman's Suffrage will doubtless seize on this, "The California women present one feature to the observer ever presented by American peoples—they are much more refined than their men." Sometimes Enock takes his courage in both hands and dares to be an out and out knocker, as when he says, "In our journeying in Western America one of the greatest reliefs we can experience is to exchange the American boor for the courteous and careful, if less honest and reliable, Mexican."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Woman in Black

The mystery of the woman in black is perplexing several of our bachelor clubmen who dine frequently at the Cliff House. A ravishing beauty is she, with an instinct for clothes and the air of one who has seen life in its most seductive aspects. Whither she goes, or whence she comes, no one knows. The hotel reporters don't know her, and they know almost everybody. She made her first appearance at the Cliff House one evening about three weeks ago, and took the corner table at the northern end of the dining room. When she ordered her dinner she instructed the waiter as to the style of cooking and she talked like an

Photo, Scharz
MRS. PLATT CUMMINS
Formerly Miss Ruth Baker, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Baker of Oakland who was married recently to a former Alameda man and who will reside henceforth in Eureka

epicure. She seemed oblivious to everybody, gazing most of the evening out over the moonlit waters. With her black coffee she smoked a cigarette. Indeed she smoked several—large, fat, Russian cigarettes, which she took from a jeweled case. She also sipped liqueur, and when doing so she crossed her legs and there was a dazzling sparkle from her ankle which was clasped with a broad band of gold. Several times each week she made her appearance at the Cliff House, and never in the same gown or under the same hat, but always in black. Great was the curiosity that she excited, but for a time she seemed oblivious of everybody and everything except Mine Host Farley whom she favored with a bow. After a time she condescended to applaud the music, and a little later she talked to one of the singers, to whom she observed that she loved to be near the sea. "My friend, Maud Adams," she said, "told me that during her engagements in San Francisco she spent whole days at this charming resort, and told me to be sure to visit it. I'm afraid I can never leave it. Mary Garden told me of the wonderful seals, but I haven't seen many." One evening the mysterious woman joined softly in the singing, and a prominent railroad official sitting at a table near by, said it was the sweetest voice he ever heard. But it was known that he was under a spell. There have been many surmises as to the lady's identity. Somebody guessed she was a Russian countess, others that she was either an opera singer or an artist. It is said that John Farley knows but won't tell. He prizes a cloth on which she wrote in lead pencil one evening these words:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

Farley showed the lines to Ned Greenway, who, much to Farley's disgust, hazarded the opinion that the lady was a wine agent. There are about two hundred men about town waiting for the bejeweled phantom of beauty to burst once more upon their sight.

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Affinities in Society

One hears a great deal about affinities these days—about affinities of both sexes that have been playing the very devil with the emotions of some of our first families. As a consequence of the activities of these passionate poachers there is to be a readjustment of marital relations, so I am told, but, in one instance, without scandal. As in the case of the Ruskins the principals have come to a satisfactory agreement, and there will be no contest. But of course there will be a divorce—just a plain matter-of-fact divorce, one that might mean nothing more than mere incompatibility. Nevertheless it will provoke an arching of the brows and a sharpening of curiosity. The navy, it is said, is playing no inconspicuous part in these mix-ups in high society.

They Eclipse the Debutantes

The two young women who are the centre of attraction for the smart women of our parish nowadays are Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Talbot Walker. The season's debutantes must take a back seat (to use an inelegant but forcible expression) when either of these young matrons makes her appearance. Their society is eagerly sought; a word or a smile from them seems to be regarded as a mark of great distinction; every detail of their costumes is attentively studied, discussed, even imitated. Of course it is not difficult to account for this. Miss Helene Irwin and Miss Mary Keeney made the great marriages of the last season. They have been extensively written about in the papers. So the women look upon them with unusual reverence. The two young matrons must be aware of the sensation they create wherever they appear, but to the credit of their good sense be it said, they appear to be entirely unconscious of the flutter about them. No doubt they derive a good deal of amusement from the situation. Still, it cannot be altogether pleasant to be stared at and followed with audible comments, even though the comments be exclusively laudatory, whenever one passes through a hotel lobby or appears in a drawing room.

At the Winslow Tea

The situation I have just described was amusingly illustrated at the tea last Saturday at which Miss Ruth Winslow made her debut. When Mrs. Templeton Crocker made her appearance, all seemed to forget the charming debutante. The women who were partaking of refreshments paused in that grateful pastime as though spellbound. Those who were not in the direct line of vision hastily improved their positions in order to get a good look at the heiress of the Crocker and

Photo, Webster
MRS. ERNEST GAYMAN
Another recent Oakland bride who was formerly Miss Mabel Parker

Irwin millions. Some stumbled over their neighbors in the general excitement. Conversation was brought to a sudden stop. One woman who was in the act of shaking hands with her hostess, ignored the proferred palm and turned to face the magnet. Undoubtedly the sensation was due in part to the costume which Mrs. Templeton Crocker wore. Her dress was what the bavardes would call "a rare Parisian creation" of satin and chiffon which accentuated the slenderness of her figure. Her hat was a huge black beaver with a great white bird which rested almost on her cheek. Mrs. Crocker endured the trying ordeal of the battery of eyes very well. She is a young woman of great self-possession.

The Dinner Was an Ordeal

One of the dinner parties which preceded the Greenway ball came near being a dire failure. As it was, the atmosphere was so charged with electricity that all of those present breathed a

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sigh of relief when the ordeal was over. All because the hostess brought two uncongenial couples together. The hostess in question was a very pretty young bud. Among her guests were a very prominent couple from Burlingame and another couple who have of late been very successful both socially and financially. When the matron from Burlingame heard that the other matron had been invited she was very indignant. She expressed to the hostess in no uncertain terms her disinclination to meet the more recent arrival in society. For a time it looked as though the dinner party would be disrupted. However, by diplomatic measures, peace was maintained and the party was gone through with. But the guests were not left in the dark during its progress as to the ill feeling of the Burlingame matron for the other matron. And after the dinner was over she told her hostess that if anything of the sort happened again she would stay away. This is not recorded as an exhibition of good manners, but merely as an incident of the sort that is liable to happen in our provincial aristocracy.

Mrs. Atherton and the Colonel

I am sorry that so valorous a soldier as Colonel John P. Irish waited until Gertrude Atherton left San Francisco before leveling his popgun at her. I am sorry, not only because it would have seemed more courageous to attack a woman while she had the opportunity to reply, but also because Mrs. Atherton's absence deprives us of the gaiety which would undoubtedly have been derived from her retort. The colonel speaks of Mrs. Atherton as "a writer of erotic novels." He says that she has "frequent attacks of 'wash tub,' and sees washerwomen as the grandmothers of the anti-suffragists." Then he remarks that "this Atherton woman tries to be sarcastic, but is merely nasty," and more of the same sort. How I should like to hear Mrs. Atherton's reply to this! But perhaps she would merely repeat what she said to the colonel before: "Tut, tut, Colonel, subside, subside!"

A Mexican Beauty

The Mexican beauty, Miss Rose Nieto, was a sensation at the Greenway Assembly last week, and many inquiries were made regarding her. She attended one of the large dinners before the ball and afterwards in the ball-room was noted for her distinction of manner and Spanish type of beauty. Miss Nieto will be an interesting addition to the local smart set as she intends to spend the winter in San Francisco and will attend most of the smart functions. With her mother and sisters the Mexican beauty is domiciled at the Palace. The family is one of the most aristocratic in the southern republic. The real name of Madame Nieto is Madame Nieto y Viosco. Her daughters are Miss Rose Nieto y Viosco and Baroness Rosensweig who lives in Paris but is with her mother at present. Mrs. Jack Spreckels who was entertained at the Nieto's palace in the City of Mexico two years ago has given a dinner and tea for the young ladies. The family is among the aristocrats who are out of favor with the present order in Mexico.

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Swords at a Wedding

The bridesmaids' costumes at the wedding of Miss Winona Derby and Lieutenant Burgin were strikingly handsome and original. They were a combination of gold and American beauty pink. The under dress was of white satin and over this fell a long tunic of pink chiffon heavy with gold embroidery. Each attendant wore a cap of gold mesh that gave a picturesque effect to the group. Miss Marian Huntington was the maid of honor and her costume was unusually effective. The over dress was of gold tissue that fell in heavy graceful lines and made her look like a fairy tale princess. The bridesmaids all carried formal Dolly Varden bouquets of cyclamen and pink roses with white lace paper frills. Even the bride was a quaint figure with a Juliet cap of pearls surmounting her soft brown hair and from which fell a veil of tulle. Her robe was of real lace over white satin. A pretty detail was the arch of swords made by the ushers, all of whom were brother officers of the groom, under which the bridal party passed to the altar. The reception was held at the Officers' Club at the Presidio instead of at the bride's home, which was another innovation and one that proved a success. The rooms were beautifully decorated with the groom's regimental colors and masses of yellow chrysanthemums. At supper the bride cut the cake with her husband's sword and the ring fell to Miss Dorothy Churchill. Lieutenant Burgin has had charge of mine planting in the harbor and the young couple will depart next month for New Orleans where he will have charge of the same work in the Gulf of Mexico. They are enjoying a fortnight's honeymoon at Del Monte.

She Caught the Bouquet

Miss Ottila Lane was the lucky bridesmaid to catch the bride's bouquet at the Derby-Burgin wedding Tuesday night, and her friends are predicting a foreign alliance for her as she leaves next week for Europe heart whole and fancy free. Miss Lane declares she will not come home engaged as she will wed an American husband when the time comes, but catching the bride's bouquet indicates the next bride of the year and the signs seldom fail. It might be another case of steamer meetings like those that resulted in the romantic engagements of Miss Minna Van Bergen and Miss Marie Louise Foster who were engaged before they reached the other side. Miss Foster, by the way, has been visiting Miss Janet Von Schroeder, her collaborator in the dainty book of illustrated verse published last year. She is continuing her art work and intends to attempt illustrating on a larger scale after her marriage.

A Tireless Hostess

Mrs. Harry Weihe, a bride of last year, is making a record as an indefatigable hostess this season. In the past week alone she has presided at three large functions for her debutante sister, Miss Marie Louise Tyson. At a tea given Thursday afternoon at the artistic Alameda home of the hostess other debutantes shared the honors with Miss Tyson and a bevy of buds assisted in receiving. The day preceding, Mrs. Weihe hostessed a large bridge party and Friday she entertained at a second bridge party for which she acted as chaperon for her sister. She is connected through her marriage with several prominent San Francisco families, Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone being her sister-in-law.

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A Steamer Picture

Seldom has a happier looking bride sailed away on her honeymoon than handsome Mrs. Clifford Woodhouse who until last week was Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt. She was laden with flowers as she leaned over the steamer rail to wave good bye to friends on the wharf with her husband beside her. It was the culmination of a romance begun in Santa Barbara last summer where the little Chicago beauty was the guest of the Miller family and met the young Canadian who succumbed immediately to her charms. Mrs. Miller was among those to see the young couple off for Japan and Miss Rhoda Pickering who is the bride's sister-in-law, her sister having marrried Julius Kruttschnitt Jr., was at the steamer. The wedding in New Orleans last week was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Kruttschnitt Jr. who went from their home in Mexico for the event. Mrs. Woodhouse is the only daughter in the family. A second brother Herman is married and lives in this city.

Miss Williams to Wed

In Washington, D. C., on November 28, will be celebrated the marriage of Miss Gertrude Williams, the daughter of Gardner Williams, the South African millionaire, and Frederick Faust of New York. The Williams family has recently returned to its Eastern home after a long sojourn in California. They arrived in June and sailed on the ill-fated Spokane for a pleasure trip to Alaska and in the wreck of the steamer Mrs. Williams lost her life. The grief-stricken husband and daughters returned to this city and were domiciled at the Fairmont until their departure for Washington. Williams who amassed a fortune in diamond mining is a brother of Mrs. Clement of Oakland, the mother of Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and of Mrs. T. C. Van Ness whose daughter is Mrs. Will Denman, so the family connection in this State is a large one. Mrs. Bob. Mein of Oakland is a daughter of Gardner Williams and she will go East to attend her sister's wedding.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Bright Eyes" at the Columbia

This musical show out of Chicago is not calculated to make heavy demands on our enthusiasm. There is no temptation to soar into superlatives when writing of it. Even the most impressionable may remain perfectly calm in its presence. Very appropriately, it has been adapted from a comedy called "Mistakes Will Happen." The old adage is in point. There can be no doubt about it; mistakes will happen. "Bright Eyes" is one of them. However, life is full of mistakes, and it is foolish to take them too much to heart. They had better be forgotten. That treatment may easily be applied to "Bright Eyes." It slips from the mind like the proverbial water from the proverbial back of the proverbial duck. Its leading people too are more easily forgotten than remembered. There is nothing about Miss Florence Holbrook to make her stick in the mind. The same thing applies to Mr. Cecil Lean.

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD

America's foremost prima donna, who will be seen at the Cort Sunday night in "The Paradise of Mahomet."

These are the leaders of the aggregation which plays "Bright Eyes," as one may learn by consulting the program where their names are set down in display type. Consultation of the program yields the news that infringement of the copyright of the music of "Bright Eyes" will be vigorously prosecuted. That is the most exciting thing I was able to discover in connection with the show.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Grace Van Studdiford at the Cort

"The Paradise of Mahomet," the Parisian comic opera in which manager Daniel V. Arthur is presenting the favorite American prima donna, Grace Van Studdiford, enjoyed a very successful engagement at the Herald Square in New York last season, which followed a two years' run at the Theatre des Varieties in Paris. It will be brought here for presentation at the Cort for one week, commencing Sunday, November 12, with a matinee Saturday only. There is probably no American star who has been so fortunate as Miss Van Studdiford in the choice of her vehicles. Hers has been a long line of successes, "Robin Hood," "Maid Marian," "Red Feather," "The Golden Butterfly," and even when she sang in such grand opera roles as Marguerite in "Faust," Micaela in "Carmen" and Leonora in "Il Trovatore," she was very successful. Others in the large company are Laura Burt, Florence Rother, Florenz Kolb, John Wheeler and Hudson Freeborn.

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The Paris Grand Opera Season

M. Pierre Grazi, the French impresario, and manager Will Greenbaum announce that the Paris grand opera company of over two hundred will make its debut at the Valencia next Wednesday night, November 15, in "Les Hugenots." The three star prima donnas required to sing this work effectively will be Mmes. Vallemont, Chambellan and Gustin. The dramatic tenor role of "Raoul" will be sung by M. Affre and the other star parts will be assumed by Messrs. Mascal, De Mangane and Coiglio. On Thursday night "Faust" will be given in its entirety with Mme. Richardson of the "Theatre Gaitie-Lyrique," Mmes. Gustian and Tarny, the Russian tenor Pascal-Wronski, and M. M. Espa-Carrie, De Mangane and Garcia in the cast. "La Juive" (The Jewess) will be given Friday night with Vallemont and Chambellan, and another tenor M. De Garonne from Covent Garden will make his debut. Saturday matinee "Les Hugenots" will be repeated and in the evening "Lakme" will be given with Mlle. Fregoleska from the Royal Opera at Bucharest who is called in Paris "the Roumanian nightingale" in the name role, and still another tenor M. Ferrier as the young British soldier who falls in love with the Indian girl. For the second week the repertoire will consist of repetitions of the above with the addition of one other work, probably "Herodiade," as the management proposes to give each opera about three times so that one may hear the entire repertoire without attending on successive nights. The box office will be open at Sherman Clay & co's. daily until 5:00 o'clock and after 6:30 evenings and 12:30 on matinee days at the theater.

Montgomery and Stone at the Columbia

"Bright Eyes" in which Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook are appearing will enter its second and last week at the Columbia Monday night. There will be a Sunday night performance. The next attraction at the Columbia will be the famous stars of musical comedy, Montgomery and Stone who will play an engagement of two weeks in their latest success "The Old Town," a brilliant work from the pens of George Ade and Gustav Luders. Supporting Montgomery and Stone will be the original New York cast of the piece which includes Clara Palmer, Flossie Hope, Edna Bates, Helen Falconer, Virginia Kendall, Peggy Preston, Charles Dox, Howard Russell, W. J. McCarty, Howard Doyott, Mack Witing, James G. Reaney and Fred Perine. Some eighty-five people in all form the company.

"Father and the Boys'" at the Alcazar

George Ade wrote "Father and the Boys" in which Burr McIntosh will open his third week at the Alcazar Theatre next Monday evening, and there are critics who say that nothing funnier has ever been written by that talented playwright. When it was presented in one of the local high-price theatres season before last the town flocked to see it and came away laughing. Mr. McIntosh will have the character originated by William H. Crane, that of Lemuel Morehead, a wool broker possessed of old-fashioned ideas of living which have enabled him to acquire a large fortune. He tries to instil them in his two sons, William and Charles, and his experiences in the effort constitute the comedy. Mr. McIntosh will be excellently supported by Harry Mestayer, Charles Gunn, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Roy Clements, Edmund Lowe, Viola Leach, Neva West, Lucile Culver, and Adele Belgarde. Each of the four acts has a distinct stage setting.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

Now that the directors of the Musical Association of San Francisco have elected Will L.

JANE BOYNTON

Who will present a Pianologue this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Greenbaum manager of the orchestra being formed under its auspices, with Henry Hadley as conductor, matters are being quickly whipped into shape and definite announcements of the plans of the organization will be made within a few days. This much has been decided. An orchestra of sixty-five players will give symphony concerts on Friday afternoons between December 1 and April 1 at one of our leading theaters; important soloists will be engaged for some of the events; occasional special soloist concerts, young folks' and students' concerts, popular concerts and wage-earners' concerts will be given at intermediate dates, the last with the idea of bringing music of the best class to our laboring classes and thus promoting the love of music in the only way possible—viz, giving the people of all classes and stations an opportunity

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of hearing the best at a price they can afford to pay. Further announcements will be awaited with interest.

What to Expect at the Orpheum

The Orpheum offers a splendid bill next week. B. A. Rolfe's latest scenic musical production "The Courtiers'" will be the headline attraction. Its action takes place in the eighteenth century when powdered wigs and patches were the vogue. An old English castle has been taken as a model for the elaborate stage setting. The cast includes eleven people of recognized ability, some of whom are vocalists and others instrumentalists. "The Courtiers" is one of the best acts of its kind ever presented in vaudeville. A comedy cycling performance will be presented by Mosher, Hayes and Mosher. They are Americans who have recently returned from a long and successful engagement at the Palace Theatre, London. That merry and tuneful quartette, the Arlington Four composed of Brenner, Lee, Manny and Roberts, will introduce popular songs, comedy and clever dancing. Jane Boynton will charm with her delightful pianologue. She is not new to San Francisco, for she first appeared here with "The Pianophiends" and subsequently as the principal member of the team of Boynton and Burke. Next week will be the last of the Four Fords; Josie Heather and Augustine and Hartley. It will also be the last of the famous lieder singer Dr. Ludwig Wullner who will be heard in new numbers.

The Theatrical Benefit

The Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco promise a great program for the annual benefit in aid of their charity fund, to take place at the Columbia, Friday afternoon, November 24. Impresario Pierre Grazi and manager Will Greenbaum have proffered some of the best artists from the French Grand Opera Company, which will then be singing at the Valencia and, in friendly rivalry, Signor Mario Lambardi will contibute a few of the leading songbirds from his Italian Grand Opera Company which will be the current attraction at the Cort. The famous comedians Montgomery and Stone, with the members of "The Old Town" company from the Columbia, will appear. Burr McIntosh, now starring at the Alcazar, will offer one of the monologue entertainments for which he is so famous. An interesting number will be the first presentation on any stage of a sketch entitled "A Scoop," by Ralph E. Renaud, the local dramatic critic, and played by members of the Alcazar stock company. Delightful little Ida St. Leon and Frederick Thompson's company in an act of that interesting play, "Polly of the Circus," will be the contribution from the Savoy. The Orpheum management will see to it that the vaudeville numbers on the bill will be plentiful and of the highest order of merit. The cause for which the benefit is to be given is a most worthy one, as every dollar realized will be devoted to the care and relief of sick and unfortunate members of the theatrical profession. Tickets may be obtained at any theatre box office.

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In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coleman visited Casa del Rey last week.

H. Wingate Lake, manager of the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, and Mrs. Lake, together with Mrs. Jas. McNeil, spent the weekend at Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Hartland Law, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Huntington and Arthur A. Prausnitz and wife motored to Santa Cruz on Friday and spent the weekend at Casa del Rey.

Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and Archdeacon Emery spent the weekend at Casa del Rey.

H. L. Johnson and Harry J. Moore of San Francisco motored to Santa Cruz, via the Hotel Redwood, and spent the weekend at Casa del Rey.

W. V. Huntington visited Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Ulrich of Washington, D. C., spent some time in San Francisco last week, making their home while in the city at the St. Francis. Mr. Ulrich is connected with the geological work of the Department of the Interior.

Judge Marion DeVries of Washington, D. C., made a flying trip to San Francisco this week, registering as usual at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton who have been making their home for the summer down on the peninsula have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. David Keith of Salt Lake City, and partner of ex-senator Thos. Kearns in various enterprises, arrived at the St. Francis during the week with Mrs. Keith.

John P. Bartlett, well known in legal circles in New York, with Mrs. Bartlett registered at the St. Francis during the week. They have just made a tour of the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crane of Ogden are at the St. Francis while in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hall of Oakland have come over to San Francisco for the winter and are domiciled at the St. Francis. Mr. Hall is well known in theatrical circles.

Percy T. Cleghorne of Honolulu arrived during the week and is at the Hotel Victoria for a few days. His marriage to Miss Helen Hough of Stockton is to be one of the events of this month.

Typically San Franciscan

People touring California from the East and elsewhere do not feel that they are getting all that's coming to them unless they visit that typically San Franciscan cafe, Tait-Zinkand. It is a joyful sort of place, full of life and good cheer: It is always beautifully decorated—usually Oriental in design, making one almost imagine that he is in the storied East or else living in a dream. The eelctric fountain with its flashing colors adds to this dream illusion. The music is always splendid. This week they have a number of excellent singers, besides other attractions. There is never any question about the fare at Tait's. The best management, experienced through long service, give their best thought to securing the choicest of everything to be found in the world's markets. The service is always attentive and in good taste and the table appointments please the most fastidious.

Miss Bianca Conti who was formerly associated with Arnold Genthe, has opened an attractive studio in the Gaffney uilding, 376 Sutter street where she is making an enviable reputation for herself in photographic portraits. Miss Conti has also taken up miniature painting, a branch of art in which much is predicted for her by the discerning.

Quite an addition to the fashionable apartment district is the newly opened Lucerne at 766 Sutter street near Jones. The Lucerne Apartments are sunny and enjoy fine service. Some are unfurnished, others elegantly furnished. They are in suites of two, three, four and five rooms.

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By the Authors of "Three Twins."
November 20th—Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town."

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Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Night, One Week
Matinee Saturday Only, Daniel V. Arthur Presents
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was further improvement in the stock market the past week as confidence in the ability of the American Tobacco Co. to effect its contemplated reorganization without great inconvenience, and belief in the U. S. Steel Corporation's ability to prove that it has not violated the provisions of the Sherman law became more thoroughly disseminated. The strength in steel common was extended to all the prominent industrials and to the standard railroad issues. Even American Smelters and Amalgamated Copper which had declined heavily at the outset of the week on apparently baseless rumors that a suit for the dissolution of the Smelters trust was about to be instituted, recovered all of the loss which they had sustained. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Reading and Lehigh Valley were also conspicuous in the upward movement. Profit taking failed to check the advance materially, as most offerings were quickly absorbed until the last hour of trading, when interest on the long side flagged a little. Weekly reports of the iron and steel trade journals told of the booking by the Steel Corporation of a larger amount of new business for early shipment than for several weeks, and made light of the Government's suit against that corporation as a restraining influence upon buying of finished and semi-finished products. Little interest was manifested in Wall Street in the news that Government agents were examining the books of the Chicago Board of Trade in compliance with instructions from the Department of Justice, which was deemed in some quarters to foreshadow the beginning by the Government authorities of a prosecution of the officers and directors of that exchange under the Sherman law.

Wheat—Further liquidation reflecting uneasiness due to rumored investigation of holders of cash wheat in Chicago and elsewhere, brought quantities of wheat into the market from the first day to the last day of the week. Shorts took advantage of the decline and bought wheat freely, which brought about rallies from time to time, but they were short lived. Trade in general, suspicious of any large buying or selling, made a nervous market. News was decidedly bearish. Primary receipts continue large and considerably in excess of last year. Foreign news was of a bearish character on the growing crop, although estimated world's shipments were small. American exports were liberal at 4,600,000 bushels. Until confidence is restored we look for a nervous and unsettled market with opportunities on both sides. Present prices are not high, but a fear that leading holders of cash wheat have been liquidating has made buyers cautious.

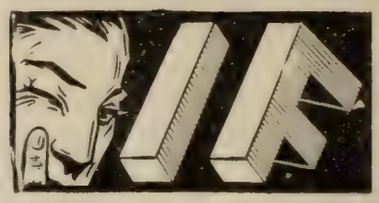
Corn—Weak in sympathy with wheat and more favorable weather conditions which is expected to increase the movement. The future course of the market, if it runs on legitimate lines, will depend upon the weather conditions and receipts. The price is unusually high at this season of the year, and as we are on the eve of a big movement prices are expected to yield.

Cotton—Developments during the past week were rather against than in favor of the market. The census figures are expected to show ten million bales ginned up to November 1, the week's into sight 672,000 bales, and spinners' takings of American cotton 462,000 bales, all being new records in their respective lines. There was a change to colder weather in the cotton belt, killing frost being officially reported from a number of points in the northern portions of the western and central sections of the cotton region. But temperatures were not near as low as they were on October 28-29 last year when the general average minimum temperature for the whole belt was 30 degrees, and as the crop of that year was late, the general freeze cut down the prospective yield many hundreds of thousands of bales. As yet there has been no killing frost this year in the southern half of the western and central belt or in the south Atlantic states. The uprising in China spread, assuming a most serious aspect, and affected the Manchester market unfavorably. The invading of Turkish territory by the Italians is another unfavorable European trade feature, and the last of press accounts would indicate that Turkey is to make war on land. In the meantime Government's dissolution suit against the U. S. Steel Corporation occasioned no little concern in domestic trade circles. Ordinarily such a combination of unfavorable trade and political developments would have brought about a serious decline in the value of raw cotton and in contracts for the future delivery of cotton. Failure of the market to work lower is due mainly to the fact that cotton has suffered seriously in value already, now selling at near the cost of production. It is estimated by Mr. Ellison that the world will need about 13,300,000 bales American cotton, with the world at peace, and if the crop is placed at 14,500,000, a proposition to hold one or two million bales of this crop from the market for higher prices, and a suggestion to reduce the acreage next spring might receive favorable consideration from the planters and bankers in the south in general.

The Best He Could Do

When Christine Nilsson made her concert tour in the United States in 1884 Signor Brignoli sang with her. He caused much merriment when he came forward in a Missouri town to apologise for Nilsson's indisposition. "Madame Nilsson ees a leetle horse," he said. Noticing a ripple of laughter among the audience, he repeated the statement that "Nilsson was a leetle horse, a leetle colt."

Whereupon a facetious occupant of the gallery brought down the house by remarking, "Well then, why don't you trot her out?"



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The Miserere

(Continued from Page 8.)

nothing supernatural disturbed the imagination. To one who had slept often of nights in the ruins of an abandoned tower or forsaken castle, to one who in long wanderings had cowered under a hundred storms all these sounds were familiar.

The dripping of water filtering between the crevices of broken arches and striking on the tiles with measured sound like the swinging of a pendulum; the cry of the owl hooting from her concealment under the stone nimbus of an image still standing in a niched embrasure of the wall; the hissing of reptiles awakened from their lethargy by the tempest, as they pushed out their deformed heads from the holes where they slept, or dragged themselves from among the briars that grew at the foot of the altar, between the joinings of the flat sepulchre stones forming the pavement of the church; all those strange and mysterious murmurings of country, solitude and night reached up perceptibly to the ear of the wanderer, who, seated upon the mutilated figure from a tomb, anxiously waited for the hour when the marvel was to be realized.

Time passed and nothing came. Those thousand confused sounds went on blending in a thousand diverse manners, but always the same.

"If he has deceived me?" the musician was thinking, but at that instant he heard a new sound, a sound unexplainable there, a sound such as a clock produces some seconds before striking the hour, the sound of wheels gyrating, of cords dilating, of machinery harshly moving, bringing up for use its mysterious mechanical vitality, and a peal of bells rang out—two—three—up to eleven.

In the ruined chapel there was no bell, no clock, not even a belfry.

The last peal had not yet died away, weakening from echo to echo, though still its vibration could be heard trembling in the wind, when the granite hoods that hung over the sculptures, the marble steps of the altars, the masonry of the oval windows, the carved book-rests of the choir, the trefoil festoonings of the cornices, the dark buttresses of the walls, the pavement, the crypts, the whole church began to glimmer spontaneously—without the sign of a torch, a candle or a lamp, which might have accounted for the unwonted light.

It seemed like a skeleton from whose yellow bones emanated a phosphorescent gas, shining and steaming in the windows with a bluish, flickering, fearful glimmer.

All appeared to move, but with that galvanic movement which in a dead body causes that parody of life, an instantaneous motion more horrible even than the inertia of the corpse which vibrates with the unknown force. The stones came to the stones; the high altar, whose broken fragments had been scattered in confusion, rose up intact, as if the artificer had just given it his final chisel-stroke, and together with the altar arose the down-thrown chapels, the shattered columns and the immense series of ruined arches which, crossing and interlacing fancifully, formed a labyrinth of jasper.

The temple came into being, and the listener began to hear a far-off consonance which might have been confounded with the murmur of the wind, but which was a conjunction of voices distant and solemn that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth, and to approach, rising little by little, making itself steadily more perceptible.

The daring wanderer began to grow afraid; but with fear there fought his fanaticism for all the bygone and the marvelous, and heartened thereby, he moved from the tomb where he was lying and leaned over the edge of the abyss, between whose rocks the torrent was leaping, hurling itself with a thunderous roar, incessant and frightful—and his hair stood with horror.

Scantily wrapped in the bands of their habits, with water-laden hoods, beneath the folds of which their fleshless jaws and the white teeth contrasted with the dark, ocular cavities of their skulls, he saw the skeletons of the monks who had been thrown down the precipice from the parapets of the church, emerging from the depths of the water and clutching at the crevices on the rocks with the long fingers of their bony hands, worming their way up until they reached the edge, uttering in a low, sepulchral voice, full of indescribable sorrow, the first strophe of the psalm of David:

"Misere mei, Domine, Secundum magnam misericordiam Tuam."

When they arrived at the peristyle of the church they ordered themselves in two files, and passing within, they proceeded to kneel down in the choir where, with voice more lofty and solemn, they continued intoning the verses of the psalm. A weird music swelled in accompaniment to their voices. The distant roll of thunder which was rumblingly drawing away with the spent tempest; the sough of the wind wailing in the cavity of the mountain, the loud monotone of the cascade falling upon the rocks far below, the water filtering through the crevices, the hoot of the hidden owl, and the hissing of the restless reptiles—all this was the music, and something more which was unexplainable and hardly to be conceived; something more, which appeared like the echo of an organ playing the accompaniment to the verses of the mighty hymn of contrition of the psalmist king, with notes and chords as colossal as his words were terrible.

The ceremonial continued. The musician who beheld it, absorbed and terrified, believed himself outside the real world, living in that fantastic region of sleep in which all are clad with forms strange and phenomenal.

A terrible shock came that drew him from the stupor which was weighing upon all the faculties of his mind. His nerves were leaping at the impulse of a potent emotion, his teeth chattering, he shook with a trembling irrepressible, and the cold penetrated to the very marrow of his bones.

The monks were at that very instant pronouncing these fearful words of the miserere:

"In iniquitatibus conceptus sum. Et in peccatis concepit me mater mea."

As this verse resounded and the echoes of it dilated, swelling sonorously from crypt to vault, there arose a tremendous cry that appeared, as it were, a wail of grief drawn out from the whole human race by the consciousness of its crimes, a horrifying wail, formed of all the laments of misfortune, of all the cries of despair, of all the blasphemies of impiety, a monstrous unison, a fitting interpretation of those who live in sin and were conceived in iniquity.

The chant went on, now utterly sad and profound, anon like a ray of the sun breaking through the black cloud of a storm, a thunderbolt of terror, succeeded by a peal of jubilation, until, by the power of a sudden transfiguration, the church shone out, bathed in celestial light. The bones of the monks were clothed with flesh, a luminous halo glowed around their brows, the cupola parted, and through it the sky was visible, like an ocean of fire, opened to the gaze of the just.

The seraphim, the archangels, the angels and the cherubim, with a hymn of glory were accompanying this versicle which was soaring to the Throne of the Lord, like a harmonious trumpet call, like a gigantic spiral column of sonorous incense:

"Auditu meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam, et exultabunt ossa humiliata."

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At this point the blinding radiance overcame the eyes of the wanderer, his temples beat with violence, his ears buzzed, and he fell senseless to the earth, and nothing more he knew or heard.

On the following day the peaceful monks of the Abbey of Fitero, to whom the lay brother had recounted the tale of the strange visit of the previous night, beheld the unknown wanderer enter the portals, pallid and as if dazed.

"Did you hear the miserere to the end?" one inquired of him, with a certain element of irony, slyly casting a glance of intelligence at his superiors.

"Yes" replied the musician.

"And how does it appear to you?"

"I am going to write it. Give me a shelter in your house," he went on, addressing himself to the abbot, "shelter and bread for some months, and I will leave you an immortal work of art—a miserere to blot out my faults in the eyes of God—to eternalize my memory—and eternalize therewith the memory of this abbey."

The monks, in curiosity, counseled the abbot to accede to his demand; the abbot, through compassion, although believing him a madman, yielded at last, and the musician, installed in the monastery, commenced his work.

Night and day he labored with an unceasing fervor. In the midst of his task he would stop and appear as if listening to something in a dream, and his pupils would dilate, he would leap up in the chair and cry out: "That's it; so, so; not a doubt so!" And he would go on, putting down notes in a feverish rapidity, which on more than one occasion caused admiration in those who watched him, themselves unseen.

He inscribed the first verses, and the following, and up to the middle of the psalm; but when he came to the last which he had heard on the mount he could not go further.

He wrote one, two, a hundred, two hundred copies—every one useless. His music was all unequal to that he had already noted; sleep fled from his eyelids; he lost his appetite; fever took possession of his brain, and he went mad, and died at last without completing the miserere, which the friars treasured as a wondrous thing till their deaths, and it is thus still conserved in the archives of the abbey.

When the old man ended his tale, I could not but turn my eyes again to the dust-stained, antique manuscript which lay open on one of the tables.

"In peccatis concepit me mater mea!"

These were the words on the page before me, and they seemed to mock at me with their notes—their keys and their hooks unintelligible to the layman in music.

I would have given the world to have been able to interpret them.

Who knows whether they were not a madness?

Auto Notes

Mr. W. B. Jenkins, sales manager of the Amplex Car of Mishawaka, Ind., has been visiting San Francisco. Mr. Jenkins is a great believer in the future of the truck business, and on commenting on a future truck reliability run to be held here, he says: "In the two trials held under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, a Commer Truck, loaded with three tons of merchandise, traveled for the entire five weeks, averaging nine miles to the gallon, without having a single stop recorded against it, and the cooling water was not replenished during the journey." The "Commer" is the truck for which the Pioneer Automobile Company recently took the agency. One of these Commer Trucks is here now.

One of the most popular cars that has been on the market for the past three years is the Hudson. To add to its popularity this year the announcement is made by S. G. Chapman, distributor of these cars and the Hupmobile in Northern California and Nevada, that the Hudson has been equipped with a self-starter. Chapman says that the cars of 1912 model which have already been delivered will be equipped without extra charge, and all future cars will come equipped from the factory. The new device is called the Disco and weighs less than four pounds, thereby not adding material weight to be carried by the tires.

A convincing demonstration of the motor truck as a factor in the successful marketing of crops was given recently on the Conyers farm which covers 1800 acres and is located seven miles inland from Greenwich, Ct. This year's apple harvest amounted to 3,500 barrels and the peaches filled 10,000 baskets. It was just three years ago that this farm took delivery of its three-ton Packard truck, which has traveled 30,000 miles to date. Products of the farm are hauled either to the railroad station or steamboat pier and supplies are carried on the return trips. The truck is used also in hauling from the fields and orchards to the barns. It replaces six teams.

The most satisfactory test that can be given any article is to place it in direct competition with some other and watch results. This is what was done by E. M. Sherlock of Portland, Oregon, who equipped his Ford car with four makes of tires and who states that after running his car over 21,000 miles over all conditions of roads he finds that Diamond Tires give from actual service tests from 25 per cent to 75 per cent more service than others.

Chanslor and Lyon motor supply company are showing a full line of fine cloth fall overcoats. The allotment includes some of the handsomest diagonals and mixtures in browns, blues and dark greens, in all sizes. The most discriminating person will be pleased with these garments as they are of the very latest cuts and materials, and vary in style to suit all tastes. Already, the company reports a large sale of these coats, although they have been in stock but a few days.

Mrs. S. A. Judson has just taken delivery of her Stevens-Duryea six cylinder limousine from the Pacific Motor Car Company. This limousine was finished specially for Mrs. Judson in Stevens-Duryea green with interior fittings and trimmings to correspond and carry out the color scheme.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margaret Adler at Room 216 Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Its first publication was on the fourteenth day of October, 1911, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

MARGARET ADLER,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Cyrus Wooley, Deceased.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Administratrix. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY M. McDONNELL, also known as MARY McDONNELL, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said Mary M. McDonnell, also known as Mary McDonnell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at he office of E. F. Conlin, Esq., Room 545 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary M. McDonnell, also known as Mary McDonnell, deceased.

MARY SPELLMAN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 11, 1911.

E. F. CONLIN, Atty. for Executrix,
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CLARA TAYLOR BROWN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Clara Taylor Brown, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Norman H. Hurd, Room 211, Number 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Clara Taylor Brown, deceased.

JAMES W. MERRILL,
NORMAN H. HURD,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Clara Taylor Brown, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 11, 1911.

NORMAN H. HURD, Atty. for Executors,
Room 211, No. 604 Montgomery St., S. F. 11-11-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF GUARDIAN FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,276; Department No. 10, Probate

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of THOMAS BENJAMIN BEALL, et. al., Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Mary Jane Beall, the guardian of the persons and estates of Thomas Benjamin Beall, William Franklin Beall, Grover Harrison Beall, Clarence Reason Beall and George Arthur Beall, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards; that it is for the best interests of said minors and necessary that such real estate should be sold:

It is hereby ordered, that the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 21st day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three consecutive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, October 13, A. D. 1911.

10-21-4 THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,129; Department No. 7.

EVA THOMAS, Plaintiff, vs. N. E. THOMAS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: N. E. Thomas, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Metropolis Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of H. OLSEN, sometimes known as HARRY OLSEN, Deceased.

Julius S. Godeau, the Administrator of said estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, having on this day presented to this Court, and filed herein his verified petition, praying for an order of this Court, authorizing, empowering and directing him to sell at a private sale, the real property described in said petition for the purpose of realizing sufficient moneys with which to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration of the estate of said deceased, or any accrued, or hereafter to accrue,

And it appearing to the Court from the said verified petition that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real property belonging to said deceased and described in said petition, for the reason set forth in said petition,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of H. Olsen, sometimes known as Harry Olsen, deceased, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this Court, Department Number Ten thereof, probate, in the Courtroom of said Court, in the Grant Building, on the Southeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 21st day of November, 1911, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, to then and there show cause, if any they may have, or either of them may have, why an order should not be made, authorizing, empowering and directing said Julius S. Godeau, as Administrator as aforesaid, to sell the said real property described in the said petition at a private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of said order be served upon (Mrs.) Irene Voigt and (Mrs.) May Matison, the heirs at law of the above named deceased, and that a copy of said order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: October 17, 1911.

PERRY & PERRY, Attys. for Administrator,
206 Grant Bldg., Seventh and Market Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 17th day of October, 1911, in the matter of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Emilie Bouquet, deceased, will sell at private sale in one piece or parcel to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1911, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Emilie Bouquet, deceased, at the time of her death, being an undivided one-half interest in and to the said real property with the improvements thereon, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than and in addition to that of said deceased, at the time of her death in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street at a point distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet westerly from the intersection of the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street with the westerly line of Bartlett Street; running thence westerly along said line of Twenty-sixth Street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles southerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles easterly thirty (30) feet; and thence at right angles northerly seventy-five (75) feet to the southerly line of Twenty-sixth Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block 198, together with the improvements thereon consisting of a one story, five room frame cottage.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administrator, personally, or left at the office of his attorneys, S. J. Hankins and H. J. Hankins, 917 Pacific Building, southwest corner of Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 17, 1911.

ERNEST BOUQUET,
Residence Address: 1539 Seventh St., Alameda, Alameda County, California. Business Address: 273 Post St., San Francisco, California.

ERNEST BOUQUET,
Administrator of the Estate of Emilie Bonquet.

S. J. HANKINS and H. J. HANKINS,
Attorneys for Administrator,
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH PELLISSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Pellisson, deceased.

EMMA PELLISSON,
PIERRE LASSALLE,
NORBERT C. BABIN,
Executrix and Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Pellisson, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, A. D. 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix and Executors.
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 663; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CARROLL, Deceased.

It appearing to the Judge of said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by Thomas W. Carroll, the Administrator of the estate of John Carroll, deceased, praying for an Order of Sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased, described in said petition, to which petition reference is hereby made, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration of said estate;

It is therefore ordered by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Court on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole or such portion of the real estate of the said deceased, described in said petition, as said Court shall judge necessary.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated, November 1, 1911.

F. J. HAMBLY, Atty. for Petitioner,
Bank of San Jose Bldg., San Jose, Cal. 11-11-5

Gladys—The manager at the Frivolity selected twenty chorus girls in twenty minutes.

Torry—My word! Isn't he quick at figures?

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 38,131.

HELEN EMMA O'BRIEN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: William F. O'Brien, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and habitual intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 6th day of October, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAMES M. THOMAS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
800 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA GOSLINER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Arthur Joel, 620 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia Gosliner, deceased.

HENRY STEINBACH,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Julia Gosliner, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 14, 1911.

ARTHUR JOEL, Atty. for Executor,
620 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-14-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,944; Department No. 7.

JULIEN J. SCHEIBEL, as Administrator of the Estate of THEODORE SCHEIBEL, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

Whereas, an action has been commenced in the above entitled Court by the above named plaintiff against the defendant above named for the purpose of having stock certificate No. 2161 of the said defendant for 20 shares of the capital stock of said defendant, which said certificate was issued in the name of Theodore Scheibel, cancelled;

Now therefore, pursuant to Section 328 of the Civil Code of the State of California, notice is hereby given to all persons claiming the said shares, or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, to be and appear before said Court on the 28th day of November, 1911, then and there to show cause why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to plaintiff as Administrator of the estate of Theodore Scheibel, deceased, and to set forth their right in or claims to such shares, if any they have.

Dated, October 13, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. J. EAGAN, Deputy Clerk.

J. M. THOMPSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 10-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 12,222; Department No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN CYRUS WOOLEY, Deceased.

Margaret Adler, the Administratrix of the estate of John Cyrus Wooley, deceased, having filed her petition herein duly verified praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered, by the Honorable J. V. Coffey, Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Courtroom of said Superior Court at the Grant Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Margaret Adler, Administratrix, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, John Cyrus Wooley, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

Dated, October 11, A. D. 1911.

W. D. GRADY, Atty. for Petitioner. 10-14-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM J. SMYTH, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664, OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,219; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM J. SMYTH, Deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, Samuel Smyth, Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth, William David Smyth, and each and every and all persons named or not named having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that Alfred Smyth, Margaret Jane Ferguson, Mary Ellen Smyth and William David Smyth, petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of William J. Smyth, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased died intestate at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 8th day of August, 1910, and that he, the said deceased, was then and there a resident of said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left an estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting of personal property,

That a petition for letters of administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 9th day of August, 1910, filed in the above entitled court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco; that thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was by a judgment of the said court duly given and made, on the 25th day of August, 1910, appointed administrator of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 25th day of August, 1910, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such administrator and letters of administration were duly issued to him under the seal of the said court by the clerk of said court and that the said M. J. Hynes ever since has been and now is the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of said deceased,

That the said order and decree of the said court appointing the said M. J. Hynes administrator of the estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of letters of administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made,

That as petitioners are informed and believe and so allege the said intestate, William J. Smyth, deceased, did not leave him surviving any issue, nor descendant, nor wife, nor ancestor, nor grand-father or grand-mother, nor father or mother, nor brothers or sisters, nor children of brothers or sisters, nor uncles or aunts, and that these petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the greater part of the estate of said deceased,

That the following named persons have also appeared in the above entitled matter in the course of the administration of said estate claiming an interest in the estate of said deceased, to wit, Margaret Sutherland, Sara Smyth, Henry Smyth, Mary J. Smyth, Robert Smyth, and Samuel Smyth, but these petitioners allege according to their information and belief that the said persons and each of them unjustly and without right, claim, heirship, ownership and interest in the said estate of said intestate William J. Smyth, deceased,

That the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof so far as known to said petitioners,

And that these petitioners pray the said court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made that the court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said court in the matter of said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of proceedings in estates in said court in the matter of said estate and directing that in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said court for not appearing as aforesaid and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid to show cause and exhibit to said court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, as provided by Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition the said court on the 31st day of August, 1911, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said court as hereinalter specified and that by said order the court fix Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

Now, therefore, you and each of you hereinabove named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have or claim any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, thereof, at the court room thereof, in the Grant Building, on the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having or claiming an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased,

And that you and each of you and each every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said court in the matter of the said estate and in the register of the procedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said court and that each and every all and singular the persons who appear as aforesaid show cause as provided in Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit their respective claim of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court in the matter of the said estate by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California.

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid, in the matter of the said estate, in the said court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said court, in the matter of the said estate, and in the register of the proceedings of the said estate and in the matter of the said estate in the said court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court, for not appearing as aforesaid.

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of said William J. Smyth, deceased, to the said court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate to the said court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said court for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said William J. Smyth, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664, of the Code of Civil Procedure specified.

That the said court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

Witness the Honorable E. P. MOGAN, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of August, 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

DAVID LIVINGSTON LEVY,
Attorney for ALFRED SMYTH, MARGARET JANE FERGUSON, MARY ELLEN SMYTH and WILLIAM DAVID SMYTH, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 9-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,724; Dept. No. 10.

JAMES ROBINSON, Plaintiff, vs. JULIA ROBINSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Julia Robinson, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE G. STRICKLER, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Room 126, 1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,708; Department No. 10.

NETTIE SHAW, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY D. SHAW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Harry D. Shaw, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, wilful neglect, and habitual intemperance, and for a decree awarding to plaintiff the exclusive care, custody and control of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

MARTIN STEVENS, Atty. for Plaintiff,
309-10 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-10

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 574

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are copartners in business under the firm name and style of "STANFORD MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY CO."; that the principal place of business of said co-partnership is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership and their respective places of residence are as follows:

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH, whose place of residence is 1403 Larkin Street, San Francisco, California.

ALFRED G. BAKER, whose place of residence is 1427 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

C. A. ROTHENBUSCH.
ALFRED G. BAKER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 16th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven (1911), before me, A. J. Henry, a notary public, in and for said City and County and State, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared C. A. Rothenbusch and Alfred G. Baker, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 17, 1911. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

ROBINSON & GETZ, Attys. at Law,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH PAILLASSOU, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Paillassou, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Joseph Paillassou, deceased.

MARGUERITE PAILLASSOU,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Paillassou, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 4, A. D. 1911.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,706.

C. A. MEISWINKEL, Plaintiff, vs. GUDRUN MEISWINKEL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: Gudrun Meiswinkel, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty practised upon said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WALSH, Deputy Clerk.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for Plaintiff. 9-30-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 37,508; Department No. 10.

CHARLES EDWARD PROBERT, Plaintiff, vs. EVEL LLEWELLYN PROBERT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Evel Llewellyn Probert, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

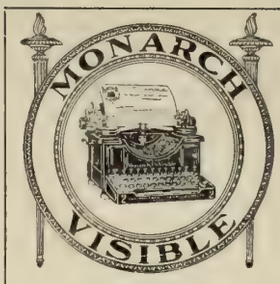
PHILIP C. BOARDMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff. 9-16-10

Letters

A Life of Bret Harte

All the original Pioneers and at least the first generation of Natives will have passed away before interest in Bret Harte and his stories will disappear from California, so, though there is little that is new in Henry Childs Merwin's "Life," there is much that is interesting. He has drawn largely on other printed sources, and the general background should be familiar to all Californians, though it must be taken into consideration that there are other readers than those of our own State. Mr. Merwin deprecates the feelings of resentment commonly attributed to Californians, pointing out the obvious fact that the Colonel Starbottles, John Oakhursts and Miggleses were the exceptions, and the majority of the gold seekers steady, normal, hard workers, but at the same time he appears to believe that there were eight-year-old card sharps and that youngsters of ten and twelve visited the gambling houses and risked their hundreds with cool nonchalance, unremarked by the other players because the sight was an ordinary one. There probably were isolated instances of that, as well as of the Hartean episodes. What Californians have resented is not that Bret Harte wrote of what he saw but that he kept on writing the same things all his life, oblivious to the changes and developments and that the world at large accepted him as a historian, as much as a novelist, so that the untraveled to this day believe that San Francisco is a huge hive of gambling houses frequented by red-shirted miners in hip-boots, with their buckskin sacks of nuggets and dust thrust into pockets already bulging with the ready revolver, and that the children are half naked and wholly wild savages while the women are either demi-mondaines or washerwomen. The worst of it is that the success of Bret Harte in this sort of depiction has fixed the types so that with few exceptions other writers feel bound to walk in his footprints. It would be useless to deny that the early Californians were a care-free and independent community. The journey was long and exhausting, so that few but the young and strong attempted it and the unfit were weeded out by the way. Not only were the same class of adventurers who are always in the forefront of every migration amongst them, but there was a generous sprinkling of the black sheep of pious puritan families, shipped off to the end of the earth on the same principle that the English have established and recruited their regiments of remittance men, in the hope that whatever further disreputable escapades they would engage in would be unreported to their old neighbors, and if they met with imprisonment or violent deaths the secret could be buried in the family bosom. There were others, held in shape like a barrel by the hoops of social position, family tradition, the conventions of environment, and like the barrel, unable to sustain themselves without those aids; and there was the traditional school boy escaped from under the eye of his master. Everyone expected to "strike it rich" and go "home to the States" within a day or two, but meanwhile they were going to have a good time, each after his own fancy. In quoting from letters it would be well to remember the very natural propensity to exaggerate and try to shock the good people at home. Mr. Merwin is such a genuine admirer of Bret Harte, the author, that he does his best, and against his evident convictions, to admire the man as much, and be apologetic, when not openly endorsing his hero for his treatment of his friends and family. It has been universally believed that the Atlantic Monthly was badly defrauded in the ten-thousand dollar contract which it executed in return for all the products of the Hartean pen for one year, but Mr. Merwin considers that four stories and five short poems were full measure, representing a year of very hard work "unless indeed it was partly done in California.'" What would some of our present-day literary men say to that? It is noticeable that these unbusiness-like geniuses are keen enough about what is coming to them; their incapacity in financial matters is reserved for the debts they contract. "Artistic temperament" is a polite euphemism; the simple truth is that there is a certain proportion of the world's inhabitants devoid of common honesty. Nature has omitted it and they have never acquired it. A proportion of these delinquents are endowed with literary or artistic ability, if not with genius, and it is a question whether the pleasure which some derive from their contributions to art is not more than an offset for the annoyance and loss which they occasion to others. At any rate, the history of Bret Harte's family is an interesting study in this respect. His grandfather deserted wife and child, leaving them to be supported at least in part by the maternal relatives; his father was notoriously shiftless in the matter of earning a living for the family; Bret Harte seems to have had no appreciation of his responsibilities, and his children have been clamoring for public assistance. After four generations the characteristic would seem to have attained the dignity of an hereditary characteristic, or at least a family custom. Bret Harte's treatment of his friends earned for him the reputation of a selfish ingrate and while he lived he seemed not to care to remove the impression. His earliest and best work will live. His later imitations of himself will find oblivion. Mr. Merwin's "Life" is well written and in a style which makes it as entertaining as a romance. Its effect is to stimulate the reader to a reperusal of Bret Harte's stories and poems, and that, in all likelihood, was his intention. There are a few errors, so trifling that they are little more than slips of the type, but no Californian would recognize San Rafael when spelled "Raphael," nor Mokelumne as "Moquelumne." James G. Fair is mentioned as a senator from California, and there are references to "Sonora county" and the Mission of "San" Carmel. It is so many years ago since the old printing firm was in existence that even the ancient inhabitants of San Francisco have forgotten it, yet (p. 44) it was Town and Bacon, not "Tame." The illustrations are all old friends, many of them reproductions from the "Annals of San Francisco," few copies of which survived the fire of 1906. The vignette reproduced as a cover decoration, the grizzly bear guarding the railroad tracks, is another familiar friend, since it was for so many years the characteristic of the Overland magazine, besides being the suggestion of Bret Harte himself. Mr. Merwin's book is good to read and still better to own, to insure its re-reading. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have done their best by it in every particular.

When women do men's work, and men
From firesides never roam;
Oh shall we hear of women then
Who are rooster-pecked at home?



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3:20 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer

4:00 P. M.
Sunset Express

6:00 P. M.
The Owl Limited

8:00 P. M.
The Lark Limited

8:10 P. M.
The Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger

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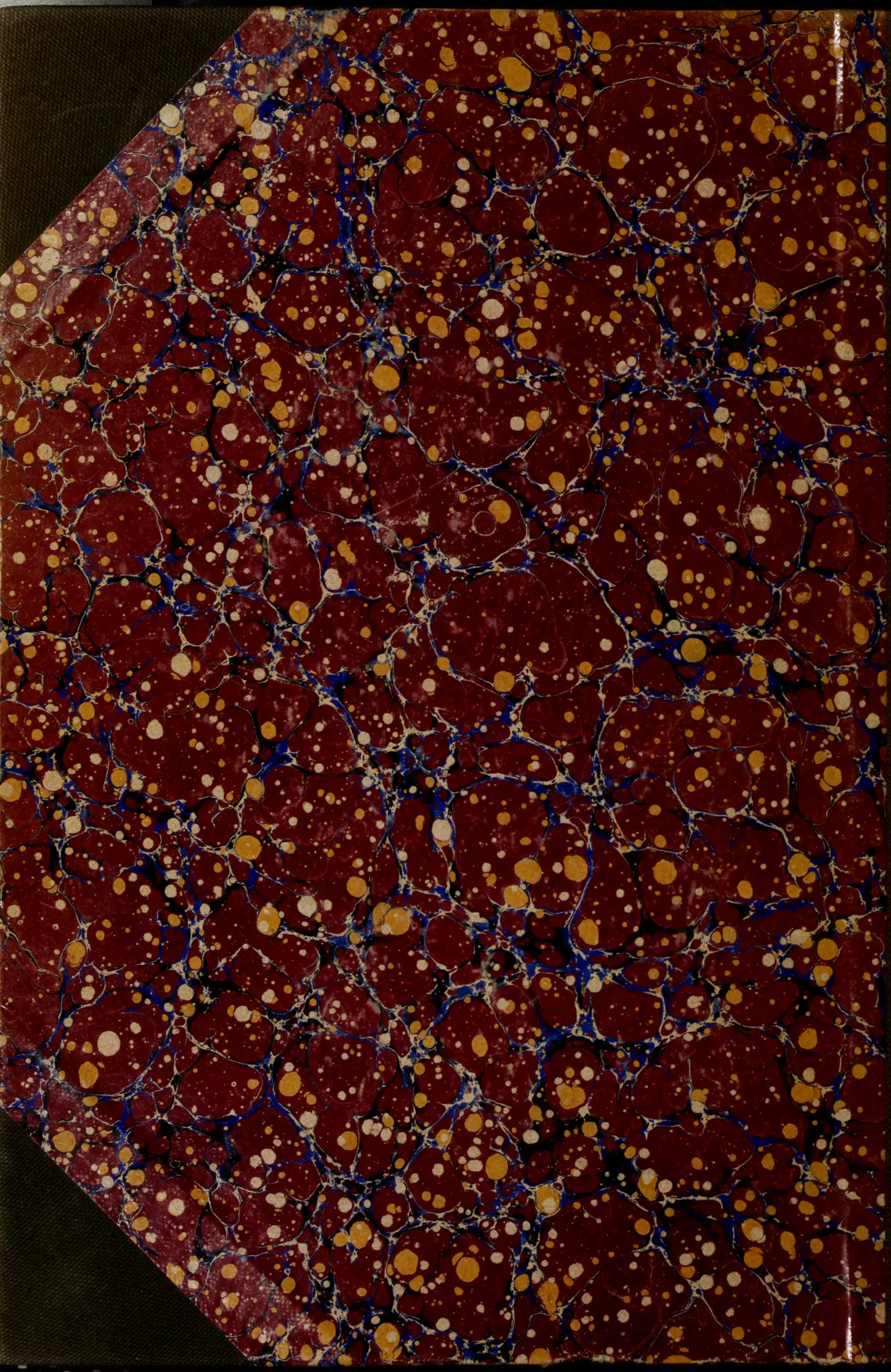
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